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NEW SERIES.

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Mr. Humphreys' share in the work brings up the rear; and though he is evidently not accustomed to writing, his experience is a valuable addition to our previous knowledge.

Mr. Bulwer's book is of a slighter nature. It scarcely pretends to communicate information. Much space is taken up by its epistolary form; much with his journey there and journey back by routes perfectly well known. He discloses, however, good intentions and amiable dispositions. Fresh from school and college, (places which ought to teach better things,) Greece and her struggles suggest little to his mind but butt-ends of classical verse, and scraps of ancient fribble and fable. It is a lamentable thing to see men of good feelings, of wealth and leisure, turned out of our places of education adults in age, and infants in every thing else. Mr. Bulwer will, however, we hope, improve; indications of future usefulness are visible in his book.

The year 1825 has been a very eventful one to Greece. In February and March the Egyptian troops were disembarked in the Morea, and in no long time relieved the garrisons still in possession of the Turks, and succeeded in gaining possession of the best harbour, and the strongest fortress in the hands of the Greeks. Since that time Ibrahim Pacha has marched about the Morea exactly as it suited him, and very lately, even so late as November, he received a reinforcement of twelve thousand men, which additional force must render him at the present moment irresistible in the field, if a winter campaign has been resolved on. The successes of the Greeks have been confined to a fortunate attempt against the Egyptian fleet, a very considerable part of which was burnt by the fire-ships under Miaulis, in the bay of Modon, and to the resistance of Missolonghi against the Turkish army. The latter, however, had mastered the greater part of Western Greece, while, in the Eastern, Goura was employed in chasing his former General, Ulysses, from post to post, and, after capturing him, in very imperfectly supplying his place as the Commander of Eastern Greece. The Turks were, during the late summer in this quarter, masters of the country up to Athens, as they were masters of the western division up to Missolonghi. But when winter approaches, the Turks march off, and the Greeks resume the country as if nothing had happened. All this looks exceedingly ill. For three or four years the Greeks have been very nearly without an external enemy; and they have had money enough from this country to raise a fleet, levy an army, and not only drive out the few lazy Turks starving in Patrass, Modon, and Coron, the only places held by the Porte in the Morea, but likewise put into tenable condition every fortress in the kingdom. While the prisoners taken at the fall of Navarino were filing off before Soliman Bey, (the French Major Séve, the lieutenant of Ibrahim,) he turned to those around, saying: "These are your sons of liberty! what have they done during the last four years? They have not built a single ship of war, they have not organized a regiment, they have only thought of making war amongst themselves and destroying one another." Why and wherefore? The Greek character is the solution of the enigma. The character of the people has brought them into these straits; and, joined to the natural character of their country, must, and probably will, help them out of it. Nothing has been done since they were out of fear for their lives, for this plain reason—that pretty nearly every man in the land is a clever

knave: he is driving at his own interest in the cunningest manner in the world, but his neighbour is "Yorkshire too." His rival can just spoil the plot, and is himself baulked in his turn. When all are sharpers, no business is done; brawls arise, the tables are overturned, the dice are thrown out of the window, and the sun rises upon confusion, contusion, broken heads, and lost time. No nation understands jobbing like your dexterous Greeks—the navy is jobbed, the commissariat, the places and offices of trust, every thing is jobbed as in much more civilized countries. The difference is, that among politer nations *jobbing* is the privilege of certain classes and ranks, and long practice has settled who shall job and who shall be jobbed. In an unsettled country of slaves, who have just kicked their masters out of their houses, and have scarcely squatted themselves upon their sofas and cushions, this is a matter not arranged. To settle this matter has been the business of a year or two; and now, when the affair was pretty well concluded, and one party had been fairly ousted, and the *ins* had come to an understanding how the English money should be disposed of, down comes the Egyptian and scatters the inferior beasts just in the middle of the quarry. The Greeks are the most greedy and avaricious people on the face of the earth—money, money, money, with all, high and low, is their constant cry. The mere mention of a dollar is an apple of discord; and then come into play all the qualities of the wily slave—his cunning, whining, flattering—even his humour and fun, his braggadocio boastings, his very vanity, failings, and vices, are made available to serve his end—that of extracting money. The Greeks are not only the greediest people in the world, but they are perhaps the shrewdest and the cleverest: yet, with all this, they do nothing. Full of the idea of cheating, they always expect to be cheated. Upright, plain, manly conduct confounds them; and because they cannot see any dishonesty, they give you and your project up together as too deep for them. Propose any thing to a Greek for the good of his country, he shakes his head, parries the proposition, and suspects you have your private ends to gain. Greece has been crowded with disinterested Philhellenes who can bear testimony to this fact.

When the Turks were turned out of the country, it appears that the sharers of the booty might be divided into two great classes:—the men of the mountains, and the men of the plains and the islands. The mountaineers having lived, even under the Turks, a pretty independent life by robbery and predatory warfare, and partly by cattle-feeding; and being also collected into multitudinous knots or clans, following rather than obeying one chieftain, were highly useful as soldiers. The men of the islands, ports, and plains, lived chiefly by commerce, and possessed the navy—a most important instrument of the war. The islanders, as soon as the Turks were gone, were anxious to return to their gainful pursuits, and to secure the spoils of war; in order to do this effectually, it was desirable to get themselves erected into a government. Now, as they were much more of civilians than the mountaineers, as they were more concentrated and more conversant with matters of business, they succeeded with some management in getting themselves named, or raising themselves into the chief offices of state. Having become a government, they assumed the direction of these moving bands of mountaineers, which was the cause of a good

deal of quarrelling and some confusion; but on the whole the mountaineers, caring little for their orders, carried on their predatory excursions in their own way against the Turkish armies, whenever they came to spend a summer in the ravines and defiles of the Morea. When, however, rumours of a loan began to be bruited about, and the merchants and letter-writers of the government appeared likely to persuade the good people of England to pour their treasures over the barren mountains of Greece, the case was altered, and a fierce contest ensued; the true meaning of which was who should get the biggest share of the English dollars. The islanders, whether more dexterous or more fortunate than their rivals, actually subdued their enemies by means of the very loan itself. The principal mountaineers were either killed, bought, or taken prisoners, and locked up in the islands. Those who were imprisoned remained so until a few months ago, the government got alarmed at the success of the Egyptians, and let out the warrior mountaineers, in order to collect an army and fight their enemies! The result remains to be seen. Colocotroni, after being let out of prison, found much difficulty in collecting an army, and has done nothing. Except the capital, Napoli, there is no place in the Morea which would resist the Egyptians for any time, and only Messalonghi and Athens in the Western and Eastern divisions of the Roumeli. Fortunately, however, every mountain top (and the Morea is all mountain) is a natural strong hold which may do more for the Greeks than all Vauban could have done in a thousand years. On these mountain-tops, with a wall or *tambour* before them, the Greeks fight well, and they hate and fear the Mussulman too much ever to submit to a pacific arrangement. Probably the Egyptian will be exhausted and confounded before he succeeds in mastering the Morea. In the contest, perhaps some single superior man may rise to take the lead, or the government being under the necessity of laying out their money in raising an army, may strengthen themselves in such a manner as to be able to enforce some consistent plan of operations. If this turn out so, the invasion of Ibrahim Pacha will have proved a blessing.

The view which we have taken of these matters will be abundantly confirmed by the extracts we shall make from the very instructive, as well as very amusing Journals before us.

Mr. Emerson landed at Clarenza* on the site of the ancient Cyllene, in the March of 1825. His object being to cross the Morea to Napoli di Romani, on the Argolic Gulf, he had an opportunity of seeing the nature of the country, and fully experienced the difficulty of travelling over it.

The Morea, with the exception of a few miles along the coast, consists entirely of hills piled one above the other; and in the short tour which I mean to describe from the western to the eastern coast, from Clarenza to Napoli di Romania, through Elis, Arcadia, and Argolis, we did not meet with a level valley of more than a mile in circumference, with the single exception of the little mountain plain in which Tripolizza is situated. There are no roads; the Turks, whilst the country remained in their possession, deeming it a temptation of heaven to make them, ~~and~~ identifying their national indolence with their resignation to Providence, by shrewdly remarking, that had God designed them to pass with rapidity from one place to another, *He* would

* This village is said to give title to the English Dukes of Clarence: one of the Dukes of Clarence having married into the Hainault family, a descendant of which (Philippa) was afterwards Queen to Edward III.—*Emerson*.

have given them roads. To the Greeks, next to their own bravery, their want of roads is their chief security; as in the present wild state of the country, no invading army could penetrate far beyond the sea-coast. The only practicable passages over the mountains, are the tracks along the rocks that have from time immemorial been marked, rather than beaten, by the troops of the mules and mountain ponies; these generally take the least circuitous route; and as the hills of the Peloponessus are usually precipitous and rugged, the ascents and descents of these mountain passes, even supposing them roads of the most superior construction, are by no means such as concur with European ideas of security. On the contrary, these tracks afford the most direct channels to the mountain streams that roll down to join the rivers at their foot, and have, therefore, from time to time, carried away every particle of soil that formerly filled up the interstices of rocks; which, consequently, afford a pathway of loose slippery stones, over which the mules and ponies step with an instinct and security quite astonishing. Again, with the exception of one bridge across the Alpheus at Karitena, and a very few arches of the most primitive construction thrown across some narrow streams, *there are no bridges*. The broader part of the Alpheus, near its mouth, we passed in a ferry: the Peneus, Helisson, and a few other rapid, but fordable rivers, we waded over. There are, of course, no wheel-carriages, and in a country such as this, we may well suppose there are no inns. On arriving at a village, we usually applied to the Eparchos or Astynomos (the governor and his vice), who found us lodging for the night; usually an empty room, into which we brought our trunks and bedding; and having with difficulty procured firewood, we cooked what provisions we had brought with us, or could procure from the peasants,—brown bread, eggs, and milk, though seldom the latter; and having made our supper, and spread our cloaks on the earthen floor, we stretched ourselves upon them, rather to await daylight than to sleep.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 42.)

On the traveller's arrival at Clarenza, just after daybreak, he enters one of the ruined houses of that ruinous village, and gives a lively description of the economy of a Greek establishment:

The house consisted of one large apartment, in the further end of which, separated from the rest by a screen, were stretched the carpet on which the owners had passed the night. The other contained a large heap of wheat prepared for market; whilst the middle of the floor was occupied by a blazing wood-fire, round which squatted the lords of the mansion, about half a dozen paltry-dressed Greeks. The walls were hung round with their richly ornamented pistols, ataghans, sabres, and topaics, or musquets, which, with a few wooden wine flasks, and two or three primitive cookery utensils, formed the only furniture in the establishment: no seats, no tables, no beds—in fact, no other necessities than were barely necessary for the sustenance of life. The description of this house may serve as a picture of all those of the same class in Greece; nothing certainly can be more miserable than their manner of existence. The only addition which I could make to an inventory of their furniture, would be occasionally a few more cookery materials; a plate or goblet, (knives and forks being total superfluities,) a barrel for wine, a vase formed of wicker-work and clay for holding water, and sometimes a hollow cone of burned clay, which being heated and inverted over a flat stone, forms an oven for bread, or for cooking an occasional meal of fresh meat.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 46.)

Here he procures horses and proceeds on his journey to Gastouni, formerly one of the richest towns in the Peloponessus, and then inhabited solely by Turks. It is now a heap of ruins, but before the breaking out of the revolution had been sacked by the bandit peasantry of the neighbouring district of Lalla.

Having, with difficulty, procured here two little horses, which were barely sufficient to carry our baggage, we set out on foot for Gastouni, which lies about eight miles distant. Our route lay over a level plain once celebrated for its fertility, but now almost uncultivated: we traversed it by a path seldom wide enough to admit of two persons walking abreast. The ground, even at this early season, was covered with a profusion of wild and beautiful flowers, which, with the immense beds of thyme, that grew in every direction, loaded the air with fragrance: the only shrubs or trees were now and then a solitary olive, springing up amidst thickets of myrtles and lentiscus, which grew in abundance, and round their roots sprung a luxuriant crop of crocuses and acanthus. In every direction were browsing extensive flocks of sheep, the tinkling

of whose bells, joined to the chirruping of grasshoppers, and the picturesque dress of the shepherds, who still bore the classical crook, told us, at once, that we were approaching Arcadia. After passing the wretched villages of Yetrombey and Kurdiokoph, we approached the banks of the Peneus. The plain now grew swampy, and intersected by numerous marshes, whence the croaking of a myriad of frogs formed a serenade by no means so classical as the tinkling of the sheep-bells. On arriving at the river, we found that we must prepare to ford it; as even in this frequented track there was no bridge or ferry across it; we, therefore, mounted one of the little horses which carried our baggage, whilst our conductor led the foremost; and thus we crossed the classic stream, whose waters scarcely reached our horses' bodies. Landing in safety on the opposite bank, half an hour brought us to our destination, and about mid-day we entered Gastouni.

The plain, after we crossed the river and approached Gastouni, became pretty well cultivated; the corn in the fields was just springing, and the peasants, in every direction, were beginning to trim their vineyards. There were a good many olive trees in the immediate vicinity of the town; but they grew solely in the ruined and uncultivated gardens of the former Turkish inhabitants.—(Emerson, vol. i. p. 47.)

The town seemed to be nearly deserted; and it was with some difficulty that the house of the mayor or commandant of the place could be discovered. The name given to this officer seems to be sometimes *Astynomos*, sometimes *Eparch*—though we believe the latter title implies a wider range of authority.

Having discovered the house of the *Astynomos*, or governor, we dismounted our baggage, and accepted his invitation to share his dinner, whilst he sent to procure horses to enable us to reach Pyrgos that same night. This house, which was one of the finest in the town, was approached by a court-yard, and consisted of two stories; the lower one was occupied as a stable, whilst the upper, to which we ascended by a ladder and platform in front, contained two apartments—one serving as a kitchen and the residence of his suite and soldiers, the other as the office of himself and his secretary; the latter was fitted up *à la Turque*, with stained windows, and a low divan, which ran round the room, and on it were strewn the carpets and cushions whereon the inmates of the mansion reclined by day, and slept by night.

The *Eparch* himself was a fine military looking *Hydriot*, who had a short time previous been appointed to the office. He wore a scarlet turban wrapped fantastically round his head, so that one end fell on his shoulder, whilst the other was brought very tastefully under his chin: his dress was altogether splendid, and his arms richly embossed, whilst his mild and obliging manners bore nothing of the military character of his costume and appearance. During the time of our conversing with him, our baggage was undergoing a most alarming investigation, from both the eyes and hands of his attendants in the court-yard below, who were fitting on our cloaks and snapping our guns. The calibre and strength of our pistol barrels attracted their attention; the locks they never thought of examining, and as the stocks were no way ornamented, they were directly condemned as useless; however, in a short time our horses arrived, and having discussed our dinner of fowls and fresh curds, we took our leave of our host, and *bada adieu* to Gastouni.—(Emerson, vol. i. p. 51.)

Passing thus from one ruinous town to another, and from the hospitality of one *Eparch* to the next, the traveller thus crosses the Peloponnesus with some difficulty. The characters of the *Eparchs* afford amusement, and throw light on that of the nation: for instance, the dandy *Eparch* of Andruzena.

After a tedious descent of several miles along the narrow pathway that wound round the verge of the hill, we arrived at Andruzena, the ancient *Yrapezus*, seated amidst a grove of cypresses on the acclivity of an opposite mountain, and with its numerous buildings presenting a fine prospect from a distance; but which was wofully belied on entering it, by filth and misery. It was now sunset, and as we slowly wound up the steep ascent, we observed a few soldiers collected on a small eminence, at the entrance of the town, to observe our approach. On coming up to them, and asking for the residence of the *Ἐπαρχος*, a fine military-looking young man, in a superb Albanian dress, stepped forward, and presented himself as the person for whom we were enquiring: we applied to him, as usual, to find us lodgings. He apologized for the misery of the town, and offered us whatever accommodations his own residence afforded.

We accordingly accepted his hospitality, and accompanied him to his house. It was situated near the entrance of the town, and like that of the Eparch of Gastouni, was approached by a court-yard. It consisted likewise of two stories, the better Greek houses seldom exceeding that height. The lower of these was now fitted up as a prison for malefactors ; and to the upper we ascended by a balcony, which ran along the entire front of the house, and served as a corridor to the several apartments, which had no internal communication with each other. On entering, we came into the apartment of the chief, which composed one-half of the extent of the mansion, the remainder being divided into his bed-room, kitchen, and apartments for his suite.

During the few days which bad weather obliged us to remain with him, we had sufficient leisure to make some observations on his character and manners. The latter, like those of the higher orders of his countrymen, were decidedly Turkish. The room in which he received us was fitted up in complete Ottoman style, with stained glass windows, inlaid ceiling, splendid carpets, mats, cushions, and numerous vases of gold and silver fish. On taking our seats, we were, as usual, presented with a chibouqué and some coffee ; whilst our news was eagerly enquired after by our obliging host. He was about twenty-five years of age : he had formerly enjoyed a confidential situation under the present government ; viz. the disposing of the forfeited Turkish lands in his province, and on the expiration of his commission, had obtained the government of his present eparchy. His dress was accurately national, but formed of the most costly materials and style, covered with an abundance of braiding and embroidery ; whilst his pistols and silver-mounted ataghan were of exquisite design and workmanship. Though his conversation was lively, his manners were indolent and oriental ; he reclined almost the entire day on a velvet cushion, surrounded by his attendants, smoking his chibouqué, or counting over and over again the polished beads of his amber *combolojo*. Of his dress he was particularly vain, and received with evident pleasure all the praises which we bestowed upon it. On such occasions, he usually arose, set forward his elbow, turned out his heel, and surveying himself from top to toe, replied with evident complacency, “ ναι, τό φόρημά μας είναι αρκετον καλον.” “ Why, yes, our costume is certainly pretty.”

Our fare, during our stay, consisted of lamb, fowls, milk, eggs, and vegetables ; and though it was Lent, our accommodating host made no scruple to join in our uncanonical repast. Our breakfast was, generally, made up of curds and eggs, with a little milk and cheese ; but the dinner was a somewhat more perplexing affair. Our table was a small round board, raised half a foot from the floor ; and round this we were obliged to squat tailor-wise ; as to have stretched our limbs would have thrown us at rather an incommodious distance from our provisions. In this posture, by no means an agreeable one to the uninitiated, we were obliged to remain during the tedious process of a Greek repast, which seldom occupied less than half an hour. Our first course was boiled rice, mixed up with yaourl or sour curds, eggs fried and swimming in olive oil, and a mixed dish of boiled vegetables, chopped leeks, spinage, sorrel and mustard leaves. The second, a stewed fowl stuffed with plum-pudding, roast lamb, and *cairars*, rather an odoriferous dish, composed of the entrails of the salmon and cuttle-fish, fermented and tempered with oil. Our third remove contained milk, in all its different preparations of curd, cheese, and runnet ; various combinations of boiled, roast, and whipped eggs ; the whole washed down with plentiful draughts of Pamian wine, supplied by a cup-bearer, who, in proper oriental style, stood constantly behind the cushion of his chieftain. Our desert, as it was winter, consisted chiefly of oranges and dried fruit, figs, dates, and raisins ; on the whole our feasts were not only classical but palatable, and when all was concluded, a comfortable room, in which to strew our beds, was a favour as acceptable as it was uncommon.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 66.)

At the capital and seat of government Mr. Emerson remains some time. Napoli is admirably situated, both for defence and commerce. For a Greek town it is well fortified, well provisioned, and if well garrisoned would stand a long siege. Its harbour is good, and the population overstocked.

The interior of the town, with the exception of one large square, contains nothing but miserably narrow filthy streets, the greater part in ruins, partly from the ridiculous custom of destroying the residences of the Turks, and partly from the effects of the cannon whilst the Greeks were battering the town from the little fort in the harbour. The remaining dwelling-houses are spacious, and some even comfortable. In all of them the lower story is appropriated to the horses, and from this we ascend by

a spacious staircase to the upper inhabited apartments. The best house is that of the late Pacha, which is now the residence of Prince Mavrocordato.

Trade seems totally destroyed at Napoli: before 1821, it was the depôt of all the produce of Greece, and carried on a most extensive commerce in sponges, silk, oil, wax, and wines; it now possesses merely a little traffic in the importation of the necessities of life. The shops, like those of Tripolizza, are crowded with arms and wearing apparel, and the inhabitants all carry either the Frank or Albanian armed costume. The climate is bad, and the place has been frequently ravaged by the plague, which, in one instance, towards the latter end of the last century, reduced the population from 8 to 2000.

The unusual filth of the streets, and its situation, at the foot of a steep hill, which prevents the air from having full play to carry the effluvia arising from it, together with the habitual dirty habits of an overstocked population, constantly attracted round the seat of government, subject it to almost continual epidemic fevers, which, both in the last winter and at this moment, have committed dreadful ravages. Its climate is, in fact, at all times, thick and unhealthy, and far inferior to that of Athens, or of many of the towns in the interior of the Morea.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 84).

The Journalist, under April 10, presents us with a picture of Napoli on Easter Sunday.

10th April, (Sunday).—To-day being the festival of Easter, Napoli presented a novel appearance, viz. a clean one. This feast, as the most important in the Greek church, is observed with particular rejoicings and respect. Lent having ceased, the ovens were crowded with the preparations for banqueting. Yesterday, every street was reeking with the blood of lambs and goats; and to-day, every house was fragrant with odours of pies and baked meats. All the inhabitants, in festival array, were hurrying along to pay their visits and receive their congratulations: every one, as he met his friend, saluted him with a kiss on each side of his face, and repeated the words *Χριστός ανέστη*, "Christ is risen." The day was spent in rejoicings in every quarter, the guns were fired from the batteries, and every moment the echoes of the Palamede were replying to the incessant reports of the pistols and tophaics of the soldiery. On these occasions the Greeks (whether from laziness to extract the ball, or for the purpose of making a louder report, I know not) always discharged their arms with a bullet: frequent accidents are the consequence. To-day one poor fellow was shot dead in his window, and a second severely wounded by one of these random shots. In the evening a grand ceremony took place in the Square: all the members of the Government, after attending divine service in the church of St. George, met opposite the residence of the executive body; the legislative, as being the most numerous, took their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing commenced with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection. Amongst such an intriguing, factious senate as the Greek legislation, it requires little calculation to divine that the greater portion of these salutations were Judas's kisses.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 98.)

Again.—April 11th.

This evening as we walked out of the Palamede gate, the plain to the east of the town presented a lively and interesting spectacle. The fineness of the day, together with the continuance of the festival, had induced crowds of the inhabitants to stroll round the walls and the plain; numbers of beautifully dressed females were assembled in groups on the grass, listening to the guitar and the flute; bands of horsemen, mounted on beautiful Arabians, were sweeping over the plain, hurling the djereed, and at the same time managing their spirited little steeds with astonishing skill, wheeling round at the sharpest angle, and reining up at the shortest point in the midst of their utmost velocity. In every quarter, bands of musicians were surrounded by troops of dancers, performing their spiritless Romaica, and enlivening its whirling dullness by the rapid discharge of their pistols; whilst groups of children, in fancy dresses and crowned with flowers, were sporting round their delighted parents. No one, to have witnessed this scene, could have supposed himself in the midst of a country suffering under the horrors of war, nor surrounded by hundreds of families, scarce one of whom could congratulate itself on not having lost a friend or a brother in the fray.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 102.)

Shortly after, we have a very characteristic account of the reception of a part of the *loan*. All agree that it is impossible to make a Greek understand the nature of a *loan*.

To-day, the *Lively*, from London, came to anchor in the bay, having on board 20,000*l.* of the former, and 40,000*l.* of the new loan; accompanied by Count Pecchio and Count Gamba, agents of Messrs. Ricardo, the contractors. Arrivals of this kind infuse the liveliest joy into the hearts of the Greeks, the greater part of whom do not rightly comprehend the meaning of a "loan," but very simply conclude that it is some European method of making a present. Immediately on its arrival, the usual discharge of pistols commenced; and the following evening it was brought into the town, whilst the band of the regular regiment in the square, were playing "God save the King," and the crowd accompanied it with shouts of *Ζεῖτο Γεωργίε*—"Long live King George."—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 108.)

In May, Mr. Emerson left Napoli for the neighbouring island of Hydra. The Hydriots are of Albanian race, had grown rich by commerce, and previous to the Revolution, the Turkish yoke had been merely nominal. They paid a considerable tribute. To them chiefly Greece is indebted for a navy, and they are, on the whole, the most respectable of the Greeks. Savage ferocity is, however, a feature of their character, as of the rest of their countrymen, as the following anecdote will testify:

(*Hydra*,) *June 25th.*—I have this day been witness to a scene of slaughter in Hydra, which must ever remain a stain upon the character of its inhabitants; and at the recollection of which, I yet shudder with involuntary horror.

I had made an agreement with the owner of a *caïque*, which was to sail for Napoli di Romania in the evening: and accordingly, at four o'clock, I walked down to the Marino, and had my portmanteau stowed on board the boat, which was to get under weigh almost immediately. In the mean time, I sat down with Mr. Masson, Carnaris, and a few Hydriots, on the balcony of a coffee-house, to await the arrival of the *Karavikyrios*. Whilst here, a brig arrived from the fleet, and entered the harbour with a fair wind. It brought the disastrous intelligence, that the ship of Captain Athanasius Kreisi (son to the old gentleman mentioned before) had been blown up, a few days before, in the midst of the fleet at Vathico, and himself, his brother, and sixty seamen destroyed. It appeared, from the evidence of one of the sailors who escaped with life, that the captain was that day to have had a few other commanders of the fleet at dinner; and, in the hurry of preparation, had struck a refractory Turkish slave, who had been for some time on board. The wretch immediately went below, and, in his thirst for vengeance, set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up himself, his captain, and shipmates.

There is, perhaps, no spot in the world, where the ties of blood and clanship have more closely united the inhabitants, than at Hydra: and the sensation produced by this event may be readily conceived, when it is considered that every individual thus destroyed was connected with almost the whole population, by birth, marriage, or the bonds of friendship; and that, as the officers and crew of every ship are almost invariably related to each other, in a nearer or more remote degree, a whole family, and that one of the most distinguished, was thus, at a blow, eradicated from the midst of the community.

The news spread instantly from end to end of the Marino; and seemed to produce an extraordinary sensation. In a few moments, from the balcony where I sat, my attention was attracted by the unusual commotion of the crowd below, which now consisted of four or five thousand. They kept rushing backward and forward, but always tending towards the door of a monastery close by me; one apartment of which served for the office of the Marino, and another for the prison, in which were confined a large number of Turkish captives. I asked a Hydriot, who sat beside me, what was the meaning of the commotion in the crowd? He replied, with little emotion, "perhaps going to kill a Turk." His words were scarcely uttered, when the door of the monastery, not twenty paces from me, was burst open, and a crowd rushed out, forcing before them a young Turk, of extremely fine appearance; tall, athletic, and well-formed. But I shall never forget the expression of his countenance at this awful moment. He was driven out almost naked, with the exception of a pair of trowsers; his hands held behind his back; his head thrust forward; and a hell of horror seemed depicted in his face. He made but one step over the threshold, when a hundred ataghans were planted in his body. He staggered forward, and fell, a shapeless mass of blood and bowels, surrounded by a crowd of his enraged executioners, each eager to smear his knife with the blood of his victim. By this time, another wretch was dragged forward, and shared the same fate; another, and another followed, whilst I

was obliged to remain a horrified spectator of the massacre; as the defenceless wretches were butchered almost at the foot of the stairs by which I must have descended, in order to make my escape. Each was, in turn, driven beyond the door, and got a short run through the crowd, and fell piecemeal, till, at length, his carcase lost all form of humanity, beneath the knives of his enemies. Some few died bravely, never attempting to escape, but falling on the spot, where they received the first thrust of the ataghans; other weaker wretches made an effort to reach the sea, through the crowd, but sunk down beneath a thousand stabs, screaming for mercy, and covering their faces with their gory hands.

In the mean time, I had got within the café, and closed the door and windows; within were a few of the young Primates, who were sinking with shame and horror for the actions of their countrymen, and the noble Canaris was lying on a bench drowned in tears. Here I remained for some time; till, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the scene below, I rushed down stairs, and escaped by a bye path to my lodgings. During the whole course of the evening, the work of slaughter continued; after butchering every inmate of the prison, they brought out every slave from the houses, and from on board the ships in the harbour, and put all to death on the shore. During the course of the evening, upwards of two hundred wretches were thus sacrificed to the fury of the mob; and at length, wearied with blood, they dragged them down to the beach, and stowing their carcasses in boats, carried them round to the other side of the island, and flung them into the sea, where numbers were floating some days after, when Captain Spencer passed with the Naiad. During the continuance of all this scene, which lasted for many hours, no attempt was made by the Primates to check the fury of the crowd. Perhaps they were aware of their inability; but it is little to their honour that they did not at least make an effort. Some days after, on speaking of this transaction, they merely said it was a disgraceful occurrence, and they were sorry it had happened; but that, in fact, they had no means of keeping prisoners of war; thus indirectly admitting the justice of the deed, nor even attempting to excuse their own non-interference. With the lower orders, there never appeared any symptom of remorse. Those who had been the perpetrators of the deed, were never censured; nor was any investigation made of the affair; on the contrary, they walked about the streets as much applauded and as highly esteemed, as if they had achieved some meritorious services; whilst those who had not participated in the murder, spoke of it with complacency, and even approval. Some few of the sons of the Primates were the only part of the population who seemed aware of the enormity of the deed; and, whilst they condemned the conduct of their countrymen, they lamented deeply that such an example of applauded murder should be set to their children.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 244.)

Most important information is to be found in Mr. Emerson's Journal with respect to the navy, along with which he appears to have remained some time. The naval victories of the Greeks have been excessively exaggerated; any thing like a general engagement is wholly out of the question. The execution that has been done, has been solely effected by the fire-ships, which, partly from Greek dexterity and bravery, and chiefly from Turkish awkwardness, have done a considerable quantity of mischief. In the navy, it will be seen, there is no subordination whatever; the captain is the relation and not the commander of the crew. The admiral is little more than a nominal chief about whom the captains collect. When he may be meditating some important expedition, the captains perhaps are designing a visit to their homes, and the admiral rises in the morning and finds that a third of his navy has gone off in the night, and perhaps the remainder express no inclination to change their station.

There the affair is dropped.

Of these *brulots* and their captains, at the very name of which the Turks tremble and sheer off, a very good description is to be found in the following passage:—

It was late in the evening before a monk from one of the neighbouring monasteries arrived to bless the ship; but this ceremony once performed, all was in readiness, and at sun-set we sailed from Hydra. The captain was a young man, called Theodoracki,

nephew to the admiral, who has been employed as a brulottier almost ever since the commencement of the war; and on several occasions, especially at Mytelene and Candia, has conducted himself with distinguished bravery. The ship in which I sailed was an old Ipsariot, of two hundred and sixty or three hundred tons, and was purchased by the Government for forty thousand piastres, or about 800*l.*, whilst the fitting out and stowing her with combustibles, could not cost less than 800*l.* more. This, however, is one of the largest and most expensive which has yet been made; the generality being no more than two-thirds the size, and of proportionate cost. The vessels usually employed for this service, are old ships purchased by the Government. Their construction, as fireships, is very simple; nothing more being wanted than active combustion. For this purpose, the ribs, hold, and sides of the vessel, after being well tarred, are lined with dried furze, dipped in pitch and lees of oil, and sprinkled with sulphur; a number of hatchways are then cut along the deck, and under each is placed a small barrel of gunpowder; so that at the moment of conflagration each throws off its respective hatch, and giving ample vent to the flames, prevents the deck being too soon destroyed by the explosion.

A train which passes through every part of the ship, and communicates with every barrel, running round the deck and passing out at the steerage window, completes the preparation below; whilst above, every rope and yard is well covered with tar, so as speedily to convey the flames to the sails; and at the extremity of each yard-arm is attached a wickered hook, which being once entangled with the enemy's rigging, renders escape after coming in contact, almost a matter of impossibility. The train, to prevent accidents, is never laid till the moment of using it; when all being placed in order, and the wind favourable, with every possible sail set, so as to increase the flames, she bears down upon the enemy's line, whilst the crew, usually twenty-five or thirty in number, have no other defence than crouching behind the after-bulwarks. When close upon the destined ship, all hands descend by the stern, into a launch fitted out for the purpose, with high gunwales and a pair of small swivels; and, at the moment of contact, the train is fired off by the captain, and every hatch being thrown off, the flames burst forth, at the same instant, from stem to stern; and ascending by the tarred ropes and sails, soon communicate with the rigging of the enemy's vessel, who have never yet, in one instance, been able to extricate themselves. In fact, such is the terror with which they have inspired the Turks, that they seldom make the slightest resistance. On the distant approach of the fireship, they maintain, for some minutes, an incessant random cannonade; but, at length, long before she comes in contact, precipitate themselves into the sea, and attempt to reach the other vessels, scarcely one remaining to the last moment to attempt to save the devoted ship. Sometimes, however, armed boats are sent off from the other vessels of the fleet, but they have never yet been able either to prevent the approach of the fireship, or seize on the crew whilst making their escape; and though fireships are in other countries considered a forlorn hope, such is the stupidity and terror of the Turks, that it is rarely that one of the brulottiers is wounded, and very seldom, indeed, that any lose their lives. The service, however, from the imminent risk to which it is exposed, is rewarded with higher pay than the ordinary seamen; and on every occasion of their success, each brulottier receives an additional premium of a hundred or a hundred and fifty piastres.

To the captains, likewise, rewards have been frequently offered, but been as often refused; as they replied, that they should think it a disgrace to accept a recompense for doing their duty to their country. The number of those brave fellows is from twenty-five to thirty, and though many have nobly distinguished themselves, the widely spreading laurels of one have unfortunately overshadowed the honours of the rest. It is needless to say, that this individual is Constantine Canaris. There are, however, many others whose fame has not extended so far, though their actions have been equally daring and successful: amongst those is Captain Pepino, the companion of Canaris in his famous exploit of burning the vessel of the Capitan Pacha at Scio, and the man who, with Georgio Potili, and Alexander Dimama, achieved the late successful enterprize at Modon. Of the remainder, Georgio Capa Antoine, Anastasius Calloganni, Demetrius Raphaella, and John Mondrosa, have shown the most undaunted bravery in the various actions at Tenedos, Mytelene, Samos, Scio, Cos, and Candia, and are rewarded by the most lavish praises of their countrymen, who have celebrated their names in the popular songs of the island.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 167.)

The number of vessels at present employed in the Greek navy does not exceed sixty-five; of these forty are Hydriots, sixteen belong to Spezzia, and the remainder are the remnants of the Ipsariot

squadron. Of the vessels of war, about six or seven carry three masts, and are of three or four hundred tons burden: the remainder are all brigs and single-masted schooners, of from one hundred to two hundred tons; the greatest number of guns carried by any vessel is eighteen, and the weightiest are a few eighteen pounders. The entire Greek fleet is the property of individuals: the sailors are paid, and the vessels hired by the government. The captains are generally the owners or their near relatives.

Concerning the interior economy of the Greek navy, Mr. Emerson supplies us with some sensible paragraphs.

After the surprising exploits and well-earned fame of the Greek fleet, it may perhaps appear strange to assert, that those actions have been accomplished solely by the brulottiers, with the assistance of not more than twelve or fourteen ships out of all the fleet, and that the remaining forty-five or fifty have rendered no other service to the cause of their country, than by their show adding to the apparent force of her navy, and tending to augment the terror of the enemy by a display of numbers. Yet such is actually the fact, and one which the powerless arm of Government has, as yet, been unable to remedy. This circumstance arises from the ships being all private property, and whilst the few brave fellows, who hesitate at nothing to accomplish their object, boldly face the most powerful force of the enemy, others, less ambitious of honour, and more wary, content themselves with hanging aloof, and discharging a few harmless cannon beyond the range of the enemy's shot; urging, as an ostensible reason, the folly of risking more lives than are necessary for the protection of their brulottiers; or, if more closely pushed, making no scruple to declare that they do not wish to have their own small ships exposed to the heavy fire of the Turkish frigates, when neither their own means, nor the allowance of the Government, are adequate to repair the damages they might sustain. Thus deprived by vanity or selfishness of the greater bulk of his fleet, Miaulis, with about half a dozen faithful and subordinate followers, to aid the noble fellows who work the fireships, and who have never yet shrunk from their duty, has achieved every action which has tended to advance the liberty of Greece, and to bring its struggle towards a conclusion.

But it is not amongst the captains alone that those deplorable feelings have been productive of unfortunate results: imitating the example of their commanders, and well aware of the inefficiency of the Government to inflict punishment for disobedience, the crews invariably manifest the same spirit of turbulence and insubordination. Proud of their newly acquired liberty, and impatient of any restraint, they will not listen to the name of subjection or obedience to orders; and the circumstance of every crew being composed of different descendants and relatives of the same family and name, and commanded by a person who is nearly connected by blood or marriage with almost every seaman on board, gives the captain an unwillingness to proceed to extremities, which must only tend to irritate the feelings of his family; and, unsupported by the measures of an efficient government, be finally productive of no other consequences than further disobedience and more widely spread discontent. In consequence of this, it is not the will of the admiral, or the wishes of the captains, but the consent of each crew, that must be obtained, previous to entering upon any important measure. If it meets their views of advantage or expediency, there is little difficulty in its completion; otherwise, there is no power to enforce its execution. However, as all parties are well aware of the extent of their respective influence, open quarrels are never heard of. If the admiral's orders are agreeable to the captain, and his measures appear advisable to the crew, all goes on well; if not, and it should happen that the demand is negatived, the affair drops, and some new movement is adopted, without dispute or recrimination.

In the domestic economy of each ship there is consequently a great deal of confusion and irregularity. No man on board has any regular quarters or post assigned him; on the issuing of an order from the captain it is repeated by every mouth from end to end of the ship, and all crowd with eagerness to be the first to perform the most trifling service. This is of course productive of extreme bustle and confusion, especially in the eyes and ears of a stranger, and frequently occasioned me no little alarm; as from the shouts and trampling over head I have often deemed the ship in danger, but on hurrying upon deck found it was merely some trivial duty, about which all were contending, such as setting a studding-sail, or hoisting up the jolly-boat.

The only *regular* duty on board seems to be the discipline at dinner-hour. The

provisions of the sailors are not of the best description, consisting principally of salt and dried fish, sardillas, and Newfoundland cod ; but to make amends for this, they have excellent biscuit, (sliced bread, leaven baked, being the real biscuit,) and the best Grecian wine. Mid-day and sun-set are the hours of dinner and supper, and before that time every mess, consisting of six persons, has its little table prepared between two of the guns. As soon as the signal is given, each table is served by the steward with its allowance of fish, bread, oil, wine, and vinegar, the eldest man of the mess acting as dispenser, the youngest as cupbearer. During the dinner-hour the steward continues walking round from mess to mess, to see that each table has its regular allowance of wine and bread, and during the whole ceremony the utmost silence and decorum are preserved. The tables of the captains, and particularly that of the admiral, are however much better served, as at every Grecian port which they put into, the inhabitants vie with each other who shall send to the fleet the most acceptable presents of fresh provisions, vegetables, fruit, wine, cheese, and sweet-meats ; and these, together with the stock of European stores and French wines, render their living rather luxurious.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 182.)

The extracts we have already made convey a good idea of the face of the country, of the manners of the people, and of the state of the navy. We will proceed to select some passages which will throw light upon the principal men of influence. The people are divided into Roumeliots and other inhabitants of the continental part of Greece, and who are chiefly Albanians ; a distinguished branch of this portion are the Suliotes. The Moreotes or inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, with the exception of some Albanian districts, as the Mainotes, are more genuine Greeks, and form another class. The islanders, though chiefly of Albanian race, from the nature of their abode and their different habits of life, are entitled to rank as a class of themselves. Besides these three divisions of the people, there are Greek interlopers from Constantinople, called, from a quarter of that capital, Fanariots. These are but few, and are chiefly men of diplomatic talent, ingenuity, and European education. Such are Mavrocordato, Demetrius Ipsilanti, and Negris, who is now dead. Of the Moreotes, Colocotroni is the leader, with his sons and friends ; as Zaimi, Londos, Sessini, Coliopulo, Notara, Degliani, &c. Mavromichalis, the Ex-President, is the head of the Mainotes. Ulysses was the most distinguished and the most able of the Roumeliot leaders ; the treachery and faithlessness of his lieutenant, Goura, have now transplanted him. The islanders possess many wealthy and powerful men, such as Conduriotti, now President of the Senate. The admirals, such as the celebrated Miaulis and Tombazi, likewise belong to them. The three men of decidedly most influence and authority at the present moment in Greece are, undoubtedly, Coletti, formerly a physician to Ali Pacha, and now one of the Executive ; Colocotroni, formerly a butcher and a robber, and now the chief Capitano of the Morea, and Prince Mavrocordato, a Fanariote Greek. The principal characteristics of these men may be learnt from some passages which are to be found scattered up and down the volumes before us. Of some of these leaders the following extract gives an account. It refers to a time at which the President Conduriotti and his Secretary of State had gone to head the army before Navarino, a command which, as might be expected, they dreadfully bungled. Conduriotti had, or fancied he had, a fever, and though he started from the capital in a hurry, consumed three days in travelling twenty miles of the plainest of his ground ; and when he arrived at the army, prudently fixed his head-quarters *four hours* from it. Mavrocordato, the Secretary of State, finding himself by some accident on the island

in the Bay of Navarino, when the Egyptians made the successful descent upon it, in which the brave but unfortunate Count Santa Rosa was killed, took an early opportunity of running away; his fears were, however, so great, that his legs failed him, and he cried out: "Help me, I am falling." "Instantly," says his eulogistic private Secretary, "instantly his general, the faithful Catzaro, and one of the soldiers, took him in their arms and carried him to the height."

The affairs of the Government had all been so arranged before the President and Prince Mavrocordato, his secretary, that a constant communication was to be kept up with the forces north of the Isthmus, as well as the camp at Navarino. The Vice-President, Bolazi, a good-natured, honest Spezziot, not overstocked with intelligence, but bearing a high character for honour and principles, had taken Conduriotti's chair in the executive body. Cristides, an intriguing, active man, acted as Secretary, and the other members remained at their posts as usual. Of these, John Coletti, a physician by profession, and, as such, formerly in the pay of Ali Pacha, is by far the most clever and intelligent: of his sterling patriotism, however, there are few in the Morea, or even among his own countrymen, who are not rather sceptical. The exactions which have been carried on in Roumelia by his agents, and with his approbation, have rendered him odious to the people whom he represents; and his intriguing spirit, forbidding countenance, and repulsive manners have gained him, both with the Moreots and foreigners, a character for cunning and dangerous ambition. Nevertheless, his acknowledged abilities have given him such an ascendancy with the President and the executive body, that he may be considered the spring of its movements. Of the other two, Speliotaki is a mere nobody, who would never be heard of, were it not for the attaching his name to the proclamations of the Government; and Petro Bey, the Mainote, is a good-humoured, round-faced fellow, who seems remarkable for nothing more than his appetite and epicurism. Amongst the numbers of the legislative body, none seem to make any prominent figure except Spiridion Tricoupi, son of the late Primate of Messolounghi, representative of that town. Having been Secretary to Lord Guilford, and a few years resident in England, he adds to an extensive information, a good knowledge of English. The meetings of the legislative body, though containing about fifty members, are usually taciturn, or enlivened only by colloquial discussion, Tricoupi being the only member who ever attempted "a speech." It was lately proposed to publish their proceedings in the Hydriot Journal, but the motion was immediately negatived by the overpowering majority of the silent members. Of the other ministers connected with the administration, by far the most promising is Adam Ducas, Minister of War, a young man descended from one of the most ancient and honourable Greek families. I say promising, because, though at present almost ignorant of the duties of his office, he seems well aware of his deficiency, and is anxious on all occasions to remedy it.

But, perhaps, the most singular character amongst all the Greek legislators is the Minister of the Interior. His name is Gregorius Flessa, by profession a priest; and having, in the early part of his life been steward of a monastery (*δικαιος*) he is generally known by the two names of Gregorius Dikaïos, and Pappa Flessa. A naturally vicious disposition had early given him a distaste for his profession, and, on the commencement of the revolution, he joined the standard of his country as a military volunteer. Having manifested his bravery on many occasions, he was at length promoted to a command, and in several actions conducted himself with distinguished courage. He now totally abandoned the mitre and the robe for the more congenial employments of the army and the state; and at length, after a series of active and valuable services, he was appointed by the Government to be Minister of the Interior. Here, with ample means, he gave unbridled license to his natural disposition. His only virtue is an uncorrupted patriotism, which has all along marked his character, and has gained him the confidence of the Government, whilst they despise its professor. Such a man, though in an office of trust, is by no means a popular man. The scandal which the open commission of the most glaring immoralities has brought upon his original profession, has entailed upon him the contempt of all parties, though his diplomatic abilities, if artifice and cunning may deserve that name, added to his patriotism and bravery, have secured to him the good will of the Government.*

Of the minister of justice, Theotochi, little more is known than that he was obliged to abscond from the Ionian Islands for some fraudulent practices. The name of the

* He has since been killed by the Egyptians.—ED.

minister of the police I have never heard, and from the abominable filth of the city, and the dilapidated condition of its streets, I fancy the office must be a sinecure.— (Emerson, vol. i. p. 86.)

Of Colocotroni we have a good account in Mr. Humphreys' work. The time of the interview described, was during the period when the Capitani, on the one hand, and the Primates and Islanders on the other, were contending for power and plunder.

I determined to see Colocotroni, and know from himself what were his views. I found the fine old chieftain quartered in a small village near Tripolizza; his hut was but partly roofed in, had no boarded floor, and one slip of carpet, which the poorest hut in Greece is seldom without, was its only furniture. He welcomed me with great warmth; he declared himself anxious for union, but that the existing government, under the influence of Mavrocordato, and the faction of the Primates, sought his total ruin. He said, "Let me be judged by my country, and if found guilty, let death be my punishment; but not by a faction, who seek my destruction, and that of all the ancient captains. We, who alone have ever been free; we, who alone in the hour of danger, were not found wanting: after clearing our country of her invaders by our swords, when those who would lord it over all of us sought safety in flight, and only return to enjoy the security we have purchased with our blood; are they to be our sole rulers? are they alone to have a voice and a will in the land we have won and kept with our swords? are Fanariots from the Turkish courts; are adventurers, without a name, to root out of its soil its ancient preservers?" There was some truth in his appeal. Colocotroni is eloquent, and to that he owes much of his influence over the soldiery. The only terms on which the Government would treat with him, were his going to them with an escort of not more than fifty followers; which he considered equal to a surrender of his liberty, or his life. The leading trait in Colocotroni's character is avarice; a vice from which few of the Greeks are exempt, and to which he justly owed his loss of power. As an able general, he possessed, and deservedly, the confidence of the soldiery and the people.* He was allied by marriage to the Deglianis, a powerful family; to Caliopuli and Niketas, both distinguished captains. His nephews and sons held high commissions in different provinces, and thus the Colocotronists, as they are designated, formed a formidable and powerful clan, and with them the Bey of Maina was in close alliance. He complained that the present government had deposed members elected at the General Congress of the nation, and replaced them with those of their own party and interests, without the election of the people; and that they had given the rank of general to the most undeserving persons, and to their own servants, as a reward for having deserted them. A Bulgarian, Hadj Christo, the chief Government General, had been a *cheise*, or head groom, to Colocotroni, though it was acknowledged that he owed his rise to his distinguished bravery and good conduct; but a former pipe-bearer of Niketas, then a general, had little other merit than having deserted his master. He said, that the majority of the people of the Morea were in their favour; but that the government was averse to any amicable adjustment, and was supported by foreigners, to whom they held out the prospect of large pay from the English loan; as Bulgarians, Albanians, and many of the Roumeliots, who, having no longer a home, formed themselves into small bodies as soldiers, electing a captain, and were ready to enter anybody's service who would best pay them; and that the views of his party were misrepresented; as their adversaries, having the advantage of education, employed the power of the pen against them, while they only knew the use of arms. The term of anti-patriots, given to his party in the Gazettes, he bitterly complained of; saying, that it was a gross injustice; that he and Niketas too, so distinguished alike for his generosity and great personal bravery, in defence of his country, should be now called anti-patriots. He, said he, was accused of an intention to make himself King of Greece. He asked me, if his hut and retinue bore the semblance of royalty? I found that, at night, attended only by one or two trusty followers, he took different positions in the mountains, where he slept to avoid treachery. They demanded but to have one representative of their

* Colocotroni is of that opinion himself. In a conversation at Prince Demetrius Ipsilanti's, he remarked, the Duke of Wellington is decidedly the first general of the age; but he thought that if his Grace had, like himself, to do the duty at once of commissary, soldier, and general, he would not do it so well.

party in the executive body, and the Bey of Maina to have the command of the troops in the Morea; and they would immediately surrender Napoli di Romania, and submit to the order of government.—(*Humphreys*, vol. ii. p. 222.)

A favourable view of both Mavrocordato and Conduriotti may be gathered from the extract from Emerson.

This evening the President and Mavrocordato arrived at Napoli di Romania, in a brig, from Calamata, where the former had retired after the loss of Old Navirino and the dispersion of the troops, and the latter had landed after his escape from the island.

Whether their thus totally deserting the vicinity of such an important struggle, at the present crisis of the fortress, be advisable, may be doubted; though their object be the embodying and sending off fresh forces, it would perhaps have been more advantageous to have remained in the neighbourhood, and not (at least in appearance) thus to leave the blockaded garrison to their fate.

I was rather disappointed in the appearance of Mavrocordato; his figure is small, and any thing but dignified and prepossessing. The little of his countenance which is visible through his bushy hair and eye-brows, and his fiercely curling mustachios, indicates more of childishness than intellect, though the deep glance of a penetrating eye gives it an occasional animation. His manners, like those of all Fanariots, though easy and obliging, contain too much of an overstrained politeness, which seems like intriguing servility; and this, together with a studied lightness of conversation, and an extremely silly laugh, renders the first impression of him by no means favourable. George Conduriotti, the President of the Executive body, is a plain, inactive man, of no talent, but unshaken integrity. His family came originally from Condouri, a village in the vicinity of Athens, but have been long resident at Hydra, where an unprecedented success in trade, together with an unblemished reputation, have rendered him and his brother the most opulent, and amongst the most honourable inhabitants of the island. A desire to please the Hydriots, whose exertions have been so important in advancing the success of the revolution, has no doubt been the leading cause of his election to an office for which he is so ill qualified both by nature and education; but to which, however, his honourable character gives an importance in the eyes of his countrymen, which the higher talents of others might be less efficient in conferring on it.—(*Emerson*, vol. i. p. 157.)

The loss of Navarino, its harbour, fort, and island, is the severest reverse which the Greeks have experienced. It is lamentable to think that it is in a great measure to be attributed to the spirit of jealousy and jobbing which pervades every thing. First of all Conduriotti preferred himself to the command, because he and his right hand Mavrocordato were alarmed at the superior abilities of Colletti; then Conduriotti being at a distance, and not being disposed to trust the military chiefs with military commands, appointed one of his countrymen, Scurti, totally ignorant of military matters, to a post which he did not know how to keep, and consequently involved the other generals in defeat and loss. One hundred and ninety men fell in the engagement before Navarino. Let not the reader smile at the smallness of the number: they were chiefly Suliotes; and of the Suliotes, now that they are driven from their home, but a thousand remain. On this very same spot, the island of Sphacteria, in the Peloponnesian war, the Spartans sustained a loss of four hundred men, a shock from which the true Spartan blood never afterwards recovered. Except at the battle of Peta, when two hundred fell, and these chiefly Germans and other Philhellenes, the loss of the Greeks has been usually confined to five, ten, fifteen, or twenty men. In a Turkish campaign, twenty or forty thousand Turks, after various movements, would lose three or four hundred men, and the Greeks four or five. But then, in Greece, the name of every combatant is known, the exploits are

individual, and the glory particular. With us, the Guards, or the 42d distinguish themselves with the utmost gallantry ; but in Greece, it is Kairascaki or Giavella, or some such, who, lurking behind a great stone, levels nine Turks with his musket, and then throwing down his capote, and rushing upon the frightened mass with his ataghan, slays every man whom he can stick in the back as he runs away. It was so in ancient Greece, (except the stone,) even in Homer, and Thucydides is scarcely to be understood, until the reports of the Philhellenes, and other travellers in Greece are perused.

We cannot look over these volumes, and others of the same description, without remarking the melancholy fate of the Philhellenes, who have volunteered their services in the cause of Greece. A noble band of Germans and others, at the head of whom was the brave General Normann, were sacrificed by the cowardice of the Greeks at the battle of Peta. Many, dispirited by privations, wearied with a restless but useless mode of war, and reduced to poverty and misery by the failure of their resources, have put an end to themselves. Greater numbers have fallen victims to the climate. The life of Lord Byron was utterly lost to Greece and to the world. Detained by the crafty designs of Mavrocordato, and his own indecision, in an unhealthy spot, he fell an easy prey to disease, and died without directly conferring a single benefit upon the land he came to assist. Scarcely one of the numbers, who have been reduced to starvation, wretchedness, and death, in the cause, has distinguished himself by a single useful exertion. Even the brave, enlightened, and deeply lamented Count Santa Rosa, who had been minister at war in Piedmont, died as a common soldier with a knapsack at his back. The cause is in the Greeks: they want no assistance which individuals without wealth can give; and with wealth, unless the possessor is resolute, and capable of forming designs which no obstacle, or cunning, or entreaty can drive him from, he stands an excellent chance of being teased into his grave. Europeans (for the Greeks may be considered Asiatics) cannot fight as they do, and for their mode of warfare they possess abundance of men. Regular troops they have never until lately consented to form, and regular troops would, when formed, be as likely to receive as much resistance from the irregular Greeks as from the enemy himself. It is by sea alone that assistance can be rendered to them, and then only by the vigorous and active commander of a frigate or two, with a few minor vessels. If, instead of two loans of nearly three millions, a couple of vessels of war had been sent to Greece, there would have been no question now about the security of its nascent liberty. At this moment, if Lord Cochrane, with any naval force, well paid, were to appear for them in the Mediterranean, the fate of Ibrahim Pacha and his army would be decided; after which we should be heartily glad to see his Lordship enjoying the title of Lord High Admiral of Greece, and squatting, for the next ten years, on the cushion of the President of the Hellenic Republic.

ON ITALIAN LITERATURE.

No. II.

Rome, Nov. 12, 1825.

THE strong and marked distinction between Italian and French literature, is the sincerity, the singleness of purpose, which characterises the former. They do indeed tell the lies necessary to avert persecution for Carbonarism; but putting aside the nonsense they are compelled to write by the minute tyranny of five courts, each under the dominion of an imbecile king, and four or five knavish ministers or favourites, Italian writers say nothing which they do not conscientiously believe. In this country, if a man knows any thing, he knows it profoundly and thoroughly. Woe to you, therefore, if you ask him a question. You probably wish for an answer of two or three minutes: he will dissertate for an hour and a half. He never imagines that a reply, which you have yourself provoked, can appear to you too long or too minute. The general character of his writings is sincere and earnest. He is by no means a charlatan—he has not the talents, nor perhaps the taste, which qualify a man for that sort of business. It may safely be affirmed, that there are not more than four men in Paris, if so many, among those who are trying to get a literary or scientific reputation, who are not, in the bottom of their hearts, complete charlatans. Every time you see the name of a French author in a journal, you may safely lay any wager you please—if he is extolled to the skies—that the article is the work of his own hands. There is nothing of this kind in Italy. Saverio Bettineli, the enemy of Dante, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter, and Foscolo, the poet, author of the *Sepolcri*, are the only writers spoken of as having made use of any quackish tricks.

The virtue of Italian writers has one very strong defence. In London or Paris people write to make money—your illustrious Johnson, your delightful Goldsmith, lived on the money they received from their booksellers. The case is very different in Italy. I have heard the great Monti declare that the printing of his works had never brought him any thing but expense. In a fortnight after his book was printed at Milan it was reprinted at Lugano, at Bassano, at Florence, &c. Very frequently, the bookseller who published the original edition, was precisely the one who sold the smallest number of copies. One of the Italian deputies, at the Congress of Vienna, requested the sovereigns to insert an article in the treaty, prohibiting these piracies. The Emperor Francis refused to afford any such encouragement to letters. This is perfectly consistent in the monarch, who afterwards said to the Professors of the College of Laybach, “*Ich braue keine Gelehrte.*” The Emperor Francis, like all the princes of the house of Austria, is remarkably well informed on statistical subjects; but, of politics, as connected with morals, he seems perfectly incapable of understanding any thing whatever. By thus withholding from literary merits or labours all hope of pecuniary reward, he has, however, rendered one signal service to

Italian literature. He has excluded from it all the *canaille* of scribblers who pollute and debase the literature of France and England. The five despotic governments of Italy, those of Turin, Milan, Modena, Rome, and Naples, have on their side exactly those writers whom they enrich by granting them the privilege of publishing the Gazette—and no others.

As curiosity on political matters is intense, and as all newspapers not sold to the Jesuits are prohibited, the Government Journal is in great request, though its stupidity surpasses any thing you can form an idea of in England. At Venice, such is the terror inspired by the government, that people carefully avoid the reputation of reading the Milan Gazette with much interest, though written by a man who is even more entirely and absolutely sold to Austria, than the writer of the Venetian Paper. At Paris, on the contrary—at least, such was the case two years ago—the ministry for the time being could always, in four-and-twenty hours, hire two hundred writers, who live entirely by their pens. Neither must you imagine that these are men of no talents; they are indeed totally without principle, but this slight defect, which they share with the diplomatic servants of the public, only makes them the more dexterous in guarding and weighing their expressions. As they have always before their eyes the probability that a year hence the minister will order them to prove the exact contrary of what they are now employed in demonstrating, they acquire singular and admirable dexterity in the art of leaving loopholes. Thus we find that the most distinguished writers of France, Fiévée, Chateaubriant, Martianville, &c. &c. have said and unsaid ten times in their lives. Two years ago M. Fiévée received a pension of 80*l.* per annum on condition that he would hold his tongue. When I relate these facts to the litterati of Italy, they laugh and exclaim “*Sempre faceto!*”—they don’t believe a word I say. Excepting in the Government journals, which, among a people so eminently consistent as the Italians, are consigned to the lowest contempt, it would be a difficult matter to obtain a laudatory article in a journal. At Paris, on the contrary, you must be what we call, *un espèce* (*un spiantato*,) utterly without friends or connexions, if you cannot get your book praised in *all the journals*.

I should not think it worth while to mention the political papers of Italy, which are generally edited by spies in the pay of the police, were it not that I wish to do justice to that published at Rome by Cracas the printer. It appears under two titles, the *Diario* and the *Notizie del Giorno*, three times a week. The Court of Rome maintains its political superiority, even at this moment, under a prime minister stupified by age, the Cardinal della Somaglia. This government abstains from all absurdities and falsehoods which do not serve some immediate end. All the necrological articles, which in a government conducted by old men, are necessarily of frequent recurrence, are distinguished by a general air of truth, due allowance being made for the habit of using the most ridiculous superlatives. The Archæological articles in the Cracas, (for the name of the printer is transferred to the journal,) which are of considerable importance in this country, are superior to any thing of the same kind in Europe.

The first journal of Italy, without any comparison, is the *Antologia*, published at Florence, by a bookseller named Vieusseux, who is himself a very clever man. You must not, however, conclude that his journal is really *a garland of flowers*; on the contrary, it is verbose, heavy, and often tedious. He always praises stupid books, for he is completely the dupe of the learned pedants who abound in Italy. Notwithstanding all this, the *Antologia* is a very useful work.

An Italian does not understand hints—*demi-mots*. He reads but little—reading is a business—a toil to him, and you can never be too clear or too explicit for his taste. The piquancy of hints and inuendos, which constitute the great charm of the writings of La Bruyere, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, is totally unknown to the poor Italian, and would appear to him obscure or unintelligible. Ariosto had indeed something of this peculiar cast of genius, but he was a poet, and lived two hundred years ago. There is nothing in the least resembling French wit in the *Antologia*, but this defect is compensated by great good faith. I believe that any author who were to ask M. Vieusseux to insert an article in praise of a bad or insignificant work, out of mere complaisance or personal favour, would experience a very disagreeable reception. Many of the contributors to the *Antologia* are men of first-rate merit. What it wants is one Editor invested with full discretionary powers, who, without suppressing a single idea, might cut down the articles to three-fourths of their present length. The thoughts are distributed over, and lost among an ocean of words.

The *Raccoglitore*, a literary journal, is published at Milan three times a month, and has a great sale at Naples. It is edited by Davidde Bertolotti. If he had been more earnest and decided, his modest little journal would probably, long ere this, have shared the fate of the *Conciliatore*. This journal—which lived but a year, (about 1819,) during which short period it numbered among its supporters all the most illustrious men of Milan, whether for talents, knowledge, probity, or generous devotion to the improvement of Italy, and of mankind—was grave, earnest, awful to all whose subsistence or whose elevation depends on the ignorance and the delusions of the people. The *Conciliatore* was too serious and too argumentative to be useful to Lombardy, or to excite interest in any but the watchful speculators on public events, to be found in other parts of Europe. It contained articles by the two most philosophical men in Italy, Melchiorre Gioja and the Marquis Ermete Visconti. The former is in prison, the common fate of almost all the writers in this journal. It was too patriotic not to offend against the system of moral *Statu quo* which M. Metternich has, for eleven years, been labouring to establish in Italy. Prince Metternich has too much sense to undertake the task of stupifying the people, as the Jesuits are trying to do at Turin and at Modena; but he throws into dungeons all who attempt to enlighten them. Pellico, one of the first tragic writers of Italy, now in the fortress of Spielberg, was among the writers for the *Giornale bleu*, the *sobriquet* given to the *Conciliatore*, from the colour of the paper on which it was printed.

La Biblioteca Italiana, a journal which comes out once a month from the government press, in thick numbers, is principally edited by M. Acerbi, who passes for a spy. It is held in great contempt through-

out Italy, notwithstanding which it is useful to the Milanese and Venetians, who can get no other. It occasionally contains very good articles on medicine and natural history.

The *Italiano** continues, I believe, to be published at Turin. The object of this journal is to effect a change in the *statu quo* of the public mind of Italy, but in an opposite direction to that which the supporters of the *Conciliatore* had in view. The tendency of the *Italiano* is to stupify and mislead the people, and to bring them back to the opinions which prevailed in Italy about the year 1650, and were current through the rest of Europe three centuries ago. There is one great fact never to be lost sight of for a moment, when we are discussing the affairs of Italy;—from the taking of Florence by the Medicis in 1530, down to this hour, despotism has left no means untried to debase and destroy the noble mind of that nation. The Jesuits are even more absolute at Turin than at Paris. If the governments of Philip II. and Philip III. had succeeded in their endeavours, they would have kept the Milanese in the same state of intellectual degradation in which Napoleon found the Spaniards in 1808. I speak, of course, of the mass of the people; nobody has a more sincere and profound respect than I have for those illustrious Spaniards who are now in London. But they themselves, if national pride and partiality will permit them to be sincere, will confess that the distance between the educated and uneducated classes in Spain is *immense*. In Spain this distance is at its maximum—in France at its minimum—in Italy, thanks to all that has been done to deaden and pervert the minds of the people, from 1530 down to 1796, when Napoleon awoke them from their lethargy by the noise of his exploits, it is very considerable. Not only did Italy make no progress during these two hundred and sixty-six years; she would be positively a gainer if she could revert to the state in which she was in 1530, before the restoration of the infamous and most pernicious Medici. Then she had an energy which she has now totally lost; then she was a stranger to those puerilities which have marked the enterprizes of the Carbonari. The chief occupation of the nation during these two hundred and sixty-six years has been to write sonnets, in imitation of Petrarch—in imitation rather of his defects. They have adopted the Platonic philosophy which obscures his divine poems, but they have not caught the strain of deep and true pathos which frequently pervades them. Nothing remains of sixty literary academies, celebrated for the singularity of their names, such as *Gli Infuocati*, *Gli Oziosi*, &c. but a wretched literary journal published at Rome, which may claim to be the most *niais* in all Europe: it is called the *Arcadico*. There are three or four very good journals of Natural History and Medicine. The Italians are said to stand pre-eminent in this latter science, the practice of which is, however, often obscured by quackery. I heard a great deal at Naples of the ingenious systems of Dr. Rasori of Piacenza. This very distinguished physician has been for three years in prison at Mantua, for conspiring against the Austrian government. I have also heard very favourable mention of the medical annals of Dr. Omodei, of Venice; of Dr. Configliachi's journal, &c. &c.

* We are told that it has been dropped for some years.—Ed.

L'Ape, (the Bee,) a little journal which, I believe, still appears at Milan, is much more French than Italian in its character. It is the property of a bookseller of Brescia, named Bettoni, a man of some talent and great enterprize, who publishes every thing, good, bad, and indifferent.

I have observed that three-fourths of the books bought by the intelligent part of the population of Naples, are published at Milan. This fact astonished me greatly. The Austrian censorship at Milan is terrible, and is much the more sharp-sighted for being in the hands of Italian *Renegados*—priests, for the most part—who have sold themselves to the Austrian police. At Florence, on the other hand, the liberty of the press is perfect; nevertheless, if you except new editions of Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri, the booksellers of Florence publish nothing but puerile trash. Florence has lost all her energy. The system of *espionage*, which was carried to its maximum by the Grand Duke Leopold, effectually crushed all the energy of the people. They are very frugal, have few wants, and think themselves supremely happy whenever they are not assailed by great misfortunes. Their character, taken in the mass, is that of a prudent man of fifty-five. Milan, on the contrary, during an inoculation of fifteen years, has imbibed a great deal of French civilization.

After two hundred and sixty-six years of government, whose whole object seemed to be to obscure, pervert, and deaden the intellect of the governed, you cannot expect to hear that the moral and political sciences are in a very advanced or brilliant state. Giambattista Vico, a Neapolitan philosopher, would have been known to all Europe, if his stars had given him Rotterdam for a birth-place, or even Paris under Louis XIV. Born at Naples at the beginning of the seventeenth century, he has produced *La Scienza Nuova*, a book which is scarcely intelligible. Giannone, the excellent historian of Naples, died in 1758, in the citadel of Turin, into which the King of Sardinia threw him to do a pleasure to his royal brother of Naples. By these two examples you may judge of the rest; yet, during this period, Ariosto, Tasso, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, threw a glory over Italy. In painting, the Bolognese school united the expression of Raphael to the colouring of Titian and the grace of Correggio. In music, that art which has almost entirely escaped the minute persecution of the Jesuits, Italy produced Leo, Durante, Pergolesi, Sacchini, Cimarosa, &c.

I suppose you have read the history of Italian literature by that most jesuitical Jesuit, Tiraboschi, abridged in French, and strewed over with liberal, but for the most part anti-poetical ideas by Guinguéné, a philosopher of Voltaire's school. I shall therefore pass over all the works that appeared previous to the year 1770, as their merits are discussed and decided upon in his *Histoire de la Littérature Italienne*, and in the *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, by the learned Sismondi. Guinguéné, from a kind of infatuation in favour of Italian literature, which he thought, but very erroneously, he understood, has cried up as excellent a thousand poets and prose-writers who are actually despised by their own countrymen.

All that appeared during the two hundred and sixty-six years, corrupted and darkened by the Jesuits, is, with the exception of a very small number of celebrated books, worth absolutely nothing.

The most remarkable living poets of Italy are—Monti, who, like Milton, is blind: Foscolo, author of the *Sepolcri*, whom you have in London: Giambattista Nicolini, a tragic poet, born about the year 1790, lives at Florence, and sometimes writes in the *Antologia*: Silvio Pellico, author of *Francesca da Rimini*, and Eufemio di Messina, now in the fortress of Spielberg, is, I believe, about four-and-thirty: Alessandro Manzoni, born at Milan about the year 1780, has written some magnificent hymns, and two tragedies in which the unities are disregarded: *Il Conte di Carmagnola* and *Adelchi*.

Tommaso Grossi writes in the Milanese dialect, Buratti in the Venetian. L'Abbate Meli wrote in Sicilian twenty years ago. I imagine that your countrymen who governed Sicily at that time must have made you acquainted with the works of this extraordinary genius, the only modern, who, in my opinion, comes near Anacreon.

At Naples I met with all your latest tours in Italy; they all appeared to me completely silly and mawkish, and several of them canting and false. Among these stands pre-eminent that of the priest Eustace, whose cant poisons the minds of three-fourths of the English who visit Naples, and prevents their opening their eyes to the physical and moral beauties (yes, sir, moral) of this country. These beauties are not, indeed, precisely the same as those to be found in Portland-place, or the West India Docks. But what do people travel for if they do not wish to see any thing new or unaccustomed? The only man of sense among you who has written upon Italy is the late Joseph Forsyth. I have often differed from him in opinion, but the more I know of the country the more frequently do I give up my first-conceived notions, and come round to those of Forsyth.

Lady Morgan, whose books you praised, though I cannot conceive why, is, in the first place, about as good a judge of the fine arts as a Scotch presbyterian parson; now, ever since the tyranny of Philip II. Italy has had neither life, nor motion, nor voice, but in the fine arts. Lady Morgan does not seem to have the slightest perception of one capital peculiarity in Italian literature. The unfortunate writers of Italy are in a new and strange predicament—their language is failing under them—dying by inches.

The Italian with which you are acquainted, the Italian of Ariosto and of Alfieri, is spoken at Florence, Rome, and Siena. These are the only cities in all Italy which stand in the same condition, with respect to language, as London, Paris, Dresden, or Madrid. Now comes the terrible fact for literature: you enter Italy by Turin, you go into society, and to your great mortification and astonishment, you find that your perfect knowledge of Italian avails you nothing; you only catch a word here and there, which has some distant resemblance to the language of Goldoni and Metastasio. Every body at Turin speaks Piedmontese. Italian is indeed the written language, but a man would make himself supremely ridiculous at the parties of the beautiful Countess R——, if he were to take it into his head to speak a word of it. If the Piedmontese ever use that language, it is only from politeness to some stranger who is recommended to them. It constrains every body. The Piedmontese, who are a sarcastic people, and much given to bitter sardonic laughter, cannot joke in Italian. You leave Turin, and arrive at Genoa; you hear nothing

but Genoese. Here you are worse off still, it is far more unintelligible than Piedmontese. It cost me three months pains to understand it, and yet, as you know, in the absence of better qualities, Nature has endowed me with a great facility of acquiring languages. I will give you one example of Genoese (Zenese)—Genoa is called Zena.—The three Italian words, *Vostra Signoria sà*, are reduced to the two Genoese words, *Sha sa*, the word *Sha* alone expressing the whole of *Vostra Signoria*. Well, you leave Genoa, which is only thirty leagues from Turin, and go to Milan, which is also thirty leagues from these two cities respectively, and there you come to the *lingua della minga*, that is, the language in which “*nothing at all*” is translated by *minga*. This is completely different from either Piedmontese or Genoese. Tommaso Grossi, a very poor young advocate, whom I look upon as perhaps the first living poet of Italy, has written in Milanese. This admirable poem, *El di d'incoeu*,* is restricted to a population of about six hundred thousand persons. At Brescia they speak Bressan, which has a great resemblance to Venetian; as also has Veronese. Venetian is delightful; in spirit and vivacity it is like French. The Venetians are perfectly sensible of the advantage they enjoy in the possession of wit, that faculty which enables a man to amuse his hearers, to please them, to make them happy for five minutes,—unless they are bankrupt, —or have a fit of the spleen,—or are puritans. The Venetians, strong in this undisputed advantage, even now that their delightful capital, which in 1797 contained a hundred thousand inhabitants, is fallen off to forty thousand beggars, have an utter contempt for the language spoken by the pedants without ideas or passions, who inhabit Siena, or the country of Dante, once so fruitful in great men. The Bolognese, Neapolitan, and Sicilian languages, differ as widely from the language of Florence and Rome, as the Genoese or the Venetian. In the city of Naples alone, which contains three hundred and thirty thousand gesticulators, even I, a foreigner, was able to distinguish and to acquire three languages. The inhabitants of Pizzo-falcone do not speak like those of Ponte della Madelena.

My opinion is that Genoese, Milanese, and Neapolitan, are anterior to Latin. Milanese, according to my theory, goes back, at least, to the year 600 B.C. at which time the Gauls made an irruption into the country lying between the Tesino, the Po, and the Alps; and Bellovesus converted the town or burg of Milan into a city, which was first completely conquered by the Romans, under Scipio Nasica, in the year 191 B.C.

In the year 452 Milan was taken by Attila, and subsequently occupied by Odoacer, Theodoric, Uraja, &c. It was therefore in possession of the Romans only 643 years.

In the twelfth century Florence, which carried on an immense commerce, and filled nearly the station in Europe which, from its fortunate insular position and the wisdom of its inhabitants, England now holds,—Florence might be considered as the capital of Italy. She was more peculiarly the metropolis of letters and of intellect. This advantage she owed to the liberty she then enjoyed, and to the lucky

* This poem is founded on the history of the assassination of Count Prina, a minister of Napoleon, which was perpetrated on the 21st of April, by some assassins hired by the secret Commissaries of Austria, at least *sic fama narrat*.

accident which made her the birth-place of Dante, the father of the Italian tongue; of Petrarca, Boccaccio, Politian, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Lorenzo de Medici, of whom your Roscoe has given a portrait, ridiculously decked out in modern colours. But Lorenzo il Magnifico, though a very different personage from the *composition* manufactured by his English biographer, was, nevertheless, one of the greatest sovereigns who has appeared in the world, from the beginning of monarchy down to this hour.

In 1339 absolute monarchy was established at Milan by Lucchino Visconti. The successors of this man, equally conspicuous for his wit and his villainy, were several times on the point of becoming sovereigns of all Italy. Had they succeeded, the Milanese tongue would, in all probability, have, spite of the genius of Dante, taken the place which is now held by the Florentine. The latter, *which it is impossible to speak quickly*, would have been superseded by the former, which is susceptible of rapid utterance.

As we find it in 1825, the Tuscan language may be compared to a young Turkish prince who has not succeeded in putting all his brothers to death, and consequently does not sit quite secure upon his throne. Thence arises its want of clearness. If you are speaking of the simplest, the most material object—of a sieve, for instance—its name in Milanese, Venetian, Genoese, Neapolitan, &c. instantly presents itself to the mind of the Milanese, the Venetian, &c. &c., with whom you are speaking. They are obliged to use an effort of memory to recall the Florentine name. Judge how it must be with those words which express the shades and fluctuations of passion—for instance, the first workings of jealous uneasiness in the heart of a young husband, when he sees the same partner dancing all the evening with his wife at a ball.

For things of this nature, and, observe, upon such delicate fare does poetry almost entirely subsist, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, the Genoese, three times out of four, do not know which is the appropriate Tuscan word; whilst they are hunting in the dictionary their poetical enthusiasm evaporates. We are come then to this conclusion, and a tenable one it is for Italian literature—the Florentine language—that which forms the basis of the Dictionary della Crusca, is, in fact, a dead language at Turin, Genoa, Milan, Verona, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Naples, and Sicily. It is true, that in all these cities the newspapers and advertisements of every kind are printed in what pretends to be Italian. But the pedants of Tuscany are perfectly right when they cry out that this Italian is not Italian. It is the *patois* of the place translated into Italian, with the help of the dictionary, &c., as school-boys say, word for word. The words are translated; but not the terms of expression, which retain their Piedmontese, Venetian, or Neapolitan character. Will you believe what I am now going to tell you? When I was at Leghorn, a very well-educated and rich Lucchese said, in my hearing, to a Florentine of the same class: “Our government is so bigoted that it obliged us to shut up our boxes (*logge*) on the eve of such a Saint.” The Florentine did not at first understand the word *logge*, and took it to mean shops—yet Lucca and Florence are only fifty miles apart. Such is the state of Italy as to language.

You will, I think, acknowledge, that a man can be a poet in that language alone which he talks to his mistress and to his rivals. The Tuscan must be used as a dead language by every man not born at Florence, Siena, or Rome. Hence arises the sustained, the unrelenting emphasis, the lengthiness of the poems, written in Tuscan in those parts of Italy where it is not spoken..*

Unfortunately, the least poetical people in Italy are, at this moment, the Florentines and Sienese. It is at Bologna, at Reggio, at Venice, that you must look for the poetical tone of feeling—the incipient madness, if you will—which makes poets.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from all these observations? Why, that the greatest living poets are Tommaso Grossi, who writes in Milanese, and Pietro Buratti, whose exquisite satires are in Venetian. Every body admires Niccolini's Tuscan verses, (see his tragedy of Nabucco, which is a continual allusion to Napoleon,) but nobody reads them. What, indeed, can be more cold and uninteresting than a parallel, run through five mortal acts, between Nabuchodonosor and Napoleon? It might have passed for very clever in 1650.

Somebody at Genoa has just published a comedy, from which the letter *R* is excluded. When one sees such puerilities, one is ready to believe that the fortunate seventeenth century is about to return, for the good of the Jesuits.

I have just heard that Tommaso Grossi, whom I thought really a man of genius, is seriously occupied in writing a poem in Florentine Italian. It will be as thoroughly tedious as his *Ildegonda*.

Vale, e me ama, L. C. D.

NARRATIVE OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA DONE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF FRANCE.†

I ARRIVED at Paris in July, 1802, in order to pursue my studies in music and French. War suddenly broke out in the May of 1803. I resided, however, at Paris, till the December of that year, when I was ordered to Verdun, the dépôt of British prisoners on parole. A dispute with some Frenchmen concerning Mortier's conquest of Hanover, and the results they pretended to foresee, accelerated my departure. When I arrived at Verdun, the inhabitants had become

* Nevertheless, *the facts*, as opposed to this theory of our ingenious correspondent, stand thus:—Ariosto was born at Ferrara; Bernardo Tasso, at Bergamo; Torquato Tasso, at Torrento; Sannagard, at Naples; Costunzo, at Naples; Tassoni, at Modena; Maggio, at Milan; Guidi, at Pavia; Guarini, at Ferrara; Frugoni, at Genoa; Metastasio, at Assisi; Chiabura, at Savona; Alfieri, at Asti, in Piedmont; Parini, at Milan; Pindemonte, at Verona; Fortiguerra, at Pistoja; Monti, at Fusignan; Ugo Foscolo, at Venice; Silvio Pellico, at Turin; Manzoni, at Milan.

Assisi and Fusignan are indeed in the Roman States, but neither Metastasio nor Monti received their education at Rome; and Fortiguerra, the only Tuscan in the list, was educated at Pavia.

All these, therefore, fall under the description of men who *cannot be poets*, since the dialects of their respective birth-places were, in the time of the earlier of them, pretty much what they are at this day.

† One of Mr. Done's principal motives for making his adventure public, is the hope that the Government of the country may be induced to consider, that the circumstances of his case entitle him to some indemnification for the sufferings he has sustained.—ED.

reconciled to the English, whom they at first disliked and despised ; but numerous personal rencontres had proved to them the erroneous opinion they had imbibed from the exaggerated accounts of the revolutionary papers. The superiority of our countrymen at boxing and wrestling tended greatly to suppress the pugnacious disposition of the natives. I remained at Verdun, on parole, until January 1805, when, having failed to attend muster, I was escorted by gens-d'armes from prison to prison, being destined for the fortress of Bitche, in Lorraine, about twenty leagues from the Rhine. At the very first stage (Mars la Tour) I was robbed of a double Louis d'or, by a gen-d'arme, and was exceedingly ill used for being so unreasonable as to complain of it. The thief was discovered shortly after my departure, and dismissed from his situation ; but they never returned me my money.

On my road to Saare Louis I met several Englishmen frozen to death, in an open cart, in which they were being conveyed to Metz. At that period the British sick at Saare Louis were sent to Metz, a distance of twelve leagues, there being no regular hospital at the former place. However incredible it may appear, this practice was continued for several years.

After a painful march, in the midst of a severe winter, I at length arrived at the fort of Bitche, famous for its assault by the Prussians, in the Revolution. The French assert that their opponents lost four thousand men in their desperate attempt to take it by a coup de main. Its gloomy, but majestic appearance, as it suddenly strikes the eye from the opposite eminence, is appalling in the extreme, to one who is doomed to be its inmate. It is nearly surrounded by a thick wood ; on the right is a lake which yields a plentiful supply of fish ; in front of the fortress stands the town of Bitche, containing about two thousand inhabitants. The fortress is divided into three parts, connected with each other by means of draw-bridges ; the extreme height is about eighty feet. On the spectator's right is the " petite tête," on his left the " grosse tête," and in the centre the main fort, barracks, subterraneous vaults, &c. In this latter place were confined about two hundred British prisoners, who were sent thither for punishment from different dépôts : the greater part had failed in attempting to escape.

In the summer preceding my arrival at this dismal place, two unfortunate Englishmen, named Cox and Marshal, were barbarously murdered, in endeavouring to regain their liberty. A plan had been matured, but, through the information of some Jersey men who were confined with them, the French Commandant, Colonel Clement, formed the resolution of making a dreadful example, in order to intimidate the prisoners from any future attempts to escape. At midnight, Cox and Marshal entered the fatal aperture which would have conducted them to the exterior of the fort, when they were assailed by gens-d'armes, who were lying in wait for them, and who literally cut them to pieces. Poor Cox's face was so disfigured that his comrades could not recognise a single feature. The fate of the manly, good-natured Cox was heart-rending in the extreme ; he had been carpenter's mate on board " La Minerve," Captain Brenton ; having a short time previously reached the Rhine, he was retaken on one of the islands in that

rapid river, to which he had swam with his little son on his back; had he gained the opposite shore his liberty would have been secure; for, at that period Napoleon had no apparent influence beyond the Rhine. The child, who was but five years old, was generously provided for by his noble commander.

Never was there a more unfeeling and sanguinary disposition concealed under such a prepossessing and even fascinating countenance as that of Colonel Clement. He never forgave my criticism on one of his proclamations as he called them. Being informed of it by one of the Jersey or Guernsey spies that infested the fortress, he was weak enough to upbraid me with it, and, ever after, sought opportunities to render my condition doubly miserable. In May following I became dangerously ill of a putrid fever, which lasted two months; at the end of which I returned to the fort, having witnessed the death of many of my fellow-captives, during my stay at the hospital. The prisoners were permitted to go to the town-market twice a week, but spirits were not allowed to be brought up into the fort, the proprietor of the Canteen having a monopoly of that article, which was of a quality so inferior that the prisoners frequently infringed the order by introducing some of a better quality concealed in their baskets, bladders, &c. One morning, on our return from market, a general search took place by the guard, who did considerable damage in throwing baskets down, damaging eggs, butter, &c.; at length they seized a large bladder, containing Cognac brandy; this was thought an excellent prize by the guard, to whom it became forfeited. A furious struggle took place betwixt the French sappers and a British prisoner, named Fraser, who, seeing himself nearly overpowered, drew his knife, and, with a triumphant smile, plunged it into the bladder, which discharged its contents over the disappointed guard. Fraser was sadly beaten for his hardihood: a general complaint was made: I was requested to interpret the wishes of my fellow-captives; the commandant reluctantly ordered the losers to be remunerated, but I incurred greater molestation in consequence of my interference in behalf of my countrymen, being still confined in the subterraneous vaults, while others, who had not been there half so long as I, were permitted to lodge in the barracks above. Shortly after, a midshipman named Nairn was run through the heart with a bayonet, through the mere caprice of a sentinel; this happened in broad daylight, and was witnessed by numbers, but the perpetrator passed unpunished. Bellchambers, another midshipman, was deprived of the use of his right hand, through a sabre-cut from a gen-d'arme. Innumerable were the indignities and cruelties exercised on the defenceless captives, who were continually subjected to the most mortifying humiliations. Many grievances were redressed, in consequence of the petitions and remonstrances I sent to the French government; but my fate was rendered the more irksome on that account. General Maisonneuve, the commander of the fort, was an inveterate enemy to the British; he was ever ready to join with Colonel Clement in any act of harshness towards the prisoners.

After twenty months' imprisonment in this dreary abode, which had considerably impaired my health, I at length obtained leave to return to Verdun. On my road thither, in September, 1806, I met part of the French army going to the battle of Jena, confident of success;

several of them, with their characteristic boasting, affirmed that, from Prussia they should go to England. Their geographical ignorance is past belief. I have frequently heard Frenchmen assert that there was a passage to England without crossing the sea; others say that no corn grows in England. They who have not conversed with the French peasantry of the interior, will with difficulty credit the extent of their ignorance. Some have positively enquired whether we had any trees or corn growing in England, and whether we did not all live in ships, with sundry other ridiculous questions, which appeared to me the more extraordinary in men so far superior to the peasantry of other countries, both in manners and in conversation. I returned to Verdun where the prosperity of the inhabitants was manifest, nor was it difficult to account for it. In this town, consisting of nine thousand souls, exclusive of British prisoners, there were fifteen bankers, who found their bill-negotiations very lucrative. It was no uncommon occurrence for an Englishman to wait six and even twelve months for an answer to his bills of exchange; the wily banker taking advantage of the difficulty of correspondence with England; and when, at last, he deigned to settle with you, he deducted a quarter, and sometimes a third, for loss of exchange, &c. On a moderate calculation, many British prisoners did not receive more than two-thirds of the money remitted to them from their friends. It is, therefore, not in the least surprising that so small a population should become generally rich, when there were residing in Verdun Englishmen whose incomes exceeded 10,000*l.* per annum.

I shall now proceed to give a few anecdotes, which will convey an idea of the intercourse betwixt the British and Verdunians. I have already observed, that when the English first arrived here, they were regarded by the inhabitants with a species of contempt, the latter imagining that we were greatly inferior to them, except when on board of ship. Innumerable occurrences had taken place, in which the strength and courage of the two parties had been tried. The Verdunians had now begun tacitly to allow the superiority of their guests, and turned their attention more earnestly to plucking the birds ("plumer les oiseaux" was their phrase) that fell to their lot. Each Englishman was emphatically called by his landlord or landlady, "*mon Anglais*," when discoursing of him to an acquaintance; and it was extremely entertaining to observe the jealousy each Verdunian showed towards his townsman, when he suspected him of harbouring any design to decoy "*his Englishman*" away from him. No circumstance impressed more strongly on the natives the conviction of the physical superiority of the British than the following:—The majority of the young men of the lower town (*ville basse*) and about forty midshipmen, had a regular battle with sticks. The latter were led on by a youth, named Thorley, who had been recently made a lieutenant. Although in the proportion of ten to one, the Verdunians were defeated and chased by their opponents over the bridge; being there reinforced by the guard, they returned to the attack; the mids then retreated; but Thorley, like a good commander, brought up the rear, and it was not till he had received many severe bruises and disabled several of his assailants, that he surrendered. The next morning he was taken before the commandant, who, when he had examined several of the natives who

appeared against him with their heads bound up, he admonished them to be silent, for the honour of their country; Thorley was therefore liberated, and, doubtless, that circumstance will not easily be forgotten at Verdun.

The following case inspired the Verdunians with no small degree of respect for the British character:—A captain of a merchant-vessel, named M'Carthy, had a scuffle with a wood-ranger; the latter complained to General Wirion, who commanded the dépôt, that M'Carthy had ill-treated him, knocking him down every time he attempted to rise. "Mon ami," said the general to him, "lorsqu'un Anglais vous assomme, ne vous relevez jamais que quand il sera parti."* Poor Wirion! his avarice was the cause of his destruction; it is computed that he extorted nearly a million of francs from the British at Verdun. Napoleon, having sent to him from Paris, tore his epaulettes off, and dismissed him with this disgraceful expression: "Allez, f——!" He departed, and shot himself in the "Bois de Boulogne." When Napoleon heard of his end, he exclaimed "il y a long tems qu'il auroit dû le faire."† Wirion was just and even indulgent to the poorer class of prisoners; the wealthy alone had cause to complain of him. His successor, Colonel Courselles, was a very different character; avaricious, like Wirion, but possessing none of his redeeming qualities—a bitter enemy to Englishmen of all ranks: he was detested even by his countrymen for his excessive tyranny. He was commandant de place in Wirion's time, but his means of doing mischief were much more limited than they became after his superior's removal. His want of common humanity was only equalled by his extreme peurility. He was more cautious in money matters than his predecessor, but his hankering after the unrighteous mammon was at least equal to Wirion's. Lieut. Massin, of the gens-d'armes, was sacrificed by him: the poor fellow had not sufficient cunning for him, the greater part of the cash that Massin had embezzled from the prisoners having been pocketed by Courselles. When the trick was discovered, Massin shot himself; but, with his last words, charged Courselles with having made a dupe of him. When this rash deed was known, the English who had suffered by him, sincerely pitied him, while his countrymen, on the contrary, behaved with the most indecent levity on the occasion; uttering such expressions as these: "Ah! il est f——;" "il ne chantera plus;" "il ne dansera plus;" with others, still more disgusting. It must be confessed, that although no nation on earth pretends to more sentiment than the French, there are none who have less sympathy; their affectation of frankness, delicacy, and affection is easily seen through by an acute observer; their momentary warmth of heart is a mere "feu de paille;" they may call it philosophy, if they please, but it is a species of philosophy that unfits them for permanent, friendly intercourse.

Dearly did the British pay for their parole, for every class of the natives vied with each other in their shameful exactions. If we took a walk into any of the surrounding villages, the same system of extortion awaited us. On our entrance into the smallest hamlet, even the children seemed to be aware of their right to fleece us; for we

* My friend, if an Englishman knocks you down, never get up again till he is gone away.

† He should have done it long ago.

were frequently greeted with the following strain: "Donnez moi un sous s'il vous plait, Monsieur;"* but the most ludicrous idea was their substitution of Goad dam, for Monsieur, which was uttered with a peculiarly imploring accent; the little urchins, doubtless, imagining that no sound could possibly be more acceptable to an English ear than the said Goad dam. It was often used by the Verdunians in a contemptuous manner, to designate an Englishman, as: "Voilà un G—d d—m;" "C'est un G—d d—m."† This reminds me of a severe but just censure on our unmeaning use of that absurd expression. In a French play, *Le Comte de Grammont*, a valet, observes, that he is well acquainted with the English language, for he can pronounce G—d d—m, with all its various intonations; and nothing can exceed the comic effect of five or six examples he gives, in order to illustrate his subject; but the grand finale, wherewith he winds up his argument, is so replete with sound criticism, and the most bitter sarcasm, that every Englishman addicted to swearing, should read it. He says: "Les Anglais ont bien quelques petits mots, par ci par là, pour lier la conversation, mais il est bien facile de s'apercevoir que G—d d—m est le fond de la langue."‡ By the by, I think, with Sterne, that the word *sacré* is still more shocking, when used by a Frenchman, in giving utterance to a revengeful feeling.

We were allowed a circuit of two leagues; but if any prisoner was found beyond that space, he was closely confined in the citadel, and a reward of fifty francs was paid to those who arrested him.

Several fires occurred at Verdun and its environs, during the residence of the British in that town, in all of which they rendered the most effectual service; but Auxonne, another dépôt, in the South of France, witnessed one of the most heroic deeds that have ever been recorded of our countrymen. A most dreadful fire broke out there during the night, and while the panic-struck inhabitants looked on with stupified amazement, the English prisoners were rushing through the fire and extricating their wives and daughters from the flames, at the imminent hazard of their lives. In short, the town was saved from entire destruction, by their sole exertions.

Having been frequently confined in the citadel of Verdun, in consequence of the escape of several détenus, I at length resolved to attempt to liberate myself; and, in the month of July, 1810, I reached St. Maloes, a distance of four hundred and eighty miles, but, on stepping into a fishing-boat, I was retaken within sight of a British frigate. From the town-jail I was sent to Solidor tower, at the mouth of the harbour. From the top of this place I witnessed the chasing of several French vessels by the English. In a month I was remanded to Verdun, and now I began to feel real misery; one of my hands being fettered, and attached to any deserter or criminal who was destined for the same route as myself. In this manner I passed through Dol, Rennes, Laval, Versailles, St. Denis, Meaux, Chateau Thiery, Châlons sur Marne, St. Menehould, and Clermont; and returned to Verdun on the 6th of October, after a most painful march

* Give me a half-penny, if you please, Sir.

† There is a G—d d—m; he is a G—d d—m.

‡ The English have, I will allow, some little words to connect the conversation, but it is very easy to perceive that G—d d—m is the foundation of their language.

of five hundred miles, led in chains or fetters as if I had been a malefactor; whereas my only crime was in endeavouring to regain that liberty I had been deprived of, contrary to all laws of civilized nations. In Britany I frequently was forced to march ten leagues a day, in the heat of summer, exposed to the gaze of an unfeeling populace, who took me for a spy. During this journey, I observed that the gens-d'armes were despotic over the natives; the poor peasantry trembling at their nod. If any one had the temerity to pass a gens-d'armes without paying him the respect he required, the former was sure to feel the effects of his most rancorous enmity. Even the mayor of a village was subservient to the gens-d'armerie, and I doubt whether the janissaries ever exercised so absolute a power as that of the French gens-d'armerie. Some of them were guilty of the most excessive meanness; such as eating and drinking at the expense of their prisoners, taking their money, and requesting the landlord to put the bill to their account, which was seldom demanded of them. The houses where we stopped on the road, were termed "Maisons de Correspondance," as on certain days, previously agreed on, the gens-d'armes conducted their prisoners from opposite directions, the general rendezvous being at these houses, which were commonly situated about half-way betwixt the respective prisons. Notwithstanding the exorbitant power possessed by the gens-d'armes, and their general abuse of it, there were many humane and generous men among them; they are commonly better informed than the majority of their countrymen.

On my arrival at Verdun, the commandant, Courselles, ordered me to be confined, on bread and water, in the tower of the citadel. After two months' solitary confinement, I had several companions in my dungeon, who assisted me in opening a passage through the walls of the tower, which were about four feet thick; just as we had removed the last stone, we were discovered by the jailer, who accidentally laid his hand on one of the paillasses filled with the fragments of the wall. We were then crammed into a dark dungeon, in Porte Chaussée, on Christmas eve; here we remained till the tower was rebuilt; we were then replaced in our former abode. In about two months our party consisted of seven, namely, Messrs. Thorley, M'Grah, Le Worthy, and Hemer, of the Royal Navy, and Messrs. Melville, Matley, and myself, non-combatants. An extortion had been practised upon us by the jailer, who demanded ten sous per day in this dismal abode. At the request of my companions, I drew up a remonstrance to the French government, and the grievance was suppressed; but the commandant, in order to revenge himself on me, for having penned the statement of this exaction, caused me to be shut up, by myself, in a dungeon, impenetrable to the light. In about a fortnight I was permitted to rejoin my companions, who had been removed to an upper room in Porte Chaussée. Hemer and I shortly effected our escape; the jailer having mislaid his keys, of which we took possession, and departed. We were retaken near Stenay, in consequence of Hemer's ignorance of the French language. We were then reconducted to our late habitation in Porte Chaussée. I was placed in the receptacle for deserters, &c. where I soon caught a fever, and was transferred to the hospital of Verdun, where I remained six weeks. When convalescent,

I was reconducted to the common room in Porte Chaussée. Some Spanish prisoners, who had arrived there during my absence, insisted that I should treat them with wine. I paid for two bottles, which they said was not enough. Enraged at a conduct which I had never experienced even from French prisoners, I smashed the bottles against each other, when the Spaniards fell upon me with their knives, and, had it not been for the interposition of the French, the consequence would, in all probability, have proved fatal to me. Shortly after, I was removed to the upper room with Messrs. Jackson, De Wolmar, and M'Farlane; we soon made a hole in the ceiling, which opened into a garret. M'Farlane descended first by means of a rope, and escaped; the alarm was then given. De Wolmar, however, attempted to follow M'Farlane, but the rope was cut by some persons underneath; he fell and broke his thigh. Jackson regained his room; but I could not discover the aperture in time to retreat. I heard the gingling of keys and the clashing of swords at the garret door; the remembrance of Cox and Marshall's horrid fate forcibly struck my mind. In short, I expected my hour was come. Giving myself up for lost, as a forlorn hope, I made a desperate rush through my assailants, the instant the door was opened; and fortunately without receiving any material injury. When the search was over, Jackson and I were locked up in a room without even straw to lie on. In the month of September following, I was ordered to Briançon, a fortress in the Upper Alps, six hundred miles distant. On the 6th of October, betwixt Lyons and Bourgouin, I again effected my escape; but, after wandering three days in the mountains, on the banks of the Rhone, living on chesnuts, I was retaken near Valence, and arrived at Grenoble in time to accompany a party of my countrymen, who were travelling to the same destination as myself. A few leagues beyond Grenoble is the spot where Napoleon, after his landing from Elba, first met the troops who were sent against him; but whom he harangued and brought over to him. We little thought that retired spot would ever become the scene of an event so extraordinary.

In the latter end of November, after a tedious march through a wild and dreary country, the cold being excessive, we at length, after passing through Gap and Montdauphin, a strong fortress, arrived within sight of the magnificent castle of Briançon, situated about twenty leagues from Turin. The Fort des Trois Têtes was fixed upon for our habitation. Our entrance into this majestic place was accompanied by circumstances rather remarkable. On arriving at the outer gate, a centinel cried: "Qui vive!" the reply from our guards was: "Prisonniers Anglais coupables de désertion." The drawbridge was then let down, and we were allowed to enter. On being ranked up in the court-yard, a most risible stage-trick was played off by our mountebank commandant, Montet. The troops marched round us three times, coming in at one gate, and going out at another, so as to make their numbers appear more considerable by leaving no chasm betwixt the gates in the interior. At length they formed a line in our rear, when we perceived their amount, the paucity of which astonished us. The commandant (surnamed "the goat," from a lock of hair which he suffered to grow from a wart on his under lip, taking great pleasure in pulling it when in conversation) having ordered the troops to prime

and load, in our presence, exclaimed: "*Voyez vous ce mouvement là ? Le premier d'entre vous qui fera la moindre tentative pour s'échapper sera fusillé.*"* We were then locked up in rooms, each containing eight or ten of us. Here George Atkinson, a native of York, a remarkably fine young man, and most agreeable companion, died of a spotted fever, after an illness of three days. I escaped the contagion, although I was his bed-fellow; but, two months afterwards, being slightly indisposed, three of my fellow-prisoners accompanied me to the hospital, where, having made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, we were sent to a dungeon in the fortress, where no light was visible at noon-day, and which, being cut out of a solid rock, was continually wet, from the dripping of water that issued from different parts of it. After a month's imprisonment in this wretched abode, the door was forced open by one of my companions, but none hastened to take advantage of it. Opposite the dungeon was a centinel pacing to and fro; within six yards to the right was a guard-house, containing twenty-four soldiers; on the left was the gate leading to Italy; beyond which was a small outer fort. On the 26th of April, 1812, about seven o'clock in the morning, this circumstance took place. The time was fast approaching when the regular morning visit took place; we had but a few minutes to spare, when I entreated my comrades to depart; not one would stir. Thinking such an opportunity, though fraught with extreme danger, was not to be neglected, I watched the moment when the centinel's back was turned, and turning the corner, I passed through the Italian gate. Observing some peasants coming towards me, I slackened my pace; but, hearing footsteps behind me, I again accelerated my march, when, on looking back for the first time, I discovered Mr. Hare in full speed to join me. He, with five others who took a different road, and were retaken the same day, had at length resolved to leave the dungeon. In about twenty minutes the alarm was given by the guns of the fortress, and was answered by all the village bells within sound of the cannon. The garrison then sallied out in quest of us; but ascending the steepest rocks, we lay down amongst the bushes, and from thence had a full view of our pursuers. Many a shot did we hear resound from beneath us, and many a shuddering thrill came over us whenever the tremendous shouts of the enemy seemed to approach us. At length, after a day of agony, night put an end to our fears, as the troops, retiring to the fort, left us at liberty to continue our journey. Our bodies faint with want of food, but our minds elated with the prospect of liberty, we scaled the snowy mountains that separated us from Italy. Frequently forced to rest our weary limbs on the bare ground, the terrific quadrupeds of these savage regions would howl around us; but the season undoubtedly rendered them less ferocious. Forty hours did we pass without food; an occasional mouthful of snow, or a sip at a clear spring, was all the refreshment we could procure; being afraid to enter any human habitation, while in the vicinity of our late prison.

At the end of three days we reached Susa, at the foot of Mount Cenis, and mistaking our road, we ascended almost its summit before we perceived our error. This mountain, from which Hannibal is

* Do you see that evolution? The first that makes the least attempt to escape shall be shot.

said to have harangued his army, pointing out to them the beautiful plains of Italy they were going to conquer, is now a grand specimen of the modern improvement in roads. There is a wide carriage-road over it, where formerly there was no travelling but through a narrow and extremely dangerous path. Part of the old road still remains, and many of the natives prefer it; although by so doing, they are in constant danger of breaking their necks. A few hours' march presents you with the attributes of spring and winter; for, in descending into the plains of Piedmont, we were agreeably surprised to see the hedges and trees in full verdure, while on Mount Cenis the least sign of vegetation was not to be perceived. On the fourth night of our departure from Briançon a dreadful thunder-storm overtook us; having lost our way, we wandered about in the ploughed fields, being in momentary hazard of slipping into the swollen streams that surrounded us. After several hours of disheartening terrors, we regained the high road, and on the next day arrived at Turin. My companion was taken there by gens-d'armes, but I eluded their grasp; and, following the course of the Po, at the end of three days I beheld the enchanting prospect of the extensive plains of Alexandria. Never shall I forget the delightful scene that burst on my astonished sight, when, after a tedious journey in the mountains, I first discovered that beautiful country. The clearest sky I ever saw brightened the almost boundless prospect before me. The peasantry I invariably found to be hospitable in the extreme. I passed through Alexandria, the strongest fortress in Piedmont, when, at a quarter of a mile from Novi, I was arrested by a *maréchal des logis* of gens-d'armes, who was walking in the shade of the moon, while I was pacing the high road; this was about two o'clock in the morning. I was then in the most deplorable condition, being almost barefooted; my clothes were torn to tatters, and my pockets were quite empty. Notwithstanding my helpless state, I should doubtless have been induced to seize an opportunity of disarming my captor, but a revenue-officer made his appearance before I could put my design into execution, and prevented me from a desperate effort that would probably have caused my destruction. On arriving at Novi, I was humanely treated by the sub-prefect, Mr. Reboult, who clothed me and furnished me with money, which enabled me to encounter, in some measure, the evils that still awaited me. After a few days residence at Novi, I was ordered to revisit the Fort of Bitche, a distance of seven hundred miles. Being much refreshed, I began my march with renewed hopes of being yet able to escape to Genoa, from whence Novi is only ten leagues distant. Travelling by day through the plains of Marengo, I had a better opportunity of remarking that celebrated spot. In the village of Marengo is a tower, from which the inhabitants say, Napoleon made several observations during the battle of that name; in the evening, I arrived at Alexandria, and was lodged in the citadel. The situation of this fortress is admirable, being in the centre of an extensive plain, guarded, moreover, by two rapid rivers, the Bormida and the Tanaro; it is accounted the strongest in Piedmont. In three days I reached the noble city of Turin, where I rested a few days. From thence I marched to Susa, and re-ascended Mount Cenis. The heat in the plains was excessive, while, on the top of this mount, the

cold was intense. Here I was confined in a miserable dungeon, by the road-side, which, added to the great change in the atmosphere, laid the foundation of the illness I soon after experienced.

I now entered Savoy, and, from prison to prison, arrived at Chambéry, the capital of that country. This romantic spot is greatly improved by the new roads lately cut through the whole of this duchy, by order of Napoleon, to the great astonishment and utility of the inhabitants. Immediately on my arrival at Chambéry, I fell seriously ill of a fever, and was removed to the hospital of that city. To describe the affectionate regard and attention I obtained from the kind-hearted nuns, who officiated as nurses in that hospital, is totally beyond my power; a religious zeal animated them to the performance of the most disgusting duties which they had voluntarily assumed. In about six weeks I was convalescent, and returned to prison, from whence I was escorted to Lyons, Besançon, Nancy, Metz, &c. and on the 15th of September I was once more deposited in the Fort of Bitche, which I had quitted, seven years before, with an ardent desire never to see it again. The French say, "*il ne faut pas dire—fontaine! Je ne boirai plus de ton eau;*"* this proverb has been verified in my case more than once. Contrary to my expectation, I was transferred to Sedan, a month afterwards; and resided with a few others, in the chamber wherein Marshal Turenne was born. In the month of March following, having entirely recruited myself, I resolved to make another attempt to obtain freedom, and having observed that the commandant's secretary resembled me in features and in stature, one morning, about ten o'clock, I took two large account-books under my arm, and passing three centinels and two guard-houses, I reached the town of Sedan, unmolested. A Polish regiment did duty at Sedan castle alternately with the French. I chose a day when the Poles were on guard, they not being so likely as the French to discover me, although, if they had suspected me in the least, they would have treated me with much greater ferocity. I was in extreme danger from the curiosity of my fellow-captives, who, being unacquainted with my design, crowded the windows to see me pass along, and by their inquisitive words and looks would have confirmed any suspicion the centinels might previously have entertained concerning me. From Sedan I went to Verdun, and from thence I took the road to Paris, which I entered, notwithstanding the decree that a prisoner of war or enemy found within ten leagues of Paris should suffer death as a spy. From Paris I took the road to Dieppe; but, after wandering about on the sea-shore, during four days, disappointed in my hopes of prevailing on some fishermen to convey me to the English ships, which came daily within gun-shot of the forts, I proceeded along the coast to Havre de Grace, where I was again arrested by the police, through the information of an American to whom I had applied for aid. I was remanded to Sedan by the route of Roan, Beauvais, Mezières, &c., and arrived there in the middle of June. I was sent to a dungeon where many an unfortunate victim had breathed his last, during the reign of despotism and that of terror. The commandant, De Wasronville, did not possess that fiend-like disposition

* We must not say—fountain! I will never drink of your water again.

which was the characteristic of those I had previously known. In a few days his feelings for my situation overcame his sense of duty, and he allowed me to associate with my former companions. In about a month after, forty of us were ordered to march to Montdauphin, ten leagues from the dire fortress of Briançon. This decision filled me with horror; but, fortunately, I succeeded in making my escape from St. Mihiel, seven leagues from Verdun, to which I returned; and having remained there till the hue and cry concerning me had subsided, I departed for the Rhine, which I reached in nine days. Endeavouring to pass Strasburg bridge, I was informed by an officer on guard, that a pass from the commissary of police of Strasburg was indispensable: I was grateful for the hint, and, the next day being Sunday, I took advantage of the concourse of people who are in the habit of visiting the opposite banks of the Rhine on that day, and through the agency of a Napoleon d'or, I obtained a pass from a mechanic, and thus quitted France, where I had undergone so many indignities.

This happened on the 29th of August, 1813. Although I had escaped from France, the alliance which existed betwixt Napoleon and the German princes convinced me that I was not entirely free from danger; for, after two days' travelling through Baden and Wirtemberg, I was again surprised by gens-d'armes, a few leagues from Stutgard, and conducted to Fort Asperg, where I was confined two months. When the result of the battle of Leipsic was known, I claimed my liberty from the King of Wirtemberg, who granted it immediately. I then departed for Prague, through Ulm, Ratisbon, &c.; on the 23d of November I passed over the field of battle near Leipsic, which city I traversed on my road to Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, and Cuxhaven, where I embarked, and after touching at Heligoland, landed at Harwich on the 29th of December, 1813.

References when at Verdun.

The Rev. Mr. Lee; The Rev. Mr. Gorden; Capt. Jervoise, R.N.; Capt. Smith, R.N.; Major Sankey; Lieut. Jackson, R.N.; Lieut. Le Worthy, R.N.; Lieut. Bingham, R.N.; Lieut. Radford, R.N.; Messrs. Melville, Matley, Williams, &c.

At Bitche.

General Stack; Dr. Fox; Lieut. Morris, R.N.; Mr. Scott; Mr. Billings; Mr. Priestley; Mr. Gibson; Capt. Bannatyne; Capt. Hocquart, &c.

At Briançon.

Capt. Rose; Dr. Forsyth; Mr. Hare; Mr. Goldsmith; Mr. Tunstall, &c.

At Sedan.

Messrs. Giles, Edwards, Buckley, Houghton, Hare, Davis, &c.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

If the ten thousand moralists, who have written from Solomon down to Miss Ferriar, have left any thing to say on the subject of marriage, a writer will have good luck that finds it out. It would be no small merit even to shuffle the cards into a new position. The experiment shall, however, be tried. It is a subject that never wearies, that is one comfort; it comes home to all our feelings, to some for hope, to others for regret—to whom for enjoyment? to whom not for vexation? It is the bottom of

every tragedy, every comedy, every farce, every melo-drama ; it is top, bottom, and sides of some ; it is praised by all that know it not, and abused by half of them that do. It is a sacrament of the Catholic church ; the Quakers have it their own way ; the Unitarian would gladly have it so ; the soldier tries it over a bayonet, and slips the noose with a bullet ; and Jack the tar manages half a dozen at once. A man may not marry his grandmother ; and when he makes a servile *mésalliance* he generally marries his cook. Some indeed marry players, and others dancers ; Sophonisba becomes a countess, and a drunken butcher puts a halter round his Monimia's neck, and sells her for a glass of gin. In short, it is a serio-comic, philosophical, farcical, theological, moral, and immoral subject, and might furnish matter for as many folios as Duns Scotus. One or two will satisfy us.

The first process is termed courtship. But it is not the invariable preliminary. We must distinguish : distinction is the soul of logic and philosophy. And how does a man contrive to court, or pay his court to the object which he supposes himself to adore ? " Marry ! we cannot tell." It is a difficult adventure at least ; since no young gentleman, nay, for the matter of that, no old one, is ever allowed an unwitnessed conversation with a young lady—nor, for the matter of that also, with the lady who is of no particular age.

There is a purpose in every thing in this lower sphere, if we could find it out. In England, (we suppose it is pretty much the same elsewhere,) the two sexes are as cautiously separated as if there was a waged and innate war between them ; they are as carefully watched and spied as if the one was an article to be stolen, or broken, or eaten up, and the other the thief and spoiler. If the mother cannot conduct the espionage, if the maiden aunt is not the check, there is a *moucharde* in some cousin, or there is an envious sister, or perhaps my lady's maid is bribed, or some meddling old dame, who is generally very knowing, (probably from experience of her own juvenile propensities,) volunteers the kind service. Or, lastly and generally, there is a conspiracy of all the whole sex against the one unfortunate, and she cannot move a finger or twinkle an eye-lid, but a thousand eyes are on her, and the other thousand on the imagined correlative object—all scanning, guessing, discovering, or, when they cannot discover, inventing.

If opposed sexes chance to dance together, if a glove falls and is picked up, there is a *flirtation*—that is the term—at least in the minds of the *surveillance* ; and all the world is the surveillance. If there should be a shoe-string to be replaced—heavens and earth ! crimen criminis !—virtue is in danger—she totters—she falls. The lady's horse runs away—humanity at least makes the gentleman's horse follow ; instantly, all the *mouchardes* gallop up, lest—lest what ? lest the parties should elope to Gretna Green. If there is an intricate shrubbery, perhaps the fair wishes a rose : the gentleman cannot fail to prick his fingers—this occupies time ; they are missed, and a *moucharde* cousin or aunt is dispatched in breathless haste, to save—to save what ? the lady's virtue. If perchance the lady is sitting in the public drawing-room, and the gentleman walks in, the lady must walk out ; or the whole house would be in commotion, should a casual footman, coming in to seek for the newspaper, make the

horrid discovery. If it should happen that dinner is served, and that the lady and gentleman are both absent, all the servants are dispatched into all the walks and roads to seek them—the untasted morsel falls—the *mouchardes* become red in the face—their faces lengthen; and it is at last discovered that the lady's maid had been tedious, and that the gentleman had taken a ride and left his watch behind. Should they be in the same church, half the eyes are directed to one, and half to the other, though one should be in the pit and the other in the gallery. The clergyman preaches in vain. Should they casually sit near each other at the same table, neither of them can look up without seeing that all eyes are fixed on them. If the gentleman enters the drawing-room, any drawing-room; if he should speak first to her whom he knows best, whom perhaps he knows only—it is a settled point; if he is awkward or shy, because he sees eyes in motion—it is a lost case; if he is open and free—he is dangerously intimate; if reserved—he is cunning, and there is a private understanding more dangerous still.

Such is society—the intercourse of the single sexes in England. How far it is a happy state of intercourse, is not a difficult problem: how far it is an useful regulation, is not much more difficult to decide: what the cause and motive may be, is a question partaking of a difficult ontology; yet perhaps not very difficult.

Putting out of enquiry the matter of courtship and all that belongs to it, here is an insuperable bar placed to the freedom of intercourse between the unmarried; and, what is a natural consequence, a general restraint thrown all over society. It were as well to be locked up like Turks, as to be displayed under these absurd restraints. Half the world is employed in watching the other, which is a bad enough occupation; and the other half is watched, which is not a very amiable position. The first half becomes spies, busy, prying, malevolent—the second learns fraud and cunning. Universal enmity, universal fear, universal trickery and manœuvring, are the natural results. The character loses its openness, it is taught to suspect itself, and it soon becomes deserving of suspicion. Perhaps marriage ensues; and she who has learnt lessons so admirable, escapes *surveillance* and takes her rank as a *moucharde*. Thus are made, daughters—thus are made, mothers. Female cousins and aunts inherit or acquire it all by instinct.

If it be all instinct together, there is no help. If it be not, there is a remedy; but it is a difficult one, since it must be that of giving virtue to them who never possessed it, or have voluntarily perverted the gifts of nature. And this leads us to the cause. No one suspects another but because he draws the portrait of another's mind from his own. The *moucharde* who watches the innocent-minded and open-hearted girl, yet new to the world, suspects her because she suspects herself. She remembers that she has done wrong in the same situation, or she knows that she would do it if she had an opportunity. It is not a very great compliment to her own sex, if she thinks that a female mind is to be corrupted by conversation with a man: it is rather a bad one to ours, to suppose us all seducers or ravishers. We must use plain terms, because, disguise the matter as they may, this is the solution, and nothing else. The virtue of an

unmarried girl is in danger from being left a minute in the company of an unmarried man—or of a married one. To be understood, language must be definite, else we revolve amidst inextricable fallacies. At least, if rape is not to follow, as in the case of Clarissa, there may be elopement, or corruption of mind. It must be one or other of these, for there is nothing else which it can be. Unless it be a deep artifice to bring on matrimony. That it does answer this purpose occasionally, we do not deny; but, manœuvring as the sex is, this solution would not apply to all the cases. It does not apply to the case of the unmarried woman and married man; and it is not the solution.

We may ask the married women also, who form a large part of the *surveillance* in this case, how it happens that their own virtue is not in as much danger as those of their single neighbours? Or is it, that they would claim exemption, because the one case is hazardous, and the other without danger? As to the cousins and the rest, hopeless virginity in all shapes and modes, envy, and nothing more, is the foundation motive—envy, malevolence, and jealousy. If we have not succeeded in stripping naked the real reasons, let any one find better. It is the conspiracy, not of prudence or virtue, but of suspicion and consciousness. A virtuous mind has no suspicions, nor is it often deceived. If they derive the characters of their own sex from their own hearts, as we may convince ourselves by reading the novels of their production, whence do they derive those of ours? Not from experience, that is most certain: otherwise than as their own suspicious espionage may make the fault it fears. He who cannot obtain what is honest and innocent, honestly and innocently, must learn to be stealthy and fraudulent: being suspected of evil, he knows of an evil which he had not suspected, and it is often enough to know it. The system corrupts both sexes.

Though it corrupted neither, in fact, in practice it does sufficient evil in exciting ideas of corruption or wrong. It encroaches on that purity and plainness of mind which is the charm of charms, on that candour, and openness, and simplicity of straight conduct, which is the basis of all social happiness. There is no happiness under such a system of suspicion.

It may be from Grandison and Fielding that the sex has derived its theory of ours: it is certainly not from experience, as we have just said. We are much inclined to believe, that man is the most virtuous and upright half of the world—it is certainly the most direct and open. The sentiments are displayed—wrong or right—those of the other sex never. The whole is a system of fiction and concealment; and if not made by what we have been here censuring, it is aggravated and supported.

The evil consequences are various and numerous; there are others, besides those at which we have just pointed. Englishmen have been accused of shunning the sex in society, that they may associate with each other: hence their after-dinner computations, their clubs—all the separation which is found in English society. It cannot be otherwise: we only wonder that they are so fast surrendering their freedom to gain nothing in exchange. Stale virginity, and peevish matrimony, complain of the want of that attention which they desire. But they desire to engross it; they will not allow youth and singleness to par-

take, and thus they defeat their own ends. They would gladly secure all the male attentions; but, like schoolmasters, they would be the tyrants and the spies of those of whose superior attractions they are jealous.

We do not deny that female society has a charm which nothing else can equal. But, to be charming, it must be free. It endures no restraint; and least of all will man be directed whom he shall cultivate; less still will he be monopolized by age and ugliness, to be cut off from the intercourse of youth and beauty. When the female society of England shall throw itself open, without espionage and suspicion—when it shall cease to dread its own virtue, and watch the virtue of others, man will not long tarry in the dinner-room, and frequent the clubs.

It is something too that it should cultivate its own mind, and render itself fit society for men. It is attempting to do this by reading novels and the Quarterly Review, and by learning ologies. It becomes less conversible than before—it becomes *ennuyante*—a persecution and a bore. It will not learn how to converse with men by studying poetry or philosophy, or by keeping albums: it will learn this art only by conversing with men, and for this end it must attack them by frankness and simplicity, instead of terrifying them by suspicion and espionage. Let the married allow the single to partake in all the rights of general society—let age and ugliness allow youth and beauty that freedom which it would monopolize, and we shall soon see woman what she has never yet been in England—the companion of man, single or married: his companion married, because she has acquired the art of being so when single.

The general intercourse might be as free as the light; and while men gained by it in happiness and ease, they would also gain in polish and manners. Young men, in particular, are now singled out as patterns of rudeness and neglect. It cannot be otherwise. They feel that they are restrained in that which would be as inoffensive and innocent as it would be agreeable, that they are directed and governed as well as watched, and they rebel of course. They seek, perhaps, among vice, what they would equally dislike and despise, had they the freedom for which we argue; or, the novel writers say, with what truth we do not know, that they fly for relief to married women. This is a prevalent opinion at least, whether true or not, even among themselves.

If they do not seek this society with improper views, as it is asserted by the novelist that they do, they feel, at any rate, that there is here no restraint: the married woman assumes a liberty which she denies to the single, and perhaps finds the monopoly convenient. She condemns the single to be “stupid and disagreeable”—such is the phrase, and men shun them.

Or she makes them crafty and designing, and men are alarmed. One of two things a man must find; either that the single is stupid, awkward, and a hypocrite, or else that she is laying a trap for him. Thus evils multiply and combine, and so do their consequences. The apparently timid or reserved girl, who seems so cautiously to guard her virtue at all points, because her mother or aunt has cautioned and taught her, becomes married, turns out a fool or a

virago, or of loose opinions. Being unexpectedly freed, she runs riot; and he who has fallen into the trap—finds, when he expected all gentleness and order, that he has caught a Tartar.

One deception generates another, the whole character becomes artificial, and we draw our wives in a lottery as effectually as if we had been Persians, and married them by bargain and sale, under a veil. It is a contest of fraud against confidence.

It is said that the sexes mutually conspire to deceive each other. That is not true. Man deceives, no otherwise than as he is deceived himself. If he, by unusual care and gentleness to the object of his admiration, appears to assume a false character, this is but the natural *bienséance* to the sex, though it is partly also produced by the system. To all the rest of the world, his character and conduct are natural and open; and the object herself needs never be at a loss to know it. But the heart of a woman is a deep pit; who can find it out or fathom it? She is all artifice and deception; and not till she is married does she cast off the mask:—for good, it sometimes happens; more commonly, for evil.

We have assigned some motives for the system, but the spirit of tyranny is one of them. That spirit is natural to mankind—it is one of our main inheritances from the devil. A woman has few opportunities of exerting it? She is not a naval or a military officer, she has no office clerks beneath her: she cannot always succeed in tyrannizing over her husband; nor her children, because she sends them to school; nor her footmen, because they will not bear it. She can beat her maid, scold the housemaids if she is low enough in society, and abuse her milliner and shoemaker. That is her natural limit. Therefore, she assumes to persecute the single sex.

We see no remedy, unless the single sex chooses to mutiny and rebel. Or perhaps the men might conspire to starve the tyranny into compliance. In either way, whoever shall succeed in breaking up the system will deserve the order of knighthood at least. The surveillance will cry out that the virtue of the rising generation is in danger. Let them clap the padlock on the mind; that is the right place. It is not true: establish universal freedom, and that which is no longer difficult would cease to be a subject of anxiety. No one would form designs, when designs were not necessary. Woman, finding her virtue not suspected, would not suspect it herself. Man, finding no difficulties in intercourse, would not seek it by fraud. He would not conspire, when conspiracy was useless; and the single-heartedness and simplicity of the sex would at once disarm him. Single woman would become a cultivated and a reasonable animal instead of being what she is—ignorant and unconvertible: she would be what nature designed her, instead of being a combination of insincerity, deceit, coquetry, and affectation. Is this a consummation that we shall ever see? We fear not.

But enough of this. How does it bear on courtship and on marriage, the titles of our paper, from which we have diverged? Man courts he knows not what: he gains one thing and finds that he has obtained another, and the consequences naturally flow, as might be expected. He has married a veiled wife.

It is difficult to fathom deceit, but he is not allowed even the means.

In one day or week of unrestrained converse he might know the character he pursues; but he is not allowed an hour. At least, to use the phrase, he must *declare* himself first; when the very contract itself is inchoated, and, make what discoveries he may, he cannot retract. He does retract, indeed, in very bad cases; but the consequences are not desirable.

If this flows from the system of surveillance, it is also a part of the manœuvring of the sex. Conscious that they cannot bear the light, they shut it out; and, proceeding on the theory of difficulties, they attempt to gain their ends as we entice hogs, by opposition. And what they do thus gain is tolerably known by its results.

The policy is as defective as it is overstrained. There is no danger but that people will always love and marry. Throw open the system they would not marry less: there would be a difference in the assortment, that is all. The Platonic souls might find each other out, which they have never done yet. We accuse the French of arranging for their daughters. It succeeds just as well on the calculation of chances: better; inasmuch as the French young lady need not become artificial and fraudulent: she can gain nothing by it.

But let those write more on courtship who understand it better than we do. It has been pretty much bewritten, and by Dr. Gregory among the rest. Now, here is a book to be praised and put into every Miss's hands, which ought to have been written by a maiden aunt. It is a system of fraud from beginning to end. The wife is even to deceive her husband—to conceal carefully her regard for him, should she possess any. The book ought to be burnt. But all the books are alike. Fordyce, and Hannah More, and the rest. All inculcate fraud.

Marriage is the termination of this strange eventful history.

On this point we differ from all the moralists that have written. It is supposed to be produced by love; it ought not to be: it is supposed this is a needful preliminary; that is nonsense. It is a contract, simply; whether civil or religious, people dispute on the two sides of the Tweed: either mode is equally efficacious.

It is best that the courtship should be performed by lawyers, because the points implicated are then intelligible. The lady has been taught to expect an establishment, and no one can understand that but her lawyer. The gentleman knows that he is going to buy a toy, as he might a carriage or a horse, and his lawyer settles what he is to pay. Nothing can be better ordered; for here there is no longer any deception.

He who marries from what he fancies love, is a fool; because, till it is irrecoverable, he knows not what he has done. She who marries from the same motive, is more foolish still; because, deceiving him originally, she has deceived herself now. It should be either a contract of estates, in which there can be no fraud, or else it is a purchase on one hand, or a sale on the other—"tot pro quot."

This can be the only secure ground of happiness in matrimony. The lady's whole education has been for the purpose of gaining an establishment: that is, of being maintained in idleness by some rich or hard-working fool, who fancies that he is unhappy alone, or who will be bullied out of the name of a bachelor, or who wishes to have a suit of silk and muslin at the head of his table, or possibly an heir to

his estate. She has not been taught that love is a fit ground of this association, and consequently never feels it or never desires it: he possibly may have thought so; and if this unluckily be his motive, he is disappointed, with the usual consequences. It is better that neither should feel it, because there is then equality and peace.

Nothing can be more simple than our view of the means of producing happiness in the married state, and nothing so certain as the success. The original acquaintance having been founded on deception on the woman's part, on deception and design, it is plain, that no permanent contract on the principle of love can exist: the woman was cheating, and the man was cheated. Since the principle, therefore, is false and fallacious, let the practice be abandoned; since there can be no structure without a foundation, let the whole be an affair of contract, and of quid pro quo; and then, and then only, will matrimony become a happy condition.

If the system of surveillance, indeed, should ever be changed, or rather abolished, we too shall abandon our theory of matrimony. We have merely accommodated it to the necessities of the case, proceeding on the fitness of things. To carry on a mixed system is folly, because hence arises only confusion and uncertainty: hence all the vexations of matrimony:—we have expected an eel and we find a serpent.

Expect nothing; adopt our theory and practice, and mark only how smoothly business proceeds. The husband cares not for the wife, nor the wife for the husband; and consequently care can never enter their house. The mother cares not for the children, nor the children for the parents; other sources of care elicited. The wife cares not about her husband's fortune, or his toil, if he must work for one; and he cares not how she disposes of time that is of no use to him, nor of a person for whom he cares not.

If peace is to be found here below, where else will it be found? The husband is from home all day, because his home is nothing to him—peace. If he is at home in the evening, the wife is at a rout or an opera—peace. The nursery is out of hearing, and under the care of two or three maids—peace. When the children grow bigger, and begin to fight, they are sent to school—peace again. The wife trusts her ménage to her housekeeper, and her accounts to any one that chooses to keep them—more peace. She goes to Brighton or Margate, while he remains at the Treasury, or in his counting-house—all peace; or he goes with his regiment to India for ten years, leaving her to spend his pay at home—ten years profound peace. At breakfast they never meet; at dinner, if they meet, it is in a crowd; she departs to a ball till six in the morning: he sleeps in peace, or wakes the dice at Brooks's, while she sleeps. All is peace, all is tranquillity.

Solomon indeed had another system, but he is antiquated. We will back our system against his for a thousand pounds. His were the days of spinning: it was the wife too that spun then—it is the unmarried damsel who is the spinstress now. Solomon's wife spun fine flax to cloth her husband: our single maid spins toils to entrap one. To follow his fanciful notions of virtue—virtue, which is more precious than rubies—would be to mix systems and produce confusion: let her follow our's and be happy. We have taught her how to avoid care, and care is the great source of human misery. We have taught him; we have taught both—“*vos valete et plaudite.*”

THE PROGRESS OF CANT.*

WE have been exceedingly delighted with an etching, bearing the above title, which has just been published, and which will, or we are greatly mistaken, attract very considerable notice, from its singular and happy humour of design, and felicity of execution. We can fearlessly say, that we know of no production so nearly approaching to the admirable works of Hogarth, in their forcible delineations of nature, and their comic and pungent satire, as this etching of "The Progress of Cant," and we can safely recommend it to our readers as a work well deserving their *perusal*. Some one has said, and said truly, that "Hogarth's pictures we *read*." We may say the same of the picture before us. A mere look at it will be utterly insufficient; for there is enough to delight and amuse the *reader* for hours. We will attempt, as well as our limits will permit, to give some idea of this very clever production.

The fore-ground of the picture is filled with the procession of innumerable and various characters, illustrative of the several speculations and topics upon which at this time it pleases mankind most zealously to twaddle and cant. The print seems by no means to be friendly to any particular party or sect, for all canters and twaddlers are pressed into the author's service, and have a lettered banner thrust into their hands, wickedly expounding their follies.

The group on the left hand of the picture is truly entertaining. A heavy bullock of a butcher, bearing a banner inscribed, "London University," is lugging along his calf of a child to take a sort of offal-degree. [We cannot, however, say that we approve of ridicule being thrown on this Institution, although some of its abettors are worthy of taking a place in "The Progress of Cant."] Immediately behind is a chubby female, under the inscription of "Goodwill to Men," kissing a supporter of the "School for the Adults" with great vigour; while a "Converted Jew" is taking, or "abstracting" the Adult's pocket-handkerchief. A jewel of beadles, drunk with importance, *Hanbury* and gold lace, with his mace of office reversed, occupies a prominent place; and behind him is a resolute face and lawn sleeves, carrying a placard entitled, "The Church in anger," (some other gentleman's flag-pole obscuring the D.) He is followed by a little withered charity-boy, with "No Popery."

The right-hand group is headed by a little, unshorn, crawling cripple, his cap inscribed, "The March of Mind;" and then follows immediately a burly, Quakerish woman, with an apron "Made by the Females in Newgate"—half a harlot and half a housewife. A banner-bearer is writhing about in a helpless manner, prostrate on his own "Peace to all the World," with the flag-pole of "United Schools" well punched into his stomach, the bearer of which, however, is receiving a very sufficing blow from the staff of a shirtless Hibernian, who is carrying the flag of "Irish Conciliation." A *brim* of a Lady Barmore, with "Fry for ever!" is treading on the tail of the devil, who is in favour of "Freedom for the Blacks." She seems an ample match for him. The black spot on her Bridewell visage is quite

* The Progress of Cant, an Etching, designed and executed by one of the Authors of the Odes and Addresses to Great People. Published by Maclean, Haymarket; price 7s. 6d.

Hogarthian. An object of Scotch charity, "Naked and ye clothed me," is *booing* along, intent on advance, with no garments to spare; and a little, misshapen, old boy, in the service of the promoters of "Missionary Penny Subscriptions," is eyeing a travelling fruiterer's ware with sad anxiety, the crook of the finger at the bottom of the pocket bespeaking its *genuine* emptiness. Quite in the right-hand corner is a drunken elector, with "Purity of Election" in his hat, and a bludgeon under his arm: he is leaning in a helpless state against a post, "Under Government," while a sleek, good man is presenting him a tract, very much resembling a pistol, on which is printed "Eternity."

In the back-ground there are several happily sketched characters. The Great Unknown is there, with his hat down over the head to its root, and with the Constable's staff (what will that mighty publisher say to such a distinguishing insinuation?) out of his pocket. An advocate for "No State Lotteries" is toping at the door of "The Angel and Punch Bowl, kept by Thomas Moore," with one of the gentlemen of the Caledonian Chapel; while a man in mourning, in favour of "No Life in London," is looking on. Two brethren belonging to the Sons of Harmony are fighting in buff under their own banner, and encouraged by a fellow employed to carry a flag, inscribed "No Pugilism;" and a poor skeleton of a horse is carrying a vehement friend of humanity, with "Martin for ever!" who is whipping down an urchin that is clambering up behind, with a banner against "climbing boys." One of the "New Churches," unfinished, is in the distance.

There are two schools for young ladies and young gentlemen facing each other, which appear to be *preparatory* in all conscience. The window at the gable end of the ladies' seminary is well and whimsically barred, and seems, as it is, very safe, and looks out upon no building; but the windows facing the gentlemen's academy are left in a very unprotected state. A boy and girl are pursuing their mutual studies at opposite sides of the way. On the school-house wall various bills and placards are posted; and here, by one bill partly covering another, or by being itself partly defaced, the author has made several of those happy satirical hints, in which the great master of his branch of the art was so eminently successful. "Stop and Read" are the only words left on one; and we read of "A Grand Display of Sparring for the Benefit of Ben Burn,—and the Rev. Dr. Rudge; a Collection will be made at the Doors." Wright—the Champagne Charley—Mazurier—Elliston—The Complete Cook—all figure away in posting bills; and we are requested to "Try Hunt," and a little further on to "Ask for War"—the remainder being obscured by the termination of the picture.

The back-ground of the left-hand corner of the plate is taken up by two charming old houses, of the age, it would seem, of Elizabeth at the latest. One of the garrets is stated to be the office of "The Peruvian Mining Company."—These buildings are really cleverly etched.

We have thus briefly attempted to give an idea of this plate, but it is impossible by mere description to convey the fine points of humour and satire with which every group abounds. We are quite sure that it must be popular. A few parts of it are carelessly touched off, but they are of no importance; and considering that it has been planned, drawn, and etched by the same person, we confess we do not a little admire the patience, genius, and skill of the author.

LORD NORMANBY'S MATILDA.

It is very seldom that the newspapers agree, but when they do agree, as Sheridan says, "their unanimity is wonderful." With the single exception of the time of high water at London Bridge, we know only of one subject on which the journals, morning and evening, daily and weekly, whig, tory, and radical, never differ in opinion, on which their sentiments tally to a tittle, to a letter, to a comma,—this subject is Mr. Colburn's publications. It is curious to see the Chronicle and the Courier, the Times and the Globe, the New Times and the British Traveller, all taking exactly the same view of the merits of Colburn's books, and expressing their unmixed admiration of these works of real importance in precisely the same words, of one accord not only in substance but in form, and agreeing among themselves to the minutest point of punctuation. This is perhaps the most striking proof that has ever been afforded of the extraordinary excellence of a particular publisher's books, an excellence which compels the praise of individuals of the most opposite tastes, and forces those to coincide in a miraculous manner who never coincided before. This is a rare triumph of truth and merit over the natural infirmities of men and authors. Take up the six papers we have named, and observe the accounts which they commonly give of any matter. They will all vary in facts, judgment, and expression; it is for the honour of truth that they should do so. Look after this at their little critiques on Colburn's publications: here we see them all of the same mind, and, as if from the inspiration of truth, speaking the same impartial sentiments in the identically same language. How rare is this exact agreement! Meet any six men on a day of sunshine, and no two will communicate to each other the same view of the weather. One will say, "it is a fine day;" another will call it "a glorious day;" a third, being Irish, "an elegant day;" a fourth, being Scotch, "a brave day;" a fifth, "a pleasant day;" and a sixth, "a delightful day." There is no disputing two or three times a year that the sun shines, and that sunshine, when it happens, is agreeable; but the phrases of commendation will vary as to the degree of joy which it sheds. But the merits of Colburn's books, which are as rare and obvious to the most careless sight as sunshine, compel an uniformity of praise, which even the performances of the sun cannot command. Six editors, aye, and sixty more, will laud his works in the same words, arranged with the same commas, semicolons, colons, dashes, and periods! By Day and Martin this is wonderous strange! and would lead to a suspicion that there is more between the newspapers and the stamp-office than we read of in the first and last pages of the journals.

For the last two months or more we have read unceasingly in the newspapers of Lord Normanby's Matilda; to be sure, we have read the same critiques over and over again; for, to say the truth, the editors of the daily press have got a sad habit of iteration, and they repeat their praise till one has it by heart. But, touching Lord Normanby's Matilda, we have seen in all the prints so uniformly excellent a report of this book, that we found ourselves necessitated to peruse it. The daily critics in fact stimulated our curiosity in a most irresistible manner. They remarked that the views of high life which had

hitherto been presented in novels, were sketched rather from imagination than from observation, as the writers had not access to the circles which they attempted to describe; now, Lord Normanby, they observed, is a man of birth and fashion, who moves in the best society, and he will give the reader *a glimpse* at the manners of the great, and *a peep* into the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor-square.

We being very plain persons, who have only learnt, by the great goodness of Mr. Theodore Hook, that the quality do not eat with steel forks either of two or three prongs, that they eschew malt liquor, and drink wines of the colour of their meats, felt an anxiety to possess ourselves of a standard of the manners and customs of lords and ladies, by which we might measure the justness of such descriptions of these things as appear from day to day in marble-covered bindings. Lord Normanby's *Matilda* was, according to the representations of the daily critics, exactly the thing; and we therefore got it, read it, and carefully observed his picture of polite life. The result is, that we find, that all the views which have hitherto been presented of the *beau monde* in the pages of the circulating libraries, are strictly correct; for Lord Normanby's description of these things differs in no essential particular from the descriptions that have emanated from the *Minerva Press*; whence we discover, that the innumerable authors of summers and winters have been extremely lucky in their guesses. The story of *Matilda* is sufficiently simple. A girl, whose affections are engaged to one man, is piqued into a marriage with another, by the trite expedient of giving her to believe that her lover has proved faithless. She afterwards meets her first admirer in the world; and in good time, after the usual events, such as attending him in sickness, and flirting with him in a garden, she elopes with him. The guilty pair live together as uncomfortably as all pairs must live together similarly circumstanced; and just as the lady is on the point of being brought to bed, she is killed by a fright, having seen a boat sink in a squall, and fancied incontinently that her paramour must of necessity be in it, because she expected him to come home by water. The tale is meagre enough, but the author shows that he does not want cleverness, and there are shrewd remarks, good observations, and strokes of wit in the book, which would, if collected, fill two of our closely printed pages. Against the noble author's attempts at broad humour, we must however enter our most serious protest; it is forced and vulgar to the last degree. His family of Hobsons, who furnish the buffoonery of the piece, is a stupid caricature of stale caricatures. We will say no more, for it is not our wish to discourage Lord Normanby, who is a very clever and promising young nobleman, though Mr. Colburn does write such cruelly unctuous critiques on his book; and we shall be sincerely glad to see his Lordship again on the field of literature, where a little exercise will develop his powers and improve his execution. If he persevere we shall have better things from him than *Matildas*; and he will not stand in need of Colburn's extreme unction on his passage to a glorious immortality.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S HARRY AND LUCY.*

LOOKING merely at its literary merits this is a delightful book ; considered with a view to its object it is a very important one. What books of amusement for young people have hitherto been, with a very few exceptions, we need not explain ; every body has read them and nobody has acquired any thing from them but the mechanical art of reading, and perhaps an early and depraved appetite for fiction, which having commenced with the tales of Mr. Tabbart, has ended with the novels and romances of Mr. Colburn. Miss Edgeworth, in her *Harry and Lucy*, makes use of fiction as the mere vehicle of instruction : this is no new undertaking, but it is the most successful one we have ever met with. Nothing is so common as attempts of this kind, except the failure of them ; the young reader generally greedily devouring the invention, and leaving the instruction, if not untouched, at least untasted. Miss Edgeworth has managed the book before us with such skill as to render this separation impossible, the business of the characters is the communication or the acquirement of knowledge, and one cannot follow them without becoming entangled in their pursuits. But what is the nature of the information thus conveyed, it will be asked ? Something of the rudiments of mechanics, something of the rudiments of chemistry, something of the rudiments of natural philosophy, and a thousand things that children may understand, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine grown people out of a thousand are utterly ignorant of. It is notorious that writers of Magazines and Reviews know every thing ; but, to set a good example, we will frankly confess that we, even *we* have profited by the information of these volumes, and we would hint to parents, guardians, teachers, &c. who do not care to be behind their little boys and girls in elementary knowledge of the principles of some of the most useful inventions, that they will do well to *get up* Harry and Lucy with all convenient speed. It is astonishing how small is the number of persons who know those common things which, in parlance, every body knows. Every body talks of steam-engines, every body cracks jokes on steam, and wonders where its powers will end, and yet we are persuaded that out of any dozen well-educated and well-bred people, congregated together for the purpose of dining, there will not be found two who have the slightest idea where this same power begins, and not more than one who can give so good an account of the matter as Miss Edgeworth's Lucy. The name and the use are familiar to every one, but the principle and the means are hid from the many in the books of mechanics as effectually as if they were buried in the centre of the earth. Who does not talk of high-pressure and low-pressure ? but, ask what is high-pressure and what is low-pressure, and the answer in most instances will probably be, that high-pressure blows up the passengers of steam-boats, and that low-pressure is thought less dangerous, *some how or other*. Ask our well-educated and well-bred people assembled at dinner, how the glasses out of which they drink, are made, how the plates from which they eat are shaped, and

* *Harry and Lucy* concluded ; being the last part of *Early Lessons*. By Maria Edgeworth. In four Volumes. London : Hunter ; Baldwin and Co. 1825.

coloured, how the napkins across their laps are fabricated, and they will be found to have about as much knowledge of these matters as of the principle of the steam-engine. And yet this sort of information may be more profitable, and more easy of attainment to a man, than an imperfect acquaintance with Greek metres. If any one of our supposed well-educated and well-bred company were by any chance to come in contact with one of the now common Wedgwood plates,* and to consider its fine bright blue pattern, and all the glories of its landscape, in which is seen a man fishing in a river which runs up a hill, with a dog bigger than himself by his side, whose nose towers over a church steeple, were he, we say, to consider these elaborate works in comparison with the price of the article, and to take into account the convenient channel sunk in the brim for the reception of the salt, and the depositary for the gravy, he would be filled with admiration, and the production of such a master-piece at such a cost would seem to him an inexplicable mystery. Let it not be imagined that we are exaggerating the ignorance of people about common things, as they are called, (the knowledge of which is, in fact, very uncommon,) let the experiment be tried, whether persons taken in the mass are better informed about such matters than we have assumed them to be, and we are sure that the result will not differ very materially from our representation. The instances of ignorance that frequently appear in society are astounding. We have heard, on excellent authority, that a worthy country gentleman, for some time a Member of Parliament, a representative of a county, an integral part of the collective wisdom, suggested to Sir Humphrey Davy that as a balloon of silk filled with hydrogen will go up to the clouds, if he would but make one of copper and fill it with water, it would go, heaven knows where. The good gentleman argued, *a fortiori*, that if silk and air could do so much, the more solid bodies of copper and water would do so much more. This sounds incredible, and it must be allowed it is of a rare ignorance, but from our knowledge of the parliamentary philosopher, and also of the exactness of our informant, we believe it to be true. Better things, it may be objected, are not to be expected from Members of Parliament. What then shall we say to the case of a celebrated engineer, who, when examined respecting the projected New London Bridge, gravely stated in evidence that the flood-tide ran up to London at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour? The committee were astonished at this news; not that they knew more about the nature of tides than the engineer, but as they could not reconcile the alleged fact with their experience of the rate of tide which had helped them

* All honour to Wedgwood, for much do we owe to him! Well will his claims on the regards of a grateful posterity of carvers be appreciated on reading the following account from the pages under review of what he has done for us:—

“ Mr. Wedgwood made a number of little every-day useful contrivances; that dish, in which there is a well for the gravy. In the olden times, unhappy carvers were obliged to poke under the heavy sirloin for gravy; or to raise and slope the dish, at the imminent hazard of overturning the sirloin, and splashing the spectators. Knife, fork, spoon, slipping all the while, one after another, into the dish! And, ten to one, no gravy to be had after all! Nothing but cakes of cold grease. But now, without poking, slopping, splashing, the happy carver, free from these miseries of life, has only to dip his spoon into a well of pure gravy. Thanks to the invention of one man, all men, women, and children, may now have gravy without stooping the dish. So I give you, gentlemen and ladies, for a toast, ‘ The late Mr. Wedgwood, and the comforts of life.’ ”

—(Vol. ii. p. 2.)

so slowly to their dinners of white-bait, at Blackwall or Greenwich, or, peradventure, to the joys of Margate; when the witness was therefore called upon to explain the curious phenomenon he had described, he argued thus:—It is flood at the Nore at twelve o'clock to-day; it is flood at London Bridge at two o'clock to-day: the Nore is about fifty miles from London Bridge, and as the tide makes up this distance in two hours, it must run, by the rules of arithmetic, twenty-five miles an hour! Now this was an intelligent man, belonging to an eminently intelligent class; he had built bridges over rivers, and seen the yellow tide of the golden* Thames draining up and down every day of his life, and yet he never found out that the tide of our river does not run faster than from three to four miles an hour, even though it is flood in London two hours after it has been flood at the Nore! A few moments' thought must have explained this problem; but people don't care to think about "*common things* which every fool knows." We shall refrain from presenting other particular instances in support of our argument. For examples of the ignorance of people in general (and people too that are called well-informed) concerning the nature of things which are the daily objects of their sight, and their touch, and the subjects of their conversation, we would say, *CIRCUMSPICE*—there is no circle that will not furnish ample evidence of this fact. Such works as Miss Edgeworth's *Harry and Lucy*, put into the hands of young people, are calculated to remedy this deplorable deficiency. She proposes not to teach any one science, but to insinuate first principles, and to excite the powers of attention, observation, reasoning, and invention; and we think she has discovered the act of accomplishing this purpose. Her motto from Locke is the principle on which she works—"The business of education, in respect of knowledge, is not, as I think, to perfect a learner in all or any one of the sciences; but to give his mind that disposition, and those habits, that may enable him to attain any part of knowledge he shall stand in need of in the future course of his life."† Acting on this principle, Miss Edgeworth

* A river is never mentioned without an epithet; and we will not say *silver*, which is the received one, because the Thames, though a highly respectable river, is, in truth, not in the least like silver, but, on the contrary, much more like a Nabob, both in respect of its wealth and its yellowness.

† There is not a more vulgar error than that of supposing that education is knowledge. Education is no more knowledge than the foundation for a building is a house. This fallacy meets us at every turn. Question the knowledge of a man, and the reply is, that it is not to be doubted, for that he received an excellent education. The best education is but a mean to an end, and the worst is a very bad mean, a wrong road which has given the tyro some wholesome exercise, perhaps, but has rather led him from the goal, for which better trained men are making. What is the condition of a young man who has finished his education, as the phrase goes, according to the old fashion of our schools and universities. He is commonly, if of abilities, a passably good Latin scholar, and an indifferent Greek one; if a genius, or a man of first-rate parts, he has a reputation for making Greek and Latin verses: with these acquirements he comes into the world, where he finds that he must suppress his Greek and Latin, under pain of ridicule for pedantry, and that there is no sort of demand for his verses; knowledge new to him, connected with the business of men, is in request, and of this he knows nothing. In three or four years the Greek is as much gone from his possession as if it had never been there, and he only retains enough of the Latin for the translation of mottoes and stray quotations. If he wish to be *any thing*, he must begin another course of education for the superstructure of another and a more available kind of knowledge. The labours of his youth have been of the least possible profit to his manhood.

has endeavoured to create an appetite for knowledge, and to direct the first steps in the pursuit of it. If we may be allowed so rude an illustration, as a hunter *bloods* a young hound she *bloods* the 'pupil, gives him a relish for the game, and then leaves him to himself, relying on his excited taste for the further prosecution of the chace. She disclaims any intention to go much below the surface of any one thing; her business is with the A. B. C. of the useful arts and sciences, and she accordingly communicates some first principles with extraordinary clearness, and illustrates them in a way which will be comprehended by the meanest capacity, and admired by the highest.

The *Harry and Lucy* before us is a continuation and conclusion of a *Harry and Lucy* written by Miss Edgeworth's father, with the design of furnishing a series of Early Lessons. With unaffected modesty Miss Edgeworth remarks, that this undertaking, now completed by herself, is an humble work from which no literary fame can be acquired, but which she has been most desirous to complete from the belief that it will be more useful than any other in her power. If literary fame is not to be acquired from the book, it is only because its literary merit is merged in the higher merit of its utility. It is essentially dramatic, and abounds in fine strokes of nature, and the results of a nice observation of character; the composition is easy and full of the graces of idiom which appear to fall as unconsciously from the accomplished author, as the diamonds and pearls did from the lips of the gifted lady in the fairy tale. Nothing can be simpler than the machinery of the book; we find ourselves in the company of Harry and Lucy (the children of sensible, well-informed parents) and are in a very short time as well acquainted with them as if they were our own dear grand-children, and we follow them through all their little cares, and interest ourselves warmly in their pursuits. Lucy is delightfully drawn:—an honest sailor swore that he knew Captain Lemuel Gulliver perfectly well, and that he lived at Rotherhithe—we are equally ready to make oath that we know no less than six Lucys, and our sole perplexity is which of these six Lucys is the individual Lucy whose likeness the author has so truly painted. Lucy is naturally what ten thousand girls are, all giddiness, vivacity, and spirits; always alive to the ridiculous, and of a restless attention which hovers about every object and fixes upon none. But we will not attempt to pourtray her, for though there are ten thousand of these Lucys in the kingdom of England, and in every other kingdom, we cannot with any exactness describe one of them—the reader will know more of Lucy from seeing her in the pages before us, dying of laughing at the bare mention of the great panjandrum, than from a hundred pages of our clumsy portraiture. He-writers cannot hit off these things, and there is but one of the other sex who can achieve them in perfection. Harry is not so great a favourite with us as Lucy; he is somewhat priggish, and rather too good. The author has not made him a clever boy, (that would not have answered her purpose,) but of fair capacity and a patient industry—slow but sure, he does not *apprehend* a thing, but he *understands* it. There is not a more mischievous mistake in parents than that of delighting in, and encouraging the precocious quickness of children. There is indeed more truth than will be allowed in the saying of Rousseau, corroborated by the observation of other

great men, that there has seldom been a forward boy who has not made an ordinary man. The slowness of a boy, which is imputed to dulness, often arises from his taking things into consideration when viewing a particular object, which one of less real intelligence would overlook: he looks at the thing in more ways than one, or suspects that there may be more ways than one of looking at it, and is perplexed for a right conclusion, and withholds his judgment, while the *genius* sees only a likeness or a difference, and without hesitation pronounces on it at once. Sometimes the young *genius*, by his coup-d'oeil, hits the mark as often he misses, but his hits are recorded and his misses are left out of the account. Miss Edgeworth has made her Lucy quick, and what would be called, by fond parents, a wit; she has made her Harry circumspect, cautious of assent, and therefore, as a child, slow, and what would be set down by guests at a dinner-table when the fruit and the young folks come in, as a dull boy. He does not see the point of a joke, or comprehend an allusion. The sensible parents of the story, instead of priding themselves on Lucy's wit, hold out no encouragement whatever to it; and allow Harry to grow to understanding at his own rate without any attempt at forcing. The consequence of this judicious treatment is, that Lucy, finding that accuracy is held in more honour than fancy, subdues the one quality and endeavours to acquire the other, which she accomplishes by a triumph, not *of*, but *over* her quickness. This effected, she ceases to overrun the game, and learns to secure it.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts which will serve to show the *manner* of this excellent book. In the subjoined chapter we begin by finding Lucy's hair out of curl, owing to the dampness of the weather; and by means of this natural phenomenon, so extremely disagreeable to young ladies in our watery climate, we arrive at the principle of the hygrometer. Lucy's astonishment how *her* hair's going out of curl in damp weather can be useful to men in general, and to men of science in particular, is nature to the life.

"Lucy, your hair is hanging into your eyes this morning," said her mother.

"Yes mother," said Lucy, "because it is quite out of curl."

"Did you curl it last night, Lucy?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, I did indeed; and it curled very nicely this morning early; but I went out in hopes of meeting my uncle, who was to have come to breakfast: and by the time that I came in again, my hair was all as you see. The breakfast bell rang, and I had not time to curl it again."

Her mother was satisfied, since Lucy had not neglected to curl it at night, which had been sometimes been the case. Her father asked, if she knew what had uncurled her hair when she went out?

"The damp of the morning, papa," said she: "*my* hair always goes out of curl in damp weather."

"So does mine, Lucy," said her mother. "It is not peculiar to your hair, to go out of curl in damp weather."

"But, Lucy, what do you mean by your hair going out of curl?" said her father.

"Just what you see, papa; that it hangs straight."

"You told me the moisture of the morning uncurled it; do you know how or why it does so?" said her father.

"No, papa, not in the least; I wish you would tell me."

"When your hair is curled, the parts of one side of each hair are pressed close together, and the parts on the other side are stretched out. Give me that piece of packthread."

It was loosely twisted. He coiled up a bit of it, and showed her, that in the inner circle the parts are pressed together, and in the outer they are stretched.

"Now I see," said Lucy; and you mean, that it is just the same with my hair, when I curl it. But still I do not understand how the damp straightens it."

"That you shall see directly," said her father; and he dipped the curled packthread into a cup of water; when it was all wet, it became straight.

"Yes, it has uncurled, like my hair," said Lucy. "But how?"

"Look, and you will see, that the water has filled all the interstices, or vacancies, which you observed between the different parts of the cord. Now there are in your hair, and in all hair, pores, or small vacancies, which can be filled with moisture, like the interstices in this packthread, and which imbibe moisture from the air, as this packthread imbibed the water, and you see it filled the pores on the inside, as well as on the outside."

"Thank you, papa," said Lucy, "that is very nice. To know why my hair uncurls is at least a comfort. Now I understand it all."

"Not all," said her father. "There is a property of hair which you do not yet know; that when it is wet, that is, when its pores are filled with moisture——"

"I see, papa; you mean it swells out, and becomes thicker, like this cord."

"Not exactly like that cord, Lucy; that cord shortens as it swells out in breadth; but hair lengthens when it is moist. All human hair is easily affected by moisture."

"Very easily, indeed," said Lucy, dividing her uncurled locks on her forehead, and trying to put them out of her way. "I was not in the damp above ten minutes, and yet you see how straight my hair has become. Indeed, papa, as you say; human hair is very easily affected by moisture."

"Yes, fortunately," said Harry.

"Fortunately!" repeated Lucy; "unfortunately you mean. Why do you say fortunately?"

"I have a reason, and a good one," said Harry. "It is fortunate that hair has that property. For one reason, for one purpose, useful to all men and women, but especially to men of science."

"Fortunate and useful!" said Lucy. "Brother, how can it possibly be fortunate or useful to you, or to men of science in particular, or to any body, that my hair should so easily go out of curl in damp weather?"

"Not your hair in particular, Lucy, but hair in general," said Harry.

"What use," said Lucy, "if every body's hair in the whole world was to go out of curl like this every damp day—what use could it be but to make them all look very deplorable, as mamma says I do when my hair is in this condition? What good would this do to men of science, or to any men?"

"You do not understand me," said Harry, smiling. "Did you never hear of an hygrometer?"

"Hygrometer!" said Lucy, "Yes, I have often heard of an hygrometer. I heard papa talking to you about hygrometers very lately, and reading a great deal, last Wednesday—no, last Thursday."

"No matter, my dear," interrupted her father, "what day you heard me reading about it: do you know or do you not know what an hygrometer is?"

Lucy confessed she did not know exactly what it was; but she thought it had something to do with a barometer and a thermometer, because it ends in *meter*; and she remembered long ago her father had told her, that *meter* meant *measure*, and comes from some Greek word that means to measure; therefore, she supposed an hygrometer must be a machine, or an instrument for measuring something, but what she did not know; she guessed it was something about the air.

Her father said, that she was so far right in thinking that it is an instrument used to measure something. He told her, that it measures moisture in the air; and that the name hygrometer is composed of two Greek words, *hugros*, *moist*, or moisture, and *metron*, *measure*.

Lucy liked this name, which contains, as she observed, the history of the thing; and now she knew this, she thought she could never forget it.

Their uncle had not yet come in to breakfast, and their father beginning to read the newspaper to their mother, Harry and Lucy went on at the farther end of the room, talking to each other.

"Now you can guess," said Harry, "why I said that it was very lucky that your hair uncurls so easily in the damp. You observed yourself, that you could always know by your hair whether it is a damp day or not, whether air is moist or not."

"So hair is an hygrometer," said Lucy, "for it measures moisture. I am sure my hair might say, if it could speak Greek, *Hygrometer*; or, in plain English, ~~moist~~—*I measure*."

"Very true," said Harry; but still you do not know the measure exactly of how moist, how damp the day may be; do you?"

"Yes, on very, very damp days my hair comes quite out of curl, as you see it now," said Lucy, "and hangs quite straight; but it only comes a little out of curl on days that are only a little damp or damp-ish."

"A little damp! 'Damp-ish!'" repeated Harry; "that is very well for common talking, but it does not describe exactly how damp. I do not know what degree of moisture you mean to express by damp-ish."

"Pish!" echoed Lucy. Harry would not smile.

"You have not yet told me, Lucy," said he, gravely, "how the hygrometer is made to show the measure of moisture exactly."

"I do not know *exactly*, brother. But suppose, for instance, you knew how long my hair is when it is quite dry; then in damp weather when it is moist, and hangs straight, you could measure how long it has grown; I mean how much it has lengthened by the damp."

"I could measure," said Harry, "but how?"

"You could see whether my hair comes down as far as to my eyebrows, or only this far, or this far," said Lucy, touching different points on her forehead. "If I had a looking-glass I would measure this for myself."

"This might do," said Harry; "but at best it would do only for yourself; and but badly for yourself, because you must, to mark your points, have disagreeable spots on your forehead always."

"I should not like that," said Lucy, "nor would mamma, I am sure."

"Besides," continued Harry; "it would be rather inconvenient to me to run in search of you, with a pair of compasses and my ruler, to measure your hair and your scale on your forehead. This would be rather an inconvenient hygrometer."

"Rather, I acknowledge," said Lucy, "you would twitch all the hair off my head too, in measuring each hair, I suppose; and I should be afraid that you would put out my eyes with the points of your compasses, when you came to measure the scale on my forehead. I should not like to be your hygrometer."

"I would much rather have one that would always stand or hang in my room," said Harry; "or one that I could carry about in my pocket, better still. Could you manage that for me? Could you find out how to do that? I found out how to do it."

"Did you indeed, brother? and do you think I can?"

"Yes, if you think well, and if you go on thinking," said Harry.

"I will then. But tell me exactly what I am to think about, and what is to be done," said Lucy.

Harry pulled a hair out of his own head, and laid it on a piece of white paper before her. "There," said he, stretching it out, "you see its length. We will suppose this hair is as dry as it can be. Now I will dip it into this bason of water. Now that it has been wet, it is longer than it was when it was dry."

"Yes; but we want to know how much longer," said Lucy. "Well, it is easy to lay it on this sheet of paper, and measure, as exactly as you please, how much longer it is when it is wet than it was when it was quite dry."

"Very well," said Harry, "and I can tell you, that you would find it to be one fortieth of its length longer. Then you have the utmost length between extreme moisture, and extreme dryness."

"And," continued Lucy, "I could divide this line on the paper between the two black dots, by which you marked the points to which it stretched when it was dry, and when it was damp; and, if divided exactly, it would be what you call a scale; you could measure how much, in different degrees of damp or dry, it stretches or shortens."

"Very well, indeed," said Harry; "and the scale on paper would be better than on your forehead, you see. That's one point fixed."

"That's one point gained," said Lucy; "now what is to be done next?"

"Next, you are to find out how, without the trouble of continually plucking hairs out of my head or yours, and wetting or drying, and measuring them, you might know every day or hour, or at any time you please, how damp the air is, or how much moisture it contains."

"If I could but make the hair measure itself," said Lucy, "and mark or show how far it shrinks or lengthens on this paper in any time."

"Aye, if you could," said Harry, "that is the question."

"Suppose I had a very, very, very little weight," said Lucy; "so little, that this hair could support it without breaking, then I could tie it to one end of the hair, and hang the hair by the other end to something, suppose a piece of wire stuck into the wall: and I would put this paper, with our scale upon it, against the wall, just behind the weight, and when you look at it, you would see how much the hair had shrunk or lengthened, at any time, in damp or dry."

"There, papa!" cried Harry; "Lucy has made out as far as I did the first time I thought of making an hygrometer?"

Lucy looked much pleased with herself, and with her brother for being pleased with her.

"And have I really invented an hygrometer, Harry?" cried she.

"Yes, but not a perfect one, my dear," said Harry; "there is a great deal more to be done."

"What more?" said Lucy.

"To come to breakfast, in the first place," said her father.

This Lucy was ready to do, for she was a little tired; but by the time she had refreshed herself by eating half her breakfast, she returned to the question—"What more is to be done, brother, about the hygrometer?"

"To make it more convenient," said Harry. "In your way, it must always be stuck up against a wall; and besides, your divisions are so very, very small, that you can hardly see how much the hair lengthens or shortens."

"You might take a magnifying glass," said Lucy.

"Well, that would help; but cannot you think of another way?"

Lucy thought for a little while, and went on eating her breakfast, and presently answered, "No, brother; I can think only of taking a larger magnifying glass, a glass that magnifies more. Will that do?"

"Still there is an easier method; put the magnifying glass out of your head."

"It must be a more difficult, instead of an easier way, for I cannot find it out," said Lucy.

"But it is easier, I assure you, when you have found it out," said Harry. "Come, I will help you a little," continued he, after she had considered for some time. "Look at the hand of that clock," and he pointed to the dial-plate of a pendule, which was on the chimney-piece opposite to the breakfast-table. "Look, the hand now points at ten. Do you see how far it is from ten to eleven? Suppose that hand was to move from ten to eleven?"

"Well, suppose," said Lucy; "I can easily suppose this."

"Then which would have moved the farthest? which would have gone over the most space? the point of the hand, which is at the outside of the dial-plate, or that part of the hand, which is closest to the centre?"

"The point of the hand, which is at the *outermost* part of the circle, would have gone the farthest; I mean, would have moved over the most space. The part nearest to the centre would have moved so little, that I suppose I should hardly be able to see or measure by my eye how much."

"True," said Harry, "you could not; but you could see, and you could measure the space from ten to eleven easily; could not you?"

"Certainly," said Lucy.

"You could guess the measure even by your eye, without taking compasses or magnifying glass," said Harry.

"Now I see what you are about," said Lucy; "I must have a little, *leetle* hand, and dial-plate for my hygrometer, to show and to measure the least motion of the hair in shortening or lengthening."

"Right," said Harry; "so far right."

"Do not tell me any more," said Lucy; "I can do it all for myself now, and in a minute."

"Do not be in such a hurry, my dear," said Harry; "or you will never do it."

"Hurry! I am not in the least hurry," said Lucy, "only I like to be quick. Well, I would fasten the end of the hair to the axle, so as to make every, the smallest motion of the hair, move the hand."

She paused. She was not quite clear of the manner in which this was to be done.

"I will help you," said Harry. "Suppose——"

"Suppose," said his mother, "that you were to let Lucy finish her breakfast."

"I will, and welcome," said Harry; "for now she has the principle of an hygrometer, which papa was explaining to me the other day, and of which I will show her a plate after breakfast——"

"A plate!" said Lucy; "I may as well have the plate at breakfast, may not I?"

"By a plate, I mean an engraving," said Harry; "did not you know that?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure," said Lucy; "I was only in play."—(Vol. i. p. 38.)

The subjoined is a delightful dramatic scene. The children are on a visit to a lady who has a fine flower-garden, and who gives them permission to take such flowers as please them. The gardener's jea-

lous love of his choice flowers is painted with amusing truth—first, he is full of fears lest they should be selected by the young folks, and when they are looked upon with indifference, he is piqued, and angry that the objects of his admiration are not coveted by the whole world. The anecdote of the selfish lady, (who boiled the tulip roots which she was compelled to send as a present to a friend,) with which the extract concludes, is excellent:—

She told Lucy, that she would give her the root of an agapantha, and of some dahlias, and that she and Harry were welcome to seeds, roots, cuttings, or slippings, of any thing they liked in this garden. “Write down what you wish, and I will have them ready by the time your mother brings you here again, as I hope she will on your return homewards.”

Joy sparkled in their eyes, and they thanked Mrs. Frankland, with warm gratitude; but, an instant afterwards, they looked unusually grave; for the embarrassment of riches came upon them. They were left to make out their list; and how to choose was the difficulty, where all were beautiful, and when their little garden could not hold all. Harry went to work prudently. He measured out a space of ground, that was the size of their own garden. Lucy could hardly believe that it was so small as what he now showed her; but he had often stepped the boundaries, and was sure of the size of their territories. Rule and measure soon settled the affair, and brought their wishes into proper compass. They calculated what their garden would hold, and made out their list accordingly. Their chief wish was to have a great bed of pinks and carnations.

But the moment they went near these, an old gardener, who was at work in the garden, and who had long been eyeing them, approached. He began to praise his carnations, which he said were the finest in the county, and he pointed out his favourites. There was the Prince Regent, and the Duke of Wellington, in full glory, these every body knew; but beyond these, he had two superlative new favourites. One he called, *The pride of Holland, or the great Van Tromp*. The other, *The envy of the world, or the great panjandrum*. Harry and Lucy did not much admire either of these. Van Tromp they thought was of a dull colour, and the great panjandrum had burst, and was falling to pieces in spite of his card support. Harry preferred some others.

“That which you are now at, master,” said the gardener, “is Davy’s Duchess of Devonshire: that little duchess was thought a great deal of some years ago, but she is quite out of fashion now.”

Harry did not care for that, he liked her.

“What does he say?” asked the deaf gardener, turning to Lucy, and leaning down, that he might hear the answer.

“I say,” cried Harry, speaking loud in his ear, “that I like my little duchess better than your great panjandrum.”

“Indeed!” said the gardener, smiling in scorn. “Why, master, what you have taken such a fancy to is not a carnation even, it is only a pink.”

“I do not care,” said Harry, “what you call it. I like it, whether it be called carnation or pink.”

The gardener looked at him with contempt.

“Pray what is the difference between them?” said Lucy; “my mother has told me, but I forget it.”

The gardener told her, that one chief difference is in the roundness of the petals of carnations, and the jagged or pinked edges of the petals of pinks.

Lucy liked these edges, and she really thought some of the pinks prettier than the carnations. She told Harry so, in a low voice. “But I am afraid,” said she, “that the gardener would despise me if he heard me say so.”

“What signifies whether he despises you or not?” said Harry. “There is nothing wrong in liking a pink better than a carnation.”

The gardener, who did not hear what was said, fancied that they were debating whether they should ask for one of his panjandrums, and he began to say, that he was sorry that he could not offer this, he could not give this to any body.

Harry assured him, that he need not make any apology, because they did not wish for them. Piqued by Harry’s indifference, the gardener named several lords and ladies, who had admired his panjandrum above all things, and who had tried in vain to obtain it. It was a very great rarity, he said. Only two other people in England had a real panjandrum.

Harry liked flowers for being pretty, and did not care whether they were rare or not. The gardener did not believe him. Soon afterwards he offered Harry some pinks, of a kind which he liked particularly.

"But, master, I can let you have them only upon condition, that you promise not to give any cuttings or layers of them to any one."

Harry drew back with disdain, and said he would make no such promise.

The gardener said, that unless he would he should not have the pinks.

"Then," said Harry, "I will do without them."

He turned off abruptly, and walked away, but Lucy stood still, and said,

"I believe we may have them. Mrs. Frankland told us we might have any thing in this garden that we choose; and here she is coming back from the orchard."

"Oh! that alters the case," said the gardener, with a look of some mortification. "Then, master, you must choose what you will, to be sure."

Harry turned back, and walked composedly along the sides of the carnation beds, writing down the names of those he chose, on a bit of paper. The gardener breathed freely, when Harry passed by the Panjandrum, and turned his back upon the Envy of the world.

Lucy whispered to her brother, "Did you see how much he was afraid that you should have chosen any of those, that are really valuable; and why did not you?"

"Because I did not like them, and I despise his mean reasons for liking them," said Harry, putting the paper and pencil into her hands. "Now, go, Lucy, and choose."

Lucy, admiring her brother's independence, followed his example, and chose what she liked, without being influenced by the foolish wish of possessing what other people cannot procure. She did not choose either the Pride of Holland, or the Envy of the world.

Harry was quite right to adhere to his own taste: here was no trial of complaisance or generosity.

Mrs. Frankland and their mother now returned from the orchard, and Harry and Lucy gave Mrs. Frankland their list. She looked it over, said she thought they had chosen well, and had been moderate in their requests. She called to her gardener, gave him the paper, and desired him to have the plants in readiness at the time she mentioned.

"Very well, ma'am," he answered, coolly looking over the list, which he saw was only of common flowers; but when she added, that he must also give some Dutch hyacinths, and tulip roots, the gardener's whole countenance changed, he exclaimed, "My Dutch tulips and hyacinths!" and throwing down a hoe that he had in his hand, he walked off, muttering to himself, "that it was well his mistress's head was not loose, or she would give it away."

Mrs. Frankland laughed good-humouredly at his anger. She bore with him, she said, because he was an old and faithful servant, who had been long in the family before she was married. "Though you might not think it," said she, "he is generous to his relations, of all that belongs to himself, and covetous only of what belongs to the garden, of which he considers himself as guardian against his mistress's extravagance. But I cannot bear this sort of petty avarice and rivalry about flowers, in persons whose education ought to have raised them above such illiberality. I have heard of a lady, who, when she was asked by a friend for the roots of some particularly fine flower, ashamed to refuse, yet unwilling to give, boiled the roots before she sent them, to prevent the possibility of their growing."—(Vol. ii. p. 44.)

We now give a dialogue which is as pleasant as playing with children; those who are not fond of playing with children, (if any such there be,) will perceive that there is some metaphysical truth at the bottom of the frolic.

Harry observed how much more easy he found it to learn lines which he understood, than to get by heart lists of names. He said, that he recollected having read in Baron Trenck's Life, that when the King of Prussia wanted to try Trenck's memory, he gave him to learn by rote a list of fifty strange names of soldiers in a regiment. Trenck learned them quickly.

"I am glad," said Harry, "that I was not in his place, for his majesty would have thought me quite a dunce, and would have decided that I had no memory. It is much more difficult to learn nonsense than sense," continued Harry: "there is something in sense to help one out."

"Unless it be droll nonsense," said Lucy; "but when it is droll, the diversion helps me to remember."

Harry doubted even this.

Their father said he would, if they liked it, try the experiment, by repeating for them some sentences of droll nonsense, which were put together by Mr. Foote, a humorous writer, for the purpose of trying the memory of a man, who boasted that he could learn any thing by rote, on once hearing it.

"Oh! do let us hear it," cried Lucy; "and try us."

"Let us hear it," said Harry; "but I am sure I shall not be able to learn it."

"It will be no great loss if you do not," said his father.

"Now, Lucy, pray sit still and listen," said Harry.

But Harry's power of attention, which he had prepared himself to exert to the utmost, was set completely at defiance, when his father, as fast as he could utter the words, repeated the following nonsense, abruptly beginning with—

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

"Gunpowder at the heels of their boots! horrible nonsense!" cried Harry; while Lucy, rolling with laughter, and the more at Harry's indignation, only wished it was not dark, that she might see his face.

"Well, can either of you remember or repeat any of this?" said their mother.

Lucy said, that if it had not been for the grand Panjandrum, she was almost sure she should have been able to say it; but she was so much surprised by meeting the grand Panjandrum himself again, and so diverted by his little round button at top, that she could think of nothing else; besides, laughing hindered her from hearing the names of all the company who were present at the barber's marriage: but she perfectly well remembered the Picninnies; and she knew why she did, because their name was something like *piccanini*; and this word had been fixed in her head by a droll anecdote she had heard of a negro boy, who, when he was to tell his master that Mr. Gosling had called upon him one morning, and could not recollect his name, said he knew the gentleman was a Mr. *Goose-piccanini*.

"So you see, Lucy," said her father, "that even with you, who seem to be yourself one of the numerous family of the Piccaninies, or of the Goose-piccaninies, there is always some connexion of ideas, or sounds, which helps to fix even nonsense in the memory."

"Papa, will you be so very good as to repeat it once more. Now, Harry, once more let us try."

"I would rather learn a Greek verb," said Harry. "There is some sense in that. Papa, could you repeat one?"

"I *could*, son, but I will not now," said his father; "let your sister divert herself with the grand Panjandrum, and do not be too grand yourself, Harry. It is sweet to talk nonsense in season. Always sense would make Jack a dull boy."

The grand Panjandrum was repeated once more; and this time Harry did his best, and remembered what she went into the garden to cut, for an apple pie; and he mastered the great she-bear, and the no soap, but for want of knowing *who* died, he never got cleverly to the marriage with the barber. But Lucy, less troubled concerning the nominative case, went on merrily, "and she very imprudently married the barber." But just as Lucy was triumphantly naming the company present, and had got to the Joblillies, Harry, whose attention was not so wholly absorbed, as to have no eyes for outward nature, exclaimed—(Vol. ii. p. 151.)

—what he exclaimed will be found in the book.

The following adventure contains some useful hints for the better government of sentimentalists; and also an excellent illustration of the absurdity of the vulgar in respect of disbelief and belief. A waggoner is told a very probable story, but he scarcely credits it, till he is informed that the event happened on a particular spot named, when he believes it all implicitly.

Harry wanted to look at a broad-wheeled waggon, which was coming down the hill. And while he watched the shape and motion of the wheels, and asked his father some questions concerning them, Lucy was pitying the poor dog, who was chained underneath the waggon, and who, as he waddled along, apparently half dragged by the neck, looked very mournful. She was told, that his use was to guard

the waggon, and that his being chained to it secured his always being near it. She wished very much that the man could be persuaded to loose him; a faithful dog, she thought, would guard his master's goods without being chained. Her mother observed, that it would be useless to talk sentiment to an English waggoner. Lucy wished that she had some money, that she might give it to buy this dog from his master, and set him free. Her mother told her, that even supposing she could buy this dog, the man would get another, and this dog would not perhaps be better off, as he might not find any body to feed him, "You know, my dear Lucy, we could not take him with us. What should we do for the next dog we meet under the next waggon?"

Lucy saw the impossibility of freeing them all, and sighed. Her mother was glad to see that she had such humane feelings for animals, but said, "there is much we must bear to see in this life, that we cannot remedy; all we can do is, to take as good care as possible of those creatures of which we have the charge."

Lucy blushed: "I will take care not to forget to give poor Dash water when I have him again, mamma. I recollect one day—"

Here she was interrupted by Harry, exclaiming, "Father! pray look out of the window this instant! Do you see that streak of black powder in the track of the waggon, papa? I saw it dribbling from a barrel. Is it not gunpowder? May I get out and look?"

He spoke as fast as he could utter the words, and his father instantly called to the waggoner, stopped the carriage, and jumped out, Harry following him. It was gunpowder. They ran after the waggoner, who either did not hear, or would not stop. When they overtook him, and showed him the gunpowder running out of the barrel, he, being a sulky fellow, was very angry with the barrel, and with the man who packed it, and with the man to whom it was going, and with every body but himself. He had no clear idea of the danger he had run, till Harry's father told him, that he had some years before known a waggon to have been blown to pieces, and men and horses killed, by just such an accident. Some gunpowder had been shaken out of a barrel in the waggon, and had taken fire, as it is supposed, from a spark struck from a flint in the road. This communicating with the gunpowder had blown up the whole. The waggoner scarcely credited the story, till he heard the name of the hill down which the waggon had been going, and then, as Harry observed, without any further question, he believed it to be true. So it is, that ignorant people believe or disbelieve, without any reasonable grounds. They staid to see the barrel well packed, and safely stowed. Some of the passengers, who were sitting within the canvas roof of the waggon, and who had looked out and listened, now expressed much gratitude, and said they might have lost their lives but for this timely discovery of danger. The waggoner then grew warmer in his thanks, and, as he was repacking the barrel, said in his Somersetshire tone to Harry,

"Master, you've done uz a mortal good turn, I finds, and if zo be it was in my power to give you a lift any ways, I'd not be behind, you'd see; but the likes of I can do little for the likes of you gem'men."

Harry thanked him; he wanted nothing he said, but he was glad that he and his waggon were safe.

"How well it was, father," said Harry, as they walked back together to the carriage, "that I saw the gunpowder running out, and recollected what you had told me about the blowing up of the waggon."

"Yes," said his father, "you see how useful it is to observe what passes before your eyes, and to recollect what you know at the right time."

When Lucy heard what had passed, after rejoicing that waggon and waggoner were safe, she regretted, that when the man offered to do Harry a good turn, he had not said a word for the dog.

"I forgot the dog," cried Harry. "Father, will you stay for me three minutes? I will run and speak for the dog."

His father smiled, and back he ran. What he said, or in what words the waggoner replied, we cannot tell, for Harry never could remember, either the words he used, or those said to him; but the result was, as he informed Lucy, that the dog Lion was unchained, that the waggoner promised that Lion should have liberty to run after him by day, and that he should be chained only by night.—(Vol. ii. p. 135.)

We shall conclude our extracts with a description which is, to our minds, perfect in its way. To our tastes it surpasses the happiest efforts of Sterne in the same style, for it is brief, bold, and unstudied, and wholly free from the conceit which pervades all the compositions

of the great sentimentalist. The subject of the picture is a water-drawing canary bird.

He disliked, it seems, the labour of drawing water, and never performed this operation, except when compelled by thirst. Unluckily for Lucy, just before she arrived he had drawn up a bucket full, and having satisfied his thirst, he was now singing away, loud and shrill, as if rejoicing in having cast dull care behind him. Lucy waited and waited ; she and the housekeeper exhausted all their exhortations, all the endearing epithets in the language, and all their hemp seed, in vain. The canary took all the bribes as fast as they were offered, and received all the compliments seemingly in good part—but no return made he : not that he did not understand what return was expected. The rogue eyed the bucket askance, as the housekeeper held it up to him ; then straight he turned his back upon her, or upon it, and sang away, pertinaciously, with a louder and a shriller note than before. A full quarter of an hour was spent upon him, then Lucy gave it up.—(Vol. iii. p. 268.)

We have quoted the above passages merely as specimens of the literary merit of *Harry and Lucy* : examples of its information, the main excellence of the book, would necessarily have occupied a space inconsistent with our limits, the chain of instruction being long, and so linked together that a bit cannot be severed for exhibition without doing violence to the design of the author. For evidence of its higher merits we therefore exhort every body, young and old, to read the book, convinced as we are that there are few who will not profit in some particular by it, and that every one who peruses it will do justice to the utility of its design, and the ingenuity with which it is executed.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF AN

ITALIAN GENTLEMAN ;

CONTAINING HIS TRAVELS IN ITALY, GREECE, FRANCE, &c.

No. III.

WE reached Brest at a late hour in the evening. We took up our abode at the sign of the Falcon. Next morning we enquired the address of a certain merchant (whose name, for delicate reasons, must be here suppressed,) and to whom my friend in Calais had furnished us with a strong letter of recommendation ; we had another to General Bonté, who had been appointed to command the expedition to America. We immediately went to call upon the merchant, and were shown into a superb antichamber, fitted up in the highest style ; and after we had waited about five minutes, Monsieur N. appeared, My companion having presented the letter, he desired us to be seated, and proceeded to read it, thus affording us leisure to survey him. He was a man about fifty years of age, of a handsome countenance, not very tall in stature, but rather thin, and very fashionably drest. Having read the letter, he said : gentlemen, I am much obliged to my correspondent for procuring me the pleasure of your acquaintance ; he informs me that your intention is to proceed to America ; I shall not fail to render you all the service in my power. I hope you will come and dine with me to-day ; we shall then talk further on the subject ; meantime, allow me to introduce you to my wife and my sister-in-law, that you may have some conversation with them, during which you

will be pleased to dispense with my company, as I have a good deal of business to attend to." We assured him that we were very grateful for his kindness, but being unwilling to occasion the smallest inconvenience, we desired him to convey our compliments. Monsieur N. said: "Quite the contrary, my wife and her sister are very fond of the society of foreigners; do me the favour to come along with me." He led the way, and conducted us to a very elegant apartment, where two charming women were seated at breakfast with whom he left us. One of them, whom we afterwards discovered to be the wife of Monsieur N., the other being her young unmarried sister, said to us: "If you wait for the expedition you will have to remain some months in Brest, and of this we shall be very glad; we hope you will not fail to come to our house every day. I have much pleasure in speaking Italian, having studied it eight months in Paris; I read Italian books continually that I may not forget it." I enquired if the other lady spoke Italian and was answered in the negative. I then began to converse in Italian, and found that the lady had made but little progress in the language; she pronounced it very ill, (which, however, is no great wonder, as it is almost impossible for the French to pronounce tolerably any language but their own.) After we had talked a little, I complimented her by saying she spoke the language very well. [The reader will excuse this momentary piece of adulation, for who could have forborne it, placed as I was in the presence of a very beautiful lady?] Finding my native language to be so excellent a passport, I did nothing but commend the few phrases that she uttered. My companion conversed with the other lady, and the conference lasted nearly two hours. Unwilling to be tedious on our first interview, we took our leave, anticipating the pleasure of meeting them again at dinner, Monsieur N. having been so kind as to invite us. I perceived that the ladies were pleased with what I now told them.

As we had still sufficient leisure on our hands, we called upon General Bonté. We entered the palace in which his apartments were, and were shown into an antichamber, which proved to be full of people waiting for audience, some of whom were well and others ill dressed; there being an officer in waiting, we informed him that we were foreigners who had a letter for the general; and this message he went to communicate. Meanwhile I enquired of one of the company, who seemed a gentleman, if the general had so crowded an audience every morning. He said: "No, there was an audience thrice a week on affairs relating to the expedition to America, and all those now in the antichamber were persons desirous of being engaged to go, whom the general wished to see before he engaged them, that he might ascertain who and what they were, as they came from all parts of France, in great numbers, and of various characters, good, bad, and indifferent. Perceiving that my informant was very courteous and well dressed, I asked him if he also had determined to engage as a soldier. He replied: "Sir, I was a merchant; I failed; I am left without a sixpence. I hope to change my fortune by going to America. As soon as I get there I shall desert and do as I please. I have no money to pay the expence of such a voyage." I said to him, if every body be in your mind Louis XVIII. will not have many troops in America. The general was a corpulent man of a cheerful mien; and wore a queue with a profusion of hair-powder. We presented to

him the letter, which he perused, and then bidding us be seated, asked us in what manner we wished to proceed to America. We answered that if it were possible to go without expence we should prefer a passage in a king's ship; otherwise we should engage a passage on board some merchantman. The general replied: "You will find no merchantmen in Brest; but as you have been recommended by a colonel of mine, for whom I have a great regard, I can do no less than serve you: now, in the course of two months I hope the expedition will be ready, as I am daily engaging men to form a regiment of the fifth division. For you to pay your passage will be useless, as I can contrive to get you one as commissaries of provisions; when you land in America you may do as you please. While you remain in Brest I will assign to you officers' quarters in the city; as it will be advisable that you should economize your money that you may traffick with it in America. In regard to victuals I cannot place you on the roll, except as soldiers, and in that case it would be necessary for you to go into barrack." We thanked him, and said that having funds for all expences of that kind, we only wished to obtain a free passage, which we knew would save us two thousand francs. The general would insist on our accepting a billet for quarters, assuring us, that we should be very well lodged. That we might not appear to be proud, we accepted this offer, and thanked him for all he had done for us. He wrote a note, with which we went to the quartermaster's office, and having received our billet, proceeded to look at the lodgings assigned to us. They were in the house of a lawyer, who gave us very handsome apartments.

On repairing to the house of Monsieur N. we found that he was not yet returned from business; but we were shown to an apartment in which were the ladies very splendidly attired; indeed, they seemed to have passed much time at the toilette. I began to speak Italian, knowing that it would please the Madame N. She was extremely handsome, her figure beautiful, her countenance of the mirthful cast, which I liked much better than the Grecian style of countenance; and to all appearance she could not be more than six-and-twenty; her tone of voice and her manner of speaking were clear, gentle, and engaging. Her sister, who resembled her, I judged to be younger; her features were more regular, and many would have pronounced her to be more beautiful, but the other's style of beauty was more to my taste. I said we were just come from General Bonté, to whom we had been recommended. The lady who was conversing with me said, with some little agitation, "how then; you know General Bonté!" I told her we were not previously acquainted with him; but he had received us very kindly, and had been good enough to promise us a passage to America. "Every evening," replied the lady, "he comes to our conversazione." My companion conversed with the young lady, and while we were talking on various topics connected with America we were joined by Monsieur N. who regretted that business had detained him from home longer than usual. We begged him to make no excuses; and at this moment dinner was announced. I offered my arm to the lady, and we passed into a handsomely furnished dining-room, where, on looking around, I beheld a profusion of plate. We sat down to table, and during dinner I told Monsieur N. that his lady spoke Italian very well. "I am very glad," said he, "that she

has this opportunity for practice, for I am certain that next year I shall have to go to Italy on commercial business, and it will be very agreeable to me that she should be able to speak Italian." I enquired if there were any masters of that language in Brest; he told me that there was not one Italian; the person who taught the language was a Frenchman who pronounced it very badly. The lady told Monsieur N. that we had been to see General Bonté; but I perceived that she was by no means pleased that we happened to be acquainted with him, and I very clearly foresaw that he was likely to prove an obstacle in my way. Monsieur N. said, I am very glad you have been recommended to the General; when he comes hither this evening he will rejoice to find you here; I also shall speak to him in your favour; and am most happy to learn that you have obtained the passage *gratis*. And as you will have nothing to do but amuse yourselves during the two months you will have to remain in Brest, I hope we shall pass many pleasant hours together." We thanked him for this manifestation of good will. I failed not to pay my court as much as possible to the lady, while my companion directed his attentions to her young companion; and those of Monsieur N. were engrossed by the dishes before him, for he was evidently one of those fashionable husbands who think not of their spouses, but rather choose that others should pay court to them. The lady, I could see, received my attention with much pleasure, though still she was somewhat thoughtful; she glanced at me occasionally with a laughing eye, and uttering some Italian phrase or other, would ask if she pronounced aright; sometimes I corrected her, and sometimes to humour her I said her pronunciation was excellent. After a very sumptuous and splendid dinner we passed into another room to take coffee. Monsieur N. asked leave to withdraw, having to go and sign his letters for the post. The lady enquired if I liked theatrical entertainments; I answered, yes; "then," said she, "we will go to the play to-morrow if you please." I told her I was at a loss for words to express the pleasure it would give me to go in such amiable company. She smiled and said, that in a short time there would be some more gentlemen in company; "they all come to play the gallant; but I assure you on my own and my sister's behalf, that we cannot endure one of them." Perceiving a clue for the discovery I wished to make, I enquired if the general also took pleasure in acting that part. "Yes," said she, "more than the others; nay, as we are upon this subject, I will tell you that every body thinks the general pays his court to me, but I can assure you, on my word of honour, that this is not true; he is a great friend of my husband's, and through civility I bestow some notice upon him, which makes him believe he is in possession of my heart. Sometimes, when I speak to any one, especially a foreigner, he takes it into his head to be as jealous as a fiend, though he does not say any thing, for if he did I should answer him in round terms; he only shows it by his manner. To-night, I am quite certain, he will be jealous of you; but that troubles me not at all, as you are a friend of my husband's." I said to her: "Madam, I would not on any account be the occasion of any words or any occurrence that might displease you." "Whom do you take me for?" she replied: "I am married; I depend on no one but my husband; no other person has any command over me, and to tell you the truth, not

even Monsieur N. would dare command me like a master ; judge then, if I should give any heed to other persons." Reverting to the general, she said : " He fancies he has been paying his court to me this year past, but however favourably I may behave towards him he will never advance a step in my good graces." I heard all this with pleasure, in the hope of being able to pay my court to her during our stay at Brest.

[I know not whether the reader will praise or blame my conduct, but he must excuse some little error on the score of youth.]

It was not long ere General Bonté was announced. Scarcely had he entered the room when he stopped, on observing us ; but dissembling his emotion, he advanced to pay his respects to the lady, who said to him : " General, I do not present to you these two gentlemen, who have been introduced to my husband, because I understand from them that they have been with you this morning," " Yes, I have had the pleasure of seeing them this morning," replied the General, with rather a constrained air, for he had already taken umbrage. The conversation turned on various topics, relating occasionally to Italy and to France ; and in half an hour afterwards other gentlemen arrived. My companion greatly preferred the conversation of the young lady to that of all the visitants, but politeness obliged him to leave her ; and our fair hostess rose and said : " Come, gentlemen, let all of us to cards." She led us to a room where the card-tables were set. The lady enquired if I knew *écarté*, I said I did not ; I only knew *piquet*. " That," answered she, " is my favourite game ; therefore all these gentlemen will sit down to *écarté*, and I will play *piquet* with you." The General's eyes flashed fire ; but he concealed his feelings, and joined the others at play.

In this agreeable society we passed several weeks. It in the end, however, cost us dear. One day at dinner, Monsieur N. informed me, that very shortly all the conscripts who were enrolled for America would be sent to Belleisle to be clothed and equipped. " Then," I observed, " it will probably be necessary for us to go also." Monsieur N. replied : " We must hear what the General has to say upon that." He went away after dinner, leaving us with the ladies, who seemed very melancholy at the thought that the time of our departure was approaching. They exhorted us to give up all thoughts of it, and remain in Brest, where they would procure us appointments ; reminding us at the same time that we were not sure of employment in America, and that we ought not to leave a certainty for an uncertainty. The lady then said to me, with a sigh : " The employment which I purpose to obtain for you might be no inducement to remain here ; but if you told me true when you declared that you loved me, the idea of going to America should be banished from your mind." " Madam," I replied, " your arguments are very forcible ; I would sacrifice my life rather than give you the slightest displeasure, and would do anything to contribute to your happiness ; but I know what would be the consequences if we relinquished our voyage to America ; they would probably be fatal to yourselves as well as to us. What would your husband say on finding that we had changed our minds ? What would the General say ? I am sure he would employ all means to be revenged on us ; for I am well aware

that his passion still urges him to pay his court to you, and he has dissembled hitherto, because he knew that our departure was fixed." "Do you think then," replied the lady, "that I am sold to my husband, or to the General either? I am entirely my own mistress, and am subject to no man's control. I brought with me a handsome fortune to my husband, who, being a merchant, had sustained such losses at sea, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy; but my marriage portion gave a favourable turn to his affairs, which are now going on most prosperously. All this is owing to me; therefore he would never dare to cast the slightest reproach on my conduct, and I am sure I care nothing about his own. As for the General, I have already shown you that I have always despised him during your stay in Brest; I should always continue to treat him in the same manner; for he is the object of my aversion, and I am not of the humour of many of my countrywomen, who sacrifice themselves through the mere vanity of having some person of distinction as their *cavaliere servente*. My sister sincerely loves your friend; why then cut asunder two connexions which are so firmly knit?"

I do assure the reader, that I was hardly master of myself, and was on the point of saying that I had determined to remain in Brest, being quite sure that my companion would do as I did, and would choose to reside here rather than in America. But reflecting that such a change in our intentions would be criticised by our friends, who would be aware that it was owing to the ladies, and that slanderous tongues would be busy in propagating daily scandal, perhaps even going so far as to say that we were kept by the ladies, I made an effort to subdue my inclinations, and said: "Madam, I want words to express what I feel towards you, and what I suffer in being obliged to leave you. I do not pretend to influence my companion; he may remain if he be so disposed." While each of us was thus conversing with his fair friend, the General was announced, and on entering, he advanced with a very cheerful air to pay his respects to the ladies, and afterwards to us, in a manner totally different from that in which he behaved on former evenings. Having enquired after their health, he said to us: "Gentlemen, in three days the battalion will march for Belleisle to be equipped and embodied. As I have inscribed you on the roll of the expedition, it will be requisite for you also to set out." My companion, who did not at all relish this intelligence, said to the General: "I think it will take some time to embody the expedition, and as we are not enlisted, we might remain in Brest until the moment of embarkation, and then repair to the place appointed." The General, who was anxious for nothing so much as for our departure, or rather for mine, replied: "That is impossible; General Vrillar, the governor of the island, is now there for the purpose of inspecting the men, and they must all present themselves." I then said: "Excuse me, General, but we do not wish to be considered as conscripts, or held under an obligation to remain in the service. If we were aware that this was intended we would forego the advantage held out to us, and take our passage on board some merchant-vessel, for which our means are quite adequate, and we love nothing in the world so much as liberty." The General replied: "You need be under no apprehension; I will write to apprise the governor of the island, that, for the sake of appearance, you are

inscribed on the roll, but that you are not enlisted; and you will be at liberty to do as you like." The lady, perceiving that I was resolved to depart, quitted her seat by my side. Other gentlemen arrived, and the conversation concerning America was dropped.

The company being gone, we staid supper as usual. Monsieur N. being gone to bed, we all four sat down to table, and began to partake of the repast without saying a word. When it was ended, the lady said: "I told you, my dear sister, that we ought never to have fixed our affections on foreigners; they make professions of attachment, and then leave you to sigh over your disappointment." My companion replied: "I am sorry that you judge thus of our conduct. We have never deceived you; from the very first, you have been apprised of our intentions; yet, if my friend choose to remain, I certainly would not go without him; but as I feel that his reasons for our departure are very forcible, and that self-respect and delicacy forbid us to remain, I concur in his decision; assuring you, however, that I never did and never shall do so much violence to my feelings as I endure at this moment." The young lady perceiving that my friend also was determined to depart, rose from table in tears. Her sister said: "I shall no longer urge you to stay; but this will ever be a warning for us not to place our affections on foreigners." She rose from table; we followed the example, and in a short time took our leave.

On going to dine with the ladies next day, we found them very reserved, and we altered our behaviour accordingly. Monsieur N. though I think he perceived this change among us, took no notice of it. I said to him: "Monsieur N. as you have already had the kindness to do so much for us, be pleased to procure us letters of recommendation for America." With many protestations of friendship, he assured us that he would do all in his power to procure us letters that would be of great service. Dinner being over, he went away as usual; and the ladies, after taking coffee in total silence, bowed and withdrew, leaving us in the room by ourselves. My friend and I laughed at finding ourselves alone, and after some discussion we quitted the house without saying a word to any one, and went to the play.

We waited on the general next morning; he received us very politely, and told us that the battalion would march next day. I said we preferred travelling at our own expense, and should be in Belleisle as soon as the battalion. He said he was quite willing that we should travel as we pleased, but added, that it would be necessary on our arrival at Belleisle, to present ourselves to the Governor and be attached to the regiment which was forming. My companion instantly told him we were content to do as he desired us. (I however had some misgivings on hearing him speak of a regiment, and was apprehensive that we should be regarded not as commissaries but as conscripts.) The General was profuse in his civilities, wishing us a good journey and all manner of prosperity. Leaving him we went to the house of Monsieur N. and on our way I told my companion that we ran some risk of being imposed upon, since on our arrival at Belleisle we might possibly be considered as enlisted. My companion would not believe the general capable of such baseness. On entering the house of Monsieur N. the ladies did not as usual make their appearance; on enquiring after them, we were told that they were gone

to visit a lady of their acquaintance, and did not dine at home ; we then asked for Monsieur N. and were informed that he was expected to dinner every moment. After we had waited half an hour he made his appearance ; but his manner was totally changed, and he looked very serious. We wondered what this could mean ; we could account for the change of behaviour in the ladies, but in Monsieur N. it was both strange and mortifying : he saluted us very coldly. Before we sat down to dinner he gave us three letters of recommendation for America. We thanked him, and proceeded to partake of the soup and the first course, during which not a word passed ; at length I broke silence and said : “ Excuse me, Monsieur N. if I presume too far ; but as we have experienced so many good offices at your hands we have learned to love you as a father, and seeing that you are not in your wonted spirits to-day, we can do no less than enquire the reason. Should we have given you any offence by inadvertently committing some fault, be pleased to let us know it, for be assured if we have done any thing of the kind it has been wholly against our will.” Monsieur N. maintaining his reserve, replied : “ You ought to know that better than I, since you have not behaved well to the ladies ; you must be aware that they avoid your presence.” I answered very seriously : “ It is surprising to me that a man of your experience and knowledge of the world should be disposed to find fault with our conduct in that particular ; you ought rather to commend it, for we are men of honour ; I make no further observation, as I think I have said enough.” Monsieur N. addressing himself to me said : “ I do not speak so much in reference to you, as to your companion, who has gained the affections of the young lady, and has promised her marriage, having even pretended to write home on the subject ; and now,” turning to my companion, “ when the young lady has condescended to bestow her affections upon you ; and on your promises has reposed her hopes of happiness, you leave her, when you might obtain an appointment in Brest ; nay, I would have procured that for you, (as I am satisfied with the respectability of your family,) if it had not been your wish to return home. If, however, you have taken your resolution in order that you might not be separated from your friend, I promise you that ere a month be elapsed he also shall be advantageously provided for.” My companion replied : “ Do you think that I have made such promises ? Do me the favour to tell me,” he added, “ whether it was your lady or her sister who complained of me to you ?” Monsieur N. replied : “ My wife complained to me on behalf of her sister of your unhandsome procedure toward her.” My companion rejoined : “ It grieves me to leave you in hostility against me, after having received so many favours from you and from your lady, but I can assure you on my word of honour that I never promised marriage to your sister-in-law. Monsieur N. was disposed to credit his wife rather than my friend, and was not aware that, in trying to accommodate matters for the sister-in-law he was acting as a mediator for his good lady, to induce me to remain in Brest, which, though he knew it not, would have been highly satisfactory to them both. I laughed within myself on perceiving the shrewdness of the lady in making use of her husband to effect a reconciliation with her lover, while Monsieur N. having the principal actress of the theatre for his *chère amie*, believed all

that his wife told him, without caring for his family. Seeing that our host was wedded to his opinion, we rose when dinner was over, thanked him for all his good offices towards us, begged him to excuse these few little bickerings, and again assured him of our good faith. Monsieur N. coldly saw us to the door, and we took leave of him.

We went home to prepare every thing for our departure, and then procured a conveyance for Quiberon, wishing to travel by short stages. Next morning we witnessed the march of the battalion, which consisted of about five hundred men, many of them wearing the military dress belonging to the regiments they had quitted, and many dressed in plain clothes, some of whom seemed decently clad, while others were in the greatest wretchedness, but all of them thought that by going to America they would make their fortune. Before they began their march the roll was called, and as we stood near enough, we heard the serjeant-major pronounce the names, and among the rest our own, to which we did not answer; he reported to the commandant that we were missing; and that officer replied that we should join at Belleisle. "I do not understand," said I to my companion, "why the general has inserted our names among those of the soldiers." My companion replied that it was because we were not organized, but that at Belleisle we should be properly distinguished. "Heaven grant it may be so!" I answered.

An hour after the march of the battalion, we set out in a carriage drawn by a single horse, and soon passed the men on the road; they looked like a body of prisoners, being all of them unarmed. As we had not chosen to accept billets for the route, we were obliged to take up our quarters at the inns, which we found as bad as possible.

On reaching Quiberon our hearts failed us at the sight of it, the streets were in such a miserable condition. Our conductor took us to an inn where the very appearance of the landlady inspired us with disgust. We enquired of a tolerably well-dressed person if it would be possible to meet with a passage that very day for Belleisle, and he told us that the mail would arrive in half an hour, and we might cross over in the boat that waited to convey it. The conductor took us down to the harbour, put our luggage on board, and advised us to embark, as we must have seen enough of this pleasant town of Quiberon. Ere the half hour had expired we weighed anchor with a favourable wind. In two hours we reached the harbour of Belleisle, which, though small, was in very good order. We saw numbers of inhabitants, whose curiosity brought them to look at the passengers that daily arrived by the mail-boat. The harbour is lined with houses, some whitewashed and others coloured, and we had soon occasion to admire the cleanliness of the islanders, who were all of them very well dressed.

Next day the battalion arrived and was quartered in barracks. I and my companion went to pay a visit to General Vrillar, governor of the island, who received us very kindly; we exhibited to him all our papers, in order that we might be known, being fearful that he might otherwise have taken us for two adventurers. We told him that General Bonté had promised us a passage as commissaries of provisions without requiring us to enlist, and had told us that in America we should be at liberty to leave the regiment. The governor began to

laugh, and looking at the muster-roll which he had received previously to the arrival of the battalion, said: "My children, you are enrolled as soldiers, and I am surprised that you did not come along with the battalion. I cannot consider you otherwise than as conscript soldiers; and as you are enlisted I shall have to oblige you to go and live in the barracks." We stood motionless with astonishment and unable to speak; at length, when he had done, I exclaimed: "Surely, Governor, you must be mistaken! We are free; we never did enlist; and in case you are not willing to grant us this passage, we will go to the next sea-port, and embark at our own expense. We can well afford to pay our passage. General Bonté has deceived us; I hope your Excellency will take our case into consideration. We have authentic documents regarding our condition in life, which will show that we are not persons whom despair has driven to embark for America." The Governor did not resent the warmth with which I spoke, and which made me forget that I was in his presence; on the contrary, he said, in a mild tone: "Calm yourself; I am aware that if what you say be true, you are in a terrible predicament: but what can I possibly do? the roll has been sent to me with your names inscribed, as having enlisted." The Governor, in the same quiet tone, assured us he was extremely sorry that his colleague had deceived us; but we must have patience, and take up our abode at the barracks, assuming the garb of soldiers. I then said very firmly: "You are well aware, Governor, that there is a decree of Louis XVIII. ordering all foreigners to their respective homes; I, therefore, being an Italian, demand that this decree be enforced; and as for my companion, who is a Frenchman, I beg that your excellency will be pleased to write to General Bonté for an explanation. The Governor replied: "At this moment I cannot decide upon the affair; I have many things to attend to; come to me at this time to-morrow."

In the morning we again called on the Governor, who addressed us very kindly; he said: "My friends, it will be impossible for both of you to depart; you, as an Italian, have my permission, conformably to his Majesty's decree, to quit the island; but as for Janet, (my companion,) he, as a Frenchman, must remain and go to the barracks. Meantime, I shall write to General Bonté, at Brest, for an explanation on this affair." My companion hastily exclaimed: "How! am I then to be a soldier? My father paid eight thousand francs in the time of Napoleon, to procure me a substitute; I have repeatedly refused an officer's commission, and now I must be a conscript amidst a herd of rabble, who have enlisted for the purpose of making their escape from France!" The Governor replied: "It is needless for you to say more; I comprehend all that you would express, but if you were the son of a French prince, it would be all the same; I find you on the roll, and I cannot let you go." Seeing that the Governor was a worthy man, but was unwilling to take upon himself an affair which would probably end in nothing, I turned to my companion and said: "Well, I will not leave Belleisle; you will go to the barrack; we shall see each other daily, and in the mean time, I again request that your Excellency will do us the favour to write speedily to Brest, that the truth may be established, and my friend set at liberty." The Governor promised to write as soon as possible; we thanked him for

the interest he manifested in the affair, and came away. My friend took me under his arm, and without exchanging a word, we proceeded to the inn. He called for his trunks, locked them, and delivering the keys to me, said: "I go for a soldier, do not forget your friend, or ever think of abandoning him." I assured him that I would never leave the island without him. He proposed that I should write to Monsieur N. but I represented that this would be only giving him an opportunity to laugh at us, since what had happened was through our own fault, and we had left him in disgust. We decided on writing an indignant letter to General Bonté, which, when finished, we instantly dispatched by the post, and then went to the barracks. My companion proceeded to present himself to the sergeant-major, who inscribed his name in his book, and then consigned him to a sergeant of the first company.

I called frequently on the Governor to enquire if he had any news for me; but his answer was always in the negative. One day when I visited him, he desired me to sit down, and asked me whether, while I was at Brest, I had ever any words with the General. I said, no; my only surmise was respecting the jealousy of the wife of Monsieur N. "Well then," said the General, "that is probably the point, and it was to revenge himself on you for having supplanted him, and for having paid your court to the lady, that he sends no answer to my letters; I assure you that I cannot procure your friend's release, though it really gave me great pain, on inspecting the battalion the other day, to see him under arms. But as I have your situation at heart, and am much attached to your nation, I will confide to you a secret. There will probably be a change of the government very soon; in which case, if no explanation be sent, and you still remain on this island, I shall be unable to let you go, and be obliged to place you on the footing of your companion; therefore I warn you, that it will be better for you to be going now, and wait for him elsewhere. If you still wish to remain here you may; but mind, you are not to complain of me for what may possibly happen." I thanked the Governor for his confidence, but said that I should be better satisfied in being compelled to become a soldier, than in being chargeable with ingratitude towards my friend.

Having become acquainted with some of the people of the town, who are very fond of foreigners, they invited me to several of their parties, in one of which I was introduced to the commandant of the battalion, M. Henault. He was a man about five-and-thirty years of age, and as he spoke a little Italian, he invited me to his house. After three or four visits I told him our story and desired him to have some consideration for my companion, by exempting him from attending drill more than once a day. The commandant, after venting many imprecations on the General, promised me that he would do all that lay in his power, and would immediately give orders for my friend to attend drill only once a day. One morning, having risen earlier than usual, on hearing a noise in the street, I dressed myself in haste, and going to the public square, saw a number of people looking towards the citadel, and on raising my eyes I beheld the tri-coloured flag waving in the wind. Some gentlemen, already apprised of the news, joyfully informed me that Napoleon was returned, and had delivered them from the yoke of the Bour-

bons; "Now," added they, "our isle will once more flourish and be gay." They hurried me almost by force into the coffee-house; but I saw, to my sorrow, that this was the change predicted by the General. An hour after I was sent for by the Governor, who, looking stedfastly on me, said: "Did I not tell you there would be a change of the government? Read that." He put into my hands a letter from General Bonté, in which that officer declared that we were enlisted, and that we were merely private soldiers; that through compassion he had allowed us to travel apart from the battalion, but that we were to be treated as other conscripts, no regard being had to what we might allege. Much surprise was expressed that the governor should have thought the general disposed to give appointments to strangers. The reader may imagine the effect produced on me by this letter; I looked at the Governor without being able to utter a word. He said to me: "If you had gone away all would have been well; but now I must oblige you to serve: I am fully convinced of the truth of what you have told me; but these are critical times, and it is incumbent on me to do as I am ordered." I asked him to allow me a day for the purpose of placing in security all my own luggage and that of my friend. This the Governor granted me, and added: "I apprised you of all this." I bowed and came away without uttering another word. I went to call upon the commandant, and informed him that it was requisite for me to put on regimentals.

Next day, having placed in the care of a merchant all our luggage and money, I put on my worst suit of clothes, knowing, that according to usage it must become the perquisite of the storekeeper, whom I had seen appropriate a new suit belonging to my friend, when he assumed the military garb. I laughed at this officer's disappointment, and going to the barracks, hired a man to polish my arms, and desired the sergeant-major to enter me in the same company with my friend.

As I had been sub-lieutenant in the National Guard at Rome, I had some notion of military duties, and was pretty well skilled in the manual exercise, having made it my particular study at a time of life when what we learn makes a lasting impression on the memory. When the drum beat at two o'clock, I put on my belts, shouldered my musket, and took my station in the ranks like an old soldier. The sergeant-major asked me if I had served, and I told him I had. On going to drill, they made me lay aside the musket, that I might practice the marching step; I performed it like a soldier who had seen ten years of service. The sergeant then ordered me to take up the musket, and put me through the manual exercise, in which I proved myself perfect. I was ordered to prime and load in twelve times—in four times—and at discretion; all this I performed with promptitude, exactness, and activity. While the sergeant was thus examining me the commandant happened to pass by; he stopt on seeing me manœuvre, and when I had done, enquired whether I had served. I replied in the affirmative; and taking from my pocket-book a brevet of Murat, King of Naples, I presented it, saying to him in Italian: "I never told you that I had been a soldier, because I thought it needless; but as I am now in a state to require your protection for the purpose of exempting me from drill, I request that favour if you think me tolerably well trained." The commandant, having read the

brevet, said: "at the very time when you were a sub-lieutenant in the National Guard of Rome, I was in that city, a corporal of the 67th regiment of the line. You see what changes time brings about; I am now a commandant, and you a soldier. As I see that you know the exercise I exempt you from drill, and as I shall make some corporals in a few days, I will promote you to that rank, and am sure that you will do credit to the appointment." The commandant went to inspect the other conscripts who were going through the manœuvres. The sergeant seeing that I knew the exercise as well as himself, allowed me to stand at ease for some time, and talked to me of the kindness of the commandant. When drill was over, we returned to barracks, and the whole corps sat down to a mess of potatoes stewed with beef, which is much liked by the soldiery. To avoid any imputation of pride I partook with them of this fare from the common dish. My companion observing this with more surprise than satisfaction, though he had never tasted such food, fell to, and ate heartily. Having finished our meal, I made my bed, and stretching myself upon it, began to muse on our distressing condition. In the evening the roll was called; and we went early to rest. There was a great cry of silence, and some old soldiers began to tell stories, while others recounted their adventures, which, though mixed up with some shocking circumstances, diverted us by their numerous absurdities, until, through utter weariness, we fell asleep. At daybreak next morning we were called up, which to me was a hardship, as I was not accustomed to early rising. The moment we were dressed and had made the bed, the sergeant of the week ordered out me and my companion to take our turn as swabbers, and bade us sweep out the barrack. Several comrades immediately came and offered to do the work for us, in consideration of a little money; and this offer we accepted, distributing among them ten sous.

In three days' time it was declared, in the order of the day, that I was made corporal. I was recognised as such by my company; of which the veterans were displeased at seeing a conscript promoted, while they remained in the condition of privates. I at first thought that the rank of corporal would be preferable to that of soldier, but I soon found that the duties of it consisted in being the servant of the squad. The garrison in the isle amounted to two thousand men, of whom at least eight hundred had been sent ~~hither~~ for punishment; that is to say, when there were any bad subjects in the various regiments of France, who were irreclaimable by other means, they were sent to Belleisle. The Governor had formed them into a separate regiment, with grey uniforms and red facings. There was also the 67th regiment, consisting of six hundred men; our battalion of five hundred; and a company of artillery. As the governor found that this force was insufficient to man the forty forts that surrounded the isle, he organized a National Guard, which amounted to two thousand men. Our battalion was ordered to the southern coast for the purpose of garrisoning the forts in that quarter. I was much grieved at leaving the little town of Palès, (for so it is called,) to go and dwell among the rocks. Melancholy took possession of our minds; we had no longer the solace we enjoyed while living in the town, where every evening, after the roll-call, I and my companion had the commandant's permission to go out and amuse ourselves at billiards in some coffee-

house or other. We were stationed in divisions of thirty in a fort; and it was my duty to go to the town twice or thrice a week to purchase necessities for the squadron, taking two or three men with me to carry the provisions to quarters. The fort we occupied was seven miles distant from the city; and on returning at night, we had to put on our belts, take our muskets, and go every two hours from fort to fort, from continual apprehension lest the English cruizers, which were daily seen hovering near the coast, should effect a landing. They frequently came within cannon shot, when we opened a fire upon them, which they promptly returned. I now began to feel the real hardship of a soldier's life; and particularly in this kind of service, where there was no chance of obtaining promotion by distinguishing ourselves in open combat. I cursed the commandant, who in making me a corporal, had obliged me to toil day and night. In my squad there were two Parisians, who were discontented also at finding themselves soldiers without any hope, either of going to America, or of gaining advancement.

One day when I had to go and purchase provisions in the town, I ordered out with me my companion and the two Parisians. Meditating on our condition as we went along, we began to think of some remedy for it. We sat down in the midst of the plain to deliberate, and were not long in concluding that there was no expedient but desertion. "But how is that possible," said my companion, "as we are on an island distant one-and-twenty miles from the Continent?" I replied: "We may seize a fishing-boat in the night-time and get away; we will take care to make our escape in calm weather, and then we may easily row to the main land, or get on board the English ships which are not far distant. If they make us prisoners, we will enter into their service, and go to India. Anything will be better than leading this dismal life. We shall probably meet with some kind English commander, who, on reading our papers, will interest himself in our situation, and put us on shore on the Continent. Animated with these thoughts, we determined to risk our lives in the attempt, and lend each other every possible assistance in case of need. Having lost much time in this discussion, we rose up and resumed our march with redoubled speed. On arriving at the city, the first thing I and my companion did was to go to the house where we had deposited our trunks, and having taken out of them what money we possessed, we locked and sealed them; took a receipt for them from the person in whose custody they were left, and told him to deliver them to no one without a written order from us. We then went to make our purchases for the squad; and returned to our fort. In our way thither, we surveyed the isle to ascertain the most favourable point for our flight. We determined that, next day, on pretence of going to see a friend on the other side of the isle, I and my friend should go and fix on the precise spot. Having consequently asked permission of the serjeant, we set out early in the morning. It gave me much pleasure to make this tour of the island. We were delighted with the view of its beautiful and well-cultivated plains, which, had it not been for the scarcity of trees, would have presented a variety of rich landscapes; but the absence of wood was compensated by the frequency of neat houses, with their alleys kept in the most elegant order, and by the appearance of the peasantry, all respectably dressed in the same costume, consisting of

a blue jacket and pantaloons. They spoke Breton, but they were all acquainted with the French language. Several of them in the course of our tour, offered us milk, for which they would receive no payment. We had nearly finished our perambulation without having found a spot favourable for our purpose; all the little creeks where there were fishing-boats being guarded by forts, of which the sentinels had orders from the Governor to challenge every fisherman they saw, and if they came not on being called, to fire upon them. At length we reached a retreat, in which were four fishing-boats wholly unguarded; the fort was situated a little in the rear, so that if the centinel walked to the distance of five-and-twenty paces he was out of sight. When we passed by this spot, he was not visible, and we thought that by favour of the darkness, we might hence make our escape, without being seen. Having fixed upon the bark which we would take, we went to examine if it was provided with oars, thinking, totally unused as we were to a seafaring life, that this was all that was necessary. Returning to our fort by a contrary way, that we might complete our circuit of the island, we passed through several clean-looking villages, and occasionally refreshed ourselves at the inns on the road. We inquired the circumference of the island, and were informed that it was one-and-twenty miles. The two Parisians having seen us afar off, were impatient to hear the report of our journey. After informing them of all that we had seen, it was determined that as this very evening would be favourable, the sea being calm, and the weather rather cloudy, the attempt should be made. On the pretext of taking a walk among the rocks to view the sea-forts, according to custom, we went forth, and having proceeded to some distance from the fort, we quickened our pace, and hastened to the spot where the bark lay. At nightfall, by good fortune, the centinel was not to be seen. We descended the rocks, took up a small anchor that lay there, and began to push off the boat. As she lay high and dry, we had much trouble in getting her afloat, but in about an hour, with a great deal of effort, we got her clear out of the mud, and wet as we were, we jumped in and began to pull away, though we were none of us skilled in rowing. At this moment, the centinel walking forth, saw the boat leave the shore; and, it not being so dark as we had expected he perceived that we were soldiers by our caps. He called to us; we gave no answer, but kept rowing desperately, though, as we could not pull together, we made but little way. The centinel having called a second time, we answered we were fishermen, and had an order from the Governor. Then, perceiving that we were getting away, he concluded that we were soldiers going to desert, (as fishermen would have brought to, on being called,) he descended to the beach and fired a shot at us, which wounded one of the Parisians in the arm, though but slightly, as it was a spent ball. Not dismayed at this, we kept on rowing, and as we could now time our oars a little better, we passed under other forts, whence we were hailed with the question, "*Qui vive?*" We answered: "fishermen," and fortunately passed the forts, and got out to sea, though without knowing in what direction to steer, either for the English cruizers or for the main land, as it was now dark. We endeavoured to keep out to sea, and from the island, as much as possible. The centinel meantime made his report to the sergeant. The sergeant sent a message to the governor in the town, who ordered seven

or eight boats to go in chase of the fugitives. The weather, instead of becoming cloudy, cleared up, and the moon being at full, now shone forth clearly to frustrate our enterprise. A fresh contrary wind also sprung up, and it was with much trouble that we could make any way. Our companion, though not severely hurt, lost a great deal of blood, and began to feel much pain from his exertions; yet, though we saw every thing conspire against us, we failed not at heart, but redoubled our efforts, and having brought with us two bottles of brandy, began to drink, and pull away with renewed vigour. We heard a noise of voices behind us, but on turning could see nothing; the noise, however, grew louder, and we were not long in discovering that we were closely pursued. In fact, ten minutes afterwards, we beheld eight boats in chase of us, and heard the cry of "Bring to, or you are dead men." Seeing that we could make no resistance, unarmed as we were, (and indeed, had it been otherwise, we were too few in number, and at the same time too much fatigued to fight at such disadvantage,) we rested on our oars; two sailors came on board, and made us each get into a separate boat, where we were all bound, and taken back to the town of Belleisle. As soon as the boats were put about, I enquired what distance we had got from the island. They told me eight miles, and added, that we were going directly toward the English ships.

As the wind was favourable, and we carried sail, we reached the fort in a few minutes, and were taken to the citadel, where we were all four placed in a strong room, which was a wretched damp apartment, extremely distressing to men drenched to the skin as we were. We were considered as spies and deserters, who wished to join the enemy, and looked upon as doomed to certain death. We threw ourselves upon some boards, and consulted on the means of going through our examination. At daylight in the morning, we perceived that we were in a kind of vault, which admitted only a few rays through a hole fenced with grating, that opened into an outer subterraneous apartment, better lighted than this. An hour afterwards, we heard them open the door by removing seven or eight large chains; and immediately the provost-martial presented himself, and said to us, in a rough voice: "At one o'clock you are to be examined; and after that, I think General Roland will wish to speak with you, (this was our general of brigade, a man seventy years of age,) therefore you must put on your best clothes." I begged he would do us the favour to send some soldiers to the fort to bring our knapsacks, and promised to be dressed very speedily.

(To be Continued.)

DIARY OF "A CONSTANT READER,"

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

December 1st.—We are beyond all dispute the most moral people in the known world, but our pepper is very bad. It appears from a trial (the King v. Sadler and Firth) in the Morning Chronicle of this day, that it is a regular trade to supply grocers with a composition of chilis, ground ginger, linseed-cake, mustard-cake, and lamp-black, which mess is mixed with the genuine pepper, according to the evidence

of an honest tradesman, in such proportion as "*conscience dictates*."* The conscience of the defendants in this case had dictated ninety-six pounds of the rubbish to four pounds of pepper. No wonder that our devils are not as hot as they used to be, when Conscience makes the pepper.

— Some one writes in America that Kean has been driven from England "because he is an ardent and intemperate opposer of the government—he does not love monarchy, he does not admire a church establishment." Poor Kean! We knew here that he was intemperate in his drink, not in his opposition; and that his spirits were ardent, not his politics; his love of Mrs. Cox was also supposed to have more to do with his disgrace than his no love of monarchy.

— Bad news of the conflagration at Miramichi. The new world will be burnt down, and liberty is not insured.

— The Gwennappe Mining Company have had a meeting. A Mr. Cook who has acquired a sort of fame at the expense of Lord Nugent, said many remarkable things. He set out by declaring that if he possessed the eloquence of Cicero, the force of a Curran, or the poetical and beautiful style of a Phillips (!) they would not avail him on this occasion; which was, I think, a modest and appropriate exordium. He read extracts from several letters which had, he said, been sent to him confidentially, from which it appeared that the mines for which he was in treaty were an excellent bargain—that great advantages were to be derived from them—and that, above all, the writer of one of the most important letters *described himself* as a man of the "strictest honour," and could *therefore* be implicitly relied upon. Shortly afterwards a considerable squabble arose, one of the directors of this mining association being roundly accused of a bad debt of 11*l.*; much was said about these eleven pounds, and Mr. Cook observed, with infinite dignity, "When once I find any man with whom I have acted, guilty of a dishonourable act, from that moment I quit his society, be he who he *will*." Speaking of the mining affairs, he said, with commendable caution: "I can't say how soon a lode or a vein may be discovered, but I think we shall have a dividend within the time stated in the prospectus." I think so too. Lodes and veins are not necessary to a dividend.

2*d.*—There is abroad a Royal bon-mot, which, strange to say, has not found its way into the newspapers. The King, on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, observed: "I won't say that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life*."

3*d.*—The statement of Augustus Stanhope, against whom the Marquis of Hertford lately exhibited articles of the peace, is in the Chronicle of this day. This is rather a curious affair, as it shows the

* Thomas Wilkinson called in and examined by Mr. Clarke: "I am a grocer living in Tottenham Court Road; I know the defendants, they are mustard manufacturers in Guildford-street, in the Borough; Mr. Firth and his brother came about for orders, and to them I have given orders; I was called on to give an order for *imitative* pepper about fourteen months ago, by the brother of one of the partners; it was called "*thirds*;" I gave him an order, which was executed; and he gave me instructions how to use it; a quantity was to be ground with the genuine pepper; it was to be as conscience dictated."

recommendations, under the best of systems, for places of honour and emolument. Augustus Stanhope won money of Lord Beauchamp some ten years ago at Paris. Lord Beauchamp's papa, then Lord Yarmouth, contended that the money was not fairly won. Augustus Stanhope, who was in the 12th Light Dragoons, was consequently brought to a Court-martial and broke. Being thus thrown out of his profession, and having nothing else to do, Augustus Stanhope pokes sticks at the Marquis of Hertford, and thereupon Sir Richard Birnie interferes, and becomes a mediator between the parties. Mr. Stanhope proposes as the terms of peace, that the Marquis shall effect his restoration to his rank in the army; the Marquis, according to Sir Richard Birnie, declares that this is impossible, but mentions a consulship as an eligible appointment, and the consulship not being relished by Mr. Stanhope, Sir Richard Birnie (whether authorised or not to do so does not appear) afterwards suggests a place in the Stamp-office of 800*l.* a year. Assuming that Mr. Stanhope was justly dismissed his Majesty's service for the offence imputed to him, it is somewhat curious that it should have been proposed to give him a consulship or to put him into a place in the Stamp-office. He got nothing eventually, it is true, but the negotiation shows how light is made of the public service by those who, by virtue of influence, have the command of appointments. Assuming the statement to be, as I think it is, correct, the Marquis certainly appears in a dilemma! His charge against Mr. Stanhope in 1815 was, in his belief, at the period of this treaty through Sir R. B., either founded or unfounded; if founded, Mr. Stanhope could not, in his opinion, be a fit person for any public office; if unfounded, he ought to have felt that he owed Mr. Stanhope not only compensation for what he had lost, but a public exculpation. If he was right in proposing to use his influence to procure for Mr. Stanhope an appointment, he must have been wrong in not avowing his persuasion that he was innocent of the charge which he formerly urged against him.

5th.—Miss Kelly has been prevailed upon to play Lady Teazle; a part for which, clever as she is, she is not particularly well qualified either by nature or art. The newspaper-critics, who, for some reason best known to themselves, have all conspired to puff Mrs. Davison, were outrageous at her being supplanted in this character by Miss Kelly, and talk, God help them! of her superior *elegance* and *fashion*! It appears, however, from two letters from Miss Kelly to the stage-manager of Drury-lane, published to-day, that Mrs. Davison had given up the part, as well she might, seeing that she was even less fit for it than Miss Kelly, and it also appears that Miss Kelly undertook it with reluctance. The way in which Mrs. Davison's pretensions are spoken of in the tasty newspapers is perfectly ridiculous—Moll Flagon is much more in her style of elegance and fashion than Lady Teazle.

— There is to-day a letter from Sir Richard Birnie to the editor of the *Chronicle*, stating that his overtures to Mr. Stanhope were not authorised by Lord Hertford! It would seem, from Sir Richard's representation, that he voluntarily, and of his own motion, entered on the negotiation with Mr. Stanhope solely from an amiable desire to restore to society a young man of rank who has been suffering for nine years. How very obliging! If Sir Richard Birnie is addicted to this sort of benevolence I can point out to him plenty of subjects for it.

The truth is, that this worthy Magistrate is by far too fond of recommending himself to persons of quality. He is a very good magistrate, chargeable only with too busy a zeal for rank.

It is true, that when applied to as a magistrate to afford Lord Hertford protection against insults likely to lead to a breach of the peace, I was desirous, for the sake of Mr. Stanhope himself, and out of respect to his venerable father, to find some mode of arranging the differences, without having recourse to legal proceedings. But I beg to state, that this was my own idea, not in any way authorized by Lord H. When I took upon myself to submit Mr. Stanhope's propositions to the Marquis, his Lordship positively declined acceding to them. At length, on my repeated endeavours to do Mr. Stanhope some service, Lord Hertford said, that if he was satisfactorily secured from future outrage, he would interpose no difficulty to any efforts which Mr. Stanhope's own family might make in his behalf.

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That I *voluntarily* undertook to mediate between the two persons of rank is true; that the mediation did not succeed, I lament. I could have no motive, beyond the preservation of the peace, and a desire to restore to society a young man of rank, who had been suffering for nine years.

In conclusion, allow me to say, that as *my public duty occupies the whole of my time*, I have no leisure to devote to newspaper discussion; I shall not, therefore, notice any thing that may hereafter appear on this unpleasant subject, but shall leave the public to decide on the facts already before them.

When Sir Richard says, that his public duties occupy the whole of his time, I suppose he means the whole of his time excepting that portion of it occupied in mediating between persons of rank, and restoring young men of good families to society.

6th.—A Mr. Leyne has called upon O'Connel for satisfaction, which being refused, Mr. Leyne has called O'Connel some disagreeable names. The Irish papers having detailed the affair, say: "It is stated that Mr. Maurice *and* Mr. Morgan O'Connel were waiting at the corner of Nassau-street, to meet Mr. Leyne, in order to inflict chastisement on him." It is somewhat singular, that men who pique themselves immeasurably on their gallantry, as Irishmen do, should resort to *way-laying* and attacking their enemy with superior numbers. An Irishman, it is remarked by one of themselves, never meets his foe single-handed, and on equal terms, if he can possibly avoid it; he raises a mob to assault him, or if he cannot do that he resorts to some weapon and ambush, which give him a decided and secure advantage. I thought, however, that this sort of practice had been confined to the low Irish. The story of the young O'Connells may be true or false, but, true or false, it is obviously given by the Irish papers without any perception of any thing exceptionable in the imputed proceeding.

7th.—Bull, from "The Ballina Impartial"—Saturday night week, a party of Roekites attacked the house of a man named Clark, in the parish of Screan, and after gaining admittance, laid hold of the unfortunate man, *and did not leave a single hair on his head that they did not pluck out.*"

8th.—Went to the Adelphi, the only theatre to which any body now goes. Saw the Pilot, which is extremely well played. Reeves makes an amusing caricature of an American *Brave*; Terry is a picture of a Pilot; Cook, the beau ideal of a hornpipe-dancing, pig-tailed tar, (Tom, *not* Sir Isaac, Coffin); and Yates looks quite at home in the uniform of a post-captain. The piece is taken from the American novel of the name, with this slight alteration, that the dramatiser has turned the tables on the American author, by laying the scene on the

coast of America instead of on the coast of England, by changing the gallant American frigate into an infinitely more gallant English one, and by reversing all the characters, so that the Britishers are the heroes, and the Yankees the *Pékins*. In the novel, the English officer, Captain Borroughcliff, is absurd but bold; his counterpart in the drama is an American officer, who is not only as ridiculous as Reeves and Yankee Lingo can make him, but also a consummate coward. This is rather too bad. We laugh at the fanfaronade of the French, but never in my life did I see fanfaronade approaching in extravagance to the fanfaronade of this piece, and every burst of vapour was received by the audience with shouts of applause. In one scene, the English captain, who has been taken prisoner and condemned as a spy, is on the point of being shot on board an American frigate, when the pig-tailed British tar, Tom Coffin, jumps suddenly on deck and swaggers about, alternately bullying and begging for the captain's life; just as the Americans are plucking up resolution to put Coffin out of the way, and so to have a clear shot at the British captain, the alarm is given that the English are alongside, and in the twinkling of an eye the British boarders are swarming over the bulwarks; in the midst of the fire and smoke, the two heroines, in elegant morning dresses, appear among the boarders, (they were parlour-boarders, I guess,) are gallantly handed up the side, and arrive on deck just in time to see the victory of the English. All this shows what a miserable look-out is kept on board of American frigates, and how easily a man may take them if he does but come alongside them, like a thief in the night, or a friendly bum-boat in the day, without making a row. In the novel there is a very fine nautical description of a frigate caught in a gale on a lee-shore. In the drama they have attempted this scene, and have made a better sea, a better vessel, and a better storm, than I ever before saw at a theatre, but still it is a bungling business. The stage is very judiciously darkened, and when the curtain draws you see a schooner (not a frigate) lying, rocking like a rocking-horse, in the trough of a poppling sea, such as you would comfortably ride out in a cockle-shell. However, the schooner's people are in a desperate taking, never before having seen a sea running mole-hills high, and being on a lee-shore, and they bawl and halloo like new ones. You are to understand that this schooner is clawing off the shore, and consequently she should be close hauled under as much canvass as she can carry with safety to her masts, but will you believe that she has not a bit of sail of any sort on her mainmast? nothing but head-sail set! And then they wonder that she pitches her head away, and does not carry a weather-helm! At last the brilliant thought strikes them, that it would be a devilish clever thing to set the main-sail, and after a deal of hallooing, up it goes, the *whole* sail, and out it blows loose, like a flag; for, observe, that though the word is passed to haul aft the main-sheet, they never do haul aft the main-sheet, but on the contrary, they claw off the shore with a main-sail set for going right before the wind. But no matter, all's well that ends well. Suddenly they fall a cheering and bawling like mad because the danger's all over, and the point weathered. They must have had a deuced good weather-tide setting under their lee-bow, or they never would have got to windward the way they set about it. But Terry is a young

pilot, and Yates has only been a few weeks made ; after a few voyages they will learn to sheet home and get their vessel into tidier trim for weathering a lee shore.

The theatre was crammed, and in the private boxes I observed more people of fashion than I have seen at Covent-garden in a whole season. The Adelphi is now the *National Theatre*, vice Covent-garden the *Show*.

9th.—Newspaper notion of wit.—“At the contest for Westminster, between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandepuut, in 1749, a gentleman being beset on both sides his coach, by the opposite mobs, crying out for the opposite candidate, called out ‘G—d d—n them both.’” Where the deuce is the joke?

10th.—It is perfectly astonishing how much I have read during the last month about the forthcoming novel called *Granby*. Certainly Colburn spares no expense to let the public know when he is about to be delivered of “a work of real importance” at his house, No. 8, Old Burlington Street. As the period of publication draws near, the paragraphs grow terser, and simply describe the public curiosity as wound up to an agonizing pitch. To day I read, for the fiftieth time, that “Public curiosity is much excited in regard to the author of the forthcoming novel called ‘*Granby*,’ which is to make its appearance on Tuesday next.” Colburn, in the daily and weekly prints, *passim*.

— There is this day an account of Kean’s reception in New York. The event has been just what was expected by every body that knew any thing about the Americans; they have proved themselves even more moral and polite than we are. As became natives of a land of liberty, they refused to hear any thing the offender had to say, and like a gallant people they pelted him bravely with oranges and apples. Mobs are every where pretty much alike; whether at London, Paris, or New York, the monster is much the same. At Paris, the self-declared most gallant men in the world, shyed sous-pieces at actresses, only because they were English. In Kean’s case, the mob at New York have gone beyond the canters of London; they would not be behind the Britishers in virtue and civilization. The poor man published, it seems, a pitiably submissive letter in a newspaper, but it would not avail him.

11th.—The papers are now teeming with anecdotes (most of them very stale) of the great men of Sheridan’s day. I have heard one of Burke, which I have never seen in print. The irritability of Burke is well known, and was strongly exemplified on many occasions in the course of Hastings’s impeachment, in his conduct, not only towards his opponents, but also towards his colleagues. On one occasion, Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor had nearly fallen a victim to this infirmity. Burke had put a question, the only one, it is said, which he had ever put that was unexceptionable, both in substance and in form; Mr. Law, (the late Lord Ellenborough,) one of Hastings’s Counsel, objected to it, and was stating the grounds of his objection, when, perceiving Mr. M. A. Taylor entering the manager’s box, he congratulated the House that the candour and legal experience of the learned Manager, (meaning Mr. M. A. Taylor,) would at once induce him to admit that such a question could not be put consistently with those rules of evidence with which his learned friend was so eminently con-

versant. Upon which, M. A. Taylor, (who had never before been so respectfully referred to as an authority, and who was worked upon like the crow in the fable complimented on her singing,) coming forward, requested the learned Counsel to restate the question, which Mr. Law having done, Mr. T. instantly observed, that it was impossible to contend that it was admissible. On this, Mr. Burke, forgetting every thing but his question, seized M. A. Taylor by the collar, exclaiming: "You little villain! Put him in irons, put him in irons," dragged him down, and had almost succeeded in throttling him, when Mr. Fox came in to his rescue. The scene is by no one more pleasantly described than by Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor himself.

— There is a fine image of Sheridan's, which I have heard but never seen in print: it should not be lost. Describing the effect produced by the march of Hastings from Oude to Bonazes, he said: "Terror in his front, rebellion in his rear; for wherever the heel of oppression was raised, trodden misery sprung up and looked about for vengeance." This has escaped the reporter of the speech.

12th.—It must cost Mrs. Coutts an immense sum of money to give the world an idea of her motions. One cannot take up a newspaper without seeing where Mrs. Coutts is; it is the only point on which all the journals are always perfectly well informed. I wish the Duke of St. Albans, or the Duke of Somebody, would marry her, if only to give us newspaper readers the relief of a change of name; it will be something gained to be no longer wearied with the eternal word *Coutts*, which haunts the columns of all the prints. To-day I have the happiness to see that—"Mrs. Coutts is expected to arrive at Byam House this day, Saturday."—*Brighton Herald*. To-morrow I shall see that "Mrs. Coutts has arrived at Byam House, Brighton." Next day, I shall be blessed with the news that "Mrs. Coutts is enlivening the social circles of Brighton with her presence." And the day after, my happiness will be carried a step further, by the glad tidings that, "Yesterday Mrs. Coutts took an airing on the Patcham Road." Certainly it cannot be said of the rich widow, as of Dame Quickly, that "No one knows where to have her."

13th.—It is a melancholy thing for the readers of newspapers, that the writers of them will insist on showing their acquirements on all occasions. In an account of a little piece at the Adelphi, called *Success*, (a quiz on the press,) the New Times represents "The Observer and Thespian Sentinel, as trying a close bout of manual espionage." "A close bout of manual espionage!" What in the name of refinement does the accomplished critic mean? Lady Morgan, in her happiest moments of French, never surpassed this malapropism.

14th.—"It was expected that Mrs. Coutts would have been at Byam House on Saturday, but a *notification* [how Royal!] was received that she had postponed her journey till Monday."—New Times.

— There is no subject so melancholy that the newspapers cannot relieve it with a touch of the ridiculous; that is to say, if they set *seriously* about the matter. I observe to-day, in a morning paper, this paragraph:

The late illustrious Duchess of Rutland, whose premature decease so many are yet deploring, took, as is well known, great delight in the superintendence of a considerable farm at her Lord's fine seat of Belvoir Castle, and in the selecting and feeding

thereon of domestic animals of the most improved kind, some of which she has annually sent up for exhibition in the Smithfield Club's Annual Shows, in Goswell-street, and there obtained several Prizes of Plates (of which Institution she was the Patroness.) A cow and three sheep were in progress of fattening at Belvoir, for the Show, which commences on Friday next; and it was a particular request of her Grace, in her short and fatal illness, that these animals should be sent up to the Club's Show, as a last testimony of her regard for this very useful Institution; and, as such, *these fine animals cannot fail, we think, of attracting a sympathizing attention.*

The mere anecdote is very creditable to the late Duchess, but the sentimental thought that the fine animals, the prize cow, and three fat sheep, would attract a *sympathizing attention*, is of irresistible absurdity. Had the fat sheep been made mutton of, this same scribe would doubtless have talked of their exciting *sympathizing* appetites, and attracting *sympathizing* carving-knives.

— Came home very melancholy from Drury Lane, where I had the misfortune to see Mr. Harley play Little Acres in the Rivals. The million like this performer, and say that he is droll. I cannot discover a single merit in him; there seems to me to be nothing but flippancy and a sort of grimace, which ought properly to appear through a horse-collar. The after-piece was the Wager, a sad dull thing, with one practical joke, a man in a box. It has made me *very* sleepy, the pleasantest consequence of play-going.

15th.—The Morning Chronicle is never weary of writing about Matilda. There is a paragraph about Matilda regularly every day. To-day it says, "The 'Tale of Matilda,' lately published by a Noble Lord, excites redoubled interest, since it is suspected to derive its origin from a real occurrence in fashionable life."

— A Doctor Carnagie has written a letter about Wimborne school, in which this passage appears: "The publication of the Lord Chancellor's letter to Mr. Mayo, and that gentleman's reply, I can confidently assert, was made without the consent or knowledge of Mr. Mayo, from a copy sent to his relations at Bath, with a view to their private gratification, but *without the most distant idea of being made public.*" The Doctor must himself have been brought up at a *free* grammar-school I should imagine, for very free he makes with grammar. The copy was sent without the most distant idea of being made public! Bravo Doctor!

16th.—"The object of Mr. Campbell's late hasty visit to the Continent, we understand, was to make some researches connected with his poetical studies, which, having accomplished, it is his intention immediately to resume his Essays on Poetry in the New Monthly Magazine." Colburn in *The New Times*.

I always thought Campbell's ideas on poetry very far-fetched.

17th.—There is a story abroad about a wealthy Jew, which, if true, is of a rare roguery, and far surpasses any stroke of "Greatness" in the History of Mr. Jonathan Wild. It is said that when the embarrassments in the city first commenced, this Jew paid into a great banking-house 300,000*l.*; this was a large sum, but the circumstance was not considered as any thing very extraordinary. Two or three days afterwards, however, another sum of 700,000*l.* was paid in; this excited surprise and suspicion, and one of the firm went to a friend, a Bank Director, and consulted him about the affair; the Director told him, that he thought it had a strange look, and advised

him to keep the money by him untouched for a few days, and to see how it would be drawn out. This the house did; and two days after, at half-past four, the Jew's cheque came in for a million, and was paid, partly with the very notes that had been deposited. It is supposed that the Jew calculated on the bankers' not having that sum by them, and that at that late hour there would not be time for them to procure it, in which case he might have gone all over the city, giving out that the house had returned his cheque. This news would have gone forth with the post, and would have spread confusion all over the country. I write down the anecdote as I heard it; what degree of truth there may be in it, I cannot pretend to say.

19th.—A morning paper states, that the story of the Jew is utterly false.

— “The Tale of ‘Matilda,’ lately published, and attributed to a Noble Lord, excites redoubled interest, since it is suspected to derive its origin from a real occurrence in fashionable life.” Colburn in *The New Times*. I am sure I have seen this before, or something very much like it.

— Under the head of “The Mirror of Fashion,” *The Morning Chronicle* informs us, that *a delicacy* for the breakfast-table, *denominated* (how fine!) potted shrimps, is prepared at Calais, by the father of the player, Mr. Penley, of Drury Lane!

— Waded through the first volume of “Granby;” it is tedious, drowsy nonsense, full of pretension to fashion, but in fact extremely vulgar. Colburn insists in his critiques on this trumpery book, that the Author has had access to the drawing-rooms of the great; if so, it must have been in the capacity of a livery-servant. He may certainly have moved in the first circles, but it must have been with a salver in his hand.

20th.—Heard an anecdote of a singular piece of roguery, which far surpasses in ingenuity, any stroke of knavery of the present prolific day: Some years ago, a city banker (a Quaker!) died, leaving a will, in which he bequeathed very large sums to his relations and friends; twenty thousand pounds to one, ten thousand to another, thirty thousand to a connexion, and so forth, the whole legacies amounting to a vast sum, (half a million it is said); but they were left under this condition, that they were not to be paid to the parties till after a lapse of ten years from the death of the testator; and during this time the money was to remain part of the capital of the firm. This seemed a commercial whim, no more. At the expiration of the ten years the legacies were applied for, and it was discovered that not one sixpence of them was forthcoming, or ever had had any existence except in the imaginative will of the deceased banker. His sole object was to give credit to the firm, and this he completely accomplished, for every body took it for granted that the immense property willed away was, during the ten years, making a part of the capital of the firm, and a high idea was formed of the stability of a house so strengthened. The fraud answered completely. Considering all the circumstances, this posthumous piece of knavery seems to me unparalleled. Posthumous rogueries for the advantage of children, or near relatives, are not rare, but a posthumous roguery for the benefit of a firm has an air of disain-

terested knavery about it. But, however, it is very possible that a trader may take to heart the prosperity of a firm, as much as a father does that of a beloved child.

— They say that at the memorable meeting of the Arigna Mining Company, the shareholders were perfectly over-awed by the formidable mustachioes of one of the orators, Sir William Congreve. This should be added to the examples of the virtues of mustachioes mentioned by Montesquieu in his *Persian Letters*. “As for the mustachio,” say he, “it is respectable of itself; and independently of consequences, the wearers fail not sometimes to derive from it great advantages for the service, for the prince, and the honour of the nation, as was made to appear by a famous Portuguese general in the Indies, Jean de Castro; for, finding himself in want of money, he cut off one of his mustachioes, and sent it to the inhabitants of Goa, demanding of them twenty thousand pistoles on this pledge; they lent it to him instantly, and in the end he redeemed his mustachio with honour.” Sir William Congreve’s mustachioes certainly over-awed the shareholders, and so the Arigna Mining Company may be said to have derived great advantages and honour from them; indeed, by virtue of them, the transaction of buying mines at 10,000*l.* and charging them to the Company at 25,000*l.* was voted honourable; but I should like to know whether these mustachioes, which have done so much, would do all that was done by Jean de Castro’s. For the honour of Old England, I trust that a British mustachio will not be outdone by a Portuguese. Suppose then, Sir William Congreve were to cut off one of his mustachioes, and to send it, not to Goa, but, I will say, to his own Equitable Loan Company, what would his would-be pawnbrokers lend on such a pledge?

— Received a canvassing letter from Mr. Goulburn, who wishes to be elected member for Cambridge. He recommends himself by saying that he has, for seventeen years, in Parliament, maintained the established institutions of the country. Goulburn has maintained the established institutions of the country just as a jackdaw, perched on the weather-cock, maintains a steeple. He has been chattering at the top of them for the time he mentions.

— Last night I put down in my journal what I thought of *Granby*: to-day I see in a Morning Paper this paragraph—“The *admirable* novel of *Granby*, just published, *we* understand, is the first production of a young man of high fashion, and of a noble family. It belongs to the same class as *Tremaine* and *Matilda*, [this is killing three birds with one stone,] the scenes of it being laid in the highest circles of fashionable society in the present day.” Joking apart, in sober earnestness, I cannot understand how a paper of character can condescend to lend itself to this sort of imposition on unsuspecting readers. If quack publishers send quack advertisements let them be published with the other quackeries in the advertisement pages of the journal; and for the love of honesty and fair dealing with “Constant Readers,” do not adopt them, and lend them the credit of editorial paragraphs—a credit which a perseverance in this system will utterly destroy; for newspapers which deal in this traffic are, in fact, selling their characters inch by inch; readers, who have found themselves deceived repeatedly, will learn to

suspect every thing, without distinction, that appears; and when their confidence, the thing practised on, is gone, the quack advertiser will carry his half-guineas elsewhere.

— A Meeting of the Shareholders of the London University.—A gentleman observed, that when the Committee undertook to recommend a certain number of individuals as fit persons to form the council, they should have nominated forty-eight instead of twenty-four; on which Mr. Thomas Campbell remarked, that *he* had strained a point in undertaking to recommend twenty-four. *He* recommended twenty-four, and among those twenty-four stands his own name; it is therefore clear that he recommended himself, and he was right in doing so, for nobody else would have recommended him. For the sake of the credit of the project, however, I regret this circumstance. Mr. Thomas Campbell has certainly done his best, in every way, to make the thing ridiculous.

22d. The Morning Post gives a true and particular account of the strangling of the Emperor Alexander. According to this polite Journalist, the Autocrat was cut off by means of a “fashionable movement,” as it were. The Post, which is omnipresent at parties, galas, balls, and fêtes, witnessed the whole affair, and reports the barbarous murder with equal eloquence and circumstantiality. The account of the embarkation for the fatal water-party (what a title for a Romance!) is given with as much particularity as the history of any entertainment in Grosvenor-square; and I fully expected to see that the confectionary was supplied by Gunter, and that Gow’s band enlivened the company with some appropriate and animated strains. The New Times wags—ishly observes, that the mention of *the succession of fêtes* in the annexed story, smells strongly of the shop, but I think this remark invidious. It is the especial province of the Post to take cognizance of all the routs in the known world; and when an Emperor falls on a water-party, the Post must necessarily be best informed concerning the *arrangements* of the fashionable traitors——

“ On his (the Emperor’s) return from the steppes of the Crimea, and before he quitted Taganrog, *a succession of fêtes* was given. In one of these a water party was formed on the sea of Azof, *which bathes the walls of the town*. The conspirators contrived that the Imperial boat should be manned entirely by themselves and their friends. The confident Monarch embarked before a gazing population, and the boat rode gaily, *with the shouts of thousands from the shore to swell its sails*, and to cheer its return. But when they sailed, and she was solitary on the waters—when no eye [save the Post’s] could see, and no ear [save the Post’s] could hear—with a struggle, or in calm despair, ‘midst the curses of unmasking foes, or in deep silence, a mental voice alone thundering ‘Retribution!’ the Autocrat of half a world was strangled!’ Gemini!! For a historian commend me to the Morning Post. No Royal excursion on the Virginia Waters was ever described more circumstantially than the above fatal aquatic; and no scene in Tacitus is more boldly and vividly painted. There is a noble breadth in the latitude which the historian allows himself, in the fine passage, “with a struggle, or in calm despair—‘midst the curses of unmasking foes, or in deep silence!”

ON DILETTANTE PHYSIC.

THIS is an age of universal illumination, as all the world knows; and if it were not, to what purpose have we the Quarterly Review, and the Edinburgh Review, and the Westminster Review, and the Critical Review, besides the New Edinburgh, which is dead and gone, and the Universal, which is gone to keep it company, and all the other reviews, and all the magazines, annual, quarterly, monthly, and weekly—all, all the weekly gazettes, and all the daily papers, besides that most elegant, exquisite, and luminously critical journal, the Literary Gazette?

Why, we are absolutely suffocated with knowledge; and therefore the age knows every thing, and every body is learned, and antiquity was a jest to us, and we are dying of literary, scientific, and philosophical repletion and stuffing. As to what will happen when the Mechanics' Society shall comprise every turner of a pin's head; when the Tailors' Society is organized; when every body shall be able to dance upon a rope; when the New London University shall have swallowed up Oxford and Cambridge; when Chrestomathia shall be as common and cheap as cucumbers in August, it passes our prognosticability. Nothing else but the Millenium can possibly relieve us.

The advantages are vast, endless, overwhelming, inappreciable, inexplicable; they never will nor can be conceived or foretold. The gods will be nothing to us: we shall command the seasons, like the philosopher in *Rasselas*; fly to the moon, like Bishop Wilkins; wander about upon the tails of comets, like the Saturnian dwarf and his Sirian friend; pluck Jupiter by the beard; roast eggs in Mercury; clamber the mountains of Venus; shave ourselves in Saturn's ring; and turn our cows to graze in the Milky way.

Such, and far more, will be the ultimate results. The intermediate ones are approximative, but they are vast and important. Every one knows every thing, as we said before. All our ladies can decide on Lord Byron's poetry as easily as on the colour of a gown; all the world, from a bishop to a tinker, can judge of predestination and free grace; every journeyman tailor is an adept in the politics of Greece; cobblers, tinkers, and tailors can write sermons, aye, and preach them too. Mr. Hogg rivals Alcæus and Theocritus; ancient virgins discuss population and pronounce on Malthus; boarding-school misses learn political economy from Madame Marcet, and gases at the Royal Institution; and next, but far from finally, every man may be his own lawyer, if he is not already, for three shillings and sixpence.

Every lady too is her own physician, and not only her own physician, but that of other people. Thanks for this to the Universal Light, and to the labours of Dr. Buchan, Dr. Reece, Dr. Underwood on Children; Dr. Sir Arthur Faulkner on the same animals; the Mother's Guide, Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book, (appendix,) the New London Practice of Physic, and more, which it would pass our patience to enumerate.

Dilettante law has been considered, somewhat proverbially, hazardous, because a man may lose his property. Nothing can be so proper as, on the other hand, dilettante physic; because the practiser

can only lose his life, or his health, (her's we should rather have said,) or the lives of her children, or those of her poor neighbours, or her rich ones, if they are fools enough; and of these accidents the law, very wisely, takes no cognizance; judging properly, that every person has the right over his or her own life, and that, provided it be done by physic, and not by steel or gunpowder, they have an equal right over those of their neighbours. Here we must begin to moot, leaving all the other matters, which we have insinuated, to the illustration of wiser and better read persons than ourselves. "*Ne medicus ultra jalapam.*"

We understand that there is a university called the University of Edinburgh, where ragged Scotch louts spend twenty or thirty pounds, and six months, in acquiring what is called medical knowledge. Others, richer and less ragged, spend three years, and twice as many hundred pounds; a few may occupy four or five. In Glasgow, they do pretty much the same. In both, they talk what is called Latin, and pay thirty pounds at the end of these probations, have a velvet cap put on their heads, hear a speech from a man called a principal, and become M.D.—Doctors of Physic, or Medicine, for it is not absolutely agreed which, (vide Term Reports, anno 1778. Boswell v. Johnson.)

At Aberdeen again, physic is studied, learnt, acquired, for thirteen pounds twelve shillings, in about half an hour; attendance, on account of its inconvenience, being excused. At St. Andrews, the facility is about as great: and thus, for thirteen pounds twelve shillings, a man acquires the right of "*purgandi, seignandi, occidendi, et trucidendi, impuné per totam terram.*"

At Oxford and Cambridge, physic is acquired with the utmost certainty and facility, just as are other things in the same places; at Paris, Leyden, Göttingen, and elsewhere, in other modes too tedious to detail. In England, generally, a student labours for seven years in spreading plasters, tying labels on bottles, and applying packthread; but, in London, they dig up dead bodies and carve them, walk about an hospital, and pay fifty guineas a year for the privilege of guessing what a man called an apothecary means, and what becomes of the money. Added to all this, in times of war, they go to the Peninsula, hew down legs and arms, and bore holes in skulls with a center bit, or do the same thing on board of a frigate. Then a few privileged ones wear scarlet cloaks, make a Latin speech, or listen to one, once in two hundred years, and vote all the rest to be ignoramuses.

In these several ways, and others, is physic, medicine, acquired; being the art of healing, as it is called, on one side, and, on the other, being one of the numerous arts of making money. But it is only by the male sex that it is thus acquired. The female division of mankind possesses a shorter road, rivalling at least that of Aberdeen. This is the method called, by philosophers, instinct or intuition, which never can err, as reason does; as these philosophers have demonstrated respecting instinct universally.

Let it not therefore be supposed that we doubt of female and dilettante physic. Quite the reverse, as we have here proved. Besides which, it possesses many other advantages. It costs nothing;

thanks to the generosity of the delightful sex; and, moreover, who would not drink jalap from a fair hand, rather than from that of an apothecary, who washes his hands once a day, or from his boy, who never washes them at all? The draught is sweetened; and its operation cannot fail to be more efficacious. We have only to wish that the sex would take to this trade entirely; it being provided, that, after twenty-five, they shall retire, and that degrees shall not be conferred unless under satisfactory testimonials or demonstration of grace and beauty. Whenever that happens, we mean to have a pleurisy or a hay-fever once a week.

To be sure, the lovely sex might imagine, that to be profoundly intimate with the effects of calomel and salts, was not very consistent with female delicacy; that a lover might be alarmed, for example; that husbands might even be jealous. This is nonsense. It is a mark of good sense to have cast off all false refinements and false delicacy. Nothing but the tyranny of the male sex argues otherwise. Let them have unlimited freedom; that the Spartan mothers may produce children worthy of Spartans. Cheltenham has cured us of most of these false feelings. A spade is a spade: let it be called so; that openness and truth may be the characteristics of our enlightened age.

Nor can we see any reason why calomel, salts, and bile, should not form the conversation of our dinner-tables. There is a natural and necessary connexion between these two several divisions of the non-naturals. Thanks to the sex; which has here also relieved us from silly restraints, and has introduced divine philosophy into our meals and our drawing-rooms.

To proceed to practice.

This is negative and positive. The negative practice consists in the matters which we have just named, and in many that we have not. Besides which, the sicknesses, fevers, small-poxes, vaccinations, gout, apoplexies, and lyings-in, of all neighbours and not neighbours, of Duchesses, Countesses, or carpenters and carpenters' wives, form a fund of conversation which might otherwise languish. It is interesting to hear from the mouths of the fair, that Mr. Such-a-one is so-and-so, and Mrs. Such-another is in another manner; that vaccination is exploded, or is not; that a drop of oil of Croton on the tongue is as good as a cupfull of castor-oil and coffee; that some Nabob has the tic douloureux; and that Mr. Cartwright has drawn the childrens' teeth, or refuses to draw them. Not less instructive is it to be informed, that Mr. Alderman eat so much turtle, that his life is despaired of by the apothecary; that Lady Betty swallowed an ounce of laudanum by mistake, and was relieved by an emetic; that Doctor W. mistook the Duke of C.'s case; that my Lord F.'s disorder has proved to be gravel and not gout; and that Dr. This, That, or T'other are of these, those, and the other opinions, respecting the cases of the Dukes, Earls, Marquisses, Aldermen, and Cabinet Ministers under debate.

For all this, our thanks are due to the lovely sex; all, all springing from their knowledge of the healing art. And to them, too, we are indebted for disputing and arranging the several merits of rival apothecaries; why Jackson is clever, why Johnson is cleverer still; how Wilson is clever in children and Thomson in fevers; how Simpkinson understands scarlatiner, aye, scarlatiner, and Wilkinson measles; and

how Hodginson said, "My dearest Madam, your gruel must boil one minute; just one minute!" Then Dr. A. "says" this, and Dr. B. that, and Dr. C. something else; and we are physicked in our uprisings and downyings, and at our breakfasts and our dinners, at home, abroad, at Brighton and Cheltenham, early and late.

But enough of what may be called negative practice. The negative practice may be united to the positive, or not. The positive practice produces to us the female physician, a finished practitioner, finished as soon as commenced; physicking, with matter more solid than talk, herself, her children, her husband, her friends, her rich neighbours, her poor neighbours, all whom she can persuade or compel to swallow her physic.

Generally, however, the single and young fair rarely engages in public practice: she waits till she is married, or has fallen into the condition of hopeless virginity. Before that, her practice is confined to herself. After, if married, it is sometimes confined to her children; more generally it extends its bounties to the neighbourhood at large, and especially to a country neighbourhood. The opportunities for extensive practice in London are not so great.

Moreover, she is generally fully occupied in lying in bed; or in lounging on a sofa, with Lord Byron or the Quarterly Review; or in driving about, leaving cards; or in shopping, or at Almack's, or in dressing for a ball, or in quarrelling with her maid. In the country, physic is a relief to her ennui; it supplies the want of balls and shops, and opportunities for spending money. To her, but most of all to the virgin of no age, who is always the most steady practitioner, it gives an opportunity, under the guise of Heavenly charity, of not only physicking, but controlling and directing her poorer neighbours. It forms a pleasing alternative to the meeting-house; the apothecary and the preacher unite to fill up her idle time; and thus she unites faith and works, learns to know what has happened to Dolly, and how Roger has proved false; acquires the pleasure of interfering in loves, from which, alas! she is for ever cut off; of showing her abilities in directing cottage economy and cottage education; of reading lectures on drunkenness and idleness, and the new light, and of being reputed a pious, benevolent woman, "doing a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood." It may even happen that the pious cares, and a hundred and fifty pounds a-year in the four per cents, may attract the admiration of some unhappy curate of sixty pounds, or possibly of some gentleman with a dirty band and greasy locks, belonging to the connexion; and behold! despairing Tabitha becomes the head, if not the mother, of a family. Such is one of the collateral advantages flowing from dilettante and female physic.

To return to details, and to the juvenile and yet unfledged practitioner. At one year old, possibly at one month, her mother commenced by feeding her on calomel, or on calomel, antimonial wine, Daffy, Godfrey, and anodyne necklaces. At least, she has supped on calomel three or four times a week since her creation. She becomes innately and congenerously physical. Carrying an apothecary's shop in her inside from her birth, her ideas become necessarily medical, as from the natural transference of the physic to the brain. Among the few ideas found there, a large space is occupied by medicine and *medical matters*.

As she grows up, more calomel is required. There are worms, a headache, or nerves, or the apothecary says so, or mamma thinks so, or Anderson's pills are in favour, or Dr. Barclay's, or she has a cough, and Greenough's lozenges are sovereign, or some reason or other is never wanting. Mamma, too, goes on physicking the younger children and also the nurses, because their milk is green or blue, or too much or too little; and the footmen, because they have drunk too much ale; and her husband, because he has eaten too much currie; and her poor neighbours, because she is the Lady Bountiful of the parish. And perhaps the apothecary calls once a day, and mamma keeps a medicine-chest full of pretty bottles, and a nice pair of scales, and delights in weighing out calomel, and probably Dr. Buchan or Dr. Reece. And she takes dinner-pills herself, lest she should have eaten, or be about to eat too much; or a journey to Cheltenham, or what not; and thus Miss becomes gradually imbued with physic, and bephysicked for ever.

Perhaps "my dear looks pale to day," a dose of calomel—has been up late at a county ball, or a town ball, it is all one, and looks black under the eyes—a dose of calomel. She is nervous, irritable, or cross—a dose of salts; or her lover remarks that she is languid—a dose of salts, or Cheltenham, or Leamington, or the sea-water baths, or Bath itself, or the apothecary, or perhaps the physician, if she is sick and fashionable enough.

And then the apothecary and the physician prescribe more salts and more calomel, like wise men, and the patient gets daily worse, and worse, and worse, and then Dr. Stewart is called in to rub her with vinegar and water, and then she gets better; and then Dr. Scott's nitrous baths, and then she gets worse.

And, all this time, the bills are heavy, and the young lady is "indeed very delicate, poor thing!" and becomes a useless, ill-tempered fretful, selfish, hypochondriacal compound of drugs and fancies, and becomes idle and peevish for life; or, till growing a little older, and now well imbued and well trained, she becomes convinced that life is what the poet has called it, a "long disease," becoming herself a disease, a diseased mind in a diseased a body, and a pest and a nuisance to herself and all around her.

Now at length, perhaps long before this, she takes herself under her own management, and the calomel and salts come under her own guidance. Each day, she is more nervous and more irritable; every day, her complexion is more muddy, her skin becomes greener, and she is blacker under the eyes. Nothing is so sovereign against nervous irritation as calomel, because it proceeds all from the stomach, and the stomach sympathises with the whole system. That much of the jargon she has learnt. More calomel. Or the liver is afflicted, and she is bilious; more calomel, and the blue pill. Nothing like salts for clearing the complexion, and removing the blackness under the eyes: salts. More blackness or more peevishness—more salts.

The head becomes giddy, and now cupping is the remedy. She sends for the cupper. In time, the cupper comes periodically, like the corn-doctor. Cupping once a month, and calomel or salts every day. "It is very odd, I have taken calomel or salts every day since I was eight years old," said a young lady of twenty-eight, once in our very presence, "and I am more nervous than ever!"

Why pursue the history? It is the history of half the sex. And why ask the consequences? are they not visible? And the excuse is, "I cannot do without it." How should they? Thus are we cursed with peevish and nervous wives, useless to all, and a pest to themselves, the curse of their families and the ruin of the children, of the daughters at least, who are trained up in the same knowledge and practice of physic. It is in vain that some conscientious physician interposes, and orders all the salts to be thrown out of the window. The prejudices of the patient and the interests of the trade are against him, and he is himself turned out of the door. "Virtus" non "laudatur, et alget." He starves, because of his conscience, and, possibly, is starved into compliance.

Thus, also, are we cursed with the expenses of Brighton and Cheltenham; with that idleness, in the pleasures of which we cannot partake, and with solitary homes, perhaps with expenses which cramp the unhappy family, already cramped by neglect of duties and apothecaries' bills. Thus the house becomes a scene of misery, apothecaries, nurses, and physic; domestic comfort destroyed at home by the wife's presence, and broken up by repeated absence. Hence also we desire journies to Italy, and all the rest of the indescribable train of consequences. Thus the apothecary becomes the confessor and gossip—the curse—of the family, and the system pursued at home is even continued at school.

Man himself does not escape the consequences of this domestic education; since he too often grows up a hypochondriacal and fanciful valetudinary, a swallower of calomel and salts, and a dealer in cupping glasses, flannel-waistcoats, and dinner-pills. Cheltenham becomes his private curse too; occupying his time, obstructing his business, and confirming the ruin of his constitution. It would be a happy day for Britain were a volcano to break forth under Cheltenham; evaporating all the waters for ever, or drowning Mrs. Forty and the apothecaries in their own poisons. It was a dark day that generated the whole cathartic system.

But let us see how my Lady Bountiful practises on her neighbours. How she practises on her children, we have perhaps sufficiently said. It is scarcely possible to believe in the egregious vanity which induces ladies, and even young ladies, young by favour, to wander from house to house, as they do even in London and Edinburgh, prescribing, literally prescribing, for the rich as well as the poor. In the country, there is a comparative excuse. It is scarcely possible to believe in this, when the profession swarms in every street, and their services are not wanted; it is scarcely credible that they should be found disputing with physicians, knowing better, and, against all remonstrance, friendly and unfriendly, pursuing without remorse their murderous career.

Yet this is all true, *à la lettre*, and is hourly, and daily, and universal. They might reflect that an art and a science which require a serious and almost an universal education—a science the most unsettled, an art the most obscure, requiring more acuteness and attention, more discernment, more rigid reasoning from different analogies, and more caution to conduct, than all the arts united, could not be acquired by intuition. But it is vain to argue with ignorance and vanity; least of all with female ignorance and female vanity.

The Lady Bountiful argues, that if they do no good they do no

harm. That is as far from being true as their knowledge is far from truth. To inspect Reece or Buchan, and administer whatever chance, or the cook dictates, is their only rule. They do not know or reflect that it is the disease, not the medicine, which is to be known, that in no two stages does the same disease admit the same remedies, that a name is not a disease, that the same named disease is not the same disease, even in two individuals, and that, even were all this so, they have not the means of knowing one disease from another. If the books of Buchan, Reece, and the rest, had been burned by the common hangman, it would have been an act worthy of the law which sets up to regulate the practice of physic as a profession, and leaves all interlopers and dilettantes free to commit murder at pleasure.

If the Bountifuls do no harm, they need not do any thing: if their medicines are neutral, they are useless. But even neutral medicines, bread-pills if they please, do harm, if they divert the patient from attending to an insidious disease, and keep off the only advice that ought to be sought. The fact itself is matter of daily occurrence. There is a colic, perhaps, (we must illustrate at the risk of professional language) and my lady administers peppermint. By to-morrow, the apothecary, who ought to have been sent for yesterday, is called in, and mortification has commenced. The patient dies, and the Bountiful continues the same career.

As to the facts, the truth of all this, and much more, of all that we have said and much that we might have said, we leave it to the experience of those who have had experience in the Bountiful practice. We have seen mothers kill their children, as effectually as if they had administered poison; and this, even in defiance of advice and caution. We could name an instance where a mother exterminated in succession her whole family, of seven children; and it is an instance not known to ourselves alone. The truth is, that instead of being innocent, their practice is often extremely and dangerously active. When they take to the lancet, they will complete it. In a minor way, perhaps, it is notorious to the whole world, that the great mass of failures in vaccination has arisen from the interference of women and country curates, or of others attempting what they could not understand. Thus chiefly has discredit been brought on this useful discovery. And thus also does a collateral mischief arise from the prevalence of this dilettante vanity and conceit. Every woman, and now most men, have learned to read their prescriptions, and to reason in their own way about them, with numerous evil results. As far as the power of medicine influences the disease through the imagination, it is often rendered useless or pernicious. Thus also they decline that, of which they pretend to judge better than the practitioner, or alter or increase the doses, or, to use a fashionable phrase, cheat the doctor, forgetting that it is themselves they are cheating. Thus also a physician is often deterred from the use of a powerful or a probable remedy, knowing that the blame of failure will be laid on himself and the medicine, not on the disease; and thus also any bad change in its symptoms or progress, is attributed to the medicine administered, to the loss of the physician's reputation.

And now perhaps we might leave the Lady Bountifuls to God and their own consciences, did we think they possessed any in this matter.

As far as relates to their own personal self-practice, we would rather try to influence them by assuring them that they ruin, by their calomel and salts, the beauty which they are so anxious to preserve and improve. We would try to influence them in this also, by telling them that they render themselves odious to our sex ; peevish, fretful, anxious, gloomy, and irascible. We might tell them that they become nervous, and that there is nothing which man so abhors as a nervous woman. We might also tell them, that, to practice physic, is a masculine assumption which a man detests ; that to practice on themselves, to frequent Cheltenham and to talk of its *necessity* ; that to be acquainted with medical terms, and to talk, or even insinuate, physic, in any of its forms or modes, is nauseating and disgusting ; and that love flies, as it did from Celia, at the repulsive notions excited by physic, apothecaries, calomel, and the whole detestable jargon.

BUTLERIANA,

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

No. III.

[WE continue our extracts from the singular hoard of similes, allusions, and reasonings, which the author of Hudibras was in the habit of accumulating in his common-place book. The present selection is made from a mass of the same kind, under the head of ASTROLOGY. We have avoided such as the author had used in his admirable poem.—ED.]

How planets in conjunction, ev'ry minute
Are chopt and chang'd, yet do their bus'ness in it :
While those that since the world's original
Have been unfix'd, yet never could forestall.

As 'tis impertinent for cheats to fix
Among the understanders of their tricks
But rather strive to change the air and stroll
To catch the ignorant, unwary fool.

Whence 'tis the stars that dwell in th' upper æther,
Have all their interests only in the weather :
As their influences are said by some
To give us what they never had at home :
So all their other operations tend
To as ridiculous and vain an end.

For there's no other work of nature else
But equally the events of things foretells.
As monsters that for nothing were designed,
With omens and predictions stock mankind :
And greatest empires steered their interests
With flights of birds and garbages of beasts,
Or he that future earthquakes could foretell
By feeling mud 'ith bottom of a well,
As true as conjuring with Virgil's verse
T' unriddle all men's fates and characters.

For all the stars conjunctions and eclipses
Predict but picking pockets worse than gypsies.

harm. That is as far from being true as their knowledge is far from truth. To inspect Reece or Buchan, and administer whatever chance, or the cook dictates, is their only rule. They do not know or reflect that it is the disease, not the medicine, which is to be known, that in no two stages does the same disease admit the same remedies, that a name is not a disease, that the same named disease is not the same disease, even in two individuals, and that, even were all this so, they have not the means of knowing one disease from another. If the books of Buchan, Reece, and the rest, had been burned by the common hangman, it would have been an act worthy of the law which sets up to regulate the practice of physic as a profession, and leaves all interlopers and dilettantes free to commit murder at pleasure.

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As to the facts, the truth of all this, and much more, of all that we have said and much that we might have said, we leave it to the experience of those who have had experience in the Bountiful practice. We have seen mothers kill their children, as effectually as if they had administered poison; and this, even in defiance of advice and caution. We could name an instance where a mother exterminated in succession her whole family, of seven children; and it is an instance not known to ourselves alone. The truth is, that instead of being innocent, their practice is often extremely and dangerously active. When they take to the lancet, they will complete it. In a minor way, perhaps, it is notorious to the whole world, that the great mass of failures in vaccination has arisen from the interference of women and country curates, or of others attempting what they could not understand. Thus chiefly has discredit been brought on this useful discovery. And thus also does a collateral mischief arise from the prevalence of this dilettante vanity and conceit. Every woman, and now most men, have learned to read their prescriptions, and to reason in their own way about them, with numerous evil results. As far as the power of medicine influences the disease through the imagination, it is often rendered useless or pernicious. Thus also they decline that, of which they pretend to judge better than the practitioner, or alter or increase the doses, or, to use a fashionable phrase, cheat the doctor, forgetting that it is themselves they are cheating. Thus also a physician is often deterred from the use of a powerful or a probable remedy, knowing that the blame of failure will be laid on himself and the medicine, not on the disease; and thus also any bad change in its symptoms or progress, is attributed to the medicine administered, to the loss of the physician's reputation.

And now perhaps we might leave the Lady Bountifuls to God and their own consciences, did we think they possessed any in this matter.

And if the Heavens be but one constellation
 As all to any have the same relation,
 (Except those two erroneous vagabonds,
 With which the earth as fully corresponds,)
 The whole to all the rest may freely claim
 An equal property, beside the name.

Astrology and magic charms and spells
 Are all that's left of the devils oracles.
 Have acted greater diabolic sorceries
 Than all the litters of his Lapland nurseries ;

The best astrologers are always made
 Of crack'd mechanicks of some other trade,
 And when the planets are designed to err,
 How much more must the dull astrologer :
 When those, he is to be directed by,
 Are nam'd from fraud, imposture, and a lie !
 And have their most erroneous sant'rings made,
 The principles, and basis of a trade.

For tradesmen and mechanicks are the primeest
 And best of all astrologers and chymists.
 Only the devil is, yourselves aver
 The most profound and deep astrologer ;
 With whom no other, ever durst compare
 For as he's prince and sultan of the air ;
 Without whose licence and commission had,
 No influences dare presume to trade ;
 For 'tis but labour thrown away, t' incline
 Unless he give them special quarantine ;
 And he, who perfect'st understands their use,
 Does equally know where, to pick and choose,
 Then whether you apply yourselves to him,
 This way or any else 'tis but a whim.

As those that buy a salmon draught,
 Pay for the fish before 'tis caught ;
 Suppose a figure calculated,
 The geniture exactly stated ;
 Another of the self same person
 With equal care and animadversion
 By way of hoary inspection
 The effect, of this, or that erection
 Must be the very same, or else
 The one or both must need be false.

When all your several ways of virtuosing
 Are but a formal sort, of dry deboshing :
 Which made the ancients celebrate an owl
 As the only proper Philosophic Fowl.
 Fools are familiars to themselves
 That serve the cunning men for elves,
 And make them only pimp and set,
 And own the tricks, they counterfeit,
 That hire and prompt them to detect,
 The parties whom they must suspect ;
 And tell them first what kind of men
 That they may tell it them again
 And with their learning lay the elves
 They only conjured up themselves.

The factories of folly and imposture,
 That with the weak and ignorant pass muster :
 Astrology and all those monstrous fictions,
 To cheat the world with counterfeit predictions

That serve for nothing, if they should be true,
 But to take up misfortune, ere 'tis due,
 For comets, eclipses, still forbode
 Destruction to mankind, but never good ;
 With chiromancy, horoscopy, and cabal
 The drums and rattles of the Scottish rabble,
 With all the vain impertinent delusions
 Of frantic and fanatic *Rosicrucians*,
 All meant for scarecrows false and counterfeit,
 To fright the world out of its little wit :
 For all their stiff formalities of arts,
 Are no more reverend, than the beards of warts.
 Their patent planetary intelligences
 And secret virtues of their influences,
 That like mechanic theory, in small
 Designs will hold, but greater not at all.
 For did not once astrologers persuade
 The inhuman Emp'ror Nero to evade
 The dire destruction which a star did seem
 To aim and level purposely at him :
 So frustrate all the black designs of fate,
 And turn their sad effects upon the state,
 That think their talents most adroit
 For any mystical exploit ;
 To deal in love and news, and weather,
 And thieves and matches altogether.

For witches are no sooner taken
 But by their treacherous imps forsaken ;
 And when by law they're seized upon
 Are only hang'd for being none.*

As Empson with the sieves he wrought,
 Could never find his fortune out.

One night the sun far more obscures,
 Than all the ecclipses he endures,
 All points of Heaven are at noon
 As soon as entered by the sun.

The moon herself does never steal the light
 She pilfers from the sun but in the night :

The sea itself, throws up the beach and sand,
 That keeps it from incroaching on the land :

The Hebrew calendar did never cast
 The year's account up till 'twas gone and past :
 Which shows they gave no credit to the stars
 Or those that prompted them, astrologers.

Did not Menippus mounted in the moon,
 Discover all that upon earth was done ?

Or, she at the entrance of the eclipse, foreshow
 The Macedonian kings overthrow ?
 And did not only make the dire portent
 But was the real cause of the event,
 For the ancient Romans, only by their cunning
 In our profession, stoutly overrun him.
 And if we can the eclipse itself fortell
 Why should we not the event of it as well :
 A prophet has no need of being wise
 When all his art in dreams and visions lies.

For he that for his profit's brought t'obey
 Is only hired, on liking, to betray :

* Hudibras.

H

And when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work nor nice.

The devil first debauched a modest man
To be a courtier quite against the grain :
And in defiance of his fatal stars
Trepann'd a timorous coward to the wars.
For when the devil owes some men a shame,
He puts by all the passes that they aim,
And with his cloven diabolic foot
Kicks all the mischief down they go about.

The best authority instead of reasons
Is but a kind of statute with defeazance.

THE MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

THE managers of Drury-Lane Theatre have made two attempts to please the public by the production of *new old* Operas, (the *Wager* and *Leocadea*,) highly creditable to them in their present forlorn and desperate circumstances, but, as might naturally be expected, unsuccessful. Not that we mean to say that the music of the latter piece was not *bad* enough to have succeeded; it would be an injustice to Mr. Barham Livius, the ingenious adapter, if we were to express such an opinion, but it happened, unfortunately, that its *badness* was not of that sort which pleases the public *taste*. This was the case with an operatic piece, called "*Lilla*," arranged by the same gentleman, and produced at Covent-Garden Theatre. The original was a German opera of Weigel, and a more vapid, common-place production, we do not recollect to have heard, (except *Tarrare*;) the style very *Frenchy*; the harmony meagre to the last degree, an absolute "living skeleton;" and yet, with all these advantages (to say nothing of a certain jigging time of the chorusses, wrong accentuation, &c.) the piece failed. When a clever musical amateur, like Mr. Livius, takes such extraordinary pains to pervert his own natural good taste in order to indulge a theatrical audience in their own way, the want of success may be to himself very disastrous; and though rather ungrateful in the public to reward his exertions in this way, we can afford him no sympathy, but rather plead guilty to a feeling of pleasure (perhaps demoniacal) in the failure of bad compositions.

We trust our readers will not class us among those critics who think to discover their ingenuity and learning by a constant cavilling at, and abuse of, all the subjects which come under their notice; we honestly confess, that, in our opinion, to praise well, is as much more accordant to our feelings as it is more difficult and more graceful. If from time to time our opinions may appear heterodox and startling, that may perhaps be considered as a reason for our conviction of their truth; and as on all matters of this sort, writing should be as closely as possible a transcript of the author's *feelings* on the subject, we shall not hesitate to express our sentiments, because they do not happen to be in the old jog-trot style. It is no less lamentable than true, that very many crying abuses exist in the art of music, and not one of the least is the utter discouragement which is given to a good style of composition at our great Theatres; and though, perhaps, the galleries can

hardly be brought to relish refinement in any way, yet this has doubtless the effect of preventing many professors, who feel the dignity of their art, from writing for the stage. That which in a proper order of things should have been a source of honour and emolument, has become a degradation—hence the success of charlatans and quacks, people whose musical pulse beat responsively with the dustmen and coalheavers in the shilling gallery. Music is a most divine art, and the feelings to which its more refined excellencies give rise, are among the most profound and exquisite of which we are capable. Who would not rather enjoy the neglect and indifference with which Mozart and Haydn's compositions are heard, than be raised by applauding galleries, to the "bad eminence" of a Parry or a Watson?

We grow exuberant on a subject in which, as ardent lovers of excellence in the art, our own pleasures or the contrary are so much concerned, and must return quietly to our task. The new operatic piece "'Twas I," which has been produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, has been very successful; but is, nevertheless, the very climax of stupidity. The music is an instance of what gallery applause will do for a *composer*, and the illustrious Maestro who fathers it, has been supposed by some to have studied counterpoint under a celebrated Esquimaux composer, whom Captain Parry met with. Whether this statement be actually true or not, the score of "'Twas I," justifies the suspicion.

Mr. Bishop, who has been so long enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* is, we are informed, forthcoming with a new opera. We shall be anxious to hear this performance, and heartily trust it may revive some of his old attraction; for it is not to be denied that the laurels which this gentleman gained by that pretty melo-drame "The Miller and his Men," and others of his early compositions, have been gradually fading, and are now almost brown, and one cause of this defect we imagine to have been, that instead of relying on his own resources, he condescended to imitate every popular composer of the day. As the season is now advancing for the opening of the Italian Opera House, and for the Philharmonic Concerts, &c. we hope to hear some good music, of which we shall not fail to acquaint our readers. A great annoyance about the former establishment is, that the musical performances are subject to the interference of a number of noblemen entirely ignorant of the art, and who place a person in the management who must quietly submit to all their foolish caprice and whims. If a clever and intelligent musician were appointed to the situation of director of the music, these noblemen might not find sufficient deference paid to their opinions, and therefore it is judged fittest to have an *ignoramus* at the head of the management. When Bonaparte once interfered with the composer, Cherubini, in giving him instruction for the performance of the music in the orchestra, the musician told him, that he knew how to fight battles, but he must leave him to direct music. The Emperor, in a momentary fit of anger, deprived him of his situation, but restored him to it the next day.

In the immense quantity of worthless trash which is issuing from the different musical publishers under the denomination of airs with variations, rondos, divertissements, &c. for the piano-forte, it is pleasant to meet with a work from the hand of Mr. J. B. Cramer. We take

shame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed the “Twenty-five characteristic Diversions for the Piano-forte,” of this author, published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street. These exercises are all admirable; equally calculated to form the hand and taste of those who practice them. The writings of Mr. Cramer have done more to discover the true genius of the piano-forte than those of any other composer whatever. The sonatas of Haydn (in each of which the author has tossed away more invention and contrivance, than any of the moderns can put into a symphony for the orchestra) we view in the light of excellent musical productions rather than developing the peculiar effects of the instrument. Haydn was not a great performer on the piano-forte, and therefore this is not matter of surprise. Mr. Cramer is, to our taste, so far removed beyond all the performers on this instrument, that praise applied to him is superfluous. To the greatest power of execution, he unites a musical mind of rare occurrence: for a proof of the former, let any one hear him play his concertos in D minor; and for the latter we would refer our readers to the “Studio per il Piano-forte.” Mr. Cramer, in common with all great musicians, is deeply imbued with a fine organ feeling, both in his compositions and performance. His superstrutions on a pedal base are always particularly admirable, preserving the character of the instrument in the sprinkling of the notes and the distribution of the intervals; while the solidity of the harmonies seems to require an organ to do them justice. We earnestly recommend those of our readers who study the piano-forte, to abjure the works of Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Potter, Griffin, &c. and to practise the compositions of Cramer, Clementi, and Hummel. These Diversions will form an introduction to the “Studio,” and this last to the Preludes and Fugues of Sebastian Bach. The force of writing can no further go; having reached the works of Sebastian Bach, the student is at the well-spring from which all harmony flows, and we advise him “to drink deep ere he depart.” In the “Diversions” which form the subject of this notice, the author has been peculiarly happy in the names which he has given to the different exercises; and one in particular, which he calls “The Gilded Toy” is a fine, and to a musician, truly laughable satire upon the *modern* style of adagio performance. To us this had long appeared a fit subject for ridicule; and Mr. Cramer has, with much humour, hit off the character of these ludicrous and extravagant exhibitions without being chargeable with gross caricature. In the time of Haydn and Mozart, to write a fine adagio movement was considered the perfection of the art; the ideas in that style of movement requiring more grandeur, the melodies more elegance and grace, and the harmonies more refinement than those of any other species of musical composition. All these requisites are now, from the higher pitch of cultivation at which the art stands, found unnecessary; and if we listen to an adagio of these times, we shall find the performer, after striking a chord two or three times in the third or fourth bar, making a skirmish from one end of the instrument to the other: for what reason, it passes our poor understanding to guess; then, after repeatedly striking one note, we shall perhaps be favoured with a rapid succession of triplets, and then, a chromatic descent from the top of the instrument to the bottom; and then, ditto reversed. Without exaggeration, this is a pretty fair statement of the materials with

which a *modern* adagio movement is constructed; and so gross a perversion of the real excellencies of this style of composition, was first calculated to raise the musician's indignation, and afterwards naturally his laughter. To this we owe Mr. Cramer's delightful jeu-d'esprit. We are not to blame if composers for the piano-forte imagine that the elegance of a slow movement consists in writing fifty or sixty notes more in a bar than they are allowed by the time. Those little hurried passages which we find in the slow movements of Haydn and Mozart are all conceived in a fine taste, and serve as ornaments to some beautiful melody; but piano-forte performers, in imitating this, have fancied that the charm lay in the crowd of notes, and not in the manner of using them. Indeed, the modern refinement in piano-forte playing will not admit of such a clog upon its fine airy flights as time or accent; every thing is to be done in the style of a fantasia; it must never be discovered that the music is distributed with a certain quantity to a bar; any marking of a distinct time or accent is too mechanical for the astonishing performers of the present day. This is in a hideous taste; the consequence of it is, that we have no performer on the piano-forte worth hearing except Cramer and Moscheles; and this last, though a good musician, and perfect master of the mechanical difficulties of his instrument, lacks much of the perception of beauty which we find in the other. In the whole range of professors of different instruments, we shall not find any who have discovered so little talent as those who study the piano-forte: either by innate stupidity in the performer, or want of perception in us, we seldom hear a piano-forte concerto which is not completely disgusting. We shall take leave of these "Characteristic Diversions," strongly recommending them, not only on the score of useful practice, but as delightful specimens of composition for the instrument. J. B. Cramer is one of those happy spirits to whom it is allotted to scatter grace and beauty on whatever their minds are employed. The good which the "Studio" has done in advancing the powers of execution in piano-forte performers is incalculable; the mind is the only thing which we regret cannot be transferred.

Of Clementi and Co.'s late publications we have to notice Raondo by Adams, for the organ or piano-forte; the subject from Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti." "The Church of England, morning and evening Service, containing Psalm Tunes, and first and last Voluntary" &c. by Blewitt: and the "Overtures and Airs from Il Crociato in Egitto, arranged as Duets for two performers on the piano-forte," by Attwood. Of the first of these we can only say that Mr. Adams has done as much as could be done with a very bad subject for organ treatment; or indeed, treatment of any kind. The only objection to the compositions of this gentleman is, that they are generally too difficult for any fingers but those of professed musicians; and *they* are not likely to be attracted by such a subject as he has chosen for the present composition. All Mr. Adams's productions are ingenious, but to us they want the charm of polished melody: they however always discover the good musician. Mr. Blewitt's Organ Service, we believe, is intended chiefly for the Sunday evening recreation of amateurs; and as such, may be found pleasing. Any tendency to increase the practice of organ music should be encouraged; it is the source of all good taste in the art. Mayerbeer

Why pursue the history? It is the history of half the sex. And why ask the consequences? are they not visible? And the excuse is, "I cannot do without it." How should they? Thus are we cursed with peevish and nervous wives, useless to all, and a pest to themselves, the curse of their families and the ruin of the children, of the daughters at least, who are trained up in the same knowledge and practice of physic. It is in vain that some conscientious physician interposes, and orders all the salts to be thrown out of the window. The prejudices of the patient and the interests of the trade are against him, and he is himself turned out of the door. "Virtus" non "laudatur, et alget." He starves, because of his conscience, and, possibly, is starved into compliance.

Thus, also, are we cursed with the expenses of Brighton and Cheltenham; with that idleness, in the pleasures of which we cannot partake, and with solitary homes, perhaps with expenses which cramp the unhappy family, already cramped by neglect of duties and apothecaries' bills. Thus the house becomes a scene of misery, apothecaries, nurses, and physic; domestic comfort destroyed at home by the wife's presence, and broken up by repeated absence. Hence also we desire journies to Italy, and all the rest of the indescribable train of consequences. Thus the apothecary becomes the confessor and gossip—the curse—of the family, and the system pursued at home is even continued at school.

Man himself does not escape the consequences of this domestic education; since he too often grows up a hypochondriacal and fanciful valetudinary, a swallower of calomel and salts, and a dealer in cupping glasses, flannel-waistcoats, and dinner-pills. Cheltenham becomes his private curse too; occupying his time, obstructing his business, and confirming the ruin of his constitution. It would be a happy day for Britain were a volcano to break forth under Cheltenham; evaporating all the waters for ever, or drowning Mrs. Forty and the apothecaries in their own poisons. It was a dark day that generated the whole cathartic system.

But let us see how my Lady Bountiful practises on her neighbours. How she practises on her children, we have perhaps sufficiently said. It is scarcely possible to believe in the egregious vanity which induces ladies, and even young ladies, young by favour, to wander from house to house, as they do even in London and Edinburgh, prescribing, literally prescribing, for the rich as well as the poor. In the country, there is a comparative excuse. It is scarcely possible to believe in this, when the profession swarms in every street, and their services are not wanted; it is scarcely credible that they should be found disputing with physicians, knowing better, and, against all remonstrance, friendly and unfriendly, pursuing without remorse their murderous career.

Yet this is all true, *à la lettre*, and is hourly, and daily, and universal. They might reflect that an art and a science which require a serious and almost an universal education—a science the most unsettled, an art the most obscure, requiring more acuteness and attention, more discernment, more rigid reasoning from different analogies, and more caution to conduct, than all the arts united, could not be acquired by intuition. But it is vain to argue with ignorance and vanity; least of all with female ignorance and female vanity.

The Lady Bountiful argues, that if they do no good they do no

harm. That is as far from being true as their knowledge is far from truth. To inspect Reece or Buchan, and administer whatever chance, or the cook dictates, is their only rule. They do not know or reflect that it is the disease, not the medicine, which is to be known, that in no two stages does the same disease admit the same remedies, that a name is not a disease, that the same named disease is not the same disease, even in two individuals, and that, even were all this so, they have not the means of knowing one disease from another. If the books of Buchan, Reece, and the rest, had been burned by the common hangman, it would have been an act worthy of the law which sets up to regulate the practice of physic as a profession, and leaves all interlopers and dilettantes free to commit murder at pleasure.

If the Bountifuls do no harm, they need not do any thing: if their medicines are neutral, they are useless. But even neutral medicines, bread-pills if they please, do harm, if they divert the patient from attending to an insidious disease, and keep off the only advice that ought to be sought. The fact itself is matter of daily occurrence. There is a colic, perhaps, (we must illustrate at the risk of professional language) and my lady administers peppermint. By to-morrow, the apothecary, who ought to have been sent for yesterday, is called in, and mortification has commenced. The patient dies, and the Bountiful continues the same career.

As to the facts, the truth of all this, and much more, of all that we have said and much that we might have said, we leave it to the experience of those who have had experience in the Bountiful practice. We have seen mothers kill their children, as effectually as if they had administered poison; and this, even in defiance of advice and caution. We could name an instance where a mother exterminated in succession her whole family, of seven children; and it is an instance not known to ourselves alone. The truth is, that instead of being innocent, their practice is often extremely and dangerously active. When they take to the lancet, they will complete it. In a minor way, perhaps, it is notorious to the whole world, that the great mass of failures in vaccination has arisen from the interference of women and country curates, or of others attempting what they could not understand. Thus chiefly has discredit been brought on this useful discovery. And thus also does a collateral mischief arise from the prevalence of this dilettante vanity and conceit. Every woman, and now most men, have learned to read their prescriptions, and to reason in their own way about them, with numerous evil results. As far as the power of medicine influences the disease through the imagination, it is often rendered useless or pernicious. Thus also they decline that, of which they pretend to judge better than the practitioner, or alter or increase the doses, or, to use a fashionable phrase, cheat the doctor, forgetting that it is themselves they are cheating. Thus also a physician is often deterred from the use of a powerful or a probable remedy, knowing that the blame of failure will be laid on himself and the medicine, not on the disease; and thus also any bad change in its symptoms or progress, is attributed to the medicine administered, to the loss of the physician's reputation.

And now perhaps we might leave the Lady Bountifuls to God and their own consciences, did we think they possessed any in this matter.

As far as relates to their own personal self-practice, we would rather try to influence them by assuring them that they ruin, by their calomel and salts, the beauty which they are so anxious to preserve and improve. We would try to influence them in this also, by telling them that they render themselves odious to our sex ; peevish, fretful, anxious, gloomy, and irascible. We might tell them that they become nervous, and that there is nothing which man so abhors as a nervous woman. We might also tell them, that, to practice physic, is a masculine assumption which a man detests ; that to practice on themselves, to frequent Cheltenham and to talk of its *necessity* ; that to be acquainted with medical terms, and to talk, or even insinuate, physic, in any of its forms or modes, is nauseating and disgusting ; and that love flies, as it did from Celia, at the repulsive notions excited by physic, apothecaries, calomel, and the whole detestable jargon.

BUTLERIANA,

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

No. III.

[WE continue our extracts from the singular hoard of similes, allusions, and reasonings, which the author of Hudibras was in the habit of accumulating in his common-place book. The present selection is made from a mass of the same kind, under the head of **ASTROLOGY**. We have avoided such as the author had used in his admirable poem.—ED.]

How planets in conjunction, ev'ry minute
Are chopt and chang'd, yet do their bus'ness in it :
While those that since the world's original
Have been unfix'd, yet never could forestall.

As 'tis impertinent for cheats to fix
Among the understanders of their tricks
But rather strive to change the air and stroll
To catch the ignorant, unwary fool.

Whence 'tis the stars that dwell in th' upper æther,
Have all their interests only in the weather :
As their influences are said by some
To give us what they never had at home :
So all their other operations tend
To as ridiculous and vain an end.

For there's no other work of nature else
But equally the events of things foretells.
As monsters that for nothing were designed,
With omens and predictions stock mankind :
And greatest empires steered their interests
With flights of birds and garbages of beasts,
Or he that future earthquakes could foretell
By feeling mud 'ith bottom of a well,
As true as conjuring with Virgil's verse
T' unriddle all men's fates and characters.

For all the stars conjunctions and eclipses
Predict but picking pockets worse than gypsies.

The ancients held no omen was so dire
As to spill water when they talk'd of fire.
And that the certain'st *schemes* they had of thieves
Portended those that use to wear long sleeves.

Believ'd the stars knew less of our affairs,
And are as unconcern'd as we of their's :
Or how so many mortals upon their centres
Should be hang'd up with all their weights like tenters.

The sun and moon in heaven, at so vast
A geometric distance have been placed
That all their different dimensions, here
Do of a seeming magnitude appear.

Some make the sun to the under-earth draw near
So many scores of his diameter,
But cannot tell if the ancient's days and hours
Were of a less or greater length than ours :
But have no more ground than astrologers
Have for their worms and maggots of the stars.
But have less sense for all they undertake
Than all their frenzies in the Zodiack.

Whether the fix'd stars are but holes, to pass
Th' Empyreum through in bright effluvias,
Or suns to other worlds, it is no matter
To all our own discoveries in nature.
When all that's truly useful in th' art
Is no more than the mere mechanic part;
And if they strive to aim beyond, their rules
Will not fit nature and their Gresham schools.
For though the earth be round, yet every span
Of the superficies, rests upon a plane,
Or else the antipodes could never meet
On equal terms, but with their feet to feet.
But every packet boat, or petty trader,
Had sunk in the air and founder'd down to Nadir.
So those that made a planet of the sun,
Were ignorant of what themselves had done
When there's so vast a difference betwixt
The rest and him, the world believes he's fixt ;
And all their notions of a planet were
To be the thickest part of all it's sphere.

Can take the height of stars, yet do not know
Whether they are above them, or below,
Believed the spheres were but a nest of boxes
Only designed for holding Paradoxes ;
Whence that of fire, has been so long retrench'd
Of all they had contrived it for and quench'd.

Have beat their brains, about a freak and worm,
To square the circle, they could ne'er perform,
Things so absurd ridiculous and wild,
That now they will not pass upon a child,

For he that only looks among the stars
To find the dark events, of peace and wars
And not among the affairs of active men
Does ten times more ridiculously then
He that took pills for finding out his ass,
Although by accident it comes to pass.

For those are frequent'st by the star's detected
Whom most of all the wizard finds suspected ;
Is sure to be his own significator
Whose influence they most look after,

And if the Heavens be but one constellation
 As all to any have the same relation,
 (Except those two erroneous vagabonds,
 With which the earth as fully corresponds,)
 The whole to all the rest may freely claim
 An equal property, beside the name.

Astrology and magic charms and spells
 Are all that's left of the devils oracles.
 Have acted greater diabolic sorceries
 Than all the litters of his Lapland nurseries ;

The best astrologers are always made
 Of crack'd mechanicks of some other trade,
 And when the planets are designed to err,
 How much more must the dull astrologer :
 When those, he is to be directed by,
 Are nam'd from fraud, imposture, and a lie !
 And have their most erroneous sant'rings made,
 The principles, and basis of a trade.

For tradesmen and mechanicks are the primest
 And best of all astrologers and chymists.
 Only the devil is, yourselves aver
 The most profound and deep astrologer ;
 With whom no other, ever durst compare
 For as he's prince and sultan of the air ;
 Without whose licence and commission had,
 No influences dare presume to trade ;
 For 'tis but labour thrown away, t' incline
 Unless he give them special quarantine ;
 And he, who perfect'st understands their use,
 Does equally know where, to pick and choose,
 Then whether you apply yourselves to him,
 This way or any else 'tis but a whim.

As those that buy a salmon draught,
 Pay for the fish before 'tis caught ;
 Suppose a figure calculated,
 The geniture exactly stated ;
 Another of the self same person
 With equal care and animadversion
 By way of hoary inspection
 The effect, of this, or that erection
 Must be the very same, or else
 The one or both must need be false.

When all your several ways of virtuosing
 Are but a formal sort, of dry deboshing :
 Which made the ancients celebrate an owl
 As the only proper Philosophic Fowl.
 Fools are familiars to themselves
 That serve the cunning men for elves,
 And make them only pimp and set,
 And own the tricks, they counterfeit,
 That hire and prompt them to detect,
 The parties whom they must suspect ;
 And tell them first, what kind of men
 That they may tell it them again
 And with their learning lay the elves
 They only conjured up themselves.

The factories of folly and imposture,
 That with the weak and ignorant pass muster :
 Astrology and all those monstrous fictions,
 To cheat the world with counterfeit predictions

That serve for nothing, if they should be true,
 But to take up misfortune, ere 'tis due,
 For comets, eclipses, still forbode
 Destruction to mankind, but never good ;
 With chiromancy, horoscopy, and cabal
 The drums and rattles of the Scottish rabble,
 With all the vain impertinent delusions
 Of frantic and fanatic *Rosicrucians*,
 All meant for scarecrows false and counterfeit,
 To fright the world out of its little wit :
 For all their stiff formalities of arts,
 Are no more reverend, than the beards of warts.
 Their patent planetary intelligences
 And secret virtues of their influences,
 That like mechanic theory, in small
 Designs will hold, but greater not at all.
 For did not once astrologers persuade
 The inhuman Emp'ror Nero to evade
 The dire destruction which a star did seem
 To aim and level purposely at him :
 So frustrate all the black designs of fate,
 And turn their sad effects upon the state,
 That think their talents most adroit
 For any mystical exploit ;
 To deal in love and news, and weather,
 And thieves and matches altogether.

For witches are no sooner taken
 But by their treacherous imps forsaken ;
 And when by law they're seized upon
 Are only hang'd for being none.*

As Empson with the sieves he wrought,
 Could never find his fortune out.

One night the sun far more obscures,
 Than all the eclipses he endures,
 All points of Heaven are at noon
 As soon as entered by the sun.

The moon herself does never steal the light
 She pilfers from the sun but in the night :

The sea itself, throws up the beach and sand,
 That keeps it from incroaching on the land :

The Hebrew calendar did never cast
 The year's account up till 'twas gone and past :
 Which shows they gave no credit to the stars
 Or those that prompted them, astrologers.

Did not Menippus mounted in the moon,
 Discover all that upon earth was done ?

Or, she at the entrance of the eclipse, foreshow
 The Macedonian kings overthrow ?
 And did not only make the dire portent
 But was the real cause of the event,
 For the ancient Romans, only by their cunning
 In our profession, stoutly overrun him.
 And if we can the eclipse itself fortell
 Why should we not the event of it as well :
 A prophet has no need of being wise
 When all his art in dreams and visions lies.

For he that for his profit's brought t'obey
 Is only hired, on liking, to betray :

* Hudibras.

H

And when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work nor nice.

The devil first debauched a modest man
To be a courtier quite against the grain :
And in defiance of his fatal stars
Trepann'd a timorous coward to the wars.
For when the devil owes some men a shame,
He puts by all the passes that they aim,
And with his cloven diabolic foot
Kicks all the mischief down they go about.

The best authority instead of reasons
Is but a kind of statute with defeazance.

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We trust our readers will not class us among those critics who think to discover their ingenuity and learning by a constant cavilling at, and abuse of, all the subjects which come under their notice; we honestly confess, that, in our opinion, to praise well, is as much more accordant to our feelings as it is more difficult and more graceful. If from time to time our opinions may appear heterodox and startling, that may perhaps be considered as a reason for our conviction of their truth; and as on all matters of this sort, writing should be as closely as possible a transcript of the author's *feelings* on the subject, we shall not hesitate to express our sentiments, because they do not happen to be in the old jog-trot style. It is no less lamentable than true, that very many crying abuses exist in the art of music, and not one of the least is the utter discouragement which is given to a good style of composition at our great Theatres; and though, perhaps, the galleries can

hardly be brought to relish refinement in any way, yet this has doubtless the effect of preventing many professors, who feel the dignity of their art, from writing for the stage. That which in a proper order of things should have been a source of honour and emolument, has become a degradation—hence the success of charlatans and quacks, people whose musical pulse beat responsively with the dustmen and coalheavers in the shilling gallery. Music is a most divine art, and the feelings to which its more refined excellencies give rise, are among the most profound and exquisite of which we are capable. Who would not rather enjoy the neglect and indifference with which Mozart and Haydn's compositions are heard, than be raised by applauding galleries, to the "bad eminence" of a Parry or a Watson?

We grow exuberant on a subject in which, as ardent lovers of excellence in the art, our own pleasures or the contrary are so much concerned, and must return quietly to our task. The new operatic piece "'Twas I," which has been produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, has been very successful; but is, nevertheless, the very climax of stupidity. The music is an instance of what gallery applause will do for a *composer*, and the illustrious Maestro who fathers it, has been supposed by some to have studied counterpoint under a celebrated Esquimaux composer, whom Captain Parry met with. Whether this statement be actually true or not, the score of "'Twas I," justifies the suspicion.

Mr. Bishop, who has been so long enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* is, we are informed, forthcoming with a new opera. We shall be anxious to hear this performance, and heartily trust it may revive some of his old attraction; for it is not to be denied that the laurels which this gentleman gained by that pretty melo-drame "The Miller and his Men," and others of his early compositions, have been gradually fading, and are now almost brown, and one cause of this defect we imagine to have been, that instead of relying on his own resources, he condescended to imitate every popular composer of the day. As the season is now advancing for the opening of the Italian Opera House, and for the Philharmonic Concerts, &c. we hope to hear some good music, of which we shall not fail to acquaint our readers. A great annoyance about the former establishment is, that the musical performances are subject to the interference of a number of noblemen entirely ignorant of the art, and who place a person in the management who must quietly submit to all their foolish caprice and whims. If a clever and intelligent musician were appointed to the situation of director of the music, these noblemen might not find sufficient deference paid to their opinions, and therefore it is judged fittest to have an ignoramus at the head of the management. When Bonaparte once interfered with the composer, Cherubini, in giving him instruction for the performance of the music in the orchestra, the musician told him, that he knew how to fight battles, but he must leave him to direct music. The Emperor, in a momentary fit of anger, deprived him of his situation, but restored him to it the next day.

In the immense quantity of worthless trash which is issuing from the different musical publishers under the denomination of airs with variations, rondos, divertissements, &c. for the piano-forte, it is pleasant to meet with a work from the hand of Mr. J. B. Cramer. We take

shame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed the “Twenty-five characteristic Diversions for the Piano-forte,” of this author, published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street. These exercises are all admirable; equally calculated to form the hand and taste of those who practice them. The writings of Mr. Cramer have done more to discover the true genius of the piano-forte than those of any other composer whatever. The sonatas of Haydn (in each of which the author has tossed away more invention and contrivance, than any of the moderns can put into a symphony for the orchestra) we view in the light of excellent musical productions rather than developing the peculiar effects of the instrument. Haydn was not a great performer on the piano-forte, and therefore this is not matter of surprise. Mr. Cramer is, to our taste, so far removed beyond all the performers on this instrument, that praise applied to him is superfluous. To the greatest power of execution, he unites a musical mind of rare occurrence: for a proof of the former, let any one hear him play his concertos in D minor; and for the latter we would refer our readers to the “Studio per il Piano-forte.” Mr. Cramer, in common with all great musicians, is deeply imbued with a fine organ feeling, both in his compositions and performance. His superstructions on a pedal base are always particularly admirable, preserving the character of the instrument in the sprinkling of the notes and the distribution of the intervals; while the solidity of the harmonies seems to require an organ to do them justice. We earnestly recommend those of our readers who study the piano-forte, to abjure the works of Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Potter, Griffin, &c. and to practise the compositions of Cramer, Clementi, and Hummel. These Diversions will form an introduction to the “Studio,” and this last to the Preludes and Fugues of Sebastian Bach. The force of writing can no further go; having reached the works of Sebastian Bach, the student is at the well-spring from which all harmony flows, and we advise him “to drink deep ere he depart.” In the “Diversions” which form the subject of this notice, the author has been peculiarly happy in the names which he has given to the different exercises; and one in particular, which he calls “The Gilded Toy” is a fine, and to a musician, truly laughable satire upon the *modern* style of adagio performance. To us this had long appeared a fit subject for ridicule; and Mr. Cramer has, with much humour, hit off the character of these ludicrous and extravagant exhibitions without being chargeable with gross caricature. In the time of Haydn and Mozart, to write a fine adagio movement was considered the perfection of the art; the ideas in that style of movement requiring more grandeur, the melodies more elegance and grace, and the harmonies more refinement than those of any other species of musical composition. All these requisites are now, from the higher pitch of cultivation at which the art stands, found unnecessary; and if we listen to an adagio of these times, we shall find the performer, after striking a chord two or three times in the third or fourth bar, making a skirmish from one end of the instrument to the other: for what reason, it passes our poor understanding to guess; then, after repeatedly striking one note, we shall perhaps be favoured with a rapid succession of triplets, and then, a chromatic descent from the top of the instrument to the bottom; and then, ditto reversed. Without exaggeration, this is a pretty fair statement of the materials with

which a *modern* adagio movement is constructed; and so gross a perversion of the real excellencies of this style of composition, was first calculated to raise the musician's indignation, and afterwards naturally his laughter. To this we owe Mr. Cramer's delightful jeu-d'esprit. We are not to blame if composers for the piano-forte imagine that the elegance of a slow movement consists in writing fifty or sixty notes more in a bar than they are allowed by the time. Those little hurried passages which we find in the slow movements of Haydn and Mozart are all conceived in a fine taste, and serve as ornaments to some beautiful melody; but piano-forte performers, in imitating this, have fancied that the charm lay in the crowd of notes, and not in the manner of using them. Indeed, the modern refinement in piano-forte playing will not admit of such a clog upon its fine airy flights as time or accent; every thing is to be done in the style of a fantasia; it must never be discovered that the music is distributed with a certain quantity to a bar; any marking of a distinct time or accent is too mechanical for the astonishing performers of the present day. This is in a hideous taste; the consequence of it is, that we have no performer on the piano-forte worth hearing except Cramer and Moscheles; and this last, though a good musician, and perfect master of the mechanical difficulties of his instrument, lacks much of the perception of beauty which we find in the other. In the whole range of professors of different instruments, we shall not find any who have discovered so little talent as those who study the piano-forte: either by innate stupidity in the performer, or want of perception in us, we seldom hear a piano-forte concerto which is not completely disgusting. We shall take leave of these "Characteristic Diversions," strongly recommending them, not only on the score of useful practice, but as delightful specimens of composition for the instrument. J. B. Cramer is one of those happy spirits to whom it is allotted to scatter grace and beauty on whatever their minds are employed. The good which the "Studio" has done in advancing the powers of execution in piano-forte performers is incalculable; the mind is the only thing which we regret cannot be transferred.

Of Clementi and Co.'s late publications we have to notice Raondo by Adams, for the organ or piano-forte; the subject from Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti." "The Church of England, morning and evening Service, containing Psalm Tunes, and first and last Voluntary" &c. by Blewitt: and the "Overtures and Airs from Il Crociato in Egitto, arranged as Duets for two performers on the piano-forte," by Attwood. Of the first of these we can only say that Mr. Adams has done as much as could be done with a very bad subject for organ treatment; or indeed, treatment of any kind. The only objection to the compositions of this gentleman is, that they are generally too difficult for any fingers but those of professed musicians; and *they* are not likely to be attracted by such a subject as he has chosen for the present composition. All Mr. Adams's productions are ingenious, but to us they want the charm of polished melody: they however always discover the good musician. Mr. Blewitt's Organ Service, we believe, is intended chiefly for the Sunday evening recreation of amateurs; and as such, may be found pleasing. Any tendency to increase the practice of organ music should be encouraged; it is the source of all good taste in the art. Mayerbeer

is the musical idol, which that "many-headed beast, the town" worships at present, and Mr. Attwood has kindly furnished us with some of "Il Crociato in Egitto," arranged as duets for the piano-forte. This new operatic composer is too much of the Rossini school to please our bad taste; and the only peculiar feature of these duets is the extraordinary text which accompanies the music. Over some bars of this piano-forte arrangement we are informed that it is descriptive of the "labour of the slaves, in drawing and raising stones for the buildings:" again, we have "strokes of the mallet of the other slaves in preparing the stones for building:" again, "a youth supports his aged father," &c. &c. All this in a piano-forte adaptation is very ridiculous; if Mr. Attwood can, by a series of musical notes bring before our imagination an Irish labourer raising a hod of mortar to the top of a house, it is really more than we thought the art was capable of; and we wish him joy of the discovery.

Some interesting publications from the Catalogue of Messrs. Boosey and Co., the foreign musical publishers, we must defer noticing till next month.

A HINT TO WHIST PLAYERS.

WE,—(I and my constant partner, in love and whist)—have had a long run latterly, like the bankers, of ill luck.—Night after night,—for the cards are of as regular occurrence, as our Hyson,—we have lost an average half dozen of rubbers, without the set-off of one single point against the score.

Probably, it may be hinted here, that we are no adepts,—and it would not become me to speak in contradiction.—I confess willingly, on my own behalf, that I am not a Hoyle,—yet, such as we are, jointly, we have overcome players of high repute. Not unto ourselves,—but to propitious Fortune we attributed those victories—and now, under our own reverses, we claim to complain, as the "Dabs" did, of a partial dispensation.

I can put up with an occasional bad card-hand, as Job-like as any one. A sorry, solitary deuce of trumps, *now and then*, does not put me beside my tenour. I can go trumpless even once, twice, or thrice, without an imprecation.—I can sort, without pouting, some thirteen rabble-cards, and endure, as heroically as Brightelmstone tradesfolk, a temporary privation of king and court favour.—It would be strange if the losses and crosses I have suffered in human dealings, had not taught me philosophy to endure any reasonable proportion of Whist adversity. If I can reckon up without fretting, the niggardly balances that are made out to me by my bookseller,—I may surely, without chafing, tell over a beggarly account of pips.

My gentle ally—as her mild, placid countenance might vouch for—exceeds me in resignation. She is the last Whist player in the world to be put out by a fair average of mishaps—but the repeated frowns of fortune—fickle, alas! no more, but against us perversely constant,—have ruffled even my meek partner. The acute mischance may be got

over,—but our confirmed ill luck has become chronical. A temporary foul breeze may be worn out patiently,—but a trade wind in one's teeth, what mortal can bear?

There is nothing mortifying, it may be said, in being outshuffled by a pack of pasteboard,—that kings, queens, knaves,—two by honours, or all the honours, fall to our adversaries,—is the inevitable result of position in the cards,—and disparages neither skill nor desert of our's. They were our's, they are their's, and may be our's again. That indeed is the pleasurable alternation in games of see-saw and of chance. But to rest always on the humble ground without any turn in the air—to be invariably cut by the better trumps—to be shunned by the aces, and never visited by the kings—to be sent to Coventry by all good cards—to thrive *never*, and, never thriving, to be sneered at, implicitly by the old scandalous adage,—oh, 'tis intolerable!

What antique sacrifices, or mysterious ceremonious rites, to the filleted goddess have we omitted? Will she never, *never* again turn for us the tables,—as we have turned often our unwieldy, unlucky chairs?

I have not yet spoken of our worst grievance:—there is a sore within a sore. It is the grave, demure, hypocritical visages of our conquerors, when they rise up, it may be, from their tenth victory,—that gall us more than our defeat. With prim, serious features, more worthy of a Quaker rite than of Whist settlements,—they pick up, (the buckram dowagers!) and pocket the trophy coin. To judge from our faces,—'tis a drawn game,—a fourfold disappointment—but Whist, as the world knows, is incapable of such lame and impotent conclusions. “Two,” says Mr. Battle, the eloquent encomiast of Whist, “two are exalted—two again are mortified”—but it would puzzle a disciple of Lavater to say which was which at the close of our melancholy rubbers. As far as physiognomy goes, the winners protest that they would as lief have forgone the double points, and the money.—They have not achieved success, but had it thrust upon them.—They repent, like Coriolanus, of their conquest.—They begrudge themselves,—or might be supposed to begrudge themselves, their gains,—if it were not a joint object with them to be as successful as sad.—They are loath,—so their formal looks signify,—to put us to the trial of a triumph—or they fear, and half anticipate, the pigeon-like flutter of the whole brood of pasteboard about their wary ears.

If they mean thus—let them know that we hate their sham insincere moderation—we are offended by their uncourteous mistrust. Do they think, forsooth, that we can afford to lose so many shillings nightly—and of *that* they never affect a doubt—but that we are too poor in patience to put up with a simple smile? Is it less an offence to question our good breeding and self-government, than to hint a suspicion of our finances? Is the suppressed chuckle in their sleeves likely to be less provoking than the fair frank laugh against us?—Do they flatter themselves, that we perceived not, in the beginning, their ill-concealed gigglings and titterings behind their card-fans, for joy of the lucky distribution?—Did their lurking aces leap out lingeringly, reluctantly, or eagerly, upon our untimely queens and kings?—Did they chuckle or sigh, with over-mastering trumps, to cut up the poor remnants of our hopeful suits?—It would be better if they clapped

their hands and crowed over us,—bragging would be preferable to their mock-modesty. We scorn their untimely gravity—we resent their insolent humility. Do they think we are not competent to carry off ten times their prosperity, or our own losses, with an equal propriety?—To be sure, say they, the honours fell very much against you, or some such impertinent condolence. Do we or chance need their excuses? do we writhe or blaspheme under our reflections? If at such moments I do betray some tokens of impatience—utter a few peevish pishes—it is because their triumph of temper has “triumphed over mine.”

Is our skill, so notably inferior, to find another explanation for their manners, that our defeat is a joyless and matter-of-course termination? Their good fortune, which made another result improbable, forbids such an interpretation. Nevertheless, in some rare instances aforesaid, when chance favoured us, they have been pleased to express that no skill could compete with such lucky cards as we held, or some speech as tantamount to the assumption.

It is still possible, and for their modesty's sake desirable,—that they are of those lukewarm players, the aversion of Mrs. Battle,—the half-and-half gamesters, “who have no objection to take a hand if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and to lose another; that they can wile away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no.”

There is no offence in that case, to any one but themselves in their listless achievements. They only amuse themselves in a melancholy manner, (as Froissart twits us,) according to the custom of their breed.—But I would rather play, (they must pardon me,) against double dummies—or be beaten by two wooden whist-dolls, cousins to the chess-playing automaton. At any rate, since it is all one to their faces and feeling, I would rather that they lost, than *we*, the money and the rubbers. 'Tis my pleasant infirmity not to be proof against the excitements and the depressions of the game. A main good stroke of chance or skill makes me chuckle: I love to mutter a half earnest malediction on an untimely ace. The odd trick makes me rub my palms together. I like to win my battle, and then to have an illumination.

After all, possibly, I have done the dear dowagers an injustice. It is perchance, but some formality-rule of the old buckram-age that compels their features to that demure fashion. The courtly Chesterfield, of sway absolute in their school-time, denounces, I recollect, the vulgarity of audible and hearty laughter; and at, or after a rubber of whist he may somewhere have forbidden them to smile. 'Tis a maxim, perhaps, in some old Dilworth code of courtesy; but it is an error in whist-breeding and ought to be expunged. There is a special proverb against it:

“Let those laugh that win.”

THOMAS PAM.

MANNERS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

— — Straws, that shew which way the tide runs.—*Vulgar Metaphor.*

THERE is a kind of information relating to times past, which, if the value of knowledge be estimated by its scarcity, and not its intrinsic importance, is exceedingly precious. We mean those miscellaneous items of intelligence, which, when strung together in letters, or conversation, are usually denominated gossip. This bears no value at the time it is uttered, and he or she who is addicted to it, not unjustly incurs the imputation of weakness. But the gossip of former times, when it fortunately happens to descend to posterity, becomes valuable information; inasmuch as it is the very kind of writing, that conveys the knowledge of many minutiae of life that are requisite to be known, in order to the formation of correct opinions in manners and the condition of society.

This species of knowledge history does not even attempt to supply; to the privacy of individuals it rarely descends; whilst their lives, which are more amply unfolded by biographers, are generally of an extraordinary kind, and no fair samples of the community. Besides, in public bodies and characters, subject to particular kinds of etiquette, there is a wonderful uniformity maintained from age to age, which renders them very improper criteria by which to judge of the manners of the different stages of society. The picture of one court, for example, may serve, with a few variations in the dresses and attitudes of the groupe, for that of another. The universities, also, wear the same or a similar aspect; and though they may be more in the light than formerly, the same tone of feeling and modes of behaviour are, to a certain degree, observable. Dr. South might preach a high-flying sermon at St. Mary's, and afterwards dine at Magdalen, without discovering, unless by some alteration in the outward man, that he was not among his own contemporaries. A member of parliament, or of any other body, considered in his official capacity, is but slightly changed from what he was, in all save externals. A country gentleman of Charles II, might vote at this day upon the opposition benches, and verily believe that his nap had not exceeded its usual length. "Noodle's oration," or a part of it, would be sure, before long, to draw from him his accustomed *hear! hear!* His Stentorian voice, loud as that of a view-hollo in a fox chase, might possibly be admired for its strength, but would otherwise pass as a matter of course, or be thought exceedingly well timed. "I maintain, Sir, that this trade is injurious to the best interests of the country. It is, what the bill emphatically calls it, a nuisance. Do we not see our rents daily decline? Is not Ireland deriving an enormous profit from the trade? And is it not clearer than the sun at noon day that all this must be at our expense? I say, Sir, that he who can object to the principle of this bill, must have either an Irish heart, or an Irish understanding!" Thus harangued the orator of his own time. Had he taken a nap, and waked in the early part of the eighteenth century, his approbation would have been elicited by a continuation of the same enlightened argument. "What, Sir, are we to expect, when this northern hive is allowed to swarm and settle here? Our manufactures and our produce will be all cut up by these

hungry invaders. A poor people can never be leagued with a wealthier, but to the great detriment of the latter. Sir, if this bill pass into law, let the country, let posterity look to the consequences." Once more, should our sleeper have indulged in a third nap, he might have been awakened, towards the conclusion of the same century, by words of exactly the same import: "Ireland cannot make a single acquisition but with the proportional loss of England." Thus were the great council of the nation more than a century in learning one of the easiest lessons in politics! Nay, at this very moment, though it might puzzle our sleeper waked to extricate the meaning of what he heard from the tortuous envelope of phrases, in which it was wrapped up, though he might inwardly curse the prosing speaker, and think him even more than usually dull and tedious, yet, as far as he went along with honourable members, he would not fail to recognise the cordial old sentiment of his English heart. A court preacher, or a bishop; a Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Mayor, exhibits as little in his sentiments the change of times, and the progress of civilization. A hearty anti-catholic peer, that lent himself all ear to Bishop Burnet's denunciations of danger from papists, might listen with as much edification to Bishop Blomfield's apprehensions from the same quarter. He would doubtless discover that the reverend Lord had lost his Scotch brogue, but to compensate that, he might perceive in his discourse an additional infusion of Scotch craft. A dealer in political gossip, who harangued upon corruption, and places, and state traffic, &c. in the days of Chancellor Hyde, though surprised to find that old Clarendon, in place of his usual prompt and decided tone, had contracted a strange spirit of dubiety, would in other respects find him the old man still. Suppose that the grave should, for once, give up its dead, for the purpose of allowing Mr. Pepys to hear a sermon, at his own parish church, if it be yet in *rerum natura*; he might make his usual memorandum of a "poor old sermon to-day," or "a lazy fat priest," or, if at Whitehall, "a great flattering sermon I did not like;" and go to bed again, without observing any thing more remarkable than that perriwigs were gone out of fashion. For any sensible addition of liberality, or even of wisdom, in the sentiments of a majority of these classes, we should hardly be aware of the lapse of time, and the wide interval, which separate the two periods.

Such as they are, these are the portions of society with whom alone History has ever deigned to be conversant; and her records, therefore, afford but few hints by which to discriminate properly the different periods which she embraces. Whilst the wisdom of our parliamentary ancestors—our Bishops, Kings, and Lords—is written down, as Dogberry would have had himself, in indelible black and white, the history of the Commons is a blank. Some of its busier members have, indeed, got themselves lampooned or satirized, or bepraised in party squibs, or fulsome dedications; and some, by their merits in science or literature, have led mankind to pry with curiosity into their domestic life. But little truth is to be extracted from works written avowedly either to lower their subjects in public estimation, or to raise the authors in the estimation of the subjects. Men of science, also, and learning, may be said to be of no age: their manners and habits are determined by their pursuits; and their pursuits being similar, so also are their habits and manners. Imperfect, however, as these sources of informa-

tion are, they are all that we have to look to for information concerning the great mass of mankind in every age. There are doubtless works extant, whose especial purpose it is to describe the manners of particular periods; but the very efforts and ambition of authorship are unfavourable to the attainment of their object. Their representations are involuntarily coloured by the temper and genius of the writer. It must also be remembered, that the writer, having it in view to amuse, or astonish, or instruct, selects only such incidents as are directed to the particular end of his writing. The view he presents of society is necessarily partial. A much better source of information, sometimes, is a perusal of old letters, as discovered in the rubbish of libraries; and the publication of these diffuses a considerable light upon the period to which they belong. Not being written with any of the preceding views, but designed wholly for the information of correspondents, they are not subject to the imputations under which authorship must always lie. Every hint we collect is valuable. But after all, the information to be extracted from even a voluminous correspondence may be, and is, necessarily, very confined. If the parties be engaged in public affairs, new views of history will be acquired; and, as has often happened, information calculated to change men's opinions altogether, on certain points, which had been previously held to be settled, or even not so much as agitated. If in private life, they will be too exclusively confined to the domestic concerns of the persons in correspondence, and will only indirectly throw light upon more general subjects. What we want is intelligence of a more miscellaneous nature, embracing a great variety of subjects—domestic and public matters, amusements, fashions, frivolities—town and country gossip—all, in short, that falls within the hearing or observation of an active member of the community, and a man of pleasure as well as business. If we have his information in the shape of intelligence to some friend at a distance from the scene of affairs, we have it in a pretty authentic shape: still there exists, even in that case, a temptation to be witty or humorous, at the expense of truth; to misrepresent or miscolour; and, above all, to be fastidious in the selection of articles of news from a fear of being found guilty of tediousness. These are the evils of authorship in a minor degree. There is a yet more desirable form, in which the intelligence may be conveyed to us. Suppose a person in the habit of noting down, as briefly as possible, every thing that befel him during the day—as what he had seen, done, said, or heard in the course of business or amusement, solely for the sake of having a Journal, in which he might, at any subsequent period, be able to tell precisely what he was engaged with, and what were his habits and feelings at that particular epoch, and we should have the most perfect transcript of the times that could possibly be made. Here would not be the slightest inducement to embellish or suppress. The writer's object being his own information, he would not suppress any thing necessary to be known, for that would defeat his object. Neither, for the same reason, would he be fastidious; for those motives which would deter him from communicating any particulars of information to another, have no place here. A man is not ashamed of confessing his feelings to himself; and he is never wearied by the mention of any thing he has ever been concerned in, however frivolous. Every thing,

the least as well as the greatest, that relates to a man's self, is of importance to him. Such a narrative comprises every advantage that can be looked for in a memoir of the age—an abstract or chronicle of the fleeting manners and customs of mankind; fulness, minuteness, veracity; at least, no intentional misrepresentation, and no false colouring, superinduced by a desire of pleasing, of being wise or witty, or by any other motive. The narrative, to be perfectly trustworthy, must bear in itself the evidence of its design, as intended solely for the writer's own eye; for if there be visible an intention of publishing, or even of communicating it to one or more, its authority is impaired. A curiosity of this kind, perhaps, never existed in the world till the publication of the Diary of Mr. Pepys. By reason of the scarcity of such minute, as well as authentic intelligence as that with which it abounds, we have thought it worth our while to transfer some of his multifarious gossip to our own pages. We propose to dole out a few more particulars of information, which are to us most characteristic of the age to which they relate.

The portion of intelligence relative to the times, which we communicated in our last, comprised an account of the progress of a courtship, in what, it may be supposed, was considered high life. The parties were a daughter of the then Lord Sandwich, and the eldest son of Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy. According to the good old practice of our fathers, which saved young people the trouble of making a choice for themselves, Mr. Pepys, and certain other common friends, had been employed to bring the match about. The gentleman having at length overcome his bashfulness or reluctance, and the lady having professed her willingness, as in duty bound, to obey her father, all she could or was expected to say, nothing remained but to obtain the church's sanction. Let us see, then, how they conducted a wedding in the merry times of Charles II. Mr. Pepys sets forth betimes, by six o'clock, in his new, coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round his hands, very rich and fine. He is accompanied by the father and mother of the bridegroom. Having to cross the ferry, below Deptford, and being too late to catch the tide, they are fain to solace themselves in the Isle of Dogs, a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh. After two or three hours thus spent, they effect their passage, but come too late to witness the ceremony; a circumstance which troubled Mr. Pepys, and also troubled us, for otherwise we should have been admitted by his means to witness it too. "The young lady mighty sad," which grieves him; but yet it might only be, he thinks, her usual gravity, a little deepened by the recent solemnity. "All saluted her," and Mr. Pepys too, but not till Lady Sandwich had asked him, whether he had done so or not. Dinner comes in course; after that, some to cards and some to talk. "At night, to supper, and so to talk again; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too, and so after prayers soberly to bed." Mr. Pepys expresses surprise on this occasion; yet his friend Lord Crewe was a presbyterian, and, we think, the family of Lord Sandwich also were of the same persuasion, till he turned courtier. Mr. Pepys, we fear, was not one of the godly, otherwise he would have remembered that prayer is

never out of season. But now comes the characteristic part—"I got into the bridegroom's chamber, while he undressed himself, and there was very merry till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. *I kissed the bride in bed*, and saw the curtains drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night." The modesty and decency of the whole business seem to have struck him as something unusual. He professes that it delighted him much more than if it had been twenty times merrier than it was; from which we infer that a good deal of joviality, and a great many fooleries, were customary on these interesting occasions.

A year or two before the last occurrence mentioned, he had been present at another wedding, celebrated "with very great state, cost, and company"—"but among all the beauties there my wife was thought the greatest." "Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed." Our own customs and habits we are generally disposed to consider the best possible; indeed, they become our nature, and we never think of questioning their merits. A retrospective glance into the lives of our forefathers, wherever we have an opportunity of prying into their privacy, is of great service. For we have there a state of society with which to compare our own—to suggest improvements, or where there is no room for them, to enhance our comforts by the superiority of our methods of securing them over those of our ancestors. This picture of a courtship and a wedding cannot but console the younger and fairer portion of our readers, who might otherwise be inclined to murmur at the dispensation under which they themselves live.

But it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting. We invite the reader to accompany us to the funeral of an uncle of Mr. Pepys, at Brompton, whither the latter has set out on horseback, news having been brought him of the event by a special messenger. The corpse he found in its coffin, standing upon joint stools, in the chimney of the hall; "but it began to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and *watched by my aunt*." Next morning the first duty executed by him and his father is the reading of the will; after that "we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial." It happening to be a Sunday, people from far and near came to witness the ceremony. "In the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things." They then carried the deceased to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon. His "poor brother Tom," not many years after, followed their uncle to the grave. He chooses a place for him to lie in, under their mother's pew, and moralizes, like Hamlet in the grave-digging scene:—"To see how a man's bones are at the mercy of such a fellow, (the sexton,) that for sixpence would (as his own words were) 'justle them together, but he would make room for him;' speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie." "Knocked about on the mazzard with a sexton's spade! Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't." The company invited to be present, at one, or two o'clock, as is the custom, were late in making their appearance; "but at last one after another they come, many more than I bid; my

reckoning was one hundred and twenty, but there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret." Those that served had white gloves given them. The men sat by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, "very close, but yet room enough." "Anon, to church-walking, and had very good company along with the corpse, and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave." The family of Mr. Pepys may be considered as having belonged to the middle rank of society. General mournings for great people seem to have been a fashion recently introduced. He commemorates buying a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones; "and I met with Tho. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in town."

The remnants of some Gothic practices, in regard to funerals, are even to this day observable. In the good sense, and absence of all parade, never more out of place than on occasions like these, which distinguish their burials, our Northern countrymen set us a good example. The crowd of friends and mourners assembled at Mr. Pepys's, partly allured by the slight refreshments to be dealt out, and partly stimulated by the interest which scenes of death and human suffering always excite, mark a state of manner intermediate between the present, and the age when the solemn rites of burial were oddly blended with carousing and drunkenness. "The Thracians," says Herodotus, "lamented when a child was born into the world, but sang and drank for joy at the death of a man." Was it on some principle of this sort, that our forefathers observed a funeral as one of the choicest occasions for extraordinary ebriety?

A similar rudeness of manners, as well as obtuseness of feelings, indicative of an age still deficient in refinement, may be traced in many particulars recorded by Mr. Pepys. For instance, he was himself a person of consideration; high in office, yet he scarcely ever seems to have missed an execution, if it lay at all within his reach. Without any vindictive feelings to prompt him, he duly witnessed the horrid butcheries at Charing-cross; and as duly entered a memorandum to that effect, with as much indifference, apparently, as he noted down a change of dress or the purchase of a pair of stockings. "I went out to Charing-cross to see Major General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said, that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ, to judge them that now judged him, and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the king beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing-cross." He is even curious after their remains. "George Vines carried me to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall." But any thing, it scarcely mattered what, if unusual, was enough at any time to draw him out of his way to see it. That hardness of feeling which we speak of, is more satisfactorily indicated by the interest taken in those sights, by certain of that sex, whom education now teaches to

shudder at the bare imagination. "To my Lady Batter's, (wife of Sir. W. B. an official personage likewise,) where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged, and buried at Tyburn." It is possible that these fair ladies may have been transported thus far by the fervour of their loyalty, which we are aware can convert even tender hearts into stocks and stones. A case in point—Madame du Hausset tells us, that "great numbers, many of them women, had the curiosity to witness the execution (of Damien,) amongst others, Madame de P—— a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a farmer-general. She hired two places at a window, for twelve louis, and played a game of cards in the room, whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the king, (Louis XV.) he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed—"Fie, la vilaine!" She thought to pay her court this way, and signalize her attachment to the sacred person.

It happens, however, unluckily for the fame of Mr. Pepys, that he appears to have taken an interest in spectacles of this kind, when the balm of loyalty could not be applied to healing the wound, which they must no doubt have inflicted on his gentle bosom. "Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wright's to get a place to see Turner hang'd, I to the 'Change." It must have been some weighty business that drew Mr. Pepys away from a scene so congenial to his feelings. He finds, however, on enquiry, that he may still get a sight; so away with the crowd down Leadenhall-street, to St. Mary Axe, where the culprit had lived, and where, it seems, was the spot selected for his death. "And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, *in great pain*, above an hour before the executioner was done; he delaying the time by long discourses, and prayers one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the last; I was sorry to see him." This gentleman was a Colonel Turner; "a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me;" one of those out-of-place military men, who ruffled about with sword and cloak, half gambler, half highwayman—a character very common at that period; in which disbanded officers, without even a half-pay to famish upon, were left to absolute naked destitution. It requires but to mention Capt. Colepepper, who figures in the "Fortunes of Nigel," or the yet more famous Col. Blood, to make the reader aware of the sort of person we mean. Col. Turner suffered for a robbery, not unlike the one perpetrated by the Captain in Whitefriars; but it was not aggravated by the guilt of murder. We think it a public misfortune that the Diary of Mr. Pepys was not given to the world before Peveril of the Peak was written. What an ample fund of materials for the delineation both of public and domestic characters and scenes would it have afforded the author of that work! Into what a living narrative could he have wrought the miscellaneous particulars here recorded! Whereas, Peveril of the Peak, as is generally confessed, is somewhat cold, poor, and laboured—no vitality, little animation, and still less of that, which is most characteristic of the age. It is a picture no more resembling the original, than a landscape of Claude is like a range of Highland hills; imagination had the business entirely in its own hands, for North's Examen was but a

scantly furnished depository of anecdote, compared with these teeming volumes.

The great number of Col. Turners and Col. Bloods who figure in the annals of Newgate at this period, it would be unfair perhaps, to attribute to a laxity and wildness common to the age, rather than to the immediate cause—the recent civil wars, which had trained up a great number of men in habits of licentiousness, whose irregular subsistence vanished with the wars that had procured it. One thing is, however, remarkable, that the division of labour, which has separated the various departments of villainy, from that of him, who cheats you out of your money in a fair way, to him, who takes it from you by stealth, or force, was yet unknown. Another circumstance more strikingly evinces the better condition of the present state of society. This compound character—the gentleman-robber, is frequently found united in the person of a disbanded officer, or man of some family consequence. These two characters, the progress of civilization has placed still further asunder than the gambler and thief; and it is now considered a rare accident, when they are found united.

It were, however, unjust to found any conclusions for or against a particular state of society, upon examples, which may be considered as extreme cases; but these are supported by instances of ferocity and lawlessness, pervading all ranks from the prince to the beggar. We read of occurrences at court, into the details of which it is impossible to enter, that excited only merriment; and not only show a very low state of morality, but a brutality, especially on the part of the King, of which we have no conception. But it is as unfair to draw inferences from the conduct of Kings as from that of beggars—both, it is well known, being subject to similar disadvantages, the one being as much above the control of public opinion, as the other is below it. What we have noticed in regard to the pleasure taken by a gentleman and his lady, persons of the middle rank, but rising fast into distinction, in sights, which well-educated people turn from with just abhorrence, is much more conclusive. The general prevalence of a ferocious and lawless spirit is indicated in various ways, and among all classes of society. Their demeanour towards each other was evidently more violent and savage than at present. The occasion of this was, no doubt, the irregular and partial administration of justice. Men did not walk so much in fear of the law as they do now, and as they ought to do. The same spirit that now dares only reveal itself in rudeness, being not so well curbed formerly, gave rise to numerous and casual affrays, when some lives were lost and the persons of more mutilated. We present the following cases in illustration of the remark. The Ambassadors of France and Spain disputed about precedence. “Up by moonshine to Whitehall, and then I hear that this day, being the day of the Swedish Ambassador’s entrance, they intend *to fight* for it. Our King, I heard, ordered that we Englishmen should not meddle in the business, *but let them do what they would.*” Great preparations were made on both sides—the French ranted and made most noise, but the Spaniards did all without any stir almost at all, “so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them.” The Spaniard had, however, the best of the fray. They

fought most desperately, and carried their point, which was to obtain in the procession, the place immediately after the King's coach. There were *several men slain* on the French side, together with one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman apparently by a chance bullet. This fact in itself is not sufficient to establish our inference. The Ambassadors, too, of barbarous powers might, it is obvious, even at this day, dispute about some point equally frivolous, and proceed to bloodshed; but what would the public think of an order from the Board of Green Cloth, to "let them do what they would?" Moreover, would any well-educated gentleman, not to say a man in authority, be found running after them, "through all the dirt, and the streets full of people," not with a view of assisting to prevent the fray, but of seeing and enjoying the spectacle? "At last at the Mews, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords to guard it, and *our soldiers shouting for joy*." It was also "strange to see how the city did rejoice" at the result. "Indeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish and hate the French." In the latter, "I observe, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit when they do well, and more abject when they miscarry. They all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads." There is no mention of any judicial proceeding subsequent to this outrage, that would have disgraced the metropolis of Turkey and a corps of Janizaries; no reparation either for the individual, whose life was sacrificed, or to justice, whose vital interests were endangered. The French, it appears, were nearly four to one, and had one hundred pistols among them; whilst the Spaniards had not a single gun; "which is for their honour, for ever, and the others disgrace." Such was the reflection suggested by this strange occurrence in the mind of an enlightened contemporary. "So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and home, when I vexed my wife in telling her of this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French." The conduct of the King and constituted authorities, was most shameful; but it is not so conclusive against the spirit of the age, as this reflection and this narrative of an individual English gentleman.

Another symptom of the unhappy state of things is the kind of duelling that prevailed. We say the *kind*, because we do not insist upon the prevalence of the practice; as that would compel us to prove that it was more general then than now, which we have not the means at hand of showing. Their duels were distinguished by these circumstances, which are now considered as great aggravations of the offence against justice. They were often sudden, and perpetrated in the height of passion, without witnesses or arrangements to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. They arose out of occasions the most frivolous; and, by involving the seconds in actual hostility, made the outrage yet greater, as well as precluded the possibility of an amicable arrangement of differences. Thus, without note or comment, he enters the following as an extraordinary item of news: "In our way to Kensington, we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield had killed another gentleman about half an hour before, and was fled." In another rencontre, one of the combatants was suspected of having worn armour; for his antagonist's sword was shivered up to the hilt against it. The principals were Mr. Jermyn, (a well-known character in the

Memoires de Grammont) and Captain Howard, Lord Carlisle's brother. The latter was the challenger, and, "what is most strange, he would not, to the last, tell Jermyn what the quarrel was, nor do any body know." Mr. Jermyn was supposed to be mortally wounded; his second, Colonel Rawlins, was killed outright. Their antagonists had horses ready, "and are fled." The circumstances of the Duke of Buckingham's duel with Lord Shrewsbury are notorious, and for infamy altogether without precedent, even in that unscrupulous age. He was instantly pardoned by a special act under the great seal; an office worse than any to which the late Chancellor, observes Mr. Pepys, from which it had recently been taken, had ever put it. The suspicion under which he lay, of having suborned Blood to take Ormond's life, a design which failed in consequence of the Colonel's whim, to hang his Grace on Tyburn tree, are also well known. There are one or two incidents which the Diary has brought to light for the first time, that yet more satisfactorily establish this scoundrel nobleman's guilt, as well as show the lawless spirit of the times. Harry Killigrew was wounded in nine places by footmen, in the highway, between the Park and Hammersmith. They were supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, as she was herself close behind, in her coach and six horses. Her grudge against him was his having openly said that he had intrigued with her. "In discourse this afternoon the Duke of York did tell her that he was the most amazed at one thing just now that ever he was in his life; which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the King was, with much mixed company, and, among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death; (and his man is *quite* dead) and there did say that he had spoke with one that was by, (which person all the world must know must be his mistress, my Lady Shrewsbury) who says, that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword: so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her; which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might perhaps cost him his life, and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most *impudent* thing, as well as the most *foolish* that ever he knew man do in all his life." Of the atrocity of Buckingham's conduct, whatever its impudence or folly, there can but be one opinion. Of the Duke of York's comment upon it we think there can scarcely be any difference of opinion, either as respects his personal character or the principles of the age. Still more astonishing is the fact, that we hear of no enquiries instituted on the occasion, or that Buckingham, so far from losing his life, lost not even his place, which was then that of Prime Minister, or, at least, the principal adviser of the Crown.

Another affray of *honour* is recorded by Mr. Pepys, and especially quoted as "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom." Sir H. Bellarses, happening one evening, in conversation with Tom Porter, to whom he was giving some advice, to talk a little louder than ordinary, some of the company standing by said, "what, are they quarrelling?" "No," said Bellarses, "I would have you know, I never quarrel but I strike; take that as a rule of mine." "How," says Tom Porter, "strike!" I would I could see the man.

in England that durst give me a blow! With that, Sir H. did give him a box on the ear, and so they were going to fight then, (they were at dinner at Sir R. Carr's,) but were hindered. By-and-bye Tom Porter went out, and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellarses presently; for he knew, *if he did not, that they should be friends to-morrow*, and then the blow would rest upon him. To prevent this misfortune, he desires Dryden to let him have his boy, to bring him notice which way Sir H. went. By-and-bye he hears that Sir H.'s coach is coming—stops it—and bids Sir H. get out. “Why,” says Sir H., “you will not hurt me coming out—will you?” “No,” says Tom Porter. So out he gets—both draw—Sir H. flinging away his scabbard. “Are you ready?” asks Porter.—The other replies, he is.—After this they fall to, some of their acquaintance standing by. They are both wounded, Sir H. mortally. The latter calls Tom, kisses him, and bids him shift for himself; “for,” says he, “Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done. But Tom was wounded too, and unable to fly. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellarses, a parliament man too, and both of them extraordinary friends.” Thus for the first, and almost the only time, we have something in the shape of a reflection upon these wanton, and criminal transactions: and yet even here the wonder is not that two gentlemen should thus frivolously wound each other, even to death, but that one of them should be a parliament man, and person in office.

The existence of this ferocious temper is discovered, as might be expected, in the affrays that frequently occurred in the streets among the lower orders. “To Westminster Hall, and in King street, there being a great stop of coaches, there was a falling out between a drayman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and one of his footmen killed.” What, if every stoppage of the kind was to be productive of the like consequences now!—If draymen carried the law, like their whips, in hand, and footmen wore it at their sides, in the shape of a sword! “I heard to-day of a great fray between Sir H. Finch's coachman, who struck with a whip, a coachman of the king's, to the loss of his eyes.” Savage enough, but whether an occurrence absolutely impossible now, we cannot decidedly pronounce. The accompanying facts, however, indicate a brutality, of which no one now would suspect, even in the “bulls and the bears.” “The people of the Exchange seemed to laugh and make sport of it, with words of contempt to the unhappy coachman.” This is monstrous—but what follows is more so:—“My Lord Chamberlain did come from the king to shut up the 'Change, and by the help of a *Justice*, did it, but upon a petition to the king, it was opened again.” It is well said, curse not to the king, nor ought appertaining unto him. Lord! to what a pass had loyalty, and ardent attachment, and ale and bon-fires brought our masters! We do remember an exertion of authority somewhat resembling this, even in our own times, but an infinite number of degrees below it in audacity. Carriages turned back in the open streets by the military, and coachmen manned with swords or bayonets—something like this; the exact particulars we do not recollect. At the time we allude to, complaints

were very general of an insolent deportment on the part of the soldiery on their different stations. The heroes of Waterloo had not had time to subside into quiet, orderly regulars. The interference of a few spirited individuals, however, soon redressed those petty grievances. We hear of no such things now.—That was a military year. Scarlet was your injurer. Far too much vapouring and brandishing of bright steel, for a civic rule. We desire not the return of it. If liberty ever again, to use the Scotch vulgarism, “croups her criels,” it will be in some moment, when people are drunk, either with loyalty as in 1660, or with glory, as in 1815.

We are apt to exclaim against the brutality of the prize-fights at present in vogue; but we find, that disgraceful as they are to the country, they are nevertheless an improvement upon the prize-fights in which our fathers took delight. “With Sir J. Minnes in the Strand, and walked to the New Theatres, where the fencers play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life. It was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest, and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both, upon the stage, between every bout.” Different trades often met and fought with great fury. Thus, in Moorfields, the butchers and weavers, between whom there had been, time immemorial, a competition for mastery, had a pitched battle, in which the former were soundly beaten, and some deeply wounded and sadly bruised. The weavers left the field in triumph, calling, 100*l.* for a butcher.

Frequently, among persons of the very highest rank, affrays took place, which for vulgarity were not to be exceeded even by the champions of Moorfields or Bartholomew Fair. At an entertainment given by Lord Orford, at which Lords Albemarle, Bellarsis, and other persons of quality were present, a dispute arose, which from words quickly came to blows, and ended in a general *mélée* to the great detriment of perriwigs, which were bandied about without scruple. At a conference between the two houses, the Duke of Buckingham leaning rudely over the Marquis of Dorchester, the latter removed his elbow: Buckingham inquired whether he were weary, to which the other replied, yes, and that he, the Duke, durst not do this were he any where else. To this Buckingham rejoined, yes, he would, and that he was a better man than him. Dorchester said, that he lied. Upon which Buckingham struck off his hat, took him by his perriwig, pulled it aside, and held him in this ludicrous position. The Lords interfered, and sent the two peers to the Tower. Well might Mr. Pepys exclaim, “To what a pass are the noblemen of this age come!” After this, Lord St. John pulling Sir Andrew Henley by the nose, in Westminster Hall, in presence of the Bench, was a mere trifle.

If the hostile *rencontres* of the age were ferocious and bloody, their amusements were no less rude and boisterous. The author gives the following account of a day’s sport at Lord Sandwich’s. Arriving at

eleven o'clock, he found my lord and ladies at a sermon in the house. This ended, the company, among whom are enumerated several persons of distinction, went "mighty merry" to dinner. After that he walked in the park with Lord Sandwich alone, talking about politics. Then to the young ladies, who played on the guitar, and "mighty merry, and anon to supper." After which, "my lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sport, till twelve at night: and then, being sleepy, I and my wife, in a passage-room, to bed, and slept not very well, because of noise." But the most perfect example of Saturnalian license occur in the author's own private circle of acquaintance. With infinite glee he records, first, taking his *wife* and maid to the Bear-garden, where, among other instances of what he calls "good sport," one of the dogs was tossed by the bull into the very boxes. Then there were a great many Hectors in the same box with him, who drank his maid's health, which he pledged with his hat off. "After the bull-fight—home to supper—very merry. After supper, they amused themselves till twelve with serpents and rockets, burning one another and the people over the way. After that, into the house again, still 'mighty merry,' smutting each other with candle-grease and soot, till they were like devils. That sport being over, up stairs they went, and fell to dancing and dressing the men like women, and *vice versâ*; some of the ladies putting on whole suits, and others, as his wife, contenting themselves in perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed." Another time we find him at a cock-fight in Shoe-lane; but "Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from parliament men to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting." He seems to have been bent upon tasting every pleasure the metropolis afforded, and seeing every thing that was to be seen. The cock-pit, however, was not to his liking. "I had soon enough of it." He was better pleased with the puppet-show of Whittington, at Southwark fair; where it was "pretty to see how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too!" Then to Jacob Hale, the rope-dancer, "where I saw such action as I never saw before." Here he made acquaintance with a fellow, who carried him to a tavern, whither Jacob himself shortly after repaired. He conversed with the latter on the subject of his misadventures in the course of his professional career. "He seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away!"

It is possible that this kind of rusticity was confined to Mr. Pepys and his immediate acquaintance. We do not think so. He was, apparently, a man of as much breeding as any of his contemporaries, and in constant intercourse with the highest personages in the kingdom. Every thing, in short, recorded, that bears at all upon the subject of manners, countenances the idea of a grossness among all classes that exceeds any conception that former documents would lead one to form. In questions of this kind, the slightest piece of information often carries us further in our conclusions than narratives of length. He has occasion to go to the coachmaker's, and "there I do find a great many ladies, sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow, (they were the Lady Marquis of Winchester,

Bellarses, and other great ladies,) *eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale.*

Here we drop the curtain upon the times of Charles II. This exquisite piece of high life we cannot hope to transcend. We leave off whilst we are well. Only we recommend to the gentlemen of Covent-Garden, when they next get up a piece from the merry days of King Charles, to take their costume and manners from the Diary of Mr. Pepys. The reality will be found much more taking than fiction.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE two great theatres have been leading very expensive lives during the past month; and Drury-Lane has, in particular, been pursuing that well-known thrifty economy of the poor soldier; viz. spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day, until we only wonder that it has not taken a hint from the Poles, the Everetts, the Stirlings, and the Sykes's of the day, and shut up the house on the strength of its stripped and persecuted coffers.

Miss Kelly lately tried *Lady Teazle*, for the benefit of the establishment; but the public were not to be won by even so excellent a wooer—and the consequence was, that she rallied old Sir Peter, (as husbands should be rallied,) at a time when no one was by to be a witness to matrimonial bickerings. Miss Kelly wrote two sensible letters to the manager, and for the public, explanatory of her view of the character, and of her reasons for appearing in it: she is, we think, quite right in her idea, that *Lady Teazle* is not a fine lady; but she did not act the character up to her own conceptions—from a very natural apprehension, we imagine, of the difficulties she had to encounter in the long-nourished prejudices of the public. We thought, indeed, Miss Kelly never played with less nature; her action was constrained, her voice was untuned, and she evidently carried on an undecided struggle between town and country.

An unintelligible play, from the pen of the late Harriet Lee, called the *Three Strangers*, has puzzled the British public for a few nights at Covent-Garden. Charles Kemble plays well, but he, and all his sisters and brothers of the piece, labour away at a dramatic riddle, which we will defy the clearest headed critic on earth to interpret. The plot is so extremely thick, that with all the aid of stage lamps, it is impossible to see one's way in it.

A young gentleman of some promise, named Serle, has appeared in *Hamlet*; a character which, it is evident, he had studied with considerable attention. We cannot speak decidedly of his qualifications as a tragedian, from this first appearance; but we incline to think he will rather sink than rise in his repute. It is very possible for a man of fair person and moderate attainments, so to copy his predecessors, as to pass himself off as a good *Hamlet*: decent *Hamlets* are by no means scarce commodities. Mr. Serle, we fear, will not sustain the various leading characters of the drama, with the ability and success which have marked his first appearance; but as an actor of Mr. Cooper's rate, (and a very useful and desirable rate too,) Mr. Serle is

not unlikely to take a comfortable weekly salary for some years, and to give the managers their money's worth.

The Adelphi Theatre, a little place about as big as a mouse-trap, is well baited nightly, and catches the Strand pedestrians in remarkable clusters. Wrench, Terry, Yates, and Reeve, on the boards at convenient intervals, keep up a merry, profitable, careless game—and snap their free-and-easy fingers in the face of the legitimate drama. There is a little too much of imitation at this narrow shop of broad farce; but the company so thoroughly determines to amuse, and the audience are so pigheaded in being amused, that objection is quite idle. There is a piece called the Pilot, extremely well acted; and we think we never saw four yards of more active and intelligent sea—or a small violent storm more busy, than Messrs. Yates and Terry's. It is the most complete tempest, on a small scale, we ever witnessed. Reeve, who first attracted notice as a mere imitator, is discovering a fund of great, coarse, banging humour, which he did not know he possessed, and which will set him up in business at one of the wholesale houses, or we are mistaken.

Miss Hammersley of Covent-Garden, is married, we hear:—Miss Tree, of the same house, was the last. There is rather a run upon the ladies of this establishment.

The Americans have been “doing a little bit of second-hand moral” on poor Kean, in laudible imitation of the foolish people on this side of the Atlantic. The ladies (ladies!) stayed away from the boxes; the gentlemen took their pipes, and raised a tolerable riot in favour of decency, over their tobacco. The newspapers took opposite sides, as they did, and invariably do, in England; and the manager shook in his shoes, before his own lamps, trembling for his box-doors, panels, and chandeliers. It appears that the contest, at first, was stiff; but immorality triumphed, and then the ladies renewed their appearances at the theatre. Kean wrote a letter to the people of New York or Boston, in a style so abject, as really to raise our pity. We would rather, if we were Kean, take to gardening or farming, or even country-bank keeping, than cast ourselves at the feet of the many-headed beast, in whom there is no heart, and with whom the tyranny of power is pleasure.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

November 21.

Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo, Wallack; Juliet, a young Lady.
De la Perouse.

November 22.

Der Freischutz.

The Sleep Walker.

De La Perouse.

November 23.

The Wager:

Don Guzman, Dowton; Sebastian, J Russel;
Nicholas, Harley; Flora, Miss Kelly.

The Sleep Walker.

The Devil to Pay.

COVENT GARDEN.

November 21.

Clari:

The Duke, Power; Rolamo, Faweett; Clari,
Miss Paton.

Charles the Second.

November 22.

Love's Victory.

A Roland for an Oliver.

November 23.

The Marriage of Figaro:

Aladdin.

November 24.

Love's Victory:

Of Age To-Morrow.

DRURY LANE.

November 24.
The Wager.
The Adopted Child.
The Innkeeper's Daughter.

November 25.
Faustus.
Two Wives.
De la Perouse.

November 26.
The Wager.
The Sleep Walker.
Turn Out.

November 28.
Brutus :
Brutus, Wallack; Tullia, Mrs. Bunn; Tarquinia,
Mrs. W. West.
Amoroso, King of Little Britain.
De la Perouse.

November 29.
Der Freischutz.
The Wager.

November 30.
The Wager.
The Adopted Child.
The Sleep Walker.

December 1.
The School for Scandal :
Sir Peter Teazle, Downton; Joseph Surface,
Archer; Charles Surface, Wallack; Lady Teazle,
Miss Kelly.
The Innkeeper's Daughter.

December 2.
Faustus.
The Wager.

December 3.
The School for Scandal.
The Spectre Bridegroom.

December 5.
Brutus.
Amoroso King of Little Britain.
De la Perouse.

December 6.
Der Freischutz
The Sleep Walker.
The Devil to Pay.

December 7.
The Rivals.
The Wager.

December 8.
The School for Scandal.
Turn Out.

December 9.
Faustus.
The Camp.
The Panel.

December 10.
Guy Mannering.
The Wager.

December 12.
The Merchant of Venice:
Bassanio, Wallack; Shylock, Preist; Laun-
celot, Harley; Portia, Mrs. W. West.
The Camp.
Giovanni in London.

COVENT GARDEN.

November 25.
The Road to Ruin:
Dornton, W. Farren; Harry Dornton, Cooper;
Goldfinch, Jones; Widow Warren, Mrs. Glover.
The Shipwreck of Policinello.
The Scape Goat.

November 26.
Love's Victory.
Clari.

November 28.
Hamlet:
Hamlet, Serle; Laertes, Cooper; Ophelia,
Miss Hammersley.
Aladdin.

November 29.
Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife.
The Scape Goat.
A Roland for an Oliver.

November 30.
Clari.
The Scape Goat.
Jocko.

December 1.
The Rivals :
Sir Anthony Absolute, Farren; Acres, Blan-
chard; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Davenport; Lydia
Languish, Madame Vestris.
The Scape Goat.
A Tale of Mystery.

December 2.
Hamlet.
The Scape Goat.

December 3.
'Twas I.
Delorme, Duruset; Marcel, Keeley; Georgette
Clairville, Madame Vestris.
The Scape Goat.
Aladdin.

December 5.
Artaxerxes.
'Twas I.
The Miller and His Men.

December 6.
The Birth Day.
The Deserter of Naples.
Aladdin.

December 7.
Der Freischutz.
The Scape Goat.
'Twas I.

December 8.
The School for Scandal.
'Twas I.
The Scape Goat.

December 9.
Clari.
The Scape Goat.
'Twas I.

December 10.
The Three Strangers.
Kriutzner, Warde; 1st Stranger, Egerton;
2nd Stranger, Kemble; 3rd Stranger, Cooper;
Josephine, Mrs. Chatterley; Mrs. Wenburg,
Mrs. Glover, (successful.)
The Scape Goat.
The Deserter of Naples.

DRURY LANE.

December 13.
Der Freischutz.
The Camp.
The Panel.

December 14.
The Rivals.
The Wager.

December 15.
The Panel.
The Wager.
De la Perouse.

December 16.
Faustus.
The Camp.
Giovanni in London.

December 17.
Leodicea :
Don Carlos, Mercer ; Phillippo, Horn ; Leo-
dicea, Miss Kelly ; Blanche, Miss Povey, (*a
Failure.*)

The Sleep Walker.
The Devil to Pay.

December 19.
Leodicea.
Giovanni in London.
De la Perouse.

COVENT GARDEN.

December 12.
The Three Strangers.
Giovanni in London.

December 13.
The Marriage of Figaro.
'Twas I.
Jocko.

December 14.
The Three Strangers.
'Twas I.
The Deserter of Naples.

December 15.
The School for Scandal.
Aladdin.

December 16.
The Three Strangers.
'Twas I.
The Scape Goat.

December 17.
The Rivals.
'Twas I.

December 19.
Rob Roy.
Giovanni in London.

MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS.

[We have stated elsewhere the reasons which have induced us to offer an impartial judgment in each number of our Magazine upon the books published in the course of the month. We regret that we are obliged to commence with so scanty a harvest of new books. Very few works of importance have appeared during the month of December. The booksellers seem to have been too actively engaged during the late commercial panic in the mercantile part of their affairs, to attend to the delivery of the poor authors, who are still compelled to wait for their literary accouchement. With the exception of Greece in 1825, and Finlayson's Mission to Siam and Cochin China, no works have come to light this month, which contribute to the general stock of information, unless it be Hansard's History of Printing, which, as a description of all the details of a mechanical art, appears unrivalled in its accuracy and fullness. The end or aim of Mr. Butler's Life of Erasmus we are totally at a loss to conceive. It gives neither the spirit of his time, the particulars of his life, nor a critical commentary upon his works. Mr. Colburn's admirable system of puffing has raised into notice a novel called "Granby," which, with any other publisher, would have silently gone the rounds of the circulating library, and have never been heard of. The most active friend of the poor author at the present day is undoubtedly the bookseller of the work in question. He seems, however, to neglect his best books. We can strongly recommend

entering the hall. When we had passed the screen, and come in sight of the throne, we pulled off our hats and bowed in the European manner, the two Moormen at the same time falling prostrate, and crawling before us on the ground towards the throne. We were desired to advance in a stooping posture ; a narrow space, about three feet in width, was left open in the centre for us to advance through. When we had advanced a few paces in this narrow space, being closely surrounded by the crowd of people, and distant from the throne more than half the length of the hall, all the ministers being a considerable way in front of us on either side, we were desired to seat ourselves on the carpet, in the narrow lane or space through which we had advanced, which we did in the best way we could, the two Moormen placing themselves immediately in front of the Agent to the Governor General and his Assistant, for the space would only admit of two persons sitting beside each other. Mr. R. and I, therefore, placed ourselves immediately behind the former. We now performed the salutations agreed upon, after which, a voice from behind the curtain in front of the throne interrupted the silence which had hitherto prevailed, by reading in a loud tone, a list of the presents which had been sent by the Governor General.

The King now addressed some questions to the Agent of the Governor General. He spoke in a firm though not a loud voice ; in his person he was remarkably stout, but apparently not bloated or unwieldy ; he appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. The questions were repeated by the persons who had read the list of presents, and from him they were conveyed in whispers by several individuals, till they reached the Moorman, Kochai-Sahac, who, prostrate like the rest, on the ground, whispered them to the Agent to the Governor General, in a tone which I could not hear, though placed immediately behind the latter. The answers to the throne were passed on in the same way. From the tenor of these questions, as related afterwards by Captain Dangerfield, it would appear that they were of a very general nature, and not particularly interesting. While these questions were passing, betel was introduced in handsome silver vessels and gold cups. The audience having lasted about twenty minutes, the King rose from his seat, and turned round to depart, the curtain was immediately drawn in front of the throne. On this all the people raised a loud shout, and turning on their knees, performed numerous salutations, touching the earth and their forehead alternately, with both hands united. The princes and ministers now assuming a sitting posture, by which, for the first time, we were enabled to observe their respective places. We left the hall of audience without further ceremony. A heavy shower of rain had fallen during the interview, and the roads leading to different parts of the palace, at no time noted for cleanliness, were now covered with water, and converted into a dirty puddle ; we therefore requested to have our shoes, but in vain, for no notice whatever was taken of our request. On leaving the door of the audience-hall, a paltry Chinese umbrella, which might be purchased in the bazaar for a rupee, was given to each of us. Not knowing with what view it was presented, I was about to reject it, when I was told it was meant as a present from the King.

We must not neglect to add that the Memoir of Mr. Finlayson exhibits his character in a very amiable and instructive point of view. The circumstances of his life, his zeal and industry, and benevolent disposition, are most exemplary, and inspire the reader with sincere regret for his death.

Mr. Murray, in his list, has announced this Mission as a visit to Huè, the capital of Cochin China " never before visited by any European." Before Mr. Murray particularises the virtues of his publications, he should at least cast an eye on their contents. The announcement is not only ridiculously false, but contradicted by the book itself. Mr. Finlayson finds two Frenchmen who had been at Huè since the French Revolution, and mentions twenty persons of the same country who had been in the service of the late King.

Granby, a Novel, 8vo. 3 Vols. London, 1825: Colburn.

This is one of those books which profess to gratify the very vulgar taste for *peeps* at the drawing-rooms of the great, and *glimpses* of the manners and customs of the *quality*. It is one of the many manuals for the instruction of those who are ambitious of playing

“High Life below Stairs,” and it is the worst specimen that we have ever seen of this despicable class. Granby possesses no one merit; it is insufferably prosy, and immeasurably stupid; destitute of story, and unrelieved by incident; the dialogues wordy and vapid; the characters, if characters they can be called who character have none, common-place and uninteresting. In a word, Granby is utterly unreadable—but what of that? It was not printed and published to be read, but to be sold—its best apology is that made for the dull razors in the old epigram. If any body, however, finds these long evenings too short for him, we strongly recommend this book to him as admirably calculated to lengthen them.

The Life of Erasmus, with Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. Butler is a meagre but an industrious and a conscientious writer. His works are neither interesting from any power of narrative, nor from any curious compilation of facts. Neither are they unworthy of perusal; for though feeble and prolix, his line of study and habit of research generally supply, at least, some recondite facts or remarkable quotations. This Life of Erasmus has nothing, however, of any kind whatever to recommend it. It is the jejunest composition we ever remember to have met with, and we are inclined to think the subject one of the richest. Mr. Butler has, however, made nothing of the materials collected in abundance by former writers, not having even copied them. Except that this life is entirely deficient in philosophical spirit, and destitute of any general view, either of the man, or his works, or his times, its fittest place would have been in the pages of a Biographical Dictionary or an Encyclopædia. A more worthy employment for a man of letters than the life and times of Erasmus, we know not, unless indeed it be, as is suggested by Mr. Butler, the life and discoveries of Roger Bacon.

An Essay on Education, applicable to Children in general: the Defective, the Criminal, the Poor, the Adult and Aged. By Richard Poole, M.D. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes. 12mo. 1825.

If we were to propose to change the title of this book to Thoughts on Education, it would perhaps be at once to give our readers a clearer idea of its nature. They might expect to find a System of Education. It is a sensible and a well-written book, in as far as its pretensions in point of design and arrangement go; and if, on this subject, there can be no great expectations of finding any thing very new, yet the author has, by the approximation of various opinion, not met with in books under this title, contrived to render it both interesting and entertaining. Finding the author's name in the list of a Phrenological Society, as an active member, we had expected much more allusion to this system, and more projects founded upon it. There is not much, and there is nothing extravagant. Let us add, since our plan does not admit of a critical analysis, that the book bears, throughout, the marks of a benevolent mind.

were very general of an insolent deportment on the part of the soldiery on their different stations. The heroes of Waterloo had not had time to subside into quiet, orderly regulars. The interference of a few spirited individuals, however, soon redressed those petty grievances. We hear of no such things now.—That was a military year. Scarlet was your injurer. Far too much vapouring and brandishing of bright steel, for a civic rule. We desire not the return of it. If liberty ever again, to use the Scotch vulgarism, “croups her criels,” it will be in some moment, when people are drunk, either with loyalty as in 1660, or with glory, as in 1815.

We are apt to exclaim against the brutality of the prize-fights at present in vogue; but we find, that disgraceful as they are to the country, they are nevertheless an improvement upon the prize-fights in which our fathers took delight. “With Sir J. Minnes in the Strand, and walked to the New Theatres, where the fencers play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life. It was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest, and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both, upon the stage, between every bout.” Different trades often met and fought with great fury. Thus, in Moorfields, the butchers and weavers, between whom there had been, time immemorial, a competition for mastery, had a pitched battle, in which the former were soundly beaten, and some deeply wounded and sadly bruised. The weavers left the field in triumph, calling, 100*l.* for a butcher.

Frequently, among persons of the very highest rank, affrays took place, which for vulgarity were not to be exceeded even by the champions of Moorfields or Bartholomew Fair. At an entertainment given by Lord Orford, at which Lords Albemarle, Bellarsis, and other persons of quality were present, a dispute arose, which from words quickly came to blows, and ended in a general *mélée* to the great detriment of perriwigs, which were bandied about without scruple. At a conference between the two houses, the Duke of Buckingham leaning rudely over the Marquis of Dorchester, the latter removed his elbow: Buckingham inquired whether he were weary, to which the other replied, yes, and that he, the Duke, durst not do this were he any where else. To this Buckingham rejoined, yes, he would, and that he was a better man than him. Dorchester said, that he lied. Upon which Buckingham struck off his hat, took him by his perriwig, pulled it aside, and held him in this ludicrous position. The Lords interfered, and sent the two peers to the Tower. Well might Mr. Pepys exclaim, “To what a pass are the noblemen of this age come!” After this, Lord St. John pulling Sir Andrew Henley by the nose, in Westminster Hall, in presence of the Bench, was a mere trifle.

If the hostile rencontres of the age were ferocious and bloody, their amusements were no less rude and boisterous. The author gives the following account of a day’s sport at Lord Sandwich’s. Arriving at

eleven o'clock, he found my lord and ladies at a sermon in the house. This ended, the company, among whom are enumerated several persons of distinction, went "mighty merry" to dinner. After that he walked in the park with Lord Sandwich alone, talking about politics. Then to the young ladies, who played on the guitar, and "mighty merry, and anon to supper." After which, "my lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sport, till twelve at night: and then, being sleepy, I and my wife, in a passage-room, to bed, and slept not very well, because of noise." But the most perfect example of Saturnalian license occur in the author's own private circle of acquaintance. With infinite glee he records, first, taking his *wife* and maid to the Bear-garden, where, among other instances of what he calls "good sport," one of the dogs was tossed by the bull into the very boxes. Then there were a great many Hectors in the same box with him, who drank his maid's health, which he pledged with his hat off. "After the bull-fight—home to supper—very merry. After supper, they amused themselves till twelve with serpents and rockets, burning one another and the people over the way. After that, into the house again, still 'mighty merry,' smutting each other with candle-grease and soot, till they were like devils. That sport being over, up stairs they went, and fell to dancing and dressing the men like women, and *vice versâ*; some of the ladies putting on whole suits, and others, as his wife, contenting themselves in perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed." Another time we find him at a cock-fight in Shoe-lane; but "Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from parliament men to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting." He seems to have been bent upon tasting every pleasure the metropolis afforded, and seeing every thing that was to be seen. The cock-pit, however, was not to his liking. "I had soon enough of it." He was better pleased with the puppet-show of Whittington, at Southwark fair; where it was "pretty to see how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too!" Then to Jacob Hale, the rope-dancer, "where I saw such action as I never saw before." Here he made acquaintance with a fellow, who carried him to a tavern, whither Jacob himself shortly after repaired. He conversed with the latter on the subject of his misadventures in the course of his professional career. "He seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away!"

It is possible that this kind of rusticity was confined to Mr. Pepys and his immediate acquaintance. We do not think so. He was, apparently, a man of as much breeding as any of his contemporaries, and in constant intercourse with the highest personages in the kingdom. Every thing, in short, recorded, that bears at all upon the subject of manners, countenances the idea of a grossness among all classes that exceeds any conception that former documents would lead one to form. In questions of this kind, the slightest piece of information often carries us further in our conclusions than narratives of length. He has occasion to go to the coachmaker's, and "there I do find a great many ladies, sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow, (they were the Lady Marquis of Winchester,

Pandurang Hàrì; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo, 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826. G. B. Whittaker.

Ever since the time of Le Sage, who chose a knave for the hero of his Spanish adventures, the fictitious personages who have favoured the world with the story of their exploits, have generally discovered a strong propensity to roguery in all its branches. There may be something in this, however, besides the mere spirit of imitation. The world itself is made up three parts of villainy, and unless a man have a key in his own bosom to the various frauds and stratagems with which it abounds, he will be but a very inadequate historian of human life. Be this as it will, such has of late been the practise in our country. Anastatius combined a very sufficient portion of knavery, with more than enough of sentiment and passion. Hajji Baba, a much more amusing rogue, comes nearer to the standard of Le Sage. The hero of the present work is a Hindoo villain, and if he fall short of his predecessors in liveliness and spirit, bids fair to outstrip them, at least, in the score of rascality. The whole piece is a complicated web of Mahratta craftiness, fraud, violence, and despotism. The different scenes in which these qualities are exhibited are so numerous—the adventures springing out of them so manifold—and the absence of any unity of design, except that of the mere unity of person, so total, that we are involved in a maze of perplexity, and on laying down the book retain nothing but a confused impression of the excessive insecurity of Mahratta property and life. Whatever truth there may be in the work as respects other peculiarities of the Hindoo character, *that*, at least, is truly oriental. Among the various scenes of villainy, more or less successful, more or less detestable, we recollect none that left very strong impressions upon the mind; and this, perhaps, more than the miscellaneous nature of the adventures, contributes to that confusion we complain of. There is nothing very powerful in the descriptions, and nothing striking or forcibly conceived in the characters. Neither the hero, nor any body with whom he is brought into contact, has any personal identity—he is but a name, and they are but names. The incidents and situations are occasionally such as a more picturesque and powerful pen, Cooper's for example, might have turned to account. The chief interest of the work arises from the author's evident familiarity with Indian customs, manners, and character. It is to be regretted, that instead of attempting to weave the particulars of his knowledge into a regular narrative, and to communicate them by the mouth of a fictitious character, the author had not undertaken the easier task of relating what he knew in his own person, and in a miscellaneous form. The authority of intelligence is necessarily rendered doubtful, when the intelligence itself is conveyed by the suspicious medium of a fictitious narrative. This defect is only to be compensated, by the advantage which this mode of writing affords to those who can avail themselves of it; of making a stronger impression upon the mind, by embodying their ideas in a well-conceived character. Some latitude is, no doubt, required for this purpose, as regards the truth of facts; but the lasting impression left with the reader, even if it be a little erroneous, compensates by its durability for the exaggeration of the features. This remark applies, we think, to Hajji Baba, where more is gained by the interven-

tion of a fictitious character, than is lost by the suspicion necessarily thrown upon the reality and truth of the descriptions. Where there are not powers sufficient to sustain a clever fiction, and people it with striking characters, it had better be dispensed with altogether. In the travels of Anacharsis, every reader is sensible of the coldness and weariness of the imaginary part: the information would have been more acceptable in the ordinary shape of simple dissertation. The writer of the present work would have served himself, and the world better, if he had communicated what he knew in the usual form of travels, or personal narrative. The circumstance that amused us most in the perusal of his work, was the not unfrequent sight we obtained of the Englishman peeping from beneath the garb of the Hindoo. Those who remember the long ladder by which my uncle in Roderick Random proposes to climb into employment again, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, will be at no loss to recognise the country to which the author of these Hindoo memoirs belong. "I had a good chance of success, for his wife's brother was chief packer in the warehouse, and the chief packer was on good terms with the head carpenter, and the latter was related to one of the under clerks, who was very intimate with the head clerk, as the latter was with the Toper Wallas (English) all of whose business he managed for them, and such interest could not fail. I could scarcely suppress a smile" (Roderick's own reflection) "at the ladder by which the fellow designed I should mount to the peonship." It is not fair to be thus tricked, and have English character returned back upon us for genuine Mahratta—yet the author talks of *vraisemblance*.

Varieties of Literature: being principally Selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, Esq. Author of "Clavis Calendaria." Arranged and adapted for publication, by John Henry Brady, his Son. London: Whittaker, 1826.

We have been much disappointed in this book, and cannot recommend it. From the Author of the *Clavis Calendaria*, much curious and erudite matter might have been expected. The truth is, however, that his son has formed nothing but selections from other and very obvious sources of information among his father's papers, which Mr. Brady might, perhaps, himself have turned to some account; but which, in themselves, are utterly unworthy of publication. The volume is made up of different materials, such as explanations of Proverbs; the Editor's Pocket Book, &c. &c. and altogether, to say the truth, is little better than a clumsy piece of book-making. We can quote nothing, for it is itself but quotations from Pennant, the Universal, and Gentleman's Magazines, &c. &c.

The Plays of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comedian, with Memoirs of her Life. London: Whittaker, 1825.

We were the first to introduce this work to the notice of the English public, and are extremely glad to find that it has been translated. Our opinion of its merit was then very decidedly expressed. These short dialogues, for they cannot with propriety be called "plays," are

spirited, dramatic, and pregnant with character. We should imagine the author well acquainted with Spain, and that we had here a faithful picture of Spanish manners drawn from life; but we know not how to reconcile this with the facts of his youth and French birth. We shall only add, that it would be a difficult matter to find a volume of lighter or pleasanter reading, which is not at the same time frivolous, a quality, we hope, not absolutely a necessary ingredient in all our books of amusement; although, judging from the success of many books which possess no other claim, we presume that frivolity possesses charms with our most thinking public, that we wot not of. The translation is very well executed, as we shall show, by quoting the opening scenes of "*Woman is a Devil*."

SCENE I.—A judgment hall in the Inquisition at Grenada.—On a raised part of the floor to the right, and hung with black, are three seats, the middle one higher than the two others. In the back-scene are perceived several instruments of torture, lying confusedly about. Below, and in front of the three seats, are a table and a chair for the Register. The Theatre is dimly lighted.

Enter RAFAEL and DOMINGO in the full costume of Inquisitors.

Rafael. Signor Domingo, I tell you again it is a crying injustice. I have now been an inquisitor of Grenada for seventeen years, during which time I sent twenty heretics every year to the flames—and is it by appointing a beardless youth my superior, that my lord the Grand Inquisitor recognises my services?

Domingo. This is quite atrocious, and I could tell you nearly as much on my own account. Do you know what all this proves? it proves that my lord the Grand Inquisitor is nothing better than an ass.

Rafael. We know that already; but I did not know till now that he was both fanatical and unjust.

Domingo. And what grave matter of reproach has he against us, after all?

Rafael. I know well what has ruined me in his good opinion—a mere trifle. The story of the little Jewess whom I converted, and who took it into her head to become a mother all of a sudden, got wind, and came to his ears: but, after all, what is there in that so very extraordinary?

Domingo. Moreover, he accuses us, I am told, of not being Christians.

Rafael. To be an inquisitor, is it then so necessary to be a Christian?

Domingo. Notwithstanding your conversion and its results, I am noted in his tablets in still blacker characters than you.

Rafael. You, probably, figure there as an atheist.

Domingo. No, thank Heaven! but my rascal of a lay-brother, who makes up my room, shewed him the leg of a fowl that he found—I know not how—and in Lent, if you please!

Rafael. Oh, heavens, that is a sad affair!

Domingo. But the worst of all is, that the new inquisitor, whom he has named president of the tribunal, is a demon sent as a spy upon us. And, to add to our misfortune, this odd fellow is perfectly sincere in his belief.

Rafael. No!—you cannot make me believe that!

Domingo. If I do not deceive myself, he is a second Loyola. It is said that he does not yet know of any difference between a man and a woman—Oh! he is a true saint!

Rafael. Alas!

Domingo. Alas!

Rafael. Zounds! is it thus that our services are to be recompensed? I am in a horrible bad humour to day—would to Heaven I were a Turk! Woe to those who shall be brought before us to day, for I must wreak my ill-humour upon some one. To the flames! to the flames! and again to the flames!—That is my last word.

Domingo. Amen! To day is Saturday, and it is always my habit to condemn on a Saturday—on Mondays I acquit. By that means, if there should be any mistakes, if the innocent should fall on my condemning day, the fault must be with Providence. But, apropos, tell me what has become of your Jewess?

Rafael. She is in the Lying-in-hospital—the little silly slut!

Domingo. Slut enough, in all truth.—(*Aside.*) And you think that you sent her, there, poor simpleton that you are!

Rafael. What's that you are muttering between your teeth?

Domingo. Oh! I was cursing that imbecile Grand Inquisitor.

Rafael. May the devil fly away with him!

Domingo. Hush! there's an echo here.—Move away! here comes our saint. (*They go to different sides of the hall, and commence reading their breviaries.*)

Enter ANTONIO, in grand costume.

Antonio. My very reverend fathers, we are going to take cognizance of a very important affair, and for which I see you are preparing yourselves. We have to try a sorceress, a woman who has entered into a compact with the devil, reverend fathers. The spirit of darkness has, it is said, gifted this wretched being with supernatural power. But do not be disheartened, the cross that we wear will shield us from the talons of the evil one, should he be able to appear within the sacred walls of the Holy Office.

Domingo. Satan would lose his time here.

Antonio. Alas! reverend father, do not say so. The flesh is weak, the vessel is fragile. Miserable sinner that I am! my only force is in the knowledge of my weakness. A long life passed in sanctity has rendered you invulnerable to temptation—but as for me, I am not only young in years, but also in pious works.—Ah! I shall have great need of your good advice to enable me to escape the rocks and quicksands of life!

Rafael. We have all need of good advice.

Domingo. Warned by each other, we shall resist more successfully the attacks of the demon.

Antonio “Lord, lead us not into temptation!” such is my prayer at every instant of the day. We are so liable to fall. No matter how much the soul may be on its guard, the enemy of mankind is so wily a serpent, that he will make his way through the smallest opening; and one single drop of his venom may grangene a soul for ever.

Rafael (aside.) He has something on his conscience—it must be a curious case.—(*Aloud.*) To what powerful temptation has God permitted you to be exposed?

Antoni. We have still time before the prisoners shall be brought in, and a sincere avowal of our faults may be a useful preparation for the task we have to fulfil. Listen then, reverend fathers.—I have always thought that the most efficacious instrument of damnation that the evil one can make use of, is a woman. You are of my opinion, fathers. It is less dangerous to meet with an aspic than a woman.

Domingo (with affected surprise.) How! it is a woman that is——

Antonio. From my earliest infancy I was brought up in a convent—beyond the wall of which I never strayed. Until six months ago I had never known any woman but my mother, and would to God that I had never seen another of the sex!

Rafael (with affected surprise.) Holy Virgin!—you make me shudder!

Antonio. Satan afflicted me with a grievous malady, that put my life in danger. I prayed to God to let me die in my innocence, but my prayers were not heard—I recovered; and the physicians, to complete my cure, ordered me to breathe a purer air in a little country-house belonging to the convent. Emboldened by the solitude of the place, I ventured out alone to take some exercise in the neighbouring fields. One day on returning to the house, my eyes encountered near the door a being whose dress made me suppose it was a woman. This unexpected appearance threw me into such trouble and confusion, that I had not sufficient presence of mind even to close my eyes; bewildered, beside myself, I stood motionless before her, while her image sunk deeper and deeper into my heart. In vain I sought to fly—my feet remained rooted to the earth. Like to a man under the influence of the night mare, I saw the danger, but had neither force to fly it, nor voice to call for aid. I was like a bird under the fascination of the rattle-snake—my blood boiled in my veins—I trembled with affright; and yet, if the comparison be not a sacrilege, I felt that kind of delicious ecstasy that I have sometimes experienced when praying before our holy Madona—a few moments more and I should have dropped dead on the spot. I felt my soul ready to abandon me. I should have died, and died in sin—had not that creature made an effort to approach me. This sudden movement by redoubling my fears, broke the charm—I was able to cry “Jesus!” This holy name unbound me; and I rushed forward with all my strength, and without once looking behind me, until, meeting my confessor, I threw myself into his arms and relieved my oppressed soul.

Rafael (with a profound sigh.) I expected something worse.

Antonio. Satan had not yet done with his victim. I had fled, but I brought away with me the poisoned shaft. Alas! I must confess that it is still in my heart. Neither fastings, prayers, nor mortifications, can drive from my thoughts the image of that woman.

She haunts me in my dreams—I see her everywhere—her large black eyes, which, like those of a young cat, are at the same time mild and mischievous, are continually before me—even at this moment I see them (*he hides his face in his hands.*) And—must I avow it?—often when engaged in sacred study, my mind remains insensible to the sublime words of the evangelist ; my eyes see, and my lips pronounce the words without conveying their meaning to my understanding, for my whole soul is occupied by that woman. Surely it was such a face that Satan assumed to tempt my ever blessed patron. Great Saint Antony, inspire me with your courage !

Rafael and Domingo. May the Lord be your help !

Antonio. Amen ! Why should a miserable sinner be condemned to pronounce judgment on others, when he himself may on the last day be sent into the flames as a backslider ? (*Long pause.*) Let us, however, go through with our task ; and painful though it be, let us recollect that man is doomed to pass his life in tribulation—(*He takes his seat between Rafael and Domingo.*) Register, call on the cause, and let the prisoner be brought in.

Rafael. Why do you shut your eyes ?

Antonio. Would to God I were blind ! do you know that it is a woman that is to appear before us ?

Register. Maria Valdez—come and appear before the tribunal of the Holy Office. [*Enter Mariquita veiled, between two Familiars of the Inquisition.*]

Antonio (his eyes closed.) Woman, what is your name ?

Mariquita. I am called Maria Valdez, but more frequently Mariquita, and sometimes mad-cap. These are all my names and titles.

Antonio (his eyes still closed.) Your age ?

Mariquita. That is rather a puzzling question to put to a woman, if you wish her to tell the truth. However, I shall be candid—I am twenty-three years old—if you doubt it, look at me. Do I appear older ? (*Puts aside her veil.*)

Rafael and Domingo (aside.) Gad's life ! what a lovely girl !

Antonio (his eyes still closed, and in a low voice.) Avaunt Satan ! demon of curiosity, you shall not conquer me ! (*Aloud.*) What is your profession ?

Mariquita (hesitatingly.) I know not what the deuce to say—I sing, I dance, I play on the castanets, &c. &c. &c.

Antonio. It is then in those amusements, the names of which, thanks to Heaven, are unknown to me, that you waste a time that you should employ in weeping and repentance ?

Mariquita. And why, Signor Licentiate, should I weep and repent, since I have never done any thing bad ?

Antonio. Nothing bad ? interrogate your conscience !

Mariquita. And what has it to reproach me with ? It is true I have committed some little faults, but for which I got absolution last Sunday from the chaplain of the Royal Murcian Infantry. Let me go away, and do not frighten me any longer with your black robes and your—

Antonio. Maria Valdez, you say that your conscience is pure ; reflect, and do not perjure yourself.

Mariquita. Since I have told you the truth, I hope you will let me go away.

Rafael (to Antonio.) Bring her to the point.

Antonio. Do you know a woman named Juana Mendo ?

Mariquita. Do I know her ? Certainly ; she is one of my friends.

Antonio. Have you never had a quarrel with her ?

Mariquita. No !—Ah ! stop—Two or three days ago she wished to squabble with me, pretending that I had stolen her lover from her, which was not at all true, Mr. Licentiate. All that was in it was, that Manuel Torribio told her that my beautiful black eyes were much handsomer than her ugly red ones.

Antonio. Her black eyes (*putting quickly his hands before his eyes.*) Signor Rafael, I beseech you to go on for a moment with the interrogation.

Rafael (after looking over some papers, in a mild tone of voice.) Mariquita, did you not, on Friday the 15th August, pass by the olive plantation of Juana Mendo, while eating a pomegranate ?

Mariquita. How should I recollect ?

Rafael. Answer, yes or no !

Mariquita. I believe I did.

Rafael (reading.) Did you not throw the kernels into her plantation, at the same time that you waved in the air a wand made of hazle or some other woods, having two ends ?

Mariquita (laughing.) And what other way would you have it—with only one end?

Rafael. Recollect in whose presence you are. Having two ends stripped of the bark?—Answer!

Mariquita. What should I know about all this?

Rafael. Yes or no.

Mariquita. Well—yes.

Rafael. Did you not sing an impious song, in which there is frequent mention made of a certain John Barleycorn?

Mariquita (laughing.) Ah, ah, ah! Signor Licentiate, of what are you talking to me? I have sung an English ballad, taught me by a trumpeter of Mackay's regiment, in the army of Lord Peterborough—and, true enough, it is upon the death of John Barleycorn.

Domingo. Who is John Barleycorn? one of the spirits of darkness, perhaps?

Mariquita. Ah, ah, ah! John Barleycorn means a grain of barley; and the ballad tells how they make beer of barley. Let me go, and I will sing it for you, for you have the look of a good-humoured fellow, and are not like that grim one there (pointing to Antonio.)

Antonio. (eyes still closed.) It is difficult to believe that there is not a hidden meaning under this word.

Mariquita. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, as is written upon the helmet of Captain O'Trigger.

Antonio. But how do you account for Juana Mendo's plantation being destroyed by an inundation?

Mariquita (laughing.) How should I account for it?—You had better ask the river Geyar why it overflowed its banks.

Antonio. No, it is precisely from you that I will ask that question. Why did you command it to overflow?

Mariquita. Are we still acting, or have we lost our wits? Do you take me for a witch?

Antonio. Thou hast said it.

Mariquita. Mercy on me! if that gruff voice of your's did not make me tremble, I should die of laughing.

Antonio. Your laughter will be changed into weeping—you deny having cast a spell upon the olive trees of Juana Mendo?

Mariquita. How should I know how to cast spells?

Antonio. Every sin may be expiated. Woman, I adjure you, in the name of your Creator, to speak the truth—if you do not wish the death of your soul.

Mariquita. Surely, if I were a witch, I should long ago have whisked up the chimney away from you.

Antonio. Reflect and tremble—it is still time—hereafter it will be of no use to retract.

Rafael. Signor Colleague, she is obstinate. Let me talk to her a moment alone.

Domingo. No, I shall take that task upon myself. Signor Rafael, you forget that you have a report to draw up.

Antonio. We cannot break through the rules of the Holy Office. For the last time, Maria Valdez, I ask you, are you a witch?

Mariquita. For the last time—I am not.—How obstinate he is!

Antonio. Wretched woman! I wash my hands of you; your blood be upon your own head. The forty-eighth article of the Code of Interrogatories says, "That if the accused should persist in his or her denial, and that the accusations should not be altogether devoid of verbal or written proof, the president ought, in order to confirm them, to apply the torture to the accused."

Mariquita. The torture! Jesus! Maria! You are then going to tear me as a carder tears the wool!—Signors Licentiates, take pity on a poor innocent girl. I conjure you not to put me to death by torture. Shut me up in a dungeon—deprive me of the light of the sun, but do not kill me; do not torture me!

Rafael. Signor Antonio, have pity on her youth!

Domingo. She is innocent, Signor Colleague. Have a little compassion on her.

Antonio. I can only listen to the rule.—Pedro Garcias, torturer, come forth. (The executioner appears in the back scene.)

Mariquita. Oh! do not say so!—Mercy, mercy!—Look upon me at least. (She rushes forward and embraces Antonio's knees.)

Antonio (opening his eyes, which had been closed during the dialogue.) Ah!

Rafael. Signor, have pity.—But what's the matter with you?

Antonio (in a trembling voice). I know you well—you are come to lead me to hell—you have stripped off your nuptial robe, and I see the parched skin of the devil. I am

then already in hell—all the masses in the world, and Saint Anthony himself, cannot save me from it. (*Falls senseless.*)

Rafael. He is mad!

Domingo (*to the Familiars.*) Carry him to his cell.—(*Aside to Mariquita.*) Fear nothing, my dear child, you shall not be put to the torture.

Rafael (*aside to Mariquita.*) Don't be afraid. It is not for persons made like you that these terrible instruments were designed. (*To the Familiars.*) Lead her out; give her a good chamber, but do not allow any one to speak to her.

Domingo (*aside to Mariquita.*) Beware of Rafael.—Trust to me; I will do every thing in my power for you.

Rafael (*aside to Mariquita.*) Put no confidence in Domingo—he is an old hypocrite. I feel a great interest for you—Adieu, my daughter (*pats her on the cheek,*) I shall prove your friend—Farewell!—(*Aside as he goes out,*) I shall take care to hinder you from seeing her.

Domingo (*going out.*) I shall prevent you from going near her, old satyr, or I shall forfeit my cassock. [Mariquita is led away.]

Mathematics for Practical Men; being a Common-place Book of Principles, Theorems, Rules, and Tables, in various departments of pure and mixed Mathematics, with their most useful applications, especially to the Pursuits of Surveyors, Architects, and Civil Engineers. By Olinthus Gregory, L.D.D. 8vo. London. 1821. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy.

The establishment and spread of Mechanics' Institutes, as might have been expected, has called forth a number of scientific publications, written expressly for the use of mechanics. This is one of them. The book, however, does not correspond with its title-page. To a mechanic, one-half of it is useless, the other half unintelligible. Few mechanics are so ignorant as to require to be taught the four fundamental operations of arithmetic: few will even be so profoundly skilled as to be able to comprehend the abstruse formulæ of dynamics. Many parts of this book relate to speculations, which few men, give them as much leisure, and take as much pains to instruct them as you please, can ever understand. It is the extreme of folly to imagine that mechanics, in general, with their scanty means and leisure, can ever fathom such depths; and besides, if they could, their labour would be lost, inasmuch as its result would be incapable of any practical application. The first hundred pages contain imperfect and useless treatises on arithmetic and algebra, the remainder is an *omnium gatherum* syllabus. There is one chapter in the book which must be excepted from this sweeping censure, and that is an Essay on Isometrical Perspective. It was originally written and published by Professor Farish, in the first volume of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, and is the only good paper that ever appeared in that medley of Cambridge philosophy, from which it is here copied *verbatim*. The substance of this Essay the Professor is in the habit of annually delivering, at the commencement of his lectures on experimental philosophy. Its design is to give a plain and intelligible method of representing machinery. A more useful chapter could not have been given to the mechanic. Had this book been all written in the same spirit, what an invaluable treasure it would have been to the mechanic!

TABLE TALK.

[Under this head it is our intention to collect every month the miscellaneous varieties of extract, opinion, and short original paragraphs, which we have no other more convenient mode of arranging for our publication. We shall place it at the end, for it is in reality the "sweepings" of our monthly preparations for the Magazine. It may be entitled **TABLE TALK**, as well as any thing else; for it chiefly consists of those passages from the books of the day, which are calculated to make an impression on the mind of the reader, and are thus likely to be introduced in the desultory conversation of the table.]

DUEL BETWEEN PRINCE NASSAU AND COUNT SEGUR.—When we arrived at his house, every one was asleep, master and servants, and it was not without some difficulty that we succeeded in awaking the porter, obtaining admission, and reaching the chamber of the Prince, who started from his sleep as we abruptly entered the apartment.

He had lost all recollection of what had occurred the preceding day; every trace of it had vanished with the fumes of the champagne he had drunk. "To what accident, gentlemen," said he, "am I to ascribe this very early visit?"—"You must know," I replied, "since it was yourself who desired it."—"The devil take me," said he, "if I know a word about it."

I was therefore compelled to remind him, in a few words, of his unbecoming behaviour. "You are perfectly right," he then said; "I behaved like a madman, the wine had disturbed my head; but you must think no more of it; and, as Viscount Noailles is here, I declare in his presence that I am your servant and your friend, and that I had no intention to offer you the smallest offence."

"All that is very well," I replied in my turn; "but it is mentioned too late; I should have been delighted to receive from you yesterday such an acknowledgment; but the twenty persons with whom we dined are not now present to hear it, it is, therefore, no longer sufficient."

"It is most true," added he; "you are right again; let us fight; let us fight; but pray let no animosity enter into the affair; let it be merely a sacrifice that we make to prejudice and to a point of honour."—I pressed his hand in a friendly manner, and he rose.

He proposed that we should breakfast; but when I replied that I should prefer breakfasting after the affair should be decided, he appeared somewhat piqued, and said: "The answer is tolerably presumptuous, I think; we shall see which of us will be able to breakfast after the affair."

As soon as he was dressed, we went out, and I enquired where he proposed to go. "Oh," said he, "I have, not far from here, a very convenient spot for this kind of exercise;" to which I replied, that it was easy to see he was accustomed to the business.

Stopping then, I observed to him, that I was accompanied by my second, whereas he had none, which was contrary to rule. "Good," said he; "Noailles is our common friend, and a man of honour; I appoint him my second also; he is well worth two."

We walked on till we came into a narrow lane between two garden walls, when each of us, in a moment, took off his coat and waistcoat, and placed himself on the defensive. Our blades were scarcely crossed, when, casting his eyes upon a large knot of pink ribbon appended to the hilt of my sword, he cried, "That, I suppose, is a recent favour from some fair one; I am afraid it portends you success."—"That we shall presently see," I replied; upon which we commenced a vigorous attack.

The Prince fought like no other man; he observed none of the rules of fencing, but, being remarkable for strength and agility, he at one moment darted forwards upon his adversary with the rapidity of a deer, and at the next retired from him with the same

celerity, so that it was equally difficult either to parry his rapid strokes, or to reach him in his sudden retreat.

By this method, which surprised me not a little, he had been successful in almost every affair of the kind in which his impetuosity had involved him; and, notwithstanding my vigilance and coolness, he several times pierced my shirt, though, fortunately, without touching me, whilst I was vainly stretching myself forward to reach him in my turn.

After a few seconds, however, my sword scratched his hand and the blood flowed, upon which I enquired if he was satisfied and disposed to leave matters as they were. "Satisfied!" said he eagerly; "I was a short time ago, but am far from being so now; let us go on."

We then continued. His blade, too impetuously urged, missed its aim, and passed my body several times, when, at length, mine took effect on his arm, and broke, at the moment I was about parrying a thrust he made at me in return. "There!" said I, "now we must send for another sword."

"You are both stark mad," cried Viscount Noailles; "for a hasty expression, not injuriously offensive, surely a couple of wounds, and a broken sword may suffice. I vow the first man of you that refuses to desist, shall have to do with me."

We laughed at this sally. "Upon my word," said Nassau, "he is right, and I feel it the more sensibly, as my hand begins to refuse its office."—"Well," said I, "shall we embrace, and consider the thing as settled?"—"With all my heart," replied he, "on condition that we engage, upon honour, happen what may, never to fight each other again, but to remain brothers in arms for life."—We then embraced, and the affair terminated.—*Segur's Recollections*, pp. 86—89.

PRACTICAL ALLEGORY.—During the diet, a singular spectacle was exhibited. At a grand repast, at which the Emperor Charles V., Ferdinand his brother, several princes of the empire, other distinguished personages, and a great concourse of people attended, a man appeared in the costume of a doctor; he carried a faggot; some twigs were straight and some were bent; a label upon his back contained the word "*Reuchlin*." He threw the faggot upon the floor, and walked away. Another, in the dress of a priest, then appeared; a label upon his back contained the word "*Erasmus*;" he endeavoured, for a time, to put the twigs in order, and to straighten those that were bent; not succeeding, he got out of humour and walked away. A person in the habit of a monk then entered; on a label upon his back was written the word "*Luther*;" he put some coals under the twigs, set fire to them, and walked away. Then a man in the guise of an emperor entered: he drew his sword, stirred the fire, increased the flame, and walked away. Then a person in a pontifical dress entered; on a label upon his back was written the word "*Leo*;" he held two vases, one filled with oil, the other with water; he looked frightened, hastily seized the vase of oil, and poured it upon the flames; they suddenly rose to a great height, and he walked away. The actors in this scene were never discovered.—*Butler's Life of Erasmus*.

MOISTURE IN PLANTS.—The quantity of simple moisture, or rather of pure water which some plants raise from the earth is uncommonly great. This is beautifully exemplified in the organization of some creeping plants, in which the moisture is frequently conveyed the distance of forty, or fifty, or a hundred yards, before it reaches the leaves or fruit, or perhaps the assimilating organs of the vegetable. I have seen a plant of this sort that had been accidentally cut across, continue to pour out pure, limpid, and tasteless water, in such a quantity as to fill a wine-glass in about half an hour.—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam*.

THE MARCH OF CATERPILLARS.—The naturalist may, perhaps, be interested by being informed that our route was crossed in this place by a singular procession; it consisted of upwards of a hundred large black caterpillars, which were performing their migration from one spot to another. They were led by three ranks, two deep; the remainder followed in line, each taking hold of the rear of his predecessor and performing their movements at the same moment; the rear was again closed by three lines, two deep, and the whole moved on slowly, but with extreme precision, across our path.—*Emerson's Picture of Greece in 1825*.

PROPHECY.—It is easy to see (written in 1760) that England, with all its glory, will be ruined in twenty years; and will, moreover, have lost all that remains of its liberty. Every body tells me that agriculture is flourishing in this island, but I tell them, that I will lay a wager that it is dying away. London is getting bigger every day, and consequently the kingdom is unpeopled. The English desire to be conquerors; hence they will soon be slaves. ROUSSEAU in his *Extrait du Projet de paix perpetuelle de M. l'Abbé de Saint Pierre*.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.—The greatest regard is entertained in Siam for a white elephant. He who discovers one is regarded as the most fortunate of mortals. The event is of that importance that it may be said to constitute an era in the annals of the nation. The fortunate discoverer is rewarded with a crown of silver, and with a grant of land equal in extent to the space of country at which the elephant's cry may be heard. He and his family, to the third generation, are exempted from all sorts of servitude, and their land from taxation.

The present is considered a most prosperous moment, for there are no less than five white elephants in the royal stables. The white elephant is a quadrupedal Albinos.—*Finlayson's Mission.*

LORD BYRON.—We had shortly after a visit from an old Roumeliot, Captain Demetrius, who had been attached to Lord Byron. On seeing Gamba he embraced him; and immediately on mentioning Byron, burst into tears, saying, that in him he had lost a father, and Greece her truest friend. His language in speaking of him was very characteristic of the Græco-oriental style. He said, as soon as they understood that a great English effendi was coming to assist them, they awaited his arrival like young swallows for their mother; "and he came, and he gave us his counsels, and his fortune, and his life; and when he died, we felt like men suddenly struck with blindness, when the only thing that could equal our sorrow for his loss was our perplexity for the future."—*Emerson's Greece in 1825.*

SIAMESE PREPARATIONS PREVIOUS TO BURYING THE DEAD.—After washing the body with water, the first step is to pour a large quantity of crude mercury into the mouth. If mercury cannot be procured honey is used, but not so beneficially. The body is placed in a kneeling position, and the hands brought together before the face in an attitude of devotion. The body and extremities are then bound tightly with narrow strips of cloth, in order to press out the moisture. In this posture the corpse is next placed in an air-tight vessel of wood, brass, silver, or gold, according to the rank of the deceased. A tube or hollow bamboo inserted into the mouth of the deceased, passes through the upper part of the box, and is conducted through the roof of the house to a considerable height. A similar bamboo is placed in the bottom, and terminates in a vessel placed under it to receive the draining off from the body. If the deceased is of the rank of a prince, the sordes thus collected is conveyed with great formality and state in a royal barge, highly ornamented, to be deposited at a particular part of the river below the city. That collected from the body of the King is put into a vessel and boiled, until an oil separates, which oil is carefully collected, and with this they, on certain occasions, anoint the singular image, called Sema, usually placed in the temple after his death. The body is afterwards burnt with great ceremony.—*Finlayson's Mission.*

COCHIN CHINESE DELICACIES.—Fat pork and rotten eggs they seemed to consider as delectable morsels, and were not sparing in their powers of consumption. It will appear scarcely credible to an European, that both here and in many parts of China, fresh eggs are looked upon with indifference, while those that have become putrid are much esteemed, and that the latter cost in the market thirty per cent more than the former; eggs that contain young ones are still more highly esteemed, and, amongst the numerous dishes sent to us by the King, were two plates full of hatched eggs, containing young that were already fledged. We were assured that this was considered a mark of great distinction. Doubting still of the fact, we sent them to the soldiers appointed as our guard, who gobbled them up in haste with the most luxurious voracity.—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam and Cochin China.*

TURKISH COMMISSARIAT.—After Drama Ali, in the last Turkish campaign, had been beaten by Colocotroni, he retreated to Corinth, and thence wrote to the Turkish Admiral to relieve him from a part of his troops, and also to Yuseph Pacha, for a supply of provisions, for the army were actually dying of want. These two Chiefs, instead of complying with these just demands, blocked up the gulf, and stopped all supplies. Yuseph then opened the state magazines, and sold at an enormous price (at five francs the *oke*), his biscuit to the Turkish soldiers, which they of course ought to have had for nothing. The Admiral laid his hands upon all merchant vessels from the Ionian Islands, bought their cargoes as well as he could, and then made his own market with the Turkish troops. Drama Ali, the General, seeing the game his colleagues were playing, saw that he should get nothing unless he connived at their practices; he did so, but insisted on a considerable per-centage on all their gains, which he had. The soldiers were reduced to sell their arms for bread to the Jews of Lerissa, who in their turn made their bargain. Thus the miserable soldiers perished between the plague that raged among them, and the starvation that their merciless leaders inflicted upon them. *Pouqueville.*

MISER'S POVERTY.—M. de Palavicine being asked by some friends to join in a matter which would have cost him some trifle, hastily interrupted them, and said, that he was by no means so rich as it was supposed. He then shewed them a cabinet in his chamber; "in that cabinet now," said he, "I have five hundred thousand livres in bars of silver, that do not bring me in one farthing;" in the bank of Venice he had a hundred thousand crowns, but then they only paid three per cent. interest; then at Genoa he had four hundred thousand livres, where the rate of interest was equally low, and therefore "that can be no great things"—and so he went on.—*Memoires de Gourville.*

PROPER BEHAVIOUR AT SIAM.—During the whole of the visit the suite of the Chief lay prostrate on the earth before him, and at a distance. When addressed, they did not dare to cast their eyes towards him; but, raising the head a little, and touching the forehead with both hands, united in the manner by which we would express the most earnest supplication, their looks still directed to the ground, they whispered an answer in the most humiliating tone. The manner in which he was approached by the servants of his household was even still more revolting to nature:—When refreshments were ordered, they crawled forward on all fours, supported on the elbows and toes, the body being dragged on the ground. In this manner they pushed the dishes before them from time to time, in the best manner that their constrained and beastlike manner would admit, until they had put them into their place, when they retreated backward in the same grovelling manner, but without turning round.—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam.*

REBUKE OF A KING BY A GRENADIER.—I often recollect an expression that escaped a grenadier during a dinner given to Louis XV., at his camp in Compiègne, and which made a strong impression on my mind. The table was laid out under an immense tent; it held about one hundred covers; the dishes were brought in by grenadiers. The delicacy of the Prince's organs was shocked by the smell that proceeded from these soldiers, in a warm and confined room. "These good people," said he, rather loudly, "smell strongly of the socks."—"No doubt," bluntly replied a grenadier, "because we have none to wear." A deep silence followed this reply.—*Segur's Recollections*, p. 28.

A GENTLEMAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF AGE.—A man, who was quite as astonishing as his fortune-teller, often visited Madame de Pompadour. This was the Count de St. Germain, who wished to have it believed, that he had lived several centuries. One day, at her toilet, Madame said to him, in my presence, "What was the personal appearance of Francis I.? He was a king I should have liked."—"He was, indeed, very captivating," said St. Germain; and he proceeded to describe his face and person, as one does that of a man one has accurately observed. "It is a pity he was too ardent. I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes; but he would not have followed it; for it seems as if a fatality attended princes, forcing them to shut their ears, those of the mind at least, to the best advice, and especially in the most critical moments."—"And the constable," said Madame, "what do you say of him?"—"I cannot say much good, or much harm of him," replied he. "Was the court of Francis very brilliant?"—"Very brilliant; but those of his grandsons infinitely surpassed it. In the time of Mary Stuart, and Margaret of Valois, it was a land of enchantment, a temple, sacred to pleasures of every kind; those of the mind were not neglected. The two queens were learned, wrote verses, and spoke with captivating grace and eloquence." Madame said, laughing, "You seem to have seen all this."—"I have an excellent memory," said he, "and have read the history of France with great care. I sometimes amuse myself, not by *making*, but by *letting* it be believed, that I lived in old times."—"You do not tell me your age, however, and you give yourself out for very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was ambassadress to Venice, I think fifty years ago, says she knew you there exactly what you are now."—"It is true, Madame, that I have known Madame de Gergy a long time."—"But according to what she says, you would be more than a hundred."—"That is not impossible," said he, laughing, "but it is, I allow, still more possible that Madame Gergy, for whom I have the greatest respect, may be in her dotage."—"You have given her an elixir, the effect of which is surprising. She declares, that for a long time she has felt as if she was only four-and-twenty years of age; why don't you give some to the king?"—"Ah! Madame," said he, with a sort of terror, "I must be mad to think of giving the king an unknown drug." I went into my room to write down this conversation.

Some days afterwards, the King, Madame de Pompadour, some lords of the court, and the Count de St. Germain, were talking about his secret for causing the spots in diamonds to disappear. The King ordered a diamond of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the King said to the Count, "It is valued

at two hundred and forty pounds, but it would be worth four hundred, if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?" He examined it carefully, and said, "It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month." At the time appointed, the Count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the King. It was wrapt in a cloth of amianthus, which he took off. The King had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The King sent it to his jeweller, by M. Gontaut, without telling him any thing of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The King, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water. The King paid him great attention, and so did Madame de Pompadour. It was from her I learnt what I have just related. M. Quesnay said, talking of the pearls, "They are produced by a disease in the oyster. It is possible to know the cause of it; but, be that as it may, he is not the less a quack, since he pretends to have the *elixir vitæ*, and to have lived several centuries. Our master is, however, infatuated by him, and sometimes talks of him as if his descent were illustrious."

I have seen him frequently; he appeared to be about fifty; he was neither fat nor thin; he had an acute, intelligent look; dressed very simply, but in good taste; he wore very fine diamonds in his rings, watch, and snuff-box. He came, one day, to visit Madame de Pompadour, at a time when the court was in full splendour, with knee and shoe-buckles of diamonds so fine and brilliant, that Madame said, she did not believe the King had any equal to them. He went into the anti-chamber to take them off, and brought them to be examined; they were compared with others in the room, and the Duke de Gontaut, who was present, said, they were worth at least eight thousand pounds. He wore, at the same time, a snuff-box of inestimable value, and ruby sleeve buttons, which were perfectly dazzling. Nobody could find out by what means this man became so rich and so remarkable; but the king would not suffer him to be spoken of with ridicule or contempt. He was said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*, p. 100.

DEATH OF ALI PACHA.—Different Pachas, of inferior rank, had been several times to visit Ali. On the 13th day of the Moon, Djemaziul Awwel (the 5th of February) Mohamed Pacha, Governor of the Morea, offered to procure for Ali every possible comfort; naming, particularly, provisions. Ali replied to this offer, that he desired nothing more than a supply of meat; he added, however, that he had still another wish, though his unwillingness to offend the scruples of religion forbade him to give utterance to it. Being pressed to name it, he owned that it was wine which he wished for, and Mohamed Pacha promised that he should receive it. The conversation continued for some time in the most friendly manner, till at last, Mohamed Pacha rose to take leave. Being of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the sofa, according to the usual ceremony, and before leaving the room, Mohamed Pacha bowed profoundly. Ali returned the compliment; but, at the instant of his inclination, Mohamed executed the will of his sovereign, and put him to death by plunging a poniard into his left breast.

He immediately quitted the apartment, and announced that Ali had ceased to exist.—*Waddington's Visit to Greece*, p. 234.

HISTORY OF COFFEE IN EUROPE.—Hitherto, coffee-houses were confined to the east, and it is not easy to determine, exactly, when its use was introduced into Europe. Pietro de la Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, says, that when he returns to Italy, he will bring some coffee with him; whether he did or not, cannot be ascertained; but in 1644, it was certainly introduced into Marseilles; in 1660, a considerable quantity was imported from Egypt into that city; and in 1671, a coffee-house was opened in it. In 1657, Thevenot brought a small quantity to Paris; its use, however, was confined to those persons who had been in the Levant, and their friends.

Its general introduction and firm establishment in France, were brought about in a manner truly characteristic of the inhabitants of that country. In 1669, an ambassador from the Porte, arrived at Paris, who rendered himself very fashionable, as well as a great favourite by his politeness, gallantry, and wit; persons of rank, especially ladies, visited him: to them he gave coffee; and thus a bitter and black beverage, which, prescribed by a Frenchman, would have been rejected with disgust, became a favourite and fashionable *liqueur*, simply from the circumstance that it was presented by a Turk of wit and gallantry. The rage for coffee having been thus spread, an

Armenian of the name of Pascal, took advantage of it, and in 1672, opened a coffee-house in Paris; but in consequence of the very inferior manner in which it was fitted up, and the low company admitted, his scheme did not succeed. Procopius, a Florentine, perceiving the error, fitted up a fine apartment, and having already acquired a reputation among the epicures by the introduction of ices into Paris, his coffee-house met with great encouragement.

One very beneficial consequence resulted from the general and fashionable use of coffee in Paris: in the seventeenth century, habits of intoxication prevailed, even among the highest classes, who were not ashamed to frequent the *cabarets* in parties, for the purpose of this degrading debauch. Louis XIV. in vain had exerted his influence, directed his indignation, and appealed to the love and respect of his subjects for their grand monarch, to put down this practice: what he could not do, Procopius and the other coffee-house keepers accomplished. The *cabarets* were deserted by men of rank and of letters: the coffee-houses became the places of their resort, and at this period, Saurin, La Mothe, Dauchet, Boindin, J. B. Rousseau, &c. met there, and planned or composed their most celebrated pieces.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

November 24.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.

Rev. Henry W. Walker, Exeter College.	Rev. F. Richardson, University College.
Rev. G. B. F. Potticary, Magdalen Hall.	Rev. Francis J. Blandy, Fellow of St.
Rev. William Hutchins, Magdalen Hall.	John's College.
Robert G. Rogers, Oriel College.	Simon Webb, Wadham College.
Rev. Thomas W. Mercer, Trinity College.	

Bachelors of Arts.

Baldwin Fulford, Exeter College.	William Compton, Trinity College.
Caledon G. Duprè, St. Mary's Hall.	Francis Drake, Worcester College.
W. J. Copleston, Corpus Christi College.	Robert Evans, Jesus' College.
Thomas Evans, Oriel College.	William Dunn, Baliol College.

Mr. Rice Rees and Mr. Henry Reynolds, Commoners of Jesus' College, have been elected Scholars of that Society.

James F. Crouch and John W. Richards have been admitted Scholars of Corpus Christi College.

John Dayman, B.A. and Scholar of Corpus Christi College, has been elected Fellow of that Society.

Rev. C. J. Meredith, B.A. has been elected Fellow of Lincoln College.

December 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—

The Rev. G. Saxby Penfold, of Merton College, and Rector of Christchurch, St. Mary-la-bonne, Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation, grand compounder.

Masters of Arts.

John Davenport, Worcester College.	Rev. R. C. Hathway, Jesus' College.
Rev. G. Lowdon Hanson, Queen's Coll.	

Bachelors of Arts.

James Hadley, Worcester College.	C. Octavius S. Morgan, Christ Church.
Edward Cove, Worcester College.	W. Drury Holden, Christ Church.
Edward N. Henning, Worcester College.	W. Hazel, Christ Church.
Thomas A. Holland, Worcester College.	Peter Hall, Brazenose College.
Adolphus Kent, Exeter College.	Heathfield W. Hickes, Pembroke College.
Peter Brett Bull, Queen's College.	James Hughes, Jesus' College.
Philip Jacob, Corpus Christi College.	Griffith Howel, Jesus' College.
John Hambleton, St. Edmund Hall.	

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year:

For Latin Verses.—"Montes Pyrenæi."

For an English Essay.—"Is a rude or a refined age more favourable to the production of works of fiction?"

For a Latin Essay.—"Quibus præcipue de causis in artium liberalium studiis Romani, Græcis, vix pares, ædum superiores evaserint."

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize—for the best composition in English verse, *not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines*, by any Undergraduate, who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation—"Trajan's Pillar."

The exercises are all to be sent under a sealed cover to the Registrar of the University, on or before the first day of May next. None will be received after that day. The author is required to conceal his name, and to distinguish his composition by what motto he pleases; sending at the same time his name sealed up under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it. No person who has already obtained a prize will be deemed entitled to a second prize of the same description.

The exercises to which the prizes shall have been adjudged, will be repeated (after a previous rehearsal) in the Theatre, upon the Commemoration Day, immediately after the Public Orator's Creweian Oration.

December 8.—Mr. W. Cripps, of Trinity College, was elected to the Vinerian Scholarship.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.

Philip Williams, Esq. late Fellow of New College, Vinerian Professor of Common Law, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.

Rev. J. Allan Park, Baliol College, Grand Compounder.

Alexander A. Park, Baliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.

George Monnington, Worcester College. Geo. F. P. Jenkins, Pembroke College.

John May, Exeter College.

William Leslie, Lincoln College.

Charles Gillbee, Queen's College.

Arthur Lewis, Trinity College.

Horatia Todd, Queen's College.

Wadham Locke, Merton College.

Richard Lewis, Magdalen Hall.

December 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.

Rev. Joseph White Niblock, St. Edmund Hall.

Doctor in Civil Law.

Rev. G. Leeson Cursham.

Masters of Arts.

John Wright, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder. W. de Capell Brooke, Brasenose College.

Rev. Stephen Sanderson, Pembroke Coll.

Rev. W. Cornish, Fellow of Exeter Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.

J. N. Palmer, St. John's College, Grand Compounder. John Parry, Craven Scholar and Scholar of Brasenose College.

Thomas Morris, Magdalen Hall.

Cyrus Morrall, Brasenose College.

Thomas Sale, Demy of Magdalen College.

John Derby Ness, Lord Creeve's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College.

Roger Pilkington, Exeter College.

George W. Brooks, Christ Church.

William Palmer, St. Mary's Hall.

Edward Jones, Jesus' College.

W. Luke Nichols, Queen's College.

Geo. Morris, Scholar of Corpus Christi.

Elisha W. Hood, Wadham College.

James Hutchinson, St. John's College.

George A. Smyth, Edmund Hall.

Thomas Riddell, Edmund Hall.

CAMBRIDGE.

December 7.—At a congregation held this day the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Physic.

Edward J. Seymour, Jesus' College.

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. R. R. Faulkner, St. John's College, (Compounder.)

Masters of Arts.

Thomas Rawson, Trinity College, (Compounder.)
William Cornwell, Jesus' College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.

John D. Burnaby, Emmanuel College.
Rev. W. Gane, Trinity Hall, (Compounder.)
Rev. Henry Good; Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.

Henry R. Yorke, St. John's College.
William C. Humphrey, St. Peter's College.

At the above congregation, graces to the following effect passed the Senate:—

To appoint Professor Starkie, Mr. Findal, of Trinity College, and Mr. Alderson, of Caius, Counsel to the University.

To increase the funds of the library, by a quarterly contribution of one shilling and sixpence from each Member of the University, especially Sizars.

To rescind the 6th regulation of the *previous* examination, viz: "That every person when examined, shall be required to construe some portion of each of the subjects so to be appointed; to explain the grammatical construction of particular passages; and to answer printed questions relating to the evidences of Christianity, and to the geography, chronology, and history of the other subjects of examination."

And to substitute the following, viz: "That every person, when examined, shall be required, (1) to translate some portion of each of the subjects appointed as afore-said; (2) to construe and explain passages of the same; and (3) to answer printed questions relating to the evidences relating to Christianity."

To allow an additional day for the examination; to put the examination under the superintendence of the Pro-Proctors for the time being; and to authorize the Pro-Proctors and the four Examiners to require the attendance of one, and the same time, of no greater number of the persons to be examined than can be properly accommodated in the Senate House."

The subject of the Chancellor's English poem for the present year is *Venice*. Dec. 14. Mr. W. Powley, of Jesus College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts; and Charles Eckersall, MA. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was admitted *adeundem* of this University.

The following graces passed the Senate:

To appoint Mr. Hughes, of Emmanuel College, an Examiner at the Classical Examination after admission ad Respondendum Quæstion, in January next, instead of Mr. Law, of St. John's College.

To appoint Mr. Warren, of Jesus College, and Mr. Chevalier, of Catherine Hall, (the Moderators of the preceding year) also Mr. Hughes, of St. John's College; Mr. Ramsay, of Jesus' College, Mr. Fennel, of Queen's College, and Mr. Porter, of Christ College, Examiners of the Quæstionist in January next.

To allow the Moderators and Examiners with the approbation of the Professors of Divinity, Law, and Physic, to conduct the examination of the first six classes in the Public School.

To re-appoint the Syndicate empowered by a grace of Nov. 24, 1824, to treat with the Provost and Fellows of King's College, for the purchase of the Old Court; the property of the said College.

To allow Professor Lee to retain their Arabic MSS. obtained by grace out of the Public Library, till Midsummer next.

To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Jesus, the Master of Downing, Dr. Haviland, Professor Turton, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Byam, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Shelford, Mr. Croft, Mr. Crawley, Mr. Tasker, and Mr. King, a Syndicah to consider the expediency of building an Examination Hall, and to report to the Senate before the first of May next, on the best site for the same, and the best means of carrying the design into effect.

To affix the University seal to the letters patent of Professor Starkie, "Mr. Tindal, and Mr. Alderson, University Counsel."

December 22.—A grace passed the Senate "To affix the University seal to a letter addressed to Sir John Richardson, requesting him to determine after hearing Counsel, the manners in which the professors of mineralogy, botany, and anatomy, are, in future, to be elected."

Sidney Gedge, Esq. BA. of Catharine Hall, has been elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

Oxford.—Rev. F. Swan, B.D. to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln.—Rev. G. H. Curton, MA. to the Rectory of East Barkwith, Lincolnshire ; Patron, G. R. Heneage, Esq. of Hainton House.—Rev. Henry Wetherell, B.D. to the Archdeaconry of Hereford.—Rev. B. Pope, to the Vicarage of Oxborne, St. George, Wilts.—Rev. J. Saumarez, MA. to the Rectory of Huggate, in the East Riding of Yorkshire ; Patron, The King.—Rev. W. Greenhill, B.D. to the Rectory of Farnham, in the County of Essex ; Patrons, the President and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. John Davison, B.D. to be Prebend of Worcester College.—Rev. F. C. Massingberd, MA. to the United Rectory of South Ormsby, with Ketsby, Driby, and the Vicarage of Calceby annexed ; Patron, C. B. Massingberd, Esq. of Ormsby Hall, Lincolnshire.—Rev. Charles Trelawney Collins to the Rectory of Timsbury ; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Baliol College.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Six Letters on the Past Operations and Future Prospects of Joint Stock Companies. By John Wilks, Jun. Esq.

The Rev. R. W. Hamilton, one of the Vice Presidents of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, has nearly ready for Publication, an Essay on Craniology, being the substance of a Paper submitted by him to that Society.

The Rev. Christopher Anderson is about to put to Press, a Work, called "The Constitution of the Human Family; with the Duties and Advantages which are involved in that singular Constitution."

The History of Scotland, for the Use of Schools; by the Rev. Alexander Stewart; in 1 vol. 12mo, is in the Press.

Mr. George Fulton is about to publish "Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children; with a Vocabulary," in 1 vol. 12mo.

Preparing for Publication, in 1 vol. 4to, uniformly printed with Dr. Todd's Edition of Johnson's Dictionary, Etymons of English Words. By John Thomson, M.R.I. and M.A.S. late Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India.

Speedily will be published, in one neat Pocket Volume, royal 18mo. The New French Manual, and Traveller's Companion; containing a familiar Introduction to French Pronunciation, a Vocabulary, and a Selection of Phrases on the most common and useful subjects;—also, a Series of Conversations, descriptive of the Public Buildings, Institutions, Curiosities, Manners, and Amusements of the French Capital; with Models of Cards and Letters, and Tables of French and British Monies, Weights, and Measures;—exhibiting the exact Pronunciation of every Word, Phrase, &c. contained in the Work. By Gabriel Surene, FSSA. Teacher of French, Edinburgh.

Next Month will be published, 8vo. Mathematical Tables; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

Early in January will be published, in Demy 18mo. Hours at Home, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication "Paul Jones," a Romance, in 3 vols, post 8vo.

Shortly will be published, a Historical Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo, entitled "William Douglas; or the Scottish Exiles."

Nearly ready. in 1 vol. 12mo, "The Cook and Housewife's Manual. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

In the Press, a valuable Work, entitled "The Contest of the Twelve Nations; or a Comparison of the different Bases of Human Character and Talent," in 1 vol, 8vo.

On the 1st of January will be published, in 1 vol, 12mo, The Father's Guide in the selection of a School for his Son; being a short Account of all the Schools in England from which Scholars have a claim to Fellowships, Scholarships, Exhibitions, and other Honors and Emoluments in the two Universities. By a Member of the University of Cambridge.

Lyrics of the Heart; with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts, Author of Poetical Sketches. In 1 vol, foolscap, with a Vignette Title-page.

Sketches selected from the Note Book of the late Charles Hamilton, Esq. By G. K. Hervey, Author of Australia.

The First number of Bolster's Quarterly Magazine, is to appear in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, on the 1st of February. It is the only Literary Journal in Ireland.

In the Press, Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem, by N. T. Carrington, Author of the Banks of Tamar; with a Preface and Notes by Wm. Burt, Esq. Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth; and Four Views and Eight Vignettes, Drawn and Etched by P. H. Rogers, Esq. Plymouth.

The Travellers; or Adventures on the Continent, in 3 vols, post 8vo.

The Spanish Anthology; being a Translation of the Choicest Specimens of the Spanish Poets, with their Biographical Notices. By J. H. Wiffen, in 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with the Works of Garcilasso.

John Baron, MD. FRS., has in the press *Delineations*, of the Origin and Progress of various changes of Structure which occur in Man, and some inferior Animals; being the Continuation of Works already published on this Subject by the Author.

Mr. Mawe has recently returned from a Geological Tour in Italy, where he has visited the finest Collections, and particularly the Vesuvian Productions at Naples; and is preparing to publish his *Observations*, in a single volume.

In the press, and immediately will be published, in 3 vols 8vo, illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c. &c., *Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Pekin, in the Years 1820, 1821.* By George Timkowski.

In a few Days will be published, a *Concise System of Commercial Arithmetic*, adapted to modern Practice. By James Morrison, Accountant, who has also in the press, the *Young Ladies' Guide to Figures and Accounts*; containing the useful Rules for calculating, either by the Pen or mentally. Also preparing for publication, a *Compendious Dictionary of the Mercantile Law and Practice*, deduced from the latest authorities, and arranged on a new Plan.

Dr. Rees has in the press, a *Practical Treatise on the Means of obviating and treating the varieties of Costiveness at different periods of Life*; and in Cases of pre-disposition to various constitutional Maladies, and of Disorders of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Rectum, &c. &c. by Medicine, Diet, &c. in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Translation of Mignet's *History of the French Revolution* will be published in a few days.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

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NEW SERIES. No. XIV.

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MISER'S POVERTY.—M. de Palavicine being asked by some friends to join in a matter which would have cost him some trifle, hastily interrupted them, and said, that he was by no means so rich as it was supposed. He then shewed them a cabinet in his chamber; "in that cabinet now," said he, "I have five hundred thousand livres in bars of silver, that do not bring me in one farthing;" in the bank of Venice he had a hundred thousand crowns, but then they only paid three per cent. interest; then at Genoa he had four hundred thousand livres, where the rate of interest was equally low, and therefore "that can be no great things"—and so he went on.—*Memoires de Gourville.*

PROPER BEHAVIOUR AT SIAM.—During the whole of the visit the suite of the Chief lay prostrate on the earth before him, and at a distance. When addressed, they did not dare to cast their eyes towards him; but, raising the head a little, and touching the forehead with both hands, united in the manner by which we would express the most earnest supplication, their looks still directed to the ground, they whispered an answer in the most humiliating tone. The manner in which he was approached by the servants of his household was even still more revolting to nature:—When refreshments were ordered, they crawled forward on all fours, supported on the elbows and toes, the body being dragged on the ground. In this manner they pushed the dishes before them from time to time, in the best manner that their constrained and beastlike manner would admit, until they had put them into their place, when they retreated backward in the same grovelling manner, but without turning round.—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam.*

REBUKE OF A KING BY A GRENADIER.—I often recollect an expression that escaped a grenadier during a dinner given to Louis XV., at his camp in Compiègne, and which made a strong impression on my mind. The table was laid out under an immense tent; it held about one hundred covers; the dishes were brought in by grenadiers. The delicacy of the Prince's organs was shocked by the smell that proceeded from these soldiers, in a warm and confined room. "These good people," said he, rather loudly, "smell strongly of the socks."—"No doubt," bluntly replied a grenadier, "because we have none to wear." A deep silence followed this reply.—*Segur's Recollections*, p. 28.

A GENTLEMAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF AGE.—A man, who was quite as astonishing as his fortune-teller, often visited Madame de Pompadour. This was the Count de St. Germain, who wished to have it believed, that he had lived several centuries. One day, at her toilet, Madame said to him, in my presence, "What was the personal appearance of Francis I.? He was a king I should have liked."—"He was, indeed, very captivating," said St. Germain; and he proceeded to describe his face and person, as one does that of a man one has accurately observed. "It is a pity he was too ardent. I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes; but he would not have followed it; for it seems as if a fatality attended princes, forcing them to shut their ears, those of the mind at least, to the best advice, and especially in the most critical moments."—"And the constable," said Madame, "what do you say of him?"—"I cannot say much good, or much harm of him," replied he. "Was the court of Francis very brilliant?"—"Very brilliant; but those of his grandsons infinitely surpassed it. In the time of Mary Stuart, and Margaret of Valois, it was a land of enchantment, a temple, sacred to pleasures of every kind; those of the mind were not neglected. The two queens were learned, wrote verses, and spoke with captivating grace and eloquence." Madame said, laughing, "You seem to have seen all this."—"I have an excellent memory," said he, "and have read the history of France with great care. I sometimes amuse myself, not by *making*, but by *letting* it be believed, that I lived in old times."—"You do not tell me your age, however, and you give yourself out for very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was ambassadress to Venice, I think fifty years ago, says she knew you there exactly what you are now."—"It is true, Madame, that I have known Madame de Gergy a long time."—"But according to what she says, you would be more than a hundred."—"That is not impossible," said he, laughing, "but it is, I allow, still more possible that Madame Gergy, for whom I have the greatest respect, may be in her dotage."—"You have given her an elixir, the effect of which is surprising. She declares, that for a long time she has felt as if she was only four-and-twenty years of age; why don't you give some to the king?"—"Ah! Madame," said he, with a sort of terror, "I must be mad to think of giving the king an unknown drug." I went into my room to write down this conversation.

Some days afterwards, the King, Madame de Pompadour, some lords of the court, and the Count de St. Germain, were talking about his secret for causing the spots in diamonds to disappear. The King ordered a diamond of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the King said to the Count, "It is valued

at two hundred and forty pounds, but it would be worth four hundred, if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?" He examined it carefully, and said, "It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month." At the time appointed, the Count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the King. It was wrapt in a cloth of amianthus, which he took off. The King had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The King sent it to his jeweller, by M. Gontaut, without telling him any thing of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The King, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water. The King paid him great attention, and so did Madame de Pompadour. It was from her I learnt what I have just related. M. Quesnay said, talking of the pearls, "They are produced by a disease in the oyster. It is possible to know the cause of it; but, be that as it may, he is not the less a quack, since he pretends to have the *elixir vitæ*, and to have lived several centuries. Our master is, however, infatuated by him, and sometimes talks of him as if his descent were illustrious."

I have seen him frequently; he appeared to be about fifty; he was neither fat nor thin; he had an acute, intelligent look; dressed very simply, but in good taste; he wore very fine diamonds in his rings, watch, and snuff-box. He came, one day, to visit Madame de Pompadour, at a time when the court was in full splendour, with knee and shoe-buckles of diamonds so fine and brilliant, that Madame said, she did not believe the King had any equal to them. He went into the anti-chamber to take them off, and brought them to be examined; they were compared with others in the room, and the Duke de Gontaut, who was present, said, they were worth at least eight thousand pounds. He wore, at the same time, a snuff-box of inestimable value, and ruby sleeve buttons, which were perfectly dazzling. Nobody could find out by what means this man became so rich and so remarkable; but the king would not suffer him to be spoken of with ridicule or contempt. He was said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*, p. 100.

DEATH OF ALI PACHA.—Different Pachas, of inferior rank, had been several times to visit Ali. On the 13th day of the Moon, Djemaziul Awwel (the 5th of February) Mohamed Pacha, Governor of the Morea, offered to procure for Ali every possible comfort; naming, particularly, provisions. Ali replied to this offer, that he desired nothing more than a supply of meat; he added, however, that he had still another wish, though his unwillingness to offend the scruples of religion forbade him to give utterance to it. Being pressed to name it, he owned that it was wine which he wished for, and Mohamed Pacha promised that he should receive it. The conversation continued for some time in the most friendly manner, till at last, Mohamed Pacha rose to take leave. Being of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the sofa, according to the usual ceremony, and before leaving the room, Mohamed Pacha bowed profoundly. Ali returned the compliment; but, at the instant of his inclination, Mohamed executed the will of his sovereign, and put him to death by plunging a poniard into his left breast.

He immediately quitted the apartment, and announced that Ali had ceased to exist.—*Waddington's Visit to Greece*, p. 234.

HISTORY OF COFFEE IN EUROPE.—Hitherto, coffee-houses were confined to the east, and it is not easy to determine, exactly, when its use was introduced into Europe. Pietro de la Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, says, that when he returns to Italy, he will bring some coffee with him; whether he did or not, cannot be ascertained; but in 1644, it was certainly introduced into Marseilles; in 1660, a considerable quantity was imported from Egypt into that city; and in 1671, a coffee-house was opened in it. In 1657, Thevenot brought a small quantity to Paris; its use, however, was confined to those persons who had been in the Levant, and their friends.

Its general introduction and firm establishment in France, were brought about in a manner truly characteristic of the inhabitants of that country. In 1669, an ambassador from the Porte, arrived at Paris, who rendered himself very fashionable, as well as a great favourite by his politeness, gallantry, and wit; persons of rank, especially ladies, visited him: to them he gave coffee; and thus a bitter and black beverage, which, prescribed by a Frenchman, would have been rejected with disgust, became a favourite and fashionable *liqueur*, simply from the circumstance that it was presented by a Turk of wit and gallantry. The rage for coffee having been thus spread, an

Armenian of the name of Pascal, took advantage of it, and in 1672, opened a coffee-house in Paris; but in consequence of the very inferior manner in which it was fitted up, and the low company admitted, his scheme did not succeed. Procopius, a Florentine, perceiving the error, fitted up a fine apartment, and having already acquired a reputation among the epicures by the introduction of ices into Paris, his coffee-house met with great encouragement.

One very beneficial consequence resulted from the general and fashionable use of coffee in Paris: in the seventeenth century, habits of intoxication prevailed, even among the highest classes, who were not ashamed to frequent the *cabarets* in parties, for the purpose of this degrading debauch. Louis XIV. in vain had exerted his influence, directed his indignation, and appealed to the love and respect of his subjects for their grand monarch, to put down this practice: what he could not do, Procopius and the other coffee-house keepers accomplished. The *cabarets* were deserted by men of rank and of letters: the coffee-houses became the places of their resort, and at this period, Saurin, La Mothe, Dauchet, Boindin, J. B. Rousseau, &c. met there, and planned or composed their most celebrated pieces.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

November 24.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.

Rev. Henry W. Walker, Exeter College.	Rev. F. Richardson, University College.
Rev. G. B. F. Potticary, Magdalen Hall.	Rev. Francis J. Blandy, Fellow of St.
Rev. William Hutchins, Magdalen Hall.	John's College.
Robert G. Rogers, Oriel College.	Simon Webb, Wadham College.
Rev. Thomas W. Mercer, Trinity College.	

Bachelors of Arts.

Baldwin Fulford, Exeter College.	William Compton, Trinity College.
Caledon G. Duprè, St. Mary's Hall.	Francis Drake, Worcester College.
W. J. Copleston, Corpus Christi College.	Robert Evans, Jesus' College.
Thomas Evans, Oriel College.	William Dunn, Baliol College.

Mr. Rice Rees and Mr. Henry Reynolds, Commoners of Jesus' College, have been elected Scholars of that Society.

James F. Crouch and John W. Richards have been admitted Scholars of Corpus Christi College.

John Dayman, B.A. and Scholar of Corpus Christi College, has been elected Fellow of that Society.

Rev. C. J. Meredith, B.A. has been elected Fellow of Lincoln College.

December 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—

The Rev. G. Saxby Penfold, of Merton College, and Rector of Christchurch, St. Mary-la-honne, Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation, grand compounder.

Masters of Arts.

John Davenport, Worcester College.	Rev. R. C. Hathway, Jesus' College.
Rev. G. Lowdon Hanson, Queen's Coll.	

Bachelors of Arts.

James Hadley, Worcester College.	C. Octavius S. Morgan, Christ Church.
Edward Cove, Worcester College.	W. Drury Holden, Christ Church.
Edward N. Henning, Worcester College.	W. Hazel, Christ Church.
Thomas A. Holland, Worcester College.	Peter Hall, Brazenose College.
Adolphus Kent, Exeter College.	Heathfield W. Hickes, Pembroke College.
Peter Brett Bull, Queen's College.	James Hughes, Jesus' College.
Philip Jacob, Corpus Christi College.	Griffith Howel, Jesus' College.
John Hambleton, St. Edmund Hall.	

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year:

For Latin Verses.—"Montes Pyrenæi."

For an English Essay.—"Is a rude or a refined age more favourable to the production of works of fiction?"

of an individual, to whom it is sold by government; no one can pass the bar without his assistance, or without paying him four *duri*. You will of course see how unfavourable such a monopoly is to commerce, which has indeed already suffered from it. As the pilot has but two boats, and there are often several vessels waiting to cross the bar, it follows that they waste their power in calling him in vain, and whatever be the urgency of their business they must wait his pleasure. After a considerable delay we saw a point in the distance which we soon discovered to be a little black boat of a somewhat more horrible aspect than that which crosses the Stygian ferry; on its nearer approach it offered to our astonished eyes a dozen animals whom I was at a loss to class, but who were described to me as a mixture of Negroes, Samboes, Mestizoes, and Indians. Whatever they were, their countenances were truly horrible; there was a mingled expression of melancholy and ferocity which rendered them painful to look at. Their colours were of several indefinable dark shades, and the clothes of those who were clothed at all consisted of a short shirt. In short, give each of them a pair of bat's wings, and I would defy Michael Angelo to people the infernal streams with more dreadful figures.

One of our party being slightly ill, it was determined to remain on board till the 26th.

May 26th. We intended taking a sketch of the mouth of the river and the fort by which it is defended, but we were cautioned not to write, still less to draw, in the sight of the suspicious inhabitants, who already regarded us with rather an evil eye. This was a great mortification to me: not that this view could have any merit as a work of art, but I wished to show you the entrance to this new and extraordinary part of the globe. I am afraid you would have found it difficult to give credit to my pencil, and would have thought me so poor an engineer as to take a hen-coop for a fortress. I cannot however resist trying by words to give you some faint idea of this most singular fort. On the right bank of the river the engineer has exhausted the stores of his science and skill, and has placed his *chef d'œuvre*, which consists of the following details:—

1st. Four old trunks of trees, in the selection of which considerable time and labour seem to have been bestowed. Any more twisted, knotty, and irregularly formed, I should think it difficult to find. They are stuck in the earth so as to support a rude sort of lattice-work, or hurdle, upon which a nearly naked soldier mounts guard. He scrambles up to his post by means of a ladder of a construction suitable to the rest of the works.

2d. Two or three huts constructed of canes stuck in the earth vertically, and connected by others placed horizontally at such distances that the interior of the buildings may be easily seen through the interstices. These walls are surmounted by magnificent bomb-proof roofs of dry palm leaves. One of these huts surpasses the others in splendour, being plastered over with mud; this serves as a custom-house.

3d. A few fascines, ill made and worse distributed, which imperfectly conceal four or five rusty old cannon placed in a low and inconvenient situation. The garrison is composed of thirty half-naked soldiers.

Masters of Arts.

Thomas Rawson, Trinity College, (Compounder.)
William Cornwell, Jesus' College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.

John D. Burnaby, Emmanuel College.
Rev. W. Gane, Trinity Hall, (Compounder.)
Rev. Henry Good; Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.

Henry R. Yorke, St. John's College.
William C. Humphrey, St. Peter's College.

At the above congregation, graces to the following effect passed the Senate:—

To appoint Professor Starkie, Mr. Findal, of Trinity College, and Mr. Alderson, of Caius, Counsel to the University.

To increase the funds of the library, by a quarterly contribution of one shilling and sixpence from each Member of the University, especially Sizars.

To rescind the 6th regulation of the *previous* examination, viz: "That every person when examined, shall be required to construe some portion of each of the subjects so to be appointed; to explain the grammatical construction of particular passages; and to answer printed questions relating to the evidences of Christianity, and to the geography, chronology, and history of the other subjects of examination."

And to substitute the following, viz: "That every person, when examined, shall be required, (1) to translate some portion of each of the subjects appointed as afore-said; (2) to construe and explain passages of the same; and (3) to answer printed questions relating to the evidences relating to Christianity."

To allow an additional day for the examination; to put the examination under the superintendence of the Pro-Proctors for the time being; and to authorize the Pro-Proctors and the four Examiners to require the attendance of one, and the same time, of no greater number of the persons to be examined than can be properly accommodated in the Senate House."

The subject of the Chancellor's English poem for the present year is *Venice*. Dec. 14. Mr. W. Powley, of Jesus College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts; and Charles Eckersall, MA. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was admitted *adeundem* of this University.

The following graces passed the Senate:

To appoint Mr. Hughes, of Emmanuel College, an Examiner at the Classical Examination after admission ad Respondendum Quæstion, in January next, instead of Mr. Law, of St. John's College.

To appoint Mr. Warren, of Jesus College, and Mr. Chevalier, of Catherine Hall, (the Moderators of the preceding year) also Mr. Hughes, of St. John's College; Mr. Ramsay, of Jesus' College, Mr. Fennel, of Queen's College, and Mr. Porter, of Christ College, Examiners of the Quæstionist in January next.

To allow the Moderators and Examiners with the approbation of the Professors of Divinity, Law, and Physic, to conduct the examination of the first six classes in the Public School.

To re-appoint the Syndicate empowered by a grace of Nov. 24, 1824, to treat with the Provost and Fellows of King's College, for the purchase of the Old Court; the property of the said College.

To allow Professor Lee to retain their Arabic MSS. obtained by grace out of the Public Library, till Midsummer next.

To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Jesus, the Master of Downing, Dr. Haviland, Professor Turton, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Byam, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Shelford, Mr. Croft, Mr. Crawley, Mr. Tasker, and Mr. King, a Syndicah to consider the expediency of building an Examination Hall, and to report to the Senate before the first of May next, on the best site for the same, and the best means of carrying the design into effect.

To affix the University seal to the letters patent of Professor Starkie, "Mr. Tindal, and Mr. Alderson, University Counsel."

December 22.—A grace passed the Senate "To affix the University seal to a letter addressed to Sir John Richardson, requesting him to determine after hearing Counsel, the manners in which the professors of mineralogy, botany, and anatomy, are, in future, to be elected."

Sidney Gedge, Esq. BA. of Catharine Hall, has been elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS

Oxford.—Rev. F. Swan, B.D. to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln.—Rev. G. H. Curton, M.A. to the Rectory of East Barkwith, Lincolnshire; Patron, G. R. Heneage, Esq. of Hainton House.—Rev. Henry Wetherell, B.D. to the Archdeaconry of Hereford.—Rev. B. Pope, to the Vicarage of Oxborne, St. George, Wilts.—Rev. J. Saumarez, M.A. to the Rectory of Huggate, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; Patron, The King.—Rev. W. Greenhill, B.D. to the Rectory of Farnham, in the County of Essex; Patrons, the President and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. John Davison, B.D. to be Prebend of Worcester College.—Rev. F. C. Massingberd, M.A. to the United Rectory of South Ormsby, with Ketsby, Driby, and the Vicarage of Calceby annexed; Patron, C. B. Massingberd, Esq. of Ormsby Hall, Lincolnshire.—Rev. Charles Trelawney Collins to the Rectory of Timsbury; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Balliol College.

Cambridge.—Rev. Thomas Kennion, B.A. to the perpetual Curacy of Harrogate; Patron, Rev. A. Cheap.—Rev. Edward M. Salter, M.A. to the united Rectories of Wood Norton and Swanton Novers, Norfolk.—Rev. Gooch Fowell, M.A. to be perpetual Curate of St. Mary's in Thetford; Patron, the Earl of Albemarle.—Rev. Temple Chevalier, late Fellow and Tutor of Catharine Hall, to the Vicarage of St. Andrew the Great.—Rev. Isham Case, M.A. to the Vicarage of Metheringham, in the county of Lincoln; Patron, the Earl of Bristol.—Hon. and Rev. E. Rice, D.D. to be Dean of Gloucester.—Rev. John Davidson, B.D. to be Prebend of Worcester.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

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Grand Junction	100	255	Guardian	100	10
Huddersfield	57	25	Imperial	50	110
Kent and Avon	40	25	London	25	12 10
Lancaster	47	43	Protector	20	2
Leeds and Liverpool	100	485	Rock	20	2
Oxford	100	500	Royal Exchange	100	270
Regent's	40	47			
Rochdale	85	115			
Stafford and Worcester	140	300			
Trent and Mersey	100	2000			
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			Rio de la Plata Agricul. Comp.	100	5
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LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Six Letters on the Past Operations and Future Prospects of Joint Stock Companies. By John Wilks, Jun. Esq.

The Rev. R. W. Hamilton, one of the Vice Presidents of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, has nearly ready for Publication, an Essay on Craniology, being the substance of a Paper submitted by him to that Society.

The Rev. Christopher Anderson is about to put to Press, a Work, called "The Constitution of the Human Family; with the Duties and Advantages which are involved in that singular Constitution."

The History of Scotland, for the Use of Schools; by the Rev. Alexander Stewart; in 1 vol. 12mo, is in the Press.

Mr. George Fulton is about to publish "Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children; with a Vocabulary," in 1 vol. 12mo.

Preparing for Publication, in 1 vol. 4to, uniformly printed with Dr. Todd's Edition of Johnson's Dictionary, Etymons of English Words. By John Thomson, M.R.I. and M.A.S. late Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India.

Speedily will be published, in one neat Pocket Volume, royal 18mo. The New French Manual, and Traveller's Companion; containing a familiar Introduction to French Pronunciation, a Vocabulary, and a Selection of Phrases on the most common and useful subjects;—also, a Series of Conversations, descriptive of the Public Buildings, Institutions, Curiosities, Manners, and Amusements of the French Capital; with Models of Cards and Letters, and Tables of French and British Monies, Weights, and Measures;—exhibiting the exact Pronunciation of every Word, Phrase, &c. contained in the Work. By Gabriel Surene, FSSA. Teacher of French, Edinburgh.

Next Month will be published, 8vo. Mathematical Tables; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

Early in January will be published, in Demy 18mo. Hours at Home, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication "Paul Jones," a Romance, in 3 vols, post 8vo.

Shortly will be published, a Historical Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo, entitled "William Douglas; or the Scottish Exiles."

Nearly ready. in 1 vol. 12mo, "The Cook and Housewife's Manual. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

In the Press, a valuable Work, entitled "The Contest of the Twelve Nations; or a Comparison of the different Bases of Human Character and Talent," in 1 vol, 8vo.

On the 1st of January will be published, in 1 vol, 12mo, The Father's Guide in the selection of a School for his Son; being a short Account of all the Schools in England from which Scholars have a claim to Fellowships, Scholarships, Exhibitions, and other Honors and Emoluments in the two Universities. By a Member of the University of Cambridge.

Lyrics of the Heart; with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts, Author of Poetical Sketches. In 1 vol, foolscap, with a Vignette Title-page.

Sketches selected from the Note Book of the late Charles Hamilton, Esq. By G. K. Hervey, Author of Australia.

The First number of Bolster's Quarterly Magazine, is to appear in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, on the 1st of February. It is the only Literary Journal in Ireland.

In the Press, Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem, by N. T. Carrington, Author of the Banks of Tamar; with a Preface and Notes by Wm. Burt, Esq. Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth; and Four Views and Eight Vignettes, Drawn and Etched by P. H. Rogers, Esq. Plymouth.

The Travellers; or Adventures on the Continent, in 3 vols, post 8vo.

The Spanish Anthology; being a Translation of the Choicest Specimens of the Spanish Poets, with their Biographical Notices. By J. H. Wiffen, in 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with the Works of Garcilasso.

John Baron, MD. FRS., has in the press *Delineations, of the Origin and Progress of various changes of Structure which occur in Man, and some inferior Animals*; being the Continuation of Works already published on this Subject by the Author.

Mr. Mawe has recently returned from a Geological Tour in Italy, where he has visited the finest Collections, and particularly the Vesuvian Productions at Naples; and is preparing to publish his *Observations*, in a single volume.

In the press, and immediately will be published, in 3 vols 8vo, illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c. &c., *Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Pekin, in the Years 1820, 1821.* By George Timkowski.

In a few Days will be published, a *Concise System of Commercial Arithmetic*, adapted to modern Practice. By James Morrison, Accountant, who has also in the press, the *Young Ladies' Guide to Figures and Accounts*; containing the useful Rules for calculating, either by the Pen or mentally. Also preparing for publication, a *Compendious Dictionary of the Mercantile Law and Practice*, deduced from the latest authorities, and arranged on a new Plan.

Dr. Rees has in the press, a *Practical Treatise on the Means of obviating and treating the varieties of Costiveness at different periods of Life*; and in Cases of pre-disposition to various constitutional Maladies, and of Disorders of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Rectum, &c. &c. by Medicine, Diet, &c. in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Translation of Mignet's *History of the French Revolution* will be published in a few days.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Hebrew Tales, selected and translated from Ancient Hebrew Works, to which is prefixed, an Essay on the still existing remains of the Hebrew Sages of a later period than the Maccabees, and on the character and merit of the uninspired Ancient Hebrew Literature generally. 1 vol. foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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P. Virgilii Maronis Bucolica; containing an Ordo and Interlineal translation accompanying the text; a Treatise on Latin Versification; and references to a scanning table, exhibiting, on musical principles, every variety of hexameter verse, with an ex-

as can be imagined. The *prima donna*, who, if she was nothing else, was at least a white, stood in her little room divesting herself of the sock, or buskin, and of all her splendours: I bowed to her, and the meagre appearance of her face strongly inclined me to invite her to supper.

Very few old people are to be seen at Pueblo Viejo, the fever and other maladies incident to the climate save its inhabitants from the evils of old age.

May 27th. Our caravan set out with above forty mules either for the saddle or for burthen. We were divided into two bodies; the first, which might be called the *état major*, set out first: the second, of which I was one, remained to escort the baggage. After an hour's ride we passed Tampico, which lay on our left. Tampico is built in the usual style of magnificence, but from the beauty of its situation and the whiteness of most of the houses, it has a more cleanly and cheerful appearance than Pueblo Viejo. The road still lay through the lovely botanic garden which I have already mentioned, and almost every step disclosed some object which awakened our wonder and admiration. The perfect silence which reigned among us, a silence only broken by an occasional exclamation of surprise, sufficiently marked the state of all our minds.

The few hours' march in the first day's journey passed rapidly: it was only half-past one, P.M. when we arrived at Los Ranchos de las Tortugas. The Indians call their cabins *Ranchos*, and designate a collection of them by the name of the place near which they are erected. The miserable hut of one of these poor people, upon whose hospitality we had thrown ourselves, served us as a place of rest; or rather not the hut, which would have been too small, but a sort of shed adjoining it, which usually served as a place of shelter to the cattle, and was entirely open on the four sides. Our dinner was soon prepared, and, thanks to the provident care of one of our party, it was an European dinner. Whenever we were in situations which afforded nothing to eat, we had recourse to two miraculous tin cases which had been prepared in New York, and which never failed to yield us excellent provision. The air having been exhausted from them they were hermetically sealed; nothing was wanted but hot water to prepare for us a luxurious repast of fish, fresh as if just from the sea, delicious poultry, meat, &c. I could not help being struck by the fastidiousness and prejudice of the lower classes of England; the artisans of our party turned up their noses at this unaccustomed sort of food, and at our humble lodging, while their superiors, many of whom often had fared so much worse in the heart of Europe, thought themselves remarkably well off.

The remains of an idol of rudely sculptured stone has just been discovered; I send you a sketch of it with a scale of English feet. It is probable that this spot had been consecrated ground, as it united all those features which are usually found combined in the places selected by savage nations for the celebration of their religious rites. We were on the summit of a gentle eminence, near which were a forest and a spring. There was nothing picturesque in the situation, for the Indians always fix their habitations on a level spot, which they industriously clear of every tree and bush, so as to leave it entirely bare.

As soon as it was dusk we perceived small floating lights in the air, which appeared for a moment, and then were lost. They were fire flies, and as the darkness increased the appearance was extremely beautiful. I gave chase to some of these insects to satisfy the curiosity of those of our party to whom they were new. On examination I found them very different from the fire flies of Italy; they are not properly flies, as those are, but *scarabæi*, and their light is not situated in the abdomen, but on the sides of the thorax. This light also, instead of being pale and yellowish, is blue, and very brilliant. I remember one summer evening in the south of Europe, after a heavy shower, to have seen a cloud of fire flies hovering over a field of rye; they appeared like a golden veil agitated by the wind, or rather like a waving sea of light.

May 28th. This day the care of the baggage devolved upon me, and when it pleased our muleteers we set out. I have just made the discovery that there are too many parrots in this country; their hoarse and discordant clamours are very annoying: at this season they are always seen in pairs, and in the numerous flocks of them which flew past us, I observed that the pairs were always distinct. To complete the discord, a most abominable sort of cricket never ceased for one instant to persecute our ears. But these were light afflictions compared to those in store for us; the sky was cloudy, and a most violent rain soon began to fall; it accompanied us to the end of our day's journey, the Rancho de Bicin, where we all arrived wet and grumbling. The road was rendered almost impassable by the rain, and an infinity of little brooks, swelled into sudden importance, intercepted our way at every step. The country happily afforded some compensation, and I forgot all inconveniences in the varied scenes through which we passed; one while our road lay through a grove of cedars, then through a wood of lofty canes, covered with light foliage and planted in the most curious and artificial manner. Nearer to Bicin the scene changes again, and is adorned with palms; these palms are like the *Chamærops humilis* which grows in the south of Spain, and which the Spaniards call *palmito*. The *palmitos*, however, are not armed with thorns as these are, nor indeed do I remember ever before to have seen a tree that was. On our way we met some Indians, going to Tampico to sell pine-apples (*ananas*;) I bought some, and found them very superior to those of Europe or of New York. They are certainly among the things one may be permitted to regret in leaving America.

The master of the house at which we stopped had an appearance truly patriarchal; it was impossible to look at him without veneration. He was a fine robust old man, and wore a snow-white shirt over a pair of trowsers of equal whiteness. His long grey hair fell upon his shoulders, and, as he stood with his head raised and his mouth half open to speak to us, I thought him the most beautiful specimen of age I had ever beheld. He received us with exquisite and dignified politeness, and left the most favourable impression on every one of our party. Our venerable host had gathered some hearts of the palm-tree which he set before us; they are like the artichoke in flavour, only more agreeable. I was told that this was a highly esteemed dish in Mexico.

The Indians of these parts drink *guarapo*, a beverage made of sugar, which they call *panela*, and maize flour, fermented. The plain in which the Rancho is situated is by no means picturesque.

May 29th. The rain continued all day; the face of the country is here very uniform; it is one continued grove of palm-trees, and this tree is not, like the date-palm, of a beautiful form, but a bare trunk with a ragged tuft at the top; there is no harmony in its proportions, and, what is worse, no variety. We passed near Los Esterillos and Canchel, which consist of a few poor huts. In the midst of the plain we were traversing, rises the Pico del Rancho Nuevo; it is not very lofty, but remarkable for being completely isolated. From its summit you command an immense extent of country; it would be a most interesting station for geodetical operations. At half a league from this hill lies the Rancho de Buena Vista, where we intended to pass the night; our guide had been talking to us all day of the beautiful view we should enjoy from thence, and accordingly when we reached the spot every body exclaimed, how fine! how beautiful! It appeared to me, however, that they all mistook their own sensations, and confounded the beautiful with the surprising. You may perhaps be able to judge from description whether the *coup d'œil* before us deserved to be called beautiful. The Rancho de Buena Vista is situated on a hill from which you behold an unbounded extent of country covered with palms,—a sea of palms, in short. This tedious uniformity is not broken by a single road, nor a single habitation, except in the instance of Rancho Nuevo, which lies like an island in the middle, and a few mountains which mingle with the clouds in the distant horizon. The imagination may indeed suggest what this country might become, and may diversify it with towns, villages, roads, and all the traces of cultivation, but it shrinks from a boundless expanse, which shows so clearly the poverty and sloth of its possessors.

The master of the house was just mounting his horse at the moment of our arrival; he had a long sword at his girdle, and his surly and insolent manner of receiving us, sufficiently proved his martial habits. He granted us hospitality with evident reluctance, and I have no doubt would have refused it if he had dared to offer open resistance to so large a party; he did actually refuse to procure us the slightest refreshment or accommodation, and would not even sell us a fowl, although he had them in abundance. One of our party placed him in a distressing dilemma by giving him his choice of a glass of wine or one of brandy; he deliberated, smiled, and at length decided for the former. As soon as he was gone, his wife, who was more civil, as women always are, gave us the best accommodation in her power. The night we passed was such as to exceed all my powers of description; the house was too small to admit of our swinging our hammocks, so that almost all of us lay down in our cloaks. Not the army of Xerxes, not that of the Myrmidons, equalled in numbers the swarm of garrampatos which poured down upon us. I passed the night without closing my eyes, in vain attempts to repel their attacks, and impatiently awaited the approach of morning. This formidable insect, which occupies so important a post in creation, has the terrible property of being invulnerable. It is very nearly of the same form and size as a bug, but its skin is so hard that it is useless to attempt to

crush it to death; and like the leech, which "*non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris*," if left adhering to the skin is so greedy of blood, that it sucks till it is swelled like a pea, and either dies of the surfeit or falls from its excessive weight. Early in the morning the master of the house returned, and I heard him making a violent noise, though I know not what about; he drew his sword, and uttered the fiercest defiance to all our muleteers.

May 30th. We were accompanied by the usual rain; the road was of course very bad. When I say road, I must beg you not to attach the ordinary signification to that word, but to understand that I mean a ditch, a furrow, a trench, a something which has the advantage of serving occasionally in the double capacity of road and river. After an hour and a half's march, we arrived at the torrent of Chicayan, which in dry weather is without water, but which the rains of the several preceding days had swoln to a considerable size. To pass it with a single canoe would have taken more time than we liked to spare. The torrent and Rancho of Chicayan form a most beautiful and picturesque view, the first I had seen which strongly tempted me to draw. The rain, which fell incessantly, rendered this impossible. The unloading all our baggage and unharnessing our beasts, in order that they might swim the stream, occupied so much time that we could get no further in this day than to Los Alacranes Ranchos, situated at about an hour's ride from the torrent. Here we accordingly determined to halt; the mistress of the house was very clever, and much more polished than any of her predecessors on the road. The master was a civil good sort of a man; they gave us leave to pass the night under a shed like that I have described at Las Tortugas, and were perfectly willing to lend us any assistance in their power.

At some distance from the house I found an enormous mound of earth of a semi-circular form, so regular that it is evidently a work of art. I leave it to the learned to discover whether this be a sepulchral monument, an altar, &c. Some Indian lads were exercising themselves there in throwing the *lasso*. They acquire such dexterity in this sport that they infallibly catch any animal in its course, whatever be its speed and strength.

As soon as we were in bed, our muleteers began a serenade; it consisted of extempore compliments to us, sung after the Spanish fashion, and accompanied on an old guitar which they had found in some corner of the house. They were getting into good humour as they approached the *tierra fria*, as they call the mountainous country. They have an extreme aversion to the *tierra caliente*, and great fear of the diseases with which it abounds.

May 31st. The country begins to be rather hilly, and as the Indians prefer the mountainous districts to the low ground, we saw more of their dwellings. We passed the Ranchos de San Rafael, de los paderones, del pavillon, de los huevos, de los potreros, and some others, before we arrived at the village of Tantoyuca.

The population of this village is not exclusively Indian, and at some distance from it we were struck by the partial cultivation of the hills, and by the improvement in the roads. These were clear indications of a better population, for in all the country we had traversed we had

not seen the least trace of cultivation. I had already remarked that the natives had very little curiosity; I had here a most convincing proof of this fact: I was with the second detachment, and I asked all whom I met, or saw sitting at the doors of their houses, in what direction *unos caballeros*, who must have passed that way, had gone. They scarcely appeared to be conscious whether they had seen them or not, and all replied that they had probably stopped at *la casa del comun*, pointing to a roof somewhat more elevated than the others. On my arrival at this house, I found they had taken up their lodging there. The *casa del comun* is a hut built at the expense of the town, and is destined to receive travellers *gratis*. The person to whom it is entrusted lives in an adjoining hut, which he has rent-free on condition of taking care of the whole. Sometimes, indeed, this situation becomes very lucrative, from the numerous presents he receives. The present occupant is too lazy, however, to gather a few palm leaves to repair the roof, which is going to ruin. Certainly these good people have no passion for work. There is a school in Tantoyuca, the master of which has the best house in the place. There are also a few shops and a church, which is the first edifice I have seen built of stone and mortar. We went to see it, and I was struck with the astonishment betrayed by some of my companions who had never been in a Catholic place of worship before. It certainly does offer to the veneration of the people some of the most extraordinary images I ever saw, dressed in a manner which makes it difficult to look at them with composed features. The population dependant on this parish is about 5000 souls, but the place itself does not contain much above three hundred. The language of the Indians is the Guastigo. I had abundance of most delicious pines here, very cheap, plantains which differ from the *ficus banana* in being larger and less sweet, guava jelly, and *ahuocates*. This fruit, which is a favourite dish with the natives, is eaten either with boiled meat, or simply with a little salt. I confess that it did not please me at all. It is very insipid and has a rotten taste. The people told me that all foreigners were disgusted at it at first, but grew extremely fond of it. I can bear testimony to the former part of this assertion, but I am rather incredulous as to the sequel. I discovered at night the condition of the roof of our lodging. As I lay in bed I enjoyed the advantage of making whatever astronomical observations I liked. *A propos* of astronomy, I ought to tell you that this day at noon the sun was in our zenith.

June 1st. The weather continues so unfavourable, and our mules are so tired, that we are obliged to prolong our stay here.

June 2d. The weather appears to be clearing. Our road lies for the most part through woods; sometimes thick and shady, and sometimes skirting beautiful meadows. The rich soil asks nothing but seed from the hand of the lazy husbandman to bring forth abundant harvests, yet even that degree of culture is withheld. Every day presents us with new varieties of trees: the *ricino* is here very abundant; I broke off a branch, and, showing it to our guide, asked him what they called it, and whether they extracted the valuable oil from its seeds. "Don't touch it," said he, with an air of horror, "throw it away, it is hurtful." Its reputed qualities must be bad indeed, to have procured for it the name the natives have given it: they call it

mala muger. We came to the road of Huajutla, which we left on the right, then to the Ranchos of Tepatlan, and lastly to the Ranchos of Calabozo, near which runs the river of the same name. It is a torrent, and is sometimes dry. In its channel are found shells, the inside of which is very like mother-o'-pearl. The heat was now excessive, the thermometer standing at 89° in the shade. While our baggage was ferried over in two canoes, we sat down to take some refreshment in an Indian's cottage: it was built of the usual materials, but very neatly. These huts are generally square, but this was round. We were all convinced that the master, who was absent, must be one of the most industrious of his race. He sells brandy, and his wife was employed in an adjoining shed in distilling it from the sugar cane. The still was of coarse red earth and very simple.

Notwithstanding the intense heat I observed but few flies. On resuming our journey we came to a place where two roads meet; the one on the right leads to Baguta, the one on the left, which we followed, to the Hacienda de las Flores. As I was passing through a wood, two deer, of a different species from any I had seen in Europe, and of extraordinary beauty, stopped at the distance of half a pistol shot, looked steadily at me, and then plunged into the thicket. The Hacienda de las Flores is large and convenient. It is in the style of some of the country houses of Spain, and is inhabited by Señor Herrera who rents it. The land is level and extremely fertile, but nearly entirely uncultivated. The pasture is excellent, and maintains above five thousand head of cattle, two thousand of which are horses. One of the great advantages of this *hacienda* is, that it is only an hour and a half's ride from the Calabozo, which during three-fourths of the year is navigable to Pueblo Viejo. Nevertheless, as it is situated in the plain, the *tierra caliente*, it is here valued at only ten thousand *duri*, although it extends many leagues in every direction. At noon the thermometer rose to 92°.

I wish the task of describing to you this day's journey had fallen to some other pen than mine. The mountains which are now near us, and which rise before us like steps, were tinged with colours which I believe are not to be beheld under any other sky. The nearest and least elevated, now darkened by the shadows of evening, served to set off the brilliant blue of the more remote. But I should in vain labour to convey to you the slightest idea of a picture which filled me, and some of my companions, with enthusiasm. At the back of the house there is a tree which deserves mention. It is common in these woods, but I had never seen any so like the *mangle* which grows on the banks of the lagune of Tampico; its umbrageous top rests upon a grove of trunks, but it does not, like that, require the vicinity of water. Slender twigs or rather filaments shoot downwards from the highest branches, and as they approach the earth, as if impatient to attach themselves to it, they send out numerous little fibres. As soon as these take root it enlarges, and in its turn becomes a column for the support of the vast branches which rest upon it. It covered a considerable extent of ground, but I dare not assert that it equals that most remarkable *Ficus indica* which Forbes declares he saw with his own eyes, on the banks of the Nerbudda, capable of affording shelter to an army of seven thousand men.

June 3d. Our way lay through an atmosphere perfumed with balsamic odours; a variety of gay and beautiful birds, and of the loveliest flowers, constantly met our eyes, and above our heads was a sky of incomparable brilliancy. We saw no habitations till we came to the river Tecoloco, where the mountains rose suddenly before us, and we began to climb a very steep acclivity. My troop did not partake my raptures in this ascent, which was extremely laborious, yet I scarcely recollect to have experienced more delightful sensations. About midway, I alighted to kill a remarkably large scorpion four or five inches long. On reaching the summit we turned round and saw the whole extent of country we had passed through; the sea of palms which I told you of, with the hill of Rancho Nuevo lying in the midst like a dark speck, the Tecoloco winding through the plain at our feet, the adjacent mountains, the fertile vallies, the huts of the Indians nearly hidden in wood, the cultivated spots of maize, pine apples, and sugar cane, the villages of Huajutla, of San Domingo, &c., the whole grouped in the finest manner imagination could suggest for forming a magnificent panorama. This mountain is called La Mesa de Gohautla; the cabins which are scattered upon it are of the most wretched construction, smaller, lower, and altogether worse than any I had seen. Here I ate some *tortillas* (a sort of cake) and drank a little *pulque*, which are not precisely ambrosia and nectar; but of these I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Our next halt was at Gohautla, an Indian village, where we were lodged at the *casa del comun*, which is smaller, but in better condition than that of Tancoyuca. The village of Gohautla is beautifully situated, the roads leading to it are good, and the houses very neat. The Indians who inhabit the mountains are more industrious than those we have seen. Adjoining the *casa del comun* is the house of the man who has the care of it; he was making soap, but left his occupation to assist us in cooking. The *alcalde* or *gobernador*, as the Indians like better to call him, was a strange figure; he was very dark, dressed in a pair of trowsers and a shirt over them, a shabby black cap on his head, and in his hard rough hand his bâton of office. He offered us his services in the most gracious manner possible, and sold us some pine-apples very cheap. We had a boiled fowl for dinner, and with it a fruit also boiled, which was new to us, but of which I have unfortunately forgotten the name; its flavour was very like that of the fruit of certain varieties of the *nymphaea* which grow in the marshes of Italy, called by the people *castagne d'aqua* (water chesnuts). The fishermen of some very poor districts gather them and eat them cooked like the fruit in question as a great dainty. In the piazza there exist traces of a vein of iron, which might perhaps be worked with profit. Obsidian is very commonly found; the Indians use it to sharpen the points of their arrows. An American of Spanish race paid us a visit, and offered to do any thing he could for us, which turned out to be nothing; he was one of that race of *bores* so admirably described by Horace. He repeated every thing till one knew it by heart, and he attached himself in so distressing a manner to me, that in spite of a considerable degree of incivility on my part, I could not shake him off. He informed me, with affected humility, that, insignificant as he was, he had more than an hundred men under his

orders; in short that he commanded the national militia of the village. He assured me that among the numerous reptiles which infest the country there was a serpent with four mouths whose bite produced the most extraordinary and horrible effects, and related a thousand more such instructive facts. He had in his hand a green switch which seemed to be of a kind one might cut from any hedge, but, according to his account, it possessed more miraculous properties than Moses's rod. He said that water, in which the smallest piece of this had been boiled, was an infallible cure for dropsy, and that by being only held in the hand it was an effectual preservative against the bite of venomous serpents. After a long enumeration of its virtues, he concluded by saying that from the great regard he felt for me, he would consent to part with it and would actually give it me. I thanked him, but said that my mule did not require much flogging, and that if he did I preferred using spurs, and here we parted. This parish contains about four thousand souls. The soil is fertile, and the greater part of the land belongs to the community, who would sell it for very little if they could find buyers. From this place the country is called *tierra templada*.

The Indians of Gohautla have a remarkable physiognomy: aquiline noses and regular features, instead of the flat nose and thick lips of the people of the plains. They let their hair grow and turn it up over the left ear. I forgot to mention that near our habitation was the prison, which consisted of a hut built of canes, with no other attempt at strength or precaution than a wooden bar at the door. This may suffice to give you an idea of the character of these good people. The mountains we were now passing over were all either cultivated or easily cultivable; the country universally beautiful and smiling—indeed, far exceeding any description I can give of it. How much should I be tempted to write about it “*se pari al mio voler fosse l'ingegno*.” I cannot refrain from laughing at the broken sentences and inexpressive exclamations which fill my Journal, and vainly wish they could convey to your mind the images they recall to mine. I know not how to assist my description of this magnificent route by comparison, since in all my wanderings I have seen nothing at all comparable to it. The scene affords varieties which no pen nor pencil can reach: the profound, the terrible, the gloomy, are rapidly succeeded by the gay, the delightful, the lovely; these again give place to the lofty, the majestic, the sublime. We passed immediately from a beautiful thicket of fragrant cedars to the thick shade of an umbrageous tree, which is covered by a parasitical plant, here called *barba spagnuola*. Its thick festoons and long pendant branches have a singularly gloomy appearance, and entwined with the gourd and the ivy form long vistas impenetrable to every ray of sun. The forests abound with a very curious tree, of whose name I am ignorant. It clings to every plant within its reach with so tenacious a grasp that it is not uncommon to see two trees of considerable size bent towards each other by its force, and still more common to see a group of trees so closely bound together as to form only one in appearance. At Los Alabrones, on the semi-circular mound I described to you, there grew a clump of beautiful trees, in the midst of which a noble palm-tree rose pre-eminent. In spite of the most careful examina-

tion I could not succeed in finding the trunk of this palm. I at length discovered that it was involved in the folds of the tree I am describing, which actually grew from its stem, and apparently was nourished by its sap. The most extraordinary phenomenon was, however, exhibited by one of these trees, which had been overthrown by the wind or by some other cause. In consequence of the ease with which it takes root, the boughs, growing along the whole length of the trunk, had struck into the earth, and become each a distinct tree; these had given out branches which had laid hold on all the nearest trees, whilst the roots had, in their turn, become branches, and had united themselves to another tree on the opposite side. We stopped some time to look at this remarkable vegetable monster. I was struck with the justice of Buffon's observation on the enlarged scale which characterises all the productions of this hemisphere: all are large and beautiful but the inhabitants. As to the women, they all appear formed on one model, which certainly Praxitiles did not furnish. I do not wonder that the first discoverers of these magnificent regions thought they had found the garden of Eden. How little did they deserve to be its possessors! After three centuries of domination, the Spaniards have left nothing behind them but an abhorred name. There is not a single monument which recalls them in the character of benefactors. They taught the inhabitants nothing but their own indolence and superstition. If a tree falls across a road no one attempts to remove it; they had rather go round about to avoid it. They wished to perpetuate the ignorance of these unfortunate people in order that they might keep possession of their riches. What have they got by it?—But I must not enter upon a subject which would lead me too far.

Our day's journey ended at Huayahual, a cluster of poor cottages on the left bank of the Garces, which afterwards takes the name of Cañada. The best of these huts served as lodging to some of our party, and the rest of us slept under the shade of the trees to which our hammocks were slung. The thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, and at 100° in the sun, and we preferred sleeping in the open air to being shut up in a low and heated cottage. The mistress of the house sat at her door weaving cotton; her loom was of the most simple construction; it consisted of two pieces of wood, upon which the warp was stretched; one of these was fixed to a nail, and the other tied across the body of the weaver; there was a stay which the poor woman was obliged to raise with her left hand whenever she wished to pass, with her right, a long reel upon which the cotton she was weaving was wound. The machinery was completed by a stick, with which she beat the woof in order to render the web as fine and even as possible.

June 5th. At three quarters of an hour's ride from Huayahual, we came to a cluster of houses called Cuacoyuco, where we stopped to inquire whether we were to take the road by Cuchilla, or by the Cañada. The former is over steep and rugged mountains, the latter along the course of the river Garces, and as its waters had subsided during the last few days we preferred this route. The Cañada is a great rift in a lofty mountain, between the sides or walls of which flows the little stream which seeks by frequent windings to overflow

the boundary fixed to it by either section of the bipartite mountain. It is necessary to watch every step of your mule, or you are in danger of plunging into the deposits of mud which it leaves along its banks. The badness of the road, if it deserves the name, is increased by the quantity of large loose flints, and of stumps and branches of trees with which it is strewed.

It is impossible to imagine a finer specimen of terrific beauty. The two sides of the ravine are perfectly perpendicular; they are at so small a distance from each other, and so lofty, that they exclude the view of every thing but a narrow strip of sky, and seem to threaten instant destruction to the passenger. The mountain is calcareous, and its strata, which are generally horizontal or nearly so, in some parts exhibit the effects of a sudden convulsion while the mass was not perfectly solid. They sometimes pass abruptly to perpendicular lines, in some places at distinct intervals, in others they incline gradually, and describe every kind of angle or curve. These white rocks are covered with inscriptions. I stopped to read several, and found them all by the same hand: they are the work of some enamoured Indian, and are all addressed to his fair one. In one place, he says that though the face of his Rosa is dark, her heart is white and lovely, &c. The small layers of soil interposed between the strata of rock afford nutriment to numerous plants. The greater number of these are lofty planes, which fix themselves in the crevices in an astonishing manner. The vegetation both of trees and shrubs is frequently so abundant and thriving as to clothe the perpendicular sides of the rocks from top to bottom. The most remarkable plant is a species of *cactus*, which sends up a straight stem, streaked and prickly, the ordinary diameter of which is about a foot, and the height, twenty or thirty feet. The natives call them *organos*, and when they are found in a cluster they bear no inconsiderable resemblance to the pipes of the instrument from which they take their name. Here and there the sides of the chasm are broken by deep and narrow gullies, and on the distant and rugged summits are perched, inaccessible to all appearance, the habitations of the Indians, surrounded by small patches of cultivation. At the spot where the ravine widens and forms a narrow valley, is situated the village of Tlacolula, at which we made a halt. The huts of which it is composed are almost all circular, and of a most wretched appearance. At Pueblo Viejo I had the rashness to believe that worse could not be built, but I was greatly mistaken. The huts here are no longer covered with palm leaves as those were, but with the leaves of the maize, which are very ill adapted for the purpose. The *casa del comun* was so small that it was thought expedient for us to divide into two parties; the one of which remained there, and the other proceeded to the house of the curate, which, compared to those of the Indians, is a magnificent palace. The priest was an Augustin Friar, but I thought I was entering a seraglio instead of a dwelling devoted to celibacy. He was sitting in his porch, without his shirt, and surrounded by a troop of hand-maidens, all excessively ugly, as is usual here. The priest himself was so, in the fullest sense of the word. He was too cunning to give us to understand that we were unwelcome, but the women, and especially two who seemed to be invested with some authority, put no restraint on their ill humour, and told us plainly that the

casa del comun was the place for travellers. It was impossible to conciliate them; they refused us the use of cooking utensils, and answered all our questions with the greatest impatience and incivility. One of our party thought he was sure to humanize them by means of a bottle of *rosolio*; but even this failed. They put it to their lips but returned it without taking a drop. At this crisis, fortunately the friar entered. He had been sitting on the steps of the church saying or affecting to say his Breviary, and stretching out his hands to be kissed by all passers by. He tasted the liquor and then offered it to his nymphs, who instantly drank some of it with evident pleasure; they returned it to him with a very significant smile. The next day was Whit-Sunday, and all the girls of the village came in a troop, each bringing a broom of leaves to clean the church; in the evening, the men came thither and sung to their rustic instruments. At night we stretched ourselves on the floor of the sitting-room in our cloaks, while the reverend father and his two chief ladies occupied the adjoining room. You can scarcely imagine the ascendancy which the priests exercise over the minds of these good Indians. Our host complains of his situation; yet the village maintains three girls to wait upon him, besides a man and his wife who are changed every week. The husband is obliged to fetch wood, water, and whatever is necessary for domestic purposes, while the woman makes tortillas and does all the work of the house. If the couple have children the parish also furnishes a girl who takes care of the little ones while the mother works. If any altercation arises between two married people, they go to the priest, tell him the origin of their quarrel, and the cause that each party has for complaint. The holy father, after admonishing them, administers a slight flogging to each; after which ceremony, the good creatures bless the hand which reconciles them, embrace cordially, and go away perfectly free from rancour. The present government, when it established equality among all the citizens of the state, deprived the priests of these privileges, and reduced them from the condition of sovereigns of their respective parishes, in which all judicial matters were decided by them and every thing was left implicitly to their *wisdom*, to a level with the rest of their community. Our astute priest, as he himself told me, communicated this act of the government to his parishioners in the following manner: "My children, a law has passed which deprives me of all the advantages which your fathers were pleased to grant me, and my right to which is hereby abrogated. By virtue of this law I am now your equal, or rather, the lowest among you. You are now citizens, and no obligation binds you to me. Take away, therefore, the persons whom you have hitherto dedicated to my service. I have no claim to them. Henceforth I shall live an obscure and humble life; I shall wait on myself, I shall go from the altar to my household labours, and the same hands which offer up the sacred and immortal sacrifice of the Host shall be employed in the most abject offices. I shall no longer be the reconciler, the man of peace among you; even this function, so dear to my heart, is no longer mine," &c. "Father," replied they, (Totachi, as the Indians call their priests,) "Father, we will never depart from the way in which our fathers trod. They taught us to serve you, and we will never cease to serve you. *We will not be Citizens, we will remain Indians.* We will always

obey you as we have obeyed you, and you shall flog us whenever we deserve it. This, oh! Father, is our determination:" and thus does this impostor continue to enjoy the advantages which he extorts from the simplicity of these innocent creatures. The village contains two hundred souls, all, as the priest told me, all, thanks to the Lord, *de razon*, which in their slang means that they are all Christians, and still more, that they can all speak Spanish. This expression is so common that the Indians themselves distinguish those among them who speak Spanish as *gente de razon*.

The government maintains here, a first or head Alcalde, and also nominates a second who is an Indian, and whom the people continue to call Gobernador, as I have before remarked. Near the house of the latter is an instrument of punishment which they call the stocks, and I shuddered in looking at it from its resemblance to a similar one in use in Hungary. This consists of two large blocks of wood, the one laid on the ground and the other upon it. In the lower are cut two grooves which cross it, and are large enough to contain the wrist, but not to let the hand pass through. In Hungary the punishment of the stocks consists in introducing the arms and legs of the sufferer into four of these grooves. The other block is then placed upon them, and the man, fastened in this barbarous manner, is beaten with sticks. I could not reconcile this kind of punishment with the character of a people who, in every other circumstance, I had found all kindness and gentleness. I was relieved on learning that they use this instrument, which they certainly did not invent, in a totally different manner from what I have described. The punishment is mere confinement by one foot, or in aggravated cases by both feet, and a fine of two bottles of wine to the Gobernador, on release. This magistrate has indeed the power to order whipping to be superadded, but it is very rarely done. When it does occur, the criminal is compelled to pay two more bottles of wine, one to each of the floggers. The inhabitants are extremely indolent, as the wretched and neglected state of their habitations sufficiently proves. They speak the Mexican language. If I may believe the priest, the land is so fertile that the only kind of culture it receives is to burn the weeds or stubble which cover its surface, and then to scatter the seed, without the aid of any implement whatever for loosening the soil. The *indigofera* grows wild all around the village, but it is perfectly neglected—no one seems to think of turning it to profit.

June 6th. The ladies of the house are become a little more courteous, in consequence of some presents from one of our party. We could not set out till the priest had said Mass; or, to use his expression, celebrated the bloodless sacrifice, under pain of committing, and forcing our muleteers to commit, a horrible crime in their estimation. When the hour for Mass arrived, the whole body of the authorities appeared with the Gobernador at their head, who held in his hand a large bunch of beautiful flowers ingeniously grouped and mixed with straw of various colours, the whole disposed with great elegance and taste. He presented it to the holy father, then kissed his hand and fell back, that every one might do the same. A staff and a blue cloak thrown over the shoulders are the distinctive dress and badges of his respectable body. At length the ceremony commenced. I have heard

strange doctrines and seen strange rites in my short career, but here I beheld such as

————— Da far per meraviglia,
Stringer le labbra, ed incarcar le ciglia.

I waive all description of them, which, if it were correct, might not be discreet. I shall only add, that the service lasted rather too long for our convenience, being protracted by marriages, thanksgivings, benedictions, &c. and that I was edified by the inexhaustible spirit of devotion which I observed in the natives. Poor creatures, they knelt for two or three hours without interruption, and at some distance from the altar; a tempest of violent blows fell upon their innocent breasts, and resounded through the church, while others were assiduously crossing themselves. After Mass, the *Padre* was consulted by the whole body of the authorities on a difficult point of law, concerning a couple of fowls. I have now forgotten the precise matter in dispute, but I remember that your Lord Chancellor could not have done justice more promptly or satisfactorily. It was late before we set out, so that we could get no further this day than to Chapula, a little village on the banks of the Cañada, rather worse in appearance than the one we had just quitted, from which it is distant an hour and a half's ride. We were lodged in the *casa del comun*. I could not by any means make out the population of this village: I should suppose it to be about an hundred. The Gobernador, to whom I addressed my enquiries, answered me in a jargon composed of Greek and Latin, all that I could extract from which was, that it was not at all necessary for me to know. Probably he did not know himself, but these good Indians are so suspicious in all their intercourse with Europeans that every thing alarms or offends them; and really they have reason enough on their side. After dinner I climbed a mountain, which I found clothed with Alpine plants and flowers common in Italy. There were a great number of oaks and of pines: the bark of the latter was pierced with thousands of holes, in each of which an acorn was firmly fixed. This is evidently the work of a bird, who thus deposits its hoard against the season of scarcity. The climate here was delicious.

June 7th. The road presents new beauties of an ever varying character. In the beautiful forests, I saw many turkeys (*coagolotes*) in their wild state; they let us approach so near that I fired at two with my pistol, but I brought down neither. The most dangerous passage of the Cañada is called the Caracol, the fifth after Chapula, and the last (which I thought we should never reach) before Amajague. Here we left this river, more winding than the Meander. We crossed it an hundred and fourteen times, twice before Huayahual, sixty times at Tlacolula, thirty at Chapula, within the short space of one league, and twenty-two at the long desired Amajague. To complete the annoyance, another river, the Embocadero, comes in the way four times before you reach the side of the mountains, on which stands the Piñolco. The Piñolco consists of five or six houses, one of which alone deserves that name. This is of a considerable size, built of stone and mortar, and its roof covered with very thin boards, fastened one over the other with wooden pegs. On my arrival at this spot I fancied myself carried back to Europe. The climate and productions are precisely those of the Italian Tyrol: the air was

fresh, and it seemed a cool September day in that country. The soil is good and light. A wooden plough without any iron even at the plough-share is sufficient to turn it up, and this is a striking sight to a man born in a country where it is not uncommon to see four-and-twenty oxen wearied with turning up the stiff and stubborn clay.

June 8th. Many pieces of good well-made road. The country, scattered over with small villages and solitary dwellings, is cultivated. Our attention was frequently attracted by seeing one field of wheat ripe, and another close to it just covering the earth with a green surface. Nothing is more common here than to see the flower and the fruit on the same tree.

Not so great was the joy of the Crusaders at the first sight of the Holy City, as ours on descrying Cicualtipan; and I inwardly exclaimed with Tasso,

Ecco apparir Cicualtipan si vede,
Ecco additar Cicualtipan si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Cicualtipan a salutar si sente.

The houses here are in the form of houses and not of mouse traps. They have doors and door-posts and windows. Many of them have two floors. The piazza is ornamented with porticos, and there are two churches, much larger and loftier than any we had seen in the country. You may think that all these things were more than sufficient to delight us with Cicualtipan. The roofs are covered with boards, like those of the Piñolco. The entrance to the town lies through orchards filled with grapes, figs, medlars, peaches, apples, elderberries, and other European fruits. The population consists of about eight thousand souls. There never passes a year without snow, which sometimes falls to the depth of two *braccia*, but it never remains long on the ground. The country here begins to take the name of *tierra fria*.

June 9th. Early in the morning the thermometer stood at 60°, and later in the day 68°. When we arrived at New York, the heat appeared to us insufferable at 70°; now we suffer from cold. Cicualtipan may be said to divide one world from another;—beauty from barrenness and horror. On the one side the country is all fertility and loveliness; a stone's throw on the other it is bare, rugged, and desert. This is evidently the terrible effect of volcanic eruptions or of some great convulsion of nature. The rocks, which are almost all basaltic, add to the gloom of the scene by their dark and melancholy colouring. No grass is to be seen, no vegetation but a few briars and sickly looking shrubs, stunted, thorny, and of an ugly brownish green. Nothing thrives but lichens, and fifteen or sixteen species of *cactus* which I had never seen before; both tribes of plants which love the most arid soil. I never saw nature under a more terrific and disordered aspect; every piece of rock is thrown into some strange, uncouth position. We all stood silent, struck by the awful and repulsive scene around us. The view was, however, soon enlivened by a sweet valley towards which we were descending. The small quantity of soil which rolls off the circumjacent mountains is deposited there, and forms a very narrow green stripe, through which flows the river Ocucalco. We crossed this stream, and beheld, not without pity, the

few miserable habitations on its banks. Our pleasure was very fleeting, for as soon as we had crossed this very narrow plain, we ascended mountains of the same character as those on the other side. We soon however hailed with delight the appearance of another valley more beautiful and extensive than the former, through which glides the Rio Grande. The width of this river, at the point at which we beheld it, does not exceed half a mile. The country is perfectly flat, so flat that it appears artificially levelled. How striking is this beautiful and fertile valley; how triumphantly does it smile at the foot of these sterile mountains; how brilliant is its green garment; how refreshing its thick clumps of dark green trees. These trees are principally beeches, from which are collected a great quantity of *cantharides*, remarkable for the pungent odour they give out. It would perhaps be difficult to find a more fertile spot. The maize there grows to nearly twice its ordinary height; the cotton, the esculent vegetables, the fruit trees, showed by their vigorous foilage that vegetation was here in its fullest activity. The whole valley is seen extending for several leagues, and belongs to one proprietor. The value of the estate suffers, however, considerable deduction from the nature of the river, which comes down with such force in the rainy season, that it carries away, every year, half, and sometimes the whole, of the crop. We halted not far from the village of San Pedro, which was a little out of our way, at a small cluster of neat white houses with flat terraces instead of roofs, like those of the South of Europe and of Barbary.

June 9th. The country is still melancholy and desert; it is indeed the land of desolation, but its wretchedness has changed its character. The ground is flat, the *cacti* have disappeared or are rarely met with, not a tree is to be seen; the short burnt grass furnishes a scanty and unwholesome food to the unfortunate cattle, who weary themselves in searching for pasture. Now and then we descried a hut, but of the obscurest kind. In the thickest of the *tierra caliente* small hillocks are frequently met with. These are the work of a large species of ant; here, on the contrary, another red species called *arieros*, levels the ground around its habitation, and leaves a circular space which looks as if made with a pair of compasses, where there is not a trace of herbage. The village of Attomilco el Grande, towards which we bent our way, is seen at a great distance. We at length arrived there, and took up our lodging. The houses are in general built of a sort of rough cast made of lime mixed with chopped straw. They have a very ugly appearance. The roofs are boarded. The church, surmounted by battlements and flanked by thick walls, strong enough to resist the pressure of the tower above it, is more like a castle than a building consecrated to religion. The Alcalde and the Curate paid us a visit. What a pair!—the former strangely dressed à la *Mexicaine*, and covered with silver ornaments, seems to be remarkably avaricious. I should have thought him a large man if he had not stood by the side of his companion, who is a perfect hippopotamus. His eyes are quite closed by fat, and from his chin depends a jowl more huge than the dew-lap of an Hungarian ox; his bull's neck surpasses that of the Farnese Hercules, and his paunch is obliged to be supported for fear of utter destruction; in short, this shapeless

mass of flesh not only cannot guide himself, but can scarcely drag his tardy words from his half-closed mouth. He complained that all the people around him were rich, and that he alone was poor: unfortunate man! fasting and sackcloth had indeed reduced him to a deplorable condition. He had, however, one quality which atoned, in my eyes, for whatever was disagreeable about him. He was an enthusiastic liberal, and an excellent patriot. In the afternoon I had an opportunity of seeing a small troop of half-naked Indian militia learning their exercise.

June 10th. I begin to feel that summer clothing is out of season. Our company proceeded with the utmost diligence in the examination of a country which they were all so strongly interested in finding beautiful; but which made but an ungrateful return to the common desire. At noon we made our solemn and triumphal entry into Real del Monte, or into the place where Real del Monte once existed, and where it will ere long raise its head again. I say *once existed*, because it has now the air of a village sacked by a horde of Cossacks, or of something yet more desolate. The *tempus edax* of the poets has here used his scythe with inexorable cruelty. The roofs are perforated and falling in, the walls crumbling down, and, in short, the whole village converted into a mass of ruins. The two or three habitations which are thought the best are scarcely habitable. We may, therefore, bid good bye to comforts. The causes of this decay are obvious enough. This district has no resources when the mines are not worked, which has been the case at Real del Monte for a long time past.

We were received with ringing of bells, and lodged in the house of the Count de Regla, which was a little better than the others. The people thronged to the church, and put up sincere and fervent prayers for the success of our undertaking. Before an hour had elapsed the *sacri bronzi* resounded afresh in honour of the Count himself. The news of our arrival had flown to San Javier, where he then was staying. For want of beds, we continued to sleep stretched on the ground, and wrapped each in his mantle, except two of our party, who set up their camp beds.

June 11th. We could bear the cold no longer, and were obliged to fortify ourselves in our winter clothes against the climate of the torrid zone. The Count de Regla insisted on our whole company going to-day to his country house. It was, however, determined that only four should enjoy this pleasure, and I had the good fortune to be "*del bel numer uno*."

The Count's country house is called the Hacienda di San Miguel. Before dinner we walked in a delightful little grove, where there was a beautiful display of fountains and jets d'eau.

June 12th. We visited the Hacienda de beneficio belonging to the Mines, that of Regla, of Sant' Antonio, and of San Miguel, adjoining the Count's house. The buildings upon them must have cost immense sums, but they are now in a state of decay, though not difficult to repair. They are ill-planned, and appear placed at random. The architect, whoever he was, was a sworn enemy of right lines and angles.

June 13th. We returned to Real del Monte, and proceeded to Pachuca, where we dined in another house belonging to the Count. Pachuca is distant only a league and a half from the Real, but totally

different as to climate,—it is considerably less cold. It rains frequently, I might almost say daily, at the Real, while it is perfectly fair at Pachuca. The white houses, with terraces on the roofs, give it the air of a Turkish village. It has two or three churches of considerable size, and two large monasteries. The Count conducted us to the best of the two, which was built by his father. In this dwell, in holy ease, twenty Franciscan friars, who can look back to the good times when there were two hundred. We were told to enter on tiptoe, as the reverend fathers were sleeping after their dinner, and we were not to disturb them. The principal, however, was awake, and came out to walk with us round a very extensive and well cultivated orchard, which supplies the monastery. He majestically drew out a number of books which had been contained with great ease in his immense sleeves, and distributed them among us. The friars are all Spaniards, except one, who is doomed to suffer their daily persecutions. These lazy beings are not much unlike the mouse in the fable, who forsook the world and all its affairs to live a hermit in the centre of a Parmesan cheese, while his companions exposed themselves to the danger of falling into the claws of the cat in endeavouring to catch hold of a scrap of rancid bacon or an end of candle. Thus do these disinterested men renounce the world, in which they have nothing, to shut themselves up in a cloister where they live on the labour of others, and, in the full enjoyment of health and strength, betake themselves to the last resource (as Sterne calls it) of the disabled and impotent—begging. In the afternoon, we took leave of those of our party who were going to Mexico, and returned to Real del Monte after launching them in an immense carriage faithfully copied from one of the first of the five hundred originally brought from Spain.

I can at present tell you little about my new abode, except that it rains every day, and that very often while you are refreshing yourselves with ices, I am cowering over the fire. I wish to reserve myself for a more full and accurate knowledge of the country before I write to you about it. I recollect nothing that remains for me to notice but the character of the Indians. So far as my present experience goes, they are all the gentlest creatures in the world; just such as they were described by Las Casas. They are not handsome, but they have nothing repulsive in their physiognomy, their black eyes are, on the contrary, expressive and interesting. They are for the most part beardless, and speak in a high shrill tone of voice. Their soft and gentle disposition is betrayed even by the turn of their expressions. Those among them who speak Spanish, universally reduce the words to diminutives. They are somewhat distrustful, but can it be wondered at that they have learned this lesson from their long and bitter experience? Their first answer is always in the negative. If you ask them for hospitality; they dare not flatly refuse you, but you may read through their embarrassment how reluctantly they grant it; if, however, you treat them with kindness, and make known to them that you are not a Gachupin, (a Spaniard) they are friendly with you, they talk and laugh, and lay open their hearts in all their simplicity and purity. Their clothing is of the simplest description, especially in the *tierra caliente*, where indeed they are nearly naked. The women are a little, and but very little more covered. In the colder regions they wear a garment, in which they

keep themselves enveloped even while at work ; this gives them a slothful and effeminate air very provoking to an European. Their fear of molestation causes them to prefer the mountains to the plains, and even to select the most remote and inaccessible spots amid the rocks. Nor is this all ; they take care to hide their dwellings among the trees, and to render the approach to them as intricate as possible. If, "*fra i molteplici errori labirintei*," you succeed in discovering the retreat, all the women run out of the house on your approach and hide themselves in the adjacent woods ; you, however, have nothing to dread from them. How forcibly was I struck with the contrast between these people and the insolent Arabs. If you meet them with a load of fruit or any other produce and ask them to sell you some, they manifest great reluctance to do so, from their fear of being cheated, but they dare not refuse, because in that case a law passed by their tyrants authorizes you to seize the whole, without payment. Human nature is bad enough in every form and colour, but the white part of it is certainly the worst. The Indians are great lovers of peace and repose, and are just now much annoyed by the introduction of the conscription. The military life is not at all congenial with their taste and habits. On our road, our most delicate instruments were carried by an Indian. When we arrived at Cicualtipan he disappeared, leaving us all in a state of the greatest anxiety ; from this we were soon relieved by a messenger whom he sent to tell us that he had escaped and hidden himself, for fear of being enrolled. What, thought I, could this unfortunate being lose by being a soldier ?—his day is passed in carrying heavy loads, he lives poor and goes naked ; nevertheless he prefers his hard but tranquil existence to the tumultuous life of a soldier, though affording greater means of enjoyment. They dislike labour, and are extremely averse to innovation. Every thing in their condition remains just as it was at the discovery of America, or indeed in some respects is much worse. The strongest obstacle to their improvement, next to the tyranny of the Spaniards, is that they are accustomed to live on almost nothing. Where the wants are so few, the useful arts must of necessity be regarded with indifference or repugnance. They sleep upon a bench if they have one, or on the ground. The most opulent among them have no other clothing than a square piece of cloth with a slit in it to admit the head. Their food consists of tortillas with some sort of fruit, and their drink of pulque, of which they are excessively fond. All these may be obtained with a very small degree of exertion. Tortillas are made by steeping the maize in hot water and sprinkling over it a little powdered lime to facilitate the maceration. When it is sufficiently soft, they wash it and grind it upon a stone, slightly concave, called *metate*, with a cylinder of the same material, called *meclapil*, which they hold by the two extremities ; these stone implements are usually basaltic. This work is performed entirely by the women, who are employed in it the greater part of the day. They do it kneeling, in the same manner as cacao is ground in Italy, to make chocolate. They have at hand some lighted coals, over which is laid a large thin plate of baked earth. As soon as they have ground the paste to a proper consistency, they take a piece of it and beat it between their hands till they have reduced it to a very thin cake, which they lay on the hot earthen plate to bake. They are very expert in turning it

while they continue to prepare others for baking. The tortillas are really very good, especially with the addition of a little salt. Pulque is extracted from a species of aloe called the *magey*. Nothing more is necessary to obtain the juice than to pierce the plant when it has attained the proper age: it flows in such abundance that one of these plants sometimes yields as much as a hundred and forty bottles per day. The liquid is then put into a bullock's hide, fastened up to a shed by the four corners in such a manner as to leave it hollow in the middle; here the fermentation takes place, and the process is thus completed. It would not be an unpleasant drink, if it did not contract from the hide a smell and taste of putrid flesh extremely disgusting to us Europeans; they, on the contrary, esteem the pulque delicious, exactly in proportion to the strength of this flavour. Their avidity for this drink is perfectly incredible: at Mexico the duty on the importation of it into the city amounted to 5,200 *duri* per day. The Spanish government, in its great wisdom, once conceived the project of prohibiting the use of it altogether, but the peaceable Indians, whom no other injury could move, were roused by this, and mutinied, so that the government was obliged to relinquish its intention.

I have already told you that they are almost entirely devoid of curiosity. The display of our instruments, which in any part of Europe would be sufficient to collect hundreds of persons around us, was here beheld with the utmost indifference. The barometers were the only things which they seemed to wish to know any thing about. This desire was excited by the strict charges which had been given to the man who carried them, to whom we exaggerated their value and delicacy in order to enhance his care. I was as much puzzled to answer their questions as they to understand my answers. They are perfectly honest, and scrupulously respect the property of others. On our way we met a stray hen, at a considerable distance from any habitation: "Take it," said one of our party to an Indian. "No, sir," replied he, "it belongs to somebody." "Well, if the owner enquires for it, you can restore it." The Indian hesitated a long time, at last he took it and carried it home with him. "Behold," said I, "the first fruits of an European lesson in morals."

The dress of the higher classes, the equipments of the horses, the spurs, &c. are exactly on the pattern of those in use in the time of Cortes.

I say nothing about the political state of the country, because I esteem it one of the great advantages of my present situation to know nothing of the politics of any part of the world. I send you, however, a copy of the political constitution of Mexico. I have only glanced at it, but it appears to me taken from that of the United States, with the exception of some of the worst articles of the Spanish constitution. Among these is the fourth, by which, in the teeth of the declaration contained in the second, the nation is made a slave and a dependant on the court of Rome.

I have given you no details as to the length, direction, &c. of the roads, knowing that you would, if you desired it, be soon put in possession of the most accurate information on those points. Some observations have been made with a view to correct the map we brought from England, which we found utterly false and useless. I have not

encumbered my journal with any botanical details, as the names of the plants I know are few indeed, compared with the number perfectly new to me. My opportunities of drawing have been very few, but I hope to have more hereafter.

I cannot conclude without again entreating your indulgence in favour of these hasty and desultory remarks. Remember how little can be accurately observed or recorded by a man who traverses a country, riding from the break of day to evening, making no longer stay than may just suffice to satisfy the demand for food and sleep, and often passing the whole day under torrents of rain, which destroy both the will and the power to observe. As to the garb in which they appear before you, I have only to say that I have never had time to copy or correct them, and that I am fully aware of their total want of claim to literary merit.

Real del Monte, July 16, 1824.

THE OPERA.

WE thought last year that matters were pretty nearly at the worst at the King's Theatre, but we were in a great error, for the proprietor has, by a vigorous effort, made a surprising progress from bad to worse, and shown us how much could be accomplished in the way of deterioration by management. With an industry which cannot be sufficiently admired, this Theatre has been weeded of all its attractions during the period of its recess. The lovely Madame Ronzi di Begnis, Caradori, Ronzi Vestris, and Remorini, have all disappeared: the recruits are Signora Bonini and Madame Cornega in the Opera, and Mademoiselle Brocard and M. Coulon in the Ballet. Signora Bonini is recommended by past excellence; she *has been* a good singer, at least such is the general surmise. Madame Cornega is younger, and promises, we think, to become a favourite. There is something particularly pleasing, as it strikes us, in her style; but we have heard her only once, and therefore do not care to commit ourselves to a decided opinion on her merits. Signora Bonini plays the part, filled last season by Caradori, in Meyerbeer's *Crociato*, and Cornega has that of Mademoiselle Garcia, who is fortunately in America. The *Crociato* is the only opera that has as yet been performed; and we have not the slightest idea how any other popular opera can be produced with the present company, for Madame Cornega cannot take the first parts, as she has not the necessary power, and Signora Bonini ought not to take them, because her days of power appear to be passed. The male characters may be better supported than the female, but Remorini's loss will here be felt, and the more grievously because that huge *bore* Porto is to supply his place. All things considered, nothing can be more gloomy than the present aspect of affairs at the Opera; and the promised advent of the incomparable Pasta in the spring, and the rumoured return of the charming Ronzi di Begnis at the same period, are the only prospects which we can contemplate with pleasure.

Velluti is the manager of the Opera this year. We cannot say that we anticipate any happy results from his management. A foreigner who has been so short a time in our country, can hardly be

supposed to understand our tastes, and to know how to provide for their gratification.

In the autumn a morning paper published a paragraph, calling upon Sir George Warrender, and Lord Burghersh, in the most earnest and pathetic terms, to woo M. D'Egville to accept the office of Ballet-master. When we read this piece of quackery, we were perfectly well assured that M. D'Egville required no wooing at all, and that the honourable courtship imposed on Sir George Warrender and Lord Burghersh, was suggested merely in order to give *éclat* to M. D'Egville's appointment, which we regarded from this moment as a settled thing, and from the same period we laid our account with having the worst of all possible ballets, and consequently we have experienced no disappointment. Soon after the matter had thus been broken, it was stated that M. D'Egville had *consented* to accept the office of Ballet-master, and then the frequent puff appeared, announcing that we were to be blessed with such a ballet this year as we had never been blessed with before; that a corps of beauties had been imported to supersede the old timber-toed folks, and that the dancing was altogether to be put on what the French would call a most superb footing.

After all these flourishes, the season commenced with a new ballet, by M. D'Egville, called *Justine, ou La Cruche Cassée*, the most wretched, meagre thing we ever beheld within the walls of this theatre. We looked in vain for the new dancers, who have been for months figuring in the newspapers; we saw only Mdlle. Brocard, and Coulon. Mdlle. Brocard has a pretty face, and a light, pretty figure, and she is altogether a pretty dancer—more we cannot say. M. Coulon is one of the most ungraceful dancers of the day; his style is essentially vulgar; it is the style which would exactly suit the Cobourg Theatre, but it is miserably out of place at the Opera. However, the great gulls who sit gaping in the pit, do not find this out, and esteem him, we make no doubt, a prodigiously fine performer, for he jumps up, and comes down again, crossing his legs, and looking very much as if he had done an extremely fine thing. We were glad to see that Le Blond had been re-engaged; he is a good dancer—but what is one among so many? In the figurante department, we do not discover the great improvement which has been so confidently announced. The blaze of beauty that was somewhat indecently advertised, has dwindled down to a showy figurante. We will say nothing of the dancing in this department, because in the miserable piece, *ballet* we cannot call it, which is now performing, there is no opportunity of discovering whether the people who are pulled and hauled about the stage, can dance or not. This much, however, we will venture to say, that the ballet of this season is inferior to the ballet of last season. Last season we had Ronzi Vestris, one of the most accomplished *artistes* of the day, and her husband. We have now in their place, Mademoiselle Brocard and Coulon. Weak as the *corps de ballet* was under M. Aumer, he contrived to get up some extremely pleasing little pieces, in which he made the most of the talent at his command; and the music of his ballets was always chosen with great taste, and contributed very much to the success of them. M. D'Egville, with an infinity of parade and pretension, has brought out the most wretched piece of fantastic mummery that has ever been seen within the memory of man on the Opera boards,

and the music is as trashy and insipid as every other part of the performance.

The Opera has been as yet tolerably well filled, numerically speaking, but by no means well attended. Very odd-looking people may be observed in possession of the boxes, and the pit does not make half so respectable an appearance as the pit of the common theatres. It is evidently crammed with shop-boys and apprentices who are sent in with orders, as warming-pans, to make the house feel comfortable and look full.

If the interior of the theatre is warmed, a set-off to this advantage has been effected by means of an ingenious arrangement which keeps people shivering and shaking in the lobby (the very temple of the winds) waiting for their cloaks and great coats, which are now not to be had, if to be had at all, till after a severe struggle and an intolerable delay. This inconvenience, which did not exist formerly, is, we believe, the consequence of a little dirty job. The coating and cloaking of the public, which used to be done by the servants of the house about the lobby, is now, we understand, farmed out, and the lessee of this department does not employ a sufficient number of persons to coat and cloak seven or eight hundred people. Nor have his men the immediate interest in being active and attentive which the servants had who formerly performed this duty. The consequence is, that mistakes from inattention as well as delay occur; and after having been kept an hour freezing in the lobby, you have to go away in another man's great coat, which has been left in exchange for your own, or without a great coat at all, if the careful ministers of the pegs have given away yours by accident to an honest person who has left no coat in place of it, a catastrophe which has happened to our knowledge, and that on a night of extraordinary inclemency. This must be reformed, or all persons who have a tenderness for their constitutions will refuse to go to the Opera during the winter season.

THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

THE Author of the Naval Sketch-Book, observing the lamentable ignorance of landsmen respecting nautical men and matters, has composed this work with the professed design of conveying more accurate ideas on these subjects. This object he has endeavoured to accomplish in a variety of tales, anecdotes, and essays, some of which are so good, and some so bad, and some so mediocre, that we can hardly believe that they are all the productions of the same pen. In the humour, if humour it can be called, we alone trace an identity of style, for the humour is throughout extremely coarse, and forced, and often flippant to a painful degree. The romance of one or two of the tales discovers genius, for that description of writing, of a very high order; but this talent is to be discovered only, as we have said, in one or two pieces. The dissertations on professional affairs bear a family likeness which we do not trace in the other compositions; they are, generally speaking, well reasoned, shrewd, and sensible, with the exception of one on the North West Passage, in the second volume, which is a remarkably tedious and confused piece of controversy. The Author loses no opportunity, in the course of his work, of sneer-

ing at the Polar Expeditions, and the immense fuss that has been made about these voyages of no-discovery. In treating this subject with ridicule, we believe he only represents the sentiments of the Navy; and, indeed, the public are now beginning to suspect that ships are sent out on these barren expeditions, merely in order to amuse Mr. Barrow, to freeze officers into claims for promotion, and to make big books for Mr. Murray. With regard to these big books, by the way, our Author has some just observations. The expeditions are fitted out at the public expence, and the information obtained by them, which therefore fairly belongs to the public, is converted into an article of merchandise by the superior officers, and sold for their profit, and that of the publisher of the Quarterly Review, at the highest possible rate. Government publishes an account of a battle; why should it not publish an account of a voyage of discovery, a copy of the information communicated to it? Were this done, the officers might, of course, afterwards put their own price on their own wares; but while they are permitted the monopoly of the information they have acquired at the public expence, we have a right to complain of the extortionate use which they make of their privilege. The Author of the Naval Sketch-Book says:

The fact is, that no officer, not a man of fortune, can afford to purchase books, indispensable for his professional information and improvement, at their present enormous cost. The worst is, the exorbitant price of 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* is justified on the grounds of the expence, labour, and pains bestowed on the drawings and surveys embodied in the work, when it is well known, that the surveys were contributed to it gratis, by officers sent out from the Admiralty for this express service, and that the drawings were executed by Captain Lyon, who most handsomely (though about to publish a book himself) made them a present to Captain Parry.—(Vol. i. p. 77.)

The above passage is quoted from a chapter, entitled, “Naval Authors,” in which we find some criticisms on the naval tactics of Mr. James, (the Author of *The Naval History*;) the criticisms may be just, but the wit with which they are seasoned, savours strongly of the gun-room. The becomingness of the allusion, and the humanity of the jest, in the subjoined example, are truly remarkable.

Any one in the least acquainted with nautical phraseology, must be aware that no vessel can *bear-up* in the wind’s eye; or, to be more explicit, pursue objects to windward of her, by any other practical mode than that of “*beating*.” Indeed, upon the latter point, it might be presumed experience had taught Mr. James the *corrective* effect of this manœuvre.*—(Vol. i. p. 103.)

The Author’s wit is throughout of this base metal, but it has generally no point whatever, and also no ill-nature, in which respects it has commonly the advantage of the specimen quoted. We can excuse a bad jest, provided it be inoffensive, but when it has got just so much point as to make it a clumsy instrument of mischief, we think it right to hold up the bad spirit of the attempt and the awkwardness of the execution, to the becoming correction of derision. No bird was ever more justly ridiculous than was the jackdaw in the fable, when, in emulation of the violence of the eagle, it pounced on a lamb, designing to make minced-meat of it, but being, by good luck, only a jackdaw, instead of effecting its purpose, it entangled its weak claws in the wool of the intended victim. Much like this daw is the writer of this book, when making the terrible pounce we have noted.

If our Author’s wit does not rise very high, he makes amends for

* Our readers will remember that Mr. James was the subject of a very brutal and ruffianly assault.

its lowliness in his sentimentality, which, when it does occur, which in justice we must admit is seldom, soars altogether beyond the reach of mortal comprehension. What, for example, can be made of this note on one Mr. M'Gregor, the high and mighty Cacique of Poyais?

The whole military annals of this country do not afford a parallel to the dastardly flight and treacherous desertion of the fugitive of Porto Bello. *A tear sacred to a friendship once fervent as memory is still faithful, traces that page which should perhaps glow only with the language of indignation.* But, even in thus paying a debt due to natural affection, this feeble pen may recall his crime to recollection, and brand afresh the *Cain of modern times—the Cacique of Poyais.*—(Vol. i. p. 129.)

A tragedy may possibly be lying in ambush in this passage, but as we do not happen to be in the secret, the whole flight about the tear sacred to friendship tracing the page, and the Cain of modern times, appears only superlatively bombastic and ridiculous.

The papers in these volumes discussing nautical subjects, seem to us to be, for the most part, sensibly reasoned. The writer has a just perception of errors and absurdities in the naval administration, and notes them honestly and with sufficient shrewdness; but, lest he should thence be taken for a reformer, he seems to think it necessary to rail against Radicals with extraordinary fervour. This is a littleness, but we suppose that worldly prudence required it.

We have said that the romance of one or two of the tales in the *Naval Sketch-Book* is of a superior order: we shall close our notice with a specimen, which strikes us as being of no ordinary merit; but before we take our leave of the work, we must recommend it to our readers as, *on the whole*, well worth their perusal; for though there is much in it obnoxious to criticism, there is also much in it that is clever, instructive, and entitled to their attention and their praise.

THE COAST BLOCKADE.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made, that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant ——— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance hastily, selected from those inured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity; some of whom had been partners of an enterprize, which was ever uppermost in his mind, when amongst the first to board the American frigate Chesapeake, as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck, by the stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the boat, whose brawny arms had borne him on that memorable day to the cock-pit of the *Shannon*, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck, and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder, looked wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved; but the lieutenant, apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance, (a liberty which *Jack* considered himself exclusively privileged to take,) quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the mainsail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted, she instantly gathered way, and stood off in a lateral direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main-sheet through the fair-leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light-boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances, amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach; where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure, and leafless underwood, between two grey beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact, white, wooden station-house of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis descending almost to high-water mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that

there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more. A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment ; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and enquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry ? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waist-belt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern-sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word, as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus, aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase ; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similarly suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage ; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half an hour she was hull down ; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley ; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain ; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase ; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruiser which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather : a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon ; across which the gull, and other sea-fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind ; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing, to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind ; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat a-shore in the first situation which might offer of saving the lives of his brave companions. “ Lay in your oars, my lads,” cried he, “ step the short mast—close reef the storm lug : we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under the canvass.” Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, “ a sail close aboard sir ; if she don't keep her luff she'll run us right down.”—“ Luff, luff ! ” cried aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right a-beam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman,

and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold and the miscreant his life*. The lugger instantly broached to, passing to the windward of the boat. "Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll board the villains."—"Aye, aye, sir," exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under and shipping green seas fore and aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapt short in the rullocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern. Having run so far to leward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable; all was darkness around; and although from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land; still, to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase; a sentiment in which the unassuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, "that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards; at the lieutenant putting the helm up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the luggers wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard, and soon the whole scene was lighted up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, "breakers a-head! hard down, sir, hard down!" Before the word was repeated she had entered into the frightfully agitated element. "Down with the sail, or we're lost," exclaimed the crew. "Hold on, hold on every thing!" cried the veteran, "'tis our only chance to beach her." The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew; and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.—(Vol. i. p. 195.)

THE DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID.†

HERE is a specimen, and one of the most insufferable that we have ever seen, of those catch-penny impostures with which the modern press abounds. Whether it is most ignorant, most vulgar, or most impudent, it would be hard to say. Suffice it, that in all these respects, it would not be easily exceeded. And to what purpose a censoring press, if it is not to be directed against such impositions as this; which, while they disgrace literature, (if, indeed, the term literature can be applied to such abominable stuff as this,) are but schemes for picking the

* As the author professes technical accuracy, we must put it to his conscience, whether this is not *rather* a surprisingly good shot. The whole length of the lugger and some spare space of sea *must* have been between the man at the lugger's helm and the officer in the galley; the galley must also have been so much lower than the lugger, low as luggers, especially smugglers, commonly are, that we cannot understand how the officer in the stern sheets of the boat could have taken aim at the man at the helm of the vessel. We have said nothing of the intervening lug sails, which would obstruct the view of the lugger's helm, supposing her to be descending one sea while the galley, right a-head, was rising on the other—the only position we can conceive in which the quarter-deck of a vessel could be exposed to the view of persons in a small boat right a-head. Even in this case, however, we ask whether the lug sails of the lugger would not obstruct the view, unless the galley was a little to windward of the lugger, which she was not, for the galley's people called to the lugger to keep her luff. As the author insists much in his preface on technical accuracy, we have suggested these important doubts, and we do so with the diffidence which becomes landsmen when meddling with matters which they can never pretend to understand.

† The Duties of a Lady's Maid, with Directions for Conduct, and numerous Receipts for the Toilette. London. 1825. 12mo.

pockets of the ignorant and confiding? If we can save but seven shillings to one "Lady's Maid," it will be at least an act of charity.

What species of animal is employed in this genus of manufacture, it would be hard to conjecture; but it is probably some wretched being of that class which caters for the Arrivals and Departures of the Fashionable World. This is evidently the nearest approximation which the manufacturer has ever made, either to a lady or lady's maid. That he is utterly ignorant of that class of society in which this peculiar servant is required, is most evident; as he is completely so of the duties or feelings of this very respectable class of females. To say that he is ignorant of every thing which he has crammed into his farrago, will, after this, be unnecessary: and that he is the regular trader in this line is plain, because he has taken especial care to recommend the *Directions to Housekeepers*, and other works of a similar stamp.

To analyze such a compilation, is out of all question; equally so, to give extracts from it, other than may be briefly required on one or two points that we shall notice. But we may say that it is a compilation from Enfield's *Speaker*, from the *English Grammar*, from twopenny religious pamphlets, from D'Israeli, and from different vulgar receipt books; the whole tacked together by certain vulgar paragraphs of his own manufacture; teaching nothing on earth of all that it pretends to, and much more likely to do harm than good, if it could produce any effect at all.

It is sufficiently disgusting to find religion intruded now-a-days into every abominable novel; but we have it here as a preface to a work, which details practices and offers hints as to female dress and female frauds, that are often too indecent and disgusting to read, much less to quote. We shall not say more on this subject; but really we do not see why such indecent approximations of religion and rouge, the Deity and cosmetics, are not as fitting subjects for corrective associations, as much with which those institutions have thought proper to interfere. But that is their affair. What we shall chiefly notice in this book shall be of another cast; because our remarks may perhaps be turned to some use by the foolish people whom these receipts might otherwise mislead, to their great trouble and cost.

We pass over the whole stupid farrago of moralities, which serve no other purpose than to aid in swelling the book up to seven shillings, together with the philology, and all else, equally appropriate, in general, to Dick the ostler as to a lady's maid. The second division consists of natural philosophy, instead of moral; rules for dress, rules for beauty, rules for heaven knows what all; in all of which it would be most difficult to say whether the utterly shameless ignorance, or the vulgarity is greatest. It is amusing enough, nevertheless, to see, at times, who are the authors put under contribution—Burke, Alison, and others equally strange; though it is tolerably evident that they have been found at second-hand in some *Encyclopædia*, on the subject of *Colours in Dress*. Thus every thing attainable has been raked together, without comparison or understanding; so that a subject really curious and interesting has been utterly marred. We shall not, with such a text-book, attempt to put this question to rights for any lady's maid; but whatever unlucky girl shall attempt to dress her mistress by those rules, will find herself in a "peck of troubles," to borrow some of the author's genteel phraseology.

In a similar manner, and with no small attempts at "fine writing," he has blundered through the whole subject of fashions, following it by a detail of costumes, borrowed, as we already remarked, from D'Israeli, and serving no possible purpose but to add to the bulk of the book by sixty-six pages. Thus far, however, the greatest damage sustained will be the loss of seven shillings; but having some feelings of charity towards the pockets, both of ladies' maids and their mistresses, we shall attempt to teach them how to save their money in the matter of pomatums and cosmetics, by exposing the abominable stuff which follows; and which, we know well, has a very captivating effect on female vanity.

If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place, we can assure them, most confidently, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the lustre of hair, that their effect is to diminish that polish which it naturally possesses; while, whatever gloss they may give to hair which is naturally dull, is false, and, like all falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgust and the necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than in another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial flexure given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so-called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one, which is really effectual, and at the same time inoffensive, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair.

Let us still remark, while on the subject of oils or greasy substances, that while there are perhaps five hundred pomatums and oils, the object, whatever it be, can be equally attained by one, or at least by two, a fluid one, and one more solid. Bear's grease, as it is called, is a common imposture; in the first place, as there is very rarely such a thing in reality to be procured; while, if there were, it is no other than any other lard. The reason why bear's grease was, or is, esteemed better than any other, is absurd enough, resting on the ancient Rosicrucian doctrine of signatures; and, as in the case of the yolk of an egg and of dandelion for jaundice, and of a thousand similar nostrums with which medicine was so long and still is encumbered, the mere detection of the cause of its adoption ought to be sufficient proof of its *value*. The bear has long hair: ergo, his grease must be good for promoting hair.

No grease on earth, though the bear that bore it had hair reaching from Greenland to Kamtschatka, has the least effect, or can have the least effect, in making hair grow thicker, unless grease could produce in the skin those radical organs whence hairs grow with a growth resembling that of vegetables. Thickness is number; and he who would multiply the number of hairs, might as well attempt to multiply the number of legs and arms. Nourishing, and all this phraseology, is just what phraseology always is—words. One only effect is asserted upon

ideas ; namely, that oil prevents the hair from splitting at the extremities. How, it may be asked ? When the hair splits, it is because that portion is dead : the vegetable life has ceased thus far ; and unless oil could restore that life, unless bear's grease, or any grease, had the power of conferring immortality on hair, it will split and wither, in spite of all the grease of the biggest whale that ever ploughed Baffin's Bay, or all the bears from pole to pole. We might as well attempt to revive the rotten branch of an oak with bear's grease, or make the mast of one of his Majesty's seventy-fours shoot forth a goodly crop of branches.

The fact is, that the whole is an imposture ; oils, pomatums, and all ; bear's grease, Macassar, and Rowland, huile a la tuberoze, huile antique ; huiles and pomades, divine, or whatever else. Excepting so far as pomatum may be used for stiffening or compacting the hair into dirty and greasy masses, or oils for converting the easy and loose flow of nature's ornamental locks into nasty rat's tails, the whole is but a method of extracting money from vanity and fashion. It is but a rivalry of the stinking Hottentots, a relic of savage barbarism. As to the chemistry itself, if ladies *will* make themselves greasy and disgusting, olive oil, alone, is the only oil that is necessary, hog's lard is the only pomatum ; and if it is not sufficiently stiff, let it be stiffened to the taste by wax. It is an apothecary's plaster, or an apothecary's ointment, according to its consistence ; it is neither more nor less ; though the *fair* might be shocked at an insinuation to plaster their seducing locks with Turner's cerate, or Unguentum Simplex. Such, nevertheless, is the simple fact ; of such use is philosophy and analysis. The rest is all perfume ; nothing more ; and the lady's maid, or the lady herself, who desires to have a greasy head, may save her money and her care, by sending down to the cook for a little oil from the flask, or a little lard from the bladder ; or else, to the apothecary, for a little simple ointment, preparing it to her own fancy. Perhaps Mr. Rowland will call us out, at least our publisher ; but we hope that he will refuse to fight, as we certainly shall.

However, as long as female vanity exists (and when will it cease ?) we write in vain. The five hundred oils and pomatums will go on being made, and the angel who loves herself better than cleanliness, will go on making herself greasy and odorous. But it is all for the best ; or how should trade flourish, how should money circulate from pockets too full into pockets too empty ?

That is no reason, however, why any one should be so silly as to follow the receipts of this exquisite author ; cheating Mr. Rowland, running the risk of setting the house on fire, and making ointment which she will never be able to use. Here is a condensed specimen of the gentleman's knowledge in chemistry and pomatum. To twenty-nine pounds of fat, we are to add eleven ounces of various essential oils, and so on. We do not know what length of life any lady expects, who presumes on the consumption of thirty pounds of pomatum ; while the eleven ounces of perfume are at least sufficient to perfume as many hundred weights of any fat that ever grew on pig or sheep. The rest are of a piece ; and the quantities of pomatum and perfume specified in this philosophical work, would suffice to catch every rat in every one of his Majesty's dock-yards. The receipt given for the Macassar oil, is that which farriers use for the heels of horses. As to a solution of gum

guaiacum in olive oil, here called *huile antique verte*, it is a receipt for rheumatism, which he has probably found in Mrs. Glasse, and has extracted, by mistake, for hair-oil. A curling fluid, made of soap and alkali, would soon leave little hair for curling or any thing else. We hope that no lady's maid will follow this scientific process, unless she wishes to see her beloved mistress in the condition of a company of soldiers, whom a certain captain is reported to have powdered with quick-lime, to save the expence of flour. Were life, instead of hairs, concerned, the promulgator of such receipts ought to be hanged. As to castor oil, it is usually recommended to a different part of the human anatomy; but this gentleman is probably not aware that the oil of *Palma Christi* is neither more nor less than this said cathartic. Such is the grievous ignorance which sets about to compile books.

The receipts for staining the hair are of the same philosophy. Out of the whole farrago, not one can produce such an effect. Gall-nuts and charcoal boiled in olive oil, in which both are insoluble; lead ore and ebony boiled in water; oil of tartar, which he does not know to be potash; and more of such trash. Painting the eye-brows with burnt cork is intelligible; but lamp-black in abundance can be purchased for a halfpenny, instead of burning frankincense and mastic under a plate. It is "his opinion"—good—that red lead and lime would not make the hair black, but chesnut-coloured. We can only assure the lady's maid in this case, that the colour of her hair subsequent to this pretty operation, would depend upon the wig she would soon be obliged to buy. Whether there has been yet time for this beautiful book to scalp the heads of any of the fair, we do not know; but we conclude that an action for damages would lie against the publisher.

The department of cosmetics is equally luminous, equally scientific, and equally true. Does any one know how many cosmetics are sold in London? We do not; but we have reckoned more than two hundred and fifty soaps alone. We believe that we should have no difficulty in making up the total cosmetic regiment to five or six hundred.

And will the ladies believe us when we tell them, upon our honours and verities, that not one of the whole of this preposterous collection (excepting one or two pernicious mineral compounds) is of the slightest possible use; of any more use, that is, than simple soap, or water? No, certainly, they will not. Never will woman believe any thing when her vanity is engaged on the other side.

Nothing, however, is more true. With exceptions scarcely worth noticing, and not worth noticing for our purpose, every soap, every soap at least used on the person, is the same substance, the same chemical compound, with the same precise effects on the skin; the only differences among them being those to the eye and to the smell; colour, form, and perfume. These colours and perfumes cost money, as they ought; but as to their fancy prices, prices beyond their real value, this is a matter of conscience on the one hand, and folly on the other. It is indifferent whether the soap be made from vegetable oil or animal tallow; for, in the state of soap, all oils are equal. All soaps are equally cosmetic, be the name, be the smell, the price, the colour, what they may; liquid or solid, virgin's milk, milk of roses, Bandana, or jasmine.

Cleanliness is the true cosmetic; and it is *The Cosmetic*, or the *Cleanifier*; nothing more. You cannot alter the colour of your

skins; for nature has placed her laws here against you; but you may scrub and scour off the dirt, which we strongly advise you to do whenever it is necessary. Thus you will be cleaned and cosmified; and having done this, it is no matter to you how soon Messrs. Bailey and Blew are blown up or burnt down.

Wash your faces, dears; that is all; and if water will not make them clean, use soap, and choose the one that gratifies your noses most; that is all. As soon as the dirt is off your skins, you are as beautiful, precisely, as nature—and your sweet tempers—choose; and all else is hopeless toil; hopeless as bleaching a blackamoor, though you were to labour on all the milks and soaps that have been created from the days of Judith or Faustina, down to those of Del Croix.

These are sad vulgar truths; yet, alas! no less true. The thing is impossible: be content: and as you can as little add one tint to your complexion as one inch to your statures, without paint or without high heels, do what you can to apply the cosmetics to your minds—as you have been often told how. That is the true art of beauty. A gentle soul and a sweet temper, intellect and virtue, these are the cosmetics which will take out all your freckles and smooth all your wrinkles, which will render you beautiful even above your beauty, and beautiful even through your plainness.

Most seriously is this all fact, as to every soap, as to every cosmetic in this class. With respect to the rest, there is but one simple principle; with respect, at least, to those in common use. Almond paste or meal may be taken as standing for the whole of these, and they are but oils. The natural oil of the skin is removed by soap; and this process is necessary whenever foreign matter, soot, &c., as in London, is so united with it that water fails. Otherwise, there is no cosmetic like warm water—water, warm, hot—not cold.

But, to remove this natural oil too effectually or too often, is sometimes injurious, as it is this which renders the skin soft; while there are some persons in whom, naturally, it is deficient. Here, the extreme use of soap is injurious, and oil becomes necessary. It is a cosmetic, however, incapable of changing or bettering the colour of the skin. All that it can do is, to prevent harshness; and, of course, when this is extreme, producing scaling, it diminishes or removes that tendency.

Such is the use of oily substances; and they are all equal, whether it be almonds or pomatums, or aught else. Of the propriety or utility of their application, it must be for the owner of the skin to judge; as, with the principles already laid down, he may judge of all other cosmetics, instead of using them merely from their names, and without being aware of their peculiar action. But there is one other use in the oils, of which the cosmetic mongers are ignorant, and which it is our duty to the lovely sex to detail, hoping that they will profit more, maids and all, by our commentary, than by the gentleman's seven-shilling book. The previous application of them entirely prevents the action of the sun on the skin, in as far at least as that produces blistering, and is also very conducive to the prevention of freckles and sun-burning. Hence, ladies, when you attend reviews, or go on the water in boats, or pick cockle-shells on Margate sands, we advise you to oil your sweet faces, or put on your almond pastes, instead of waiting till the mischief is done, when the cure, though it is still a sort of cure, comes somewhat too late.

Such is the philosophy of the two great classes of cosmetics; soaps and oils. But there are two more, far more rare, and which it is more important that the fair sex should understand, lest they be "taken in," to resume more of our author's genteel phraseology, and "get themselves into scrapes."

The balsam of Mecca, which this blockhead has mistaken, with a few other stimulant substances, have a real action on the skin, resembling that of a blister. They, in fact, take off the surface in minute scales, so as to lead, necessarily, to the formation of a new one. These are not much used in this country, though adopted occasionally in the East; nor are they to be recommended, since they produce, in the result, far more harm than good. We shall therefore pass away from them, cautioning our fair readers, however, from paying any attention to the nonsense which the writer before us has collected on this subject.

While on this subject, we may also explain the mysteries of lip salve, out of compassion to the young ladies whom we have seen, with as much earnestness as the Miss Primroses, weighing, and boiling, and stewing all kinds of trumpery, in a pan purloined out of the cook's stores, till their cheeks were roasted to a colour which, if it could have endured, would have saved them rouge as long as they had lived. If the object of all this private concoction is to produce a compound of virtues, we will teach them a shorter road; if to save money, our secret is of equal value; and certainly, there is considerable economy in making, or purchasing for a penny, what is sold for five shillings, because it comes out of some shop of admirables.

The matter is perfectly simple; in fact, it is a good deal too simple; for, who ever had faith in what was intelligible? When the mystery is cleared up, away flies the faith. Not so, however, the virtues of the lip salve; which is, very honestly and truly, nothing more than the apothecary's simple ointment, stained red by alkanet root, perfumed with whatever the ladies prefer. The grease requires boiling with the root to extract the red colour: but after that, a good economist will perfume it when cold. All else, raisins, benzoin, healing gums, Tolu, and so on, is just so much trash. The medicinal action is not less simple and mechanical,—alas! how shockingly vulgar! The grease softens the hard skin, so as to allow the fissures to approximate and heal; or else permits the loosened skin to scale or peel off, just as far as it is detached, and no more, instead of progressing, as Jonathan would say, down to the sensible parts. As to lip salves, intended to make lily or violet lips of a cherry colour, that is another matter; but even then, all they require is a little rouge to render the colour solid, and a little more wax to make it stick on. As to the lips themselves after this operation, we hope the ladies do not look forward to any thing beyond a very distant admiration; lest he, who dared to sip the sweet, should complain with Juvenal, "*hinc, male viscantur labra mariti.*"

The last class consists of applications which are truly of a medicinal character, and which ought never to have found their way among the innocent trash, innocent as to all but their pick-pocket quality, which forms the great army of cosmetics. These are intended for eruptions of the skin; and as we have here undertaken to make ourselves of use to the fair, we will even bestow an extra word on the subject;—at the risk, too, of becoming serious and medical; but who would

not be serious when female beauty is so deeply concerned? We, at least, cannot be tranquil on such a subject; recollecting even in our midnight and solitary elbow chair, those beatings of the heart which the heavenly aspect of heavenly woman did produce, still produces, on us, even on us, alas! now long past those days of joy and sunshine.

Horace Walpole's epigram on Miss Conway shall serve us for a preface:

And did ye not hear of Miss Con-a-way?
And did ye not hear of Miss Con-a-way?
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade,
And now she is dead and gone away.

Even so, "Hinc illæ lacrymæ."

What is the reason why young ladies, yes, even young ladies, blooming in youth and lilies, are—must the vile words be said—covered so often with pimples? Fy! and yet they bare their backs to the bottom of the shoulder-blade lest we should not see them plain enough. Fy! fy! it is an ugly sight. Thus erupted, when men are comparatively free; men, young men, who are supposed to seek such causes in overdoings of claret and champagne.

She drank lemonade
At a masquerade.—

Such is the sufficient reason.

It is all, generally at least, but a minor degree of that dangerous and often fatal eruption which proceeds from drinking cold water when heated, and which has so often been the cause of death to boys at cricket and to soldiers on a march. Balls and ices, balls and open windows, first a waltz, and then a glass of cold water, cold lemonade, or cold ice, such is the cause, though the ice is the least pernicious of the whole, because it requires some time to swallow, and cannot therefore make the sudden impression on the stomach which a cold fluid quickly swallowed does. If you cannot restrain your love of dancing, dear ladies, learn at least to restrain your appetites. It is not pretty to be gobbling ice, and swilling lemonade at every moment, as if you came, to use the vulgar phrase, for the sake of what you can get, as if you were not allowed ices by your papas or mammas, and were resolved to make up for it, like Diogenes, at your entertainer's expence. Look at us, dears, we are not always gormandizing at balls, pushing for the best places at supper, greasing ourselves in contests for dirty chickens, plaguing our neighbours to get us this and the other, as if we came for the purpose of eating and drinking. Indeed, dears, you are not pretty-behaved, at all; and you cannot conceive what unhappy impressions you make on us, and on your lovers. You have lost many a lover by your cruel appetites; upon our honours, we assure you it is true: and many a good settlement, moreover. Positively you have lost settlements—settlements—think of that.

And have we not just been telling you that you lose your beauty, that you get the back of your necks covered with little buds, which we do assure and aver to you, faithfully, are not rosebuds;—alas! no—far from it! Nay, and upon your sweet faces too: spots, blotches, pimples, odious, fearful things, sights abhorred by gods and men; and all because you *will* eat and drink, all because you will not control your appetites. Pray, excuse us all those naughty and vulgar words, for they are all meant for your good, and we really must try to frighten you into good and pretty behaviour, for your own sakes: and

for ours too ; as we *do* love a damask cheek, and an ivory skin, adore lilies and roses, are worshippers of purity, and are your most obedient humble servants, the writers of the London Magazine.

The disease is a disease of the stomach ; and if you do not believe us, ask the doctors. If the previous heat—and fatigue, mark you—for that is part of the mystery, are very great, and the draught very cold and very sudden, the incautious person sometimes falls down, not exactly dead, but dies in a few minutes or hours. The stomach is injured ; we need not here explain how. If the causes are less active, it may require a day or two to kill the patient, and sometimes he recovers. In this case, always, or almost always, there is an eruption, very often on the face, sometimes over the body ; and here, let us remind you that a blast of cold wind, or cold externally, in any way, by putting the hands and feet, even into cold water, will often produce the same effects as drinking cold things. Did not poor Lady W. die from a cold bath after a ball ? This is an argument, ladies, against your smuggling yourselves behind a curtain, to steel a fresh breeze at the open window. They tell you that you will catch cold ; you find that you do not get a sneezing cold, which is all that you think or know of a cold, and you go on despising your mamma's advice, or ours, as it may be. But you get pimples on your faces, and you do not know that the window is the cause, if the lemonade was not, because nobody ever told you. This is what, out of our extreme love to you and your lovely cheeks, eyes, lips, and bosoms,—not your backs, dears,—we are telling you, in hopes that you will take heed and warning. And if you have a spark of gratitude, you will unite in a subscription of your best and sweetest embraces for us ; and, flocking to our levee, present your lovely cheeks, as in honour bound ; whereby, if you are at any loss to know where we hold our court, our publishers, Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, will be most happy to show you the way. If it will console you, we are not particularly old, particularly ugly, nor particularly disagreeable : and how dearly we love you, you must already be convinced.

But to return to our medicine, from which we have just digressed sadly. The injury, as we have just told you, is committed on the stomach : on the real stomach ; not on what you call the stomach, ladies, when you have little nameless pains, in a certain nameless region. Now, as the doctors speak, the skin sympathises with the stomach ; or, in plain English, when the skin, in this particular case, becomes inflamed in certain parts, producing these various eruptions, the disorder which was formed originally in the stomach, disappears. The skin, in short, becomes a sort of deputy. Thus, if there should be a large eruption, the original injury to the stomach has been great ; and, had it not been for the eruption, the person would have died, as sure as a gun. When the injury is trifling, the eruption is so too ; and these are your pimples. But the eruption, remember, is life, it is salvation, if a large one ; and, be it ever so small, it is the relief of inconveniences in the stomach, which, we can assure you, are by no means trifling. Therefore, however you may lament the loss of your beauty, you must recollect that it has saved your life sometimes, at others your health. Whether beauty is better than life or health, is a question which we do not pretend to solve.

Now, we hope that you understand it clearly ; and we assure you that is all true, most veracious, and most medical. And the reason

why you are more subject to these misfortunes than we beaux, is precisely your avidity for lemonade and ices. Pray remark, that we seldom indulge in this manner; and that you have no restraints over your pretty little appetites. Mr. Gay says, that gluttony is of the seven deadly sins the worst; it is a barbarous word—gluttony—but the thing itself is much worse, for many other reasons besides these same detractions from a lily skin. Pray, dears, avoid it; for be you assured that never yet, since the creation, did man love that woman who was fond of eating and drinking—Pah!

Look here. If you must eat ices, eat them slowly, and do not swallow the frozen compound. Thaw it in your sweet mouths. If you *will* drink cold drinks, drink them slowly; warm them in the same place. But if you really do wish to cool and to refresh yourselves, drink the hottest drink that you can get: and—do not stare—for it is very true. Why do you not introduce the French-fashion, and send round hot soup? That is the *veritable rafraîchissant*. Hot soups, pepper, Cayenne pepper, these are the truly cooling things; these will make you dance with renewed vigour, though you were fainting or half dead. We tell you truths. Cold water is weakening, not strengthening; because it destroys the tone of the stomach, as the doctors say, and when that is gone, adieu to the legs. Porter is safe and good; but it is vulgar and inadmissible. Wine and water will make you tipsy; and that is not pretty. You are very apt to be a little in this way at balls, ladies, without perhaps knowing it. But we can see it plainly enough. Avoid Negus; he is an insidious personage. Colonel Negus has much to answer for.

Now we have done with our advice; and, alas! we must come back to the Lady's Maid and the cosmetics. But we have given you good advice, and without a fee; more good advice for the tenth part of three shillings and sixpence, than the whole Lady's Maid contains under seven shillings.

There are cosmetics against these said unhappy pimples. Mark well! Mrs. Gowland's lotion shall stand for the whole, because it is the best; that is, the best, inasmuch as it is the worst. The gentleman-usher to the Lady's Maid does not know what this is; but it is a solution of corrosive sublimate of mercury, disguised in the milk of bitter and sweet almonds. If it cures the pimples, it is by sending them back to the stomach; since we have already shown you that they originally came from thence. If the eruption were large, and thus cured, the lady will die, it is very probable; if small, she must pay such penalty as may be, in disorders of the stomach and general loss of health. Such is Gowland's lotion, and such are all of the same tribe—vinegar of lead, or what not. It is a bargain between comfort and beauty, health and pimples; perhaps between an eruption and a coffin. It is not for us to strike the balance in the estimation of the fair.

But those who are prudent will avoid all unknown cosmetics directed to this end. They are always hazardous. There may be, and indeed there are, eruptions which do not belong to the stomach; for our rule is not universal. But the ladies cannot judge of these distinctions, and there is no security but in renouncing the whole. Let them avoid Gowland as they would poison and death. Let them consult their physicians. There are safe methods of cure, even for the eruptions produced by cold water; but we cannot write medical treatises here.

If any lady, less fair than she wishes to be, wants advice, we are the Brodums, we are the Solomons; let them come to us, or "enclose the compliment of a small note," as the doctors say, and then they shall see what they shall see.

Now for the Lady's Maid. The receipts for removing freckles are as ignorant and absurd as all the rest. Bullock's gall and alum would require a good nose to endure. Strawberries, grapes baked with salt, milk and lemon juice, chervil water, and such like stuff, will serve, perhaps, to amuse young ladies, and cannot, at least, do them any harm. As to acrid matters, such as the juice of wild cucumber, they will certainly take off the freckles, since they will take off the skin. The ladies are at liberty to try; but we can assure them, in the mean time, that the freckles will come back again with the new skin, more brilliant than ever. It would be much better to persuade themselves that freckles were a beauty and an ornament, as is our opinion; because that will save a great deal of trouble.

But the gentleman has remedies, even for old age; he can remove the old skin when it has acquired, to use his own elegant comparison, the thickness and aspect of "boiled leather," and bring on a new one rivalling that of sweet seventeen. This boiled leather of threescore and ten, is to be first softened by emollients, and then "destroyed by caustics." Are there old women foolish enough to believe in such philosophy as this? Yes, verily, there are.

A *non sequitur* here, will serve to show the way in which books of this complexion are written; and it is the only quotation that we shall make from this elegant performance. "These spots are said to attack particularly such women as have been in the habit of using cosmetics. This is the hideous stamp which the Deity of the Toilette impresses upon all those who have not frequented his altar. It is thus that he punishes them sooner or later, for their neglect of his worship, and that he demonstrates to the whole fair sex the utility of cosmetics." The *truth* is in the first sentence, not in the conclusion so blunderheadedly drawn.

Wrinkles! the gentleman can even remove wrinkles: the wrinkles of age. By onions, white wax, honey, barley water, and balsam of Mecca. He is the rival of Medea. Thus much for his impudence—his indecencies here, we must pass over. What the morality of his Lady's Maid is likely to prove after these studies, may be questioned. Ladies are exhorted to make their virgin's milk themselves, as it is "the easiest thing in the world." Here is one, out of many:—Sulphur and alum dissolved in rose-water. We suppose the writer is a Scotchman: we, at least, should be very shy of coming into contact with a lady who washed her face with this sulphureous milk of virgins.

The chemistry of talc water would rather puzzle Mr. Faraday, and so would oil of talc. The Danish ladies, who preserve all the bloom of youth at fifty, by means of cucumber seeds and cream, are at least on the safe side of the cosmetic system. Pigeon water! It is really worth while to extract this precious nostrum, which reminds us of a celebrated receipt *anent* a baked fox, in one of Scott's novels. Eight hashed pigeons, sugar, camphor, borax, French rolls, white wine, water lilies, melons, cucumbers, lemons, briony, succory, lilies, borage, and beans, to be boiled for seventeen days, and then distilled. Here is another:—calves' feet, rice, crumb of bread, milk, fresh butter, eggs,

to be mixed with camphor and alum, and distilled. Can there be lady or lady's maid so absurd as to believe in such cosmetics as these? Waters distilled from sulphur, alum, resins, and so on, are more specimens of the chemistry of these incredible receipts. But why should we doubt that they are followed, even without the authority of the Miss Primroses, since we have seen the stolen alembic, and detected the fair operators, ourselves, in the very moment of projection? Rose-water is to be made by infusing rose-leaves in water with sulphuric acid!—and much more, equally scientific. The division on paints is another passage of the same ignorance. Utter and absolute ignorance about every thing which is here brought together, is of course the author's characteristic; but he might at least have compiled better, since there is not a Handmaid to the Arts, or an Encyclopædia so base, as not to furnish what was here wanted. Carmine is prepared from cochineal and alum! The green papers and the pink saucers are preparations of cochineal! Safflower is a moss-like drug—and it is doubtful whether it is as innocent as cochineal—and so on. But enough of such blundering and ignorance. A word of our own on paints—and we have done.

It is possible, and that is all, to paint the skin white, so as to bear some kind of resemblance to nature; but by any paint ever yet used, it is perfectly impossible. Dry and dusty whites never can look like aught else than the most detestable *fard*; and such are pearl white, and flake white—the oxyde of bismuth, and a carbonate of lead: and these, notoriously, become black in crowded rooms, from well-known chemical causes; the pearl white being the most ticklish. Powdered talc or steatite comes nearer to the lustre, as well as the colour of the skin, while it coheres better, and does not blacken; but it is commonly too glossy. But nothing white can ever serve as white paint, because no skin is white. It is surprising how little common-sense observation has been exerted on a matter so extremely simple; that is to say, if the object be deception, or a real remedy for defects: if paint is to be used, declaredly, as hair-powder was, or as rouge was, under the old French regime, that is another question. By the aid of a painter's eye, and by day-light, corrected by candle-light, it is possible to paint the white parts of the face and neck, so as to produce a very tolerable remedy; but as we have no affection for fraud, we shall keep our materials and our secret to ourselves.

As to rouge, the first question is the same. Is it to be fraudulent, and a remedy, or is it to be acknowledged? If the latter, let it be the most brilliant carmine, and let it be put on square; a red plaster, as of old. If adopted to remedy occasional paleness, or to correct habitual paleness, it is intended to mend a defect; and for this end, it ought to resemble nature. Whether, here, it should be declared, or not, is a mixed question of convenience and morality. If concealed, it is a fraud: but how far fraudulent, is a question of morality, on which, as usual, persons differ. To deceive a lover, is a fraud on the husband; and the morality of this will scarcely be defended. To deceive the public at large, is a fraud which injures no one, and which cannot, therefore, be very criminal. To declare the art, removes all crime: it is then as excusable as any other mode of dress. After seventeen, the bust is a fraud; curled hair is a fraud: we do not perceive the moral differences: and there are many far deeper frauds of

concealment, as to the lover, for which the husband will suffer, practised daily, and defended. We cannot see the deep immorality of rouge, unless in the excepted case: we should think it fortunate, if the sex had never any deeper frauds, even of person, to answer for.

And if we are right in our moralities, there is at least no question about the advantages as to beauty. Why should it not be acknowledged and declared? all the crime then vanishes, as much at least as in any other case of dress, and the convenience remains. But people are guided by words and not ideas. There is a prejudice to the term rouge, and therefore to its use: that is all.

Admitted that it may be used, under convention or not, then ought it to resemble nature. Now, every rouge is either the dye of the *carthamus tinctorius*, safflower, a marigold rather than a "moss"—whether in the shape of saucers, green leaves, or wool, or cakes; or else it is the carmine of cochineal, cochineal precipitated by alum, and the muriate of tin, either pure, or diluted by means of talc or steatite.

And there is no one of those colours which resembles the healthy red tint of any skin that ever was created. All are too pure, too crimson, too pink, or reds too free from yellow. Yet they are indiscriminately applied to all skins, all complexions; to the most purely white, and to the most dingy yellow. This is blindness, or gross ignorance, or want of observation. And thence rouge so seldom resembles the real tint of the cheek, even when applied with the utmost care. To render rouge natural, which is the object in this case, the natural red of the skin itself should be noted, if there is any present; and if not, a correct eye will easily discern the tone of red which harmonises with the peculiar white or yellow of the complexion. Almost every complexion, in fact, requires a rouge of its own; and therefore it would be in vain to expect to purchase a true colour, were the colours sold in the shops even less absurdly crimson than they all are. To say by what colours and what mixtures true and natural rouges can be produced, would be a task which we have not here undertaken to execute; but if one example will serve to illustrate our meaning to the apprehension of the fair sex, we may suggest that, out of perhaps twenty complexions, there will be nineteen, where vermillion will, by mixture with common rouge, give the best chance of suiting the natural colours of the face.

Let the fair also here recollect, that dusty rouge, like dusty whites, betrays its own secret. Talc, by giving a slight lustre, remedies this evil to a certain degree; and it is the common diluent for the carmine or the red of *carthamus*. But the same end is also obtained, and still better, by mere oil, which requires, however, to be used with care; as, in fact, the whole operation, if meant to emulate nature, requires the attention of a painter, and a certain degree of knowledge in portrait painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence would be the true hero of the toilette in this case; or the Deity, as our elegant author would express it.

We might here also inform our fair readers respecting a secret in the form of liquid rouge, capable of being made in a minute, and applied in such a manner as to incur no hazard from wiping or other casual injury; even from tears, should tears start in indignation at the successes of a rival. But we believe that we must keep our secret, lest the gentleman of the Lady's Maid should borrow it for his second edition, and murder it to keep company with calves' broth, bullocks' gall, and pigeon-water.

Yet one other secret do we possess, and it is the means of producing a rouge which neither age, nor fainting, nor sickness, nor soap and water, nor even death could affect or remove. This *is* a secret indeed. We have tried it, and it has succeeded. To be sure, it has its inconveniences with its merits; since to faint and retain the bloom of life and health, is somewhat awkward. Still, to possess a colour which is real, true, permanent, not to be rubbed off by a cambric handkerchief, not to be blotted or striped by tears, not to be washed off, never to require being renewed, impossible to be known or suspected, unless under fainting, is no small merit. What shall we do with our secret? Sell it, of course; sell it for so many guineas, a hundred of guineas, and under an oath of non-divulgence, like the gentleman who cures stammering. Who will bid? who will buy? How much will you give, ladies? We shall not tell the gentleman parturitioner of the Lady's Maid; that is most certain. A hundred guineas is the price; and five per cent commission to the publishers of this Magazine.

And now, ladies—and their Lady's Maid, farewell. L. I. T.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

THAT fashion can do every thing for music, nay, can gain great reputation for a composer who possesses none of the qualifications for his art, we were never more firmly convinced than on attending the performance of *Il Crociato in Egitto* at the Italian Opera House a few nights back. We were not inclined previously to anticipate much gratification in hearing this highly extolled production of Mayerbeer; some specimens of his composition which we had seen in the *Harmonicon*, had convinced us that gross plagiarism from Rossini was not one of his least faults. As long as we were able to endure this disgusting German's far-fetched and unmelodious opera, it was impossible to help noticing, that the modulation in his recitatives (a circumstance in which the good musician always betrays himself) was invariably bad; that the motivos of his airs were as unnatural as if they had been brought from the Antipodes; and that he deals very largely in unexpected transitions and remote keys, which, though good in their way, discover affectation and want of genius, if injudiciously used. Add to these, that grossest of all appeals to a vulgar taste, the alternation of extreme loudness and softness, an unreasonable dwelling on discords and appogiatura, and drumming and trumpeting, which will bear comparison with Tarrare and the Coronation. In musical thought, eccentricity is a very cheap sort of originality; if, after all, a new thought give us surprise only, what is it worth? These sort of unconnected freaks are called original; they are the fruits of a bad and *French* taste, which is unfortunately becoming fashionable; for our parts we are content with the originality of such men as Sphor, Cherubini, and Beethoven, which consists chiefly in the design. At the close of each succeeding opera season, we have been left wishing for good music, and wondering why the bad was preferred; but the love of novelty, and the caprice of singers influences the performances more than we could have imagined, and the reason why Rossini and the whole tribe of frivolous composers have had such continued success, is that the singers find their music much easier to execute, and the capacity of an opera singer of these times is very limited indeed. It is of no avail that

there exist fine operas by Mozart, and Winter, and Paisceilo, and Cimarosa, and Righini, and, lately, of Sphor ; we have no singers capable of performing them. What can Madame Bonelli do ? or Velluti ? certainly not sing. We recommend them to try every thing else in the world but singing, for that is assuredly not their *forte*. Having noticed the splendid talents of the singers of the present opera establishment, we may ask if it is necessary to import a parcel of ignorant and incapable Italians to carry on the performances, when they might be much better supported by many of our own vocal performers, who possess all the requisites of an acquaintance with the style, and infinite superiority in point of voice and execution ? We have, however, some delightful singers among the Italian women. Madame Ronzi di Begnis is possessed of the true feeling, and discovered, in the part of Donna Anna, in Mozart's Don Giovanni, wonderful energy and tenderness. Her performance in that recitave, in which she laments her father's death, so full of passionate melancholy, and in the duet with her lover, "Fuggi crudele," are never to be forgotten. Miss Corri (who was driven from her situation in our Italian Opera by a cabal among some of our aristocracy, because she happened not to be handsome) was a singer of the very highest order, an exquisite voice, polished style, and the most correct intonation that can be conceived. The triumph of this lady's performance was in Mozart's Zauberflöte. Madame Camporese, though rather too old for the Prima Donna at the time she left England, was excellent in her way. In the absence of singers like these, why not substitute Miss Paton and Miss Goodall for the ladies at present engaged ; and if etiquette require that their names should be *italianised*, let them imitate Madame Caradori, who has adopted that pretty and well-chosen appellation, instead of the unromantic one of Münck.

The musical attraction of the theatres has lately been rather in the revival of old and favourite pieces than in the production of novelties. Sheridan's excellent opera of the Duenna has been brought forward by the managers of Covent-garden Theatre, and performed to very great houses. It is impossible to speak too highly of this admirable mixture of sterling humour and good music. The airs in the Duenna are chiefly of the most natural and pleasing class, remarkable for a certain elegance and tenderness, particularly that by Donna Clara, "When sable night," and those allotted to Don Carlos. The selection of these melodies will be a lasting proof of Sheridan's good taste in music, as those in the Beggar's Opera will always be of Gay's. The character of the music in both operas is similar in one respect, namely, its simplicity ; although the style is different, that of Gay's selection being of a much older school, more quaint and severe. The air of Purcell, "Virgins are like the fair flower," &c., and the chorus adapted to Handel's march in Rinaldo, "Let us take to the road," will always be worth hearing. The last time the Beggar's Opera was performed at Covent-garden Theatre, this season, the audience seemed neither to understand the wit, nor relish the music. The age for enjoying this feast of sound and sense has gone by for the present. The only circumstance we have to notice particularly in the performance of the Duenna is the slovenly manner in which the orchestral accompaniments are generally played to the old school of music ; and this is a mistake which the instrumental performers run into, from a notion that as they do not abound with solos, they are not worth taking pains to execute with precision.

Much, however, is to be said in extenuation of the fault, when we recollect the undue licence which the singers take with respect to time, which renders the difficulty of accompanying them almost an impossibility. This practice of theatrical singers not only mars the expression of their songs, but much injures the effect of the music. We have a quarrel with our favourite Miss Paton, partly on this score, and partly for luxuriating (not to our taste) too much in cadenzas; she inserts them on every occasion, in every sort of melody, and this fritters away the sentiment of many of her songs.

The "Tempest," with Dryden's additions to Shakspeare's text, and an heterogeneous compound of ancient and modern styles in the music, consisting of Purcell, Rossini, Pucitta, &c., has been performed at Covent-garden Theatre. We may safely say, that a great deal of genius and invention are here thrown away; for Dryden's impurities and Rossini's common-places are the salvation of the piece, the only things to which any attention is given. The absurdity of engrafting new music upon old poetry we shall not attempt to show; there is, however, something satisfactory and unique in the utter contradiction and opposition of all the parts in this piece; a sort of pantomime going forward on the stage, with the characters speaking the finest poetry in the world,—Shakspeare's Miranda and Dryden's disgusting contrast—then Miranda singing an air by Meyer—and Dorinda favouring us with "Away with Melancholy,"—and a chorus of fiends by Purcell,—and a finale by Rossini. Miss H. Cawse (a pupil of Sir G. Smart's) performed the delicate Ariel, and sang her songs fluently and well in tune.

At Drury-lane Theatre, Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair have been displaying their vocal powers in the Siege of Belgrade, the Cabinet, and other musical pieces. Miss Stephens has acquired a great and merited reputation from her manner of singing Handel's songs, and old ballads; her taste remains as good as ever, but her voice (at one time one of the finest ever heard) is much altered in quality, we suppose the result of indisposition. As we have never heard better singing than this lady's, it would be ungrateful in us to manifest any impatience at a circumstance which is only to be regretted.

The Lent Oratorios take place at Covent-garden Theatre, under the direction of Sir George Smart; and at the Opera House, under that of Mr. Bochsa. One of these speculations must fail; there is not an audience capable of filling two theatres at a musical performance: those who remember the Concerts Spirituelles, introduced into this country last season by Signor Benelli, will, we should think, not manifest any very feverish anxiety to attend Mr. Bochsa's Oratorios.

As a part of the MSS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, in the University of Cambridge, has just appeared, consisting of compositions by Leo, Carissimi, Clari, Padre Martini, Buononcini, Durante, &c., edited by Mr. V. Novello, (to whom the musical world is much indebted for many masterly compositions and arrangements,) we lose no time in recommending those of our readers who love the sublime of church music to a perusal of them. The original score of these writings is printed on a handsome page, with an accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte added by Mr. Novello; a facility is thus afforded to those, who, like ourselves, wish to see as much as possible of the composer's design, and the organ part will assist the uninitiated in the art of score playing.

THE SIEGE OF THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,

IN THE YEARS 1821—22.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

MUCH has been said and written for and against the Greeks. Some have lavished extravagant praises upon them as the immediate and worthy descendants of Miltiades and Themistocles, whilst others, from the beginning of the war, have depreciated their character, blamed, decried, and condemned their conduct, either because they had taken a dislike to them from hearsay, or because, acting up to the spirit of the Holy Alliance, they hate every revolution, whatever may be its cause or object. The former laid themselves open to painful disappointments; they had forgotten that the slave is seldom better than the master—that the Greeks were little better than slaves, a long time before the Turks conquered Greece—that a long slavery will not improve the moral condition of a people—and that a revolution, after centuries of slavery, will rather show forth the sore parts of the body, than heal them. But if these were led astray by the enthusiasm of their minds, and the intemperance of their wishes, the others evinced an absence of feeling for the true interests of humanity. Whoever doubts the possibility of regeneration by good government and wise laws, utters blasphemy against human nature, or wishes the causes of degeneration to be perpetual.

Athens ranks first among the cities in Greece. Attica is one of its finest provinces; and the siege of the citadel of Athens may be considered as one of the great incidents of the Greek revolution, little known in its details, but intimately connected with the whole drama of the present war, and not devoid of interest, even after a considerable lapse of time, for those whose attention is not absorbed by the events of the day. The present narrative is drawn from the Journal of one who passed above a year in Greece, shortly after the beginning of the war; who had an adequate knowledge of the language to carry on a familiar intercourse with all classes, and was therefore enabled to collect information whenever it was wanted, from different quarters.

Those who planned the revolution of Greece could certainly not have chosen a better moment than when the Sultan was involved in a war with Ali Pacha. The first efforts of the Greeks would have been crushed, if the Ottoman Porte could have commanded the Albanese against them at the beginning. It is well known, that the insurrection of the Morea broke out at Calavrita, a little town nearly in its centre. It spread itself over the whole of the Peninsula, before the Turks of Athens could persuade themselves that the disturbance in the Morea was of a truly serious nature; they believed, and the belief was carefully instilled into them by the Greeks of Athens, that a numerous gang of robbers had started up, but that tranquillity would soon be restored. In a country like Turkey, and especially in this part of Turkey, such things do not strike the imagination as they would in a well-regulated state. The people of the mountains had always maintained themselves as independent robbers, and often had the Pachas been obliged to

march with a large body of troops to chastise their boldness; the modern walls of Athens had been built in former times against them, and the profession of a robber (*klephtis*) was altogether, in the eyes of the Greeks, a dignified one, being blended with a defence of faith, and a struggle for liberty, that had never died away entirely in Greece. The Turks of Athens had therefore no correct idea of the object and extent of the disturbances in the Morea; and the Turks of the Morea having retired into the several forts of Modon and Coron, Napoli di Romania, Monembasia, Patras, Corinth, and Tripolizza, the former could not get any other information than that which came from the Greeks.

The communication with Corinth had been cut off since the first days of April; (the insurrection in the Morea began on the 25th of March;) the Turks of Salona, after a short siege of a fortnight, were obliged to surrender, and were killed by the Greeks, those of Livadia met with the same fate, those of Thebes fled to Negropont, Tripolizza was blockaded, and the islands of Spezzia and Hydra, the latter not till after Captain Constantin had been murdered at Constantinople, had also raised the standard of insurrection.

The Athenians had already, by a letter dated the 31st March, and signed by three bishops, been summoned, in the name of the *Cross and Leonidas*, to take up arms to kill the Turks within their town, and to send troops for the defence of the Thermopylæ. The Turks, although the Greeks endeavoured, with artful dissimulation, to keep them in ignorance of the danger of their situation, thought it prudent to retire every evening into the castle, and to come down into the town only in the day-time; they carried provision and furniture up into the Acropolis, where a number of families had small houses; all the other Turks, who lived at Salamis, or on the isthmus, or in Attica itself, joined them, and their flocks were taken away by the Greeks, and their country-houses plundered and destroyed. The bazaar was closed, and all business stopped; and the Turks, after having been kept long under the delusion that all would soon be settled, perceived at last that they had been duped by the Greeks; but these being superior in number within the town of Athens, the Turks did not venture to make the first attack, and still less as the Greeks had retired within strong houses, four or five families together.

At the distance of nine miles, at the foot of the mountains north-east from Athens, is the village of Menidi, on the site of the ancient borough of Acharnes. There the flag of liberty was hoisted, first by the inhabitants of Cassia, another village, twelve miles from Athens, surrounded on all sides by mountains, in the vicinity of which the ruins of Phyle are to be seen, where Thrasybulus assembled his men against the thirty tyrants. The Turks, when they saw from the Acropolis the crowds of Rajahs encamping in the plain of Menidi, made no efforts whatever to dispel the rebels by a bold attack: which would not have been difficult, as few of the Greeks were properly armed; but they seized three primates, two priests, and other Greeks of distinction, twelve all together, and carried them up as hostages into the citadel.

The camp of Menidi, whose numbers had been increased by people

from all Attica, was broken up on the 7th of May, in order to make an attack upon the town of Athens.

Athens is defended by a wall, flanked with towers; but as the Greeks of Athens amounted to two-thirds of the population, the Turks gave up all idea of defending the town. The Greeks, after a few shots, escaladed the wall between the gate of Thebes and Marathon, with the cry: “Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, ἐλευθερία!!” The Greeks of Athens rushed out of their houses to join their brethren, and the Turks shut themselves up in the castle. On this day one Greek was killed, seven or eight wounded. The conduct of the Turks evidently betrayed pusillanimity and cowardice. But the Turks of Athens had a long time ago ceased to be warlike; the mildness of the climate, and a life spent in luxury and pleasure, without exertion or labour, had subdued and broken the original vigour of their character; they fed upon the produce of a country, in the conquest of which *their* blood had not been spilt. Women, and good fare, were all they cared about; and whenever the Sultan was involved in war, their contingent was made up with rajahs or the poorest rabble among themselves, whom the Pacha was obliged to send home again. The Turks of the Morea, especially those of Lala, who defend, up to this moment, Patras, were much more warlike than those of Attica. Such people, it was believed, would not hold out a long siege. Some eighty men, Albanese soldiers, the body-guard of the waiwode of Athens, were alone supposed to be capable of making a vigorous resistance.

All was merriment and joy the first day among the Greeks. The Turkish houses were ransacked and plundered, and the booty deposited in the churches, to be divided afterwards. The Turks fired a few cannon-shots upon the town, but did it no harm.

However, the Albanese did not remain long quiet within the castle. The next day, the 8th of May, they made a sally towards the heights of the Pnyx, but were repulsed, the Greeks being so much superior in number. A vessel from Hydra arrived a few days after in the Piræus, carrying ten guns, two of which were brought up to erect a battery on the Museum, which is the highest hill south-west of the Acropolis, with the monument of Philopappus upon it. The Greeks endeavoured to dislodge the Turks from the outer forts of the castle between the theatres of Bacchus and Herodes Atticus, but without success.

The 14th of May, forty or fifty people from the island of Zea arrived, well armed, as auxiliaries of the Greeks; and about the same time, a Turkish woman, that had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, was burnt by them as a witch.

The Turks on their side killed nine of the Greek hostages, but the remaining three were at last, through the influence of the *Cadi*, after having suffered repeatedly all the terrors and agonies of death, sent back into the town.

The Turks, from the beginning of the siege, hoped that Omer Bey of Caristo, the Seraskier of the Archipelagus, would come to their relief. The short distance of Caristo from the coast of Attica enabled him, who was well known as a courageous and active man, to make a sudden and powerful diversion in behalf of the Turks of Athens. The coast of Attica opposite Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, offers several points,

where a landing can be effected with little difficulty. The villages of the Greeks are seldom near the shore, where they would be more exposed to the pirates than at a few miles in the interior. The plain of Porto Mendra, (the ancient Thoricos,) or Porto Rapti, (the ancient Prasiæ,) or the celebrated fields of Marathon, all lay open to the enemy, who crosses the straits between Attica and Negropont, and from each of these points is a single day's journey to Athens. Egripo, on the situation of the ancient Chalcis, where the Turks of Thebes had taken refuge, is also a strong and populous place, and the Turks of Negropont in general are supposed to be brave soldiers. It was necessary, therefore, to inform the Turks of Negropont of the precarious and perilous situation of the citadel of Athens. The provisions had become, after a three months' siege, so scanty, that each individual received, as a daily allowance, only seventy-five drachms of corn, and an *occha* of brackish water, which they got from a single well; and even that might fail, (the season being now very advanced,) or might be taken by the Greeks, it being defended only by a miserable wall.

Whilst the Turks were threatened with the horrors of starvation, the Greeks began their harvest on the banks of Ilissus, and near the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, in sight of the Turks. But the Albanese immediately rushed out, drove off the Greeks by a furious attack, and some Arabian women they had taken with them gathered the corn; but before they could reach the citadel again the Greeks rallied, the Albanese were put to flight, little or nothing of the corn was carried to the fortress, and several women killed. It became high time to get succours from any part whatever. In the middle of the night, a dozen men well armed left the citadel, and, unobserved by the Greek posts, ran down over the fields to the sea. They entered a boat that was laying close by the shore, and killed the Greeks that were on board, in profound sleep; they got out of the Piræus, sailed round Cape Colonna, and reached Caristo, the Greeks being too late in pursuit of them. A short time after, the approach of Turkish troops forced the Greeks to raise the siege.

Choursit Pacha, who commanded the Turkish forces against Ali Pacha, detached five thousand men under the order of Omer Pacha (formerly in the service of Ali Pacha, but since he deserted him, appointed Pacha of the Aulona) and Mehmet Pacha, who had been appointed Pacha of the Morea. These forced the Thermopylæ, took and burnt Livadia, and arrived without resistance at Thebes. Thence Omer Pacha went with a small division into Negropont, to bring to obedience the rebels of that island; and having been joined by Omer Bey of Caristo, they marched against Athens with a detachment of one thousand four hundred men, well armed, the greater part mounted on horseback or mules. Omer Pacha left Oropus on the 30th of July, and arrived by a different road between Decelia and Marathon (called the Descent, *καρύφορος*) the same day at Menidi, eighty miles distant from Oropus. The Greeks heard of his arrival at midnight. Resistance was thought impossible, because few of them were, as yet, well armed, and the troops of the Pacha were all Albanese, or Geggides, and Dgiamis, and supported by the cavalry of the Delis. It was impos-

sible to defend the walls of Athens without a very numerous garrison, and at the risk of being harassed and attacked in the rear by the Turks of the castle. Some of the inhabitants of Athens had retired to Salamis, Ægina, Zea, or Syra, at the beginning of the revolution; others as soon as they heard that the two Pachas had forced the Thermopylæ; but if Omer Pacha had not lost his time in the island of Negropont, and had immediately marched from Thebes to Athens, the Athenians might have suffered greatly. Now, those that had remained at Athens had time to escape the same night the Pacha arrived at Menidi; the last gun-shots were fired from the battery on the Museum at daybreak, when the Turks appeared already from behind the Anchesmus on the road of Kephissia; at that moment all the Turks of the citadel appeared on the battlements, and filled the air with cries of joy, the high voice of the Imam was heard, offering up prayers above the rest, and the remainder of the Greeks hastened with their flags to the Piræus. Soon the cavalry of the Delis were seen galloping round the walls, and some pursuing the Greeks on the road to the harbour. Some of them were overtaken and killed. The besieged having opened the gates, murdered a few old men, women, or children, in the streets, that had been forgotten and left behind, set fire to several houses, forced the doors and plundered the churches. The houses of the French, Austrian, and Dutch Consuls were alone respected. The Dutch and Austrian Consuls had remained at their posts, the latter having kept thirty-four Turks in his house, who had fled there the day the town was taken by the Greeks of the camp of Menidi, and who had remained there unmolested, even after the Turks had killed the nine hostages. A Turk, who during the siege had deserted the castle, was killed within the precincts of the Austrian Consulate by an Albanese soldier.

In the middle of the day arrived the Pacha himself, and took his quarters in the house of the Austrian Consul: there he received the chiefs of the Turks of Athens, and there also the heads of the Greeks were brought, that had been killed, for every one of which he paid twenty-five piastres. Some neighbouring villages were plundered, and the churches destroyed every where, since the Greeks on their side had not spared the mosques. Even the church of the Catholics in the hospice of the Capuchins was burnt down, and the beautiful monument of Lysicrates (called the Lantern) damaged by the fire. This monument, only six feet in diameter, had a triangular apex for a tripod, and had been erected by the Choregus Lysicrates in commemoration of a musical prize gained in the theatre of Bacchus, and the frieze, in beautiful workmanship, represented the destruction of the Tyrrhenic pirates by Bacchus. It was built in the time of Alexander the Great, and contained the oldest specimen of the Corinthian order. The temple of Theseus, where several English travellers are buried, was plundered, and the graves opened by the wantonness or avarice of the Turks. In the month of May the lightning had struck this temple, and thrown down a part of the cornice of the north-east angle, and split its columns.

The Pacha soon after made several excursions to different parts of Attica; Eleusis, Cassia, and Menidi were burnt. Once, however, he had a narrow escape himself: an old Greek, who had concealed himself

behind some bushes, fired at the Pacha, and rushed forth desperately to strangle him with his hands, his musquet having flashed in the pan, but the Pacha killed him with a pistol-shot. Omer Bey, of Caristo, remained only a fortnight at Athens, and Omer Pacha left it on the 10th of October. On the borders of Attica he was rejoined by Mehmet Pacha; the Albanese who had defended the citadel during the first siege, went off with him, so that the Turks of Athens were compelled to shift for themselves. The Pacha had even extorted from them the sum of twenty thousand piastres, for having forced the Greeks to raise the first siege. But during the time the Pacha was at Athens, they had collected provisions in abundance from all the villages in Attica; and had they cleaned the cisterns in the Acropolis, and filled them with water, (they being of considerable depth, and of ancient construction,) they would have avoided the dreadful fate which befell them afterwards. But, as they never imagined that the Greeks would drive them from the exterior forts of the castle, whence they had been supplied with water during the first siege, they had scarcely filled half the cisterns of the citadel. The Greeks remained till the 1st (13th, O.S.) of November, at Salamis and Ægina, or came over in small numbers to plunder sheep. Some were taken by the Turks, and impaled.

In the Morea, Tripolizza had fallen into the hands of the Greeks on the 5th of October. That event raised again the spirit of the Athenians. They knew that Omer Pacha had gone back to Albania, that Captain Odysseus had retaken Thebes, and surprised, one dark night, the Turkish garrison of Livadia, and destroyed the castle there. Being safe from that quarter, they thought of driving the Turks once more into the castle, and after a brisk action at Calandri, where the Turks were completely routed, the town of Athens was again taken possession of by the Greeks. The citadel itself was very near being taken by a stratagem. The Greeks had entered Athens during the night, in the greatest silence, and expected the Turks in the morning to come down into the town according to custom. At that moment a body of Greeks was to have rushed through the open gates of the citadel, and taken possession of the fort, before the Turks could return from the town; but some dogs which the Greeks had brought with them into the town, betrayed this plan by their barking, and in the morning the Turks were seen, instead of opening the gates, to run to the battlements and cover them with stones, as if they expected an assault. Then the Greeks, disappointed, appeared in the streets, and made, forthwith, preparations for attack. In the night of the 25th of December, one hundred and fifty men got up the wall of the first battery, between the theatre of Herodes Atticus and the Iron Gate, killed a dozen Turks on the first battery, and forced the others to save themselves within the citadel. Some Turks had not even time for that, but concealed themselves behind some rocks at the foot of the southern wall, where the Greeks could not follow them, on account of the musquetry of those from the battlements. The besieged got them safely up by ropes, and a kind of hammock, in which they wrapt themselves up with cushions. The greatest loss which the Turks sustained, was the cistern outside the walls, by which they were reduced to the water in the citadel. A short time after, the Greeks hoped

to find their way into the castle by means of a subterraneous passage, the entrance of which is seen on the north side of the Acropolis ; but on having entered it in the night, they found the passage obstructed by parts of the vault which had given way ; all, however, succeeded in escaping out of it again before daybreak, one excepted, who was killed in the attempt to run over the open space between the rocks of the fortress and the walls of the town. Great events had taken place in the mean time in the Morea. Deputies from all parts of Greece had met at Argos, to establish a provisional government, and to put an end to the anarchy which had hitherto greatly paralysed the efforts of the Greeks. A draught of a constitution, chiefly the work of Mavrocordato, was laid before the assembly, and adopted at length, after a long play of intrigues. The party which Ipsilanti had formed since his arrival in the Morea, was entirely defeated by the superior skill of Mavrocordato and his friends, and Mavrocordato himself was elected President of the Executive. Shortly after, the Turkish garrison of Corinth was, for want of provisions, obliged to surrender, and were nearly all slain, contrary to the capitulation. One of the Turks taken at Corinth, was brought to Athens, to confirm the news of the fall of Corinth to the Turks there ; he spoke to them from below the walls, but they declared that they believed him to be a deserter, and left him with dreadful imprecations.

The Greeks of Athens soon after brought some mortars and shells from Corinth, and a French colonel came over to bombard the citadel. About the same time Ipsilanti had left Corinth, where the government had taken its residence, and arrived at Athens by the way of Megara and Eleusis. He entered Athens accompanied by a few followers, and was received with all the attention he deserved for his disinterested patriotism, and the undaunted valour he had shown on all occasions. He summoned the Turks to capitulate, but they would not listen to any proposals, and he soon after left Athens to join the Greek troops near the Thermopylæ, that were collected there for the purpose of attacking Zeitouni, a Turkish town at the entrance of Thessaly.

I arrived at Athens in the month of March, a few days before the bombardment began. The preceding part of the narration is therefore drawn from information carefully collected at Athens, while the following part of it is entirely taken from my own Journal.

I had arrived in the night in the Piræus, and rose with daybreak to go up to Athens. The sun was just rising behind the mountain Pentelicus, and threw a glowing light on the highest edifices of the Acropolis. The rays that were glancing on the Parthenon were seen dying away on the summits of the dark and frowning hills of the Morea. Now I felt treading upon holy ground ; and as if the gigantic spirit of antiquity were hovering over me, I paid, with idolatrous joy, dutiful homage to the immortal goddess, whose temple I saw re-emerging from darkness, and I hailed the omen that was thus presented to me. Walking up along the road where remainders of the high walls are seen, built after the battle of Salamis, and partly destroyed by Lysander, in rapturous recollection of past ages, past magnificence, and past glory, I entered, after having left behind me a little olive-wood, the plain close by Athens. The whole amphitheatre encompassed by the Parnes, the Pentelicus,

and the Hymettus, had by this time from darkness come forth in the charming beauty of the day, and after a few moments the town of Athens itself was expanded before my eyes.

But is this the gate of Dipylum? this the holy road, where the procession went along to Eleusis? Where are, Athens, thy temples, thy gods? Where are the heroes to go forth with Miltiades to Marathon, to fight with Themistocles at Salamis? where the statesmen to sit with Pericles in council? where the philosophers to walk with Plato in the Academy?

Full of these ideas I proceeded to the bazaar, through dirty, narrow streets, jammed in by small, miserable houses, built mostly of clay or of wood; and passing along, I saw the people sitting in the shops or along the benches before the numerous coffee-houses, smoking their pipes, with pistols in their belts, and glancing from time to time up to the Acropolis, where the Turkish flag was waving on the walls. Heaps of ruins were seen in every part of the town; whole streets forsaken and abandoned, especially all those adjoining the Acropolis. From time to time a musket-shot was heard either from the citadel or in the town. Some captains with silver inlaid pistols, a shaggy capote, breast and neck open and sunburnt, paraded through the streets, followed by a dozen soldiers.

I hastened to recover from the gloomy impressions which the sight of so much desolation on the loveliest spot in the world had left in my mind, by a pilgrimage to the magnificent remnants of antiquity with which this city abounds. Here rises the chaste, but still sublime architecture of the temple of Theseus; there the lofty and luxurious pillars of the temple of the Olympic Jupiter; and no paltry houses are standing near to displease the eye and to diminish the effect. These remains are now seen on the opposite sides of Athens, quite lonely and deserted, in solitary magnificence, as if the modern town of Athens had felt its degeneracy, and had kept at a distance from these holy buildings in due reverence. And yet every quarter of the town has its sacred inheritance from the ancient time; every street contains something to awaken great recollections; the walls of the houses enclose fragments of columns, stones with inscriptions; and ascending the staircase in some of the more respectable houses, you tread upon Pentelic marble, that once decorated a temple or some other monument. But it not being the object of this narration to enter upon any subject that might satisfy the antiquarian, we proceed therefore with the account of the siege.

The bombardment began on the 22d of March. The mortars had been placed on the Pnyx, where anciently the assemblies of the people of Athens had been held; how singular, that there the thunder should roll forth again against the foes of Greece! The Turks, who had seen the preparation, put their women and children in the casemates; but the men were seen sitting on the walls, smoking their pipes, or walking about the Propylæum, easy, seemingly, and unconcerned. The second shell having exploded in the citadel, the Greeks raised a great cry, and at that very moment a Turk appeared between the pillars of the Propylæum, stretching out, in a solemn attitude, the five fingers of each hand; it seemed to me I heard him cry—Πεντε κακούς χρόνους νὰ ἔχης.

The bombardment lasted for several weeks, did no harm, either to

the Turks or to the citadel, where it might have done considerable injury to the beautiful remains of antiquity which the Acropolis contains.

I shall only notice one singular circumstance. The Turks met every evening at a certain hour for their prayers in the Mosque, which they had erected in the middle of the ruins of the Parthenon: the whole people was heard at times answering the Imam; it is impossible to describe the sublime effect which the deep echoing sound made on those who heard it below in the town. Now just this moment was chosen, to throw shells into the citadel, in order to multiply death and destruction. A less pious multitude would have changed the hour of devotion, or made their prayers silently; but they met in spite of shells, just as before, to say their prayers to *their* God.

Seeing no probability of a speedy surrender of the citadel, as the bombardment had passed without effect, I left Athens to make some excursions in Attica; my first was to Marathon. There is still a poor village extant with that name; I visited the barrow of the Athenians, where they buried their slain in battle. It struck me forcibly that there can be no better monument on a field of battle than such a one. Every structure of iron or marble may be destroyed by time or avarice, but a lofty hill, in a wide plain, thrown up for a tomb of the dead, sets oblivion at defiance. And who does not prefer the sublime simplicity of such a monument to the laborious but perishable works of man? I met with great hospitality from the monks at Diana; (where once *Diana Brauronia* was worshipped;) they were surprised at my speaking Greek so fluently. Few remains of the villa of Herodes Atticus are seen there. Shortly afterwards I went to Thebes by the road of Cassia, near which I saw the ruins of Phylæ. Ascending the hill, upon which Phylæ is built, I enjoyed the most surprising and magnificent view I ever met with in all my travels. I suppose that you have left the plain of Athens, and have entered the wild but romantic vallies that lead to Cassia, twelve miles from Athens. Thence you ascend Mount Parnes, on the road to Bœotia. After two or three miles' walk you turn round, and as if by enchantment you see again the Acropolis of Athens with the Parthenon on the loftiest point of it; and to your left the Pentelicus and the Hymettus, which enclose your view on that side—the Hymettus streaming to the South of Athens towards Cape Sunium; to your right you behold the Saronic Gulf, and the range of hills along the coast of the Morea. The effect of this view is most truly sublime. I found Thebes in ruins, gloomy like a desert, as if the anger of the gods were still pursuing the house of Labdacus. There are scarcely any vestiges of antiquity, except a few columns, some inscriptions, and an ancient tower, (at least, the lower part of it,) supposed to be one of the Seven Towers so famous in early history. At Thebes I took leave of a Danish gentleman, the companion of my excursions, a young man of a noble mind, full of zeal for the cause of the Greeks, whom he went to join before Zeitouni, where he was killed in the first engagement:

Κουρά οἱ χθών

ἐπάνω πέσειε.

From Thebes I went to Plataea, now Kokla, where still surprising walls are seen, astonishing specimens of the fortifications of those

times; thence to Erinno Castro, (anciently Thespiæ;) and after a short visit to Thisbe, I crossed the Gulf of Corinth; and having passed a few days at Corinth, I returned to Athens by the way of Megara, and thence by water between Salamis and Eleusis, through the very straits where the fleet of Xerxes was defeated.

At my return, I was informed that the Greeks intended to make an assault; the signal for which was to be the explosion of a mine. Ladders were prepared, and people flocked from the country to take a part in the assault. The evening before, the Bishop of Athens offered up a prayer in presence of all the people; promised to the faithful absolution for their sins; and pointed to Heaven, where, as in the time of Constantine, the clouds were shaped in the form of a cross, which, by the aid of a pious imagination, was taken as a good omen. The mine was sprung on the 29th of April, an hour before daybreak: it did considerable damage, and several Turks were killed by it; but in a moment the whole garrison was on the alert; basketsfull of stones were thrown down on the assailants, and a murderous fire kept up for some minutes, when, it being found out that the ladders were too short, the Greeks gave up the attempt, and returned with a loss of from forty to fifty men into the town. The few Germans and Swiss that happened to be at Athens at the time, were all present at the assault; one of whom was killed, and two others wounded. After this unsuccessful attack, the Greeks began immediately to dig a new mine, by which it was intended to blow up the Venetian tower to the right of the Propylæum, flanking the last gate of the citadel. It was of paramount importance to force the Turks to surrender before the threatened invasion of Choursit Pacha (who was collecting a considerable body of troops in Thessaly) might force the Thermopylæ. A Turkish lad, who had succeeded in making his escape from the Acropolis, brought information to the Greeks that the Turks suffered greatly by disease and want of water, the season being extremely dry, and their cisterns being nearly exhausted, or containing unwholesome water. This statement was corroborated by two Turkish women, who shortly afterwards, in open day, by means of ropes fastened to the walls, ventured to slide down along the rocks, and, protected by projecting stones, waited until the twilight of the evening allowed them to pass the open ground between the fortress and the town. They even affirmed, that water had become so scarce, that within a few weeks the Turks would be obliged to surrender; they further said, that, during the most oppressive heat of the day, scarcely a man remained behind the loopholes; that they all retired to sleep, and that the women alone were on the look-out, but that the men were at their posts during the night.

It was considered by the Greeks as a very providential circumstance, that the dry weather continued throughout the whole season, without a single rainy day. The clouds were seen sometimes gathering over the Acropolis, but of their blessing a few drops only fell occasionally on the Acropolis, and then the Turks were observed scrambling up the walls of the Parthenon, to catch, with sponges, the little humidity that was to be found on the marbles. One day, a Turkish woman was seen with a jug in her hand near the temple of Erectheus, so as to be recognized by one of her friends in the town, and turning it thrice upside

down, as a sign that they were in need of water. Under these circumstances, the Turks gave a proof of their kindness towards animals, that might be triumphantly quoted by the member for Galway. A great number of donkeys had been carried up to the Acropolis by them, and they kept them, although they did not want them, until the extreme scarcity of water forbade them to keep them any longer. But rather than kill them, they contrived, by means of ropes, to let them down in the night from the citadel; and the Greeks divided the booty that had been delivered over to them.

From day to day the distress in the Acropolis increased, and despair began to creep into the boldest heart. The lower and poorer class of the Turks wished to capitulate; but the grandees rejected, with proud perseverance, to the last, every suggestion of surrender. They assured the people, at one time, that Choursit Pacha was approaching to their relief; at another time, that the Capudan Pacha had put to sea with his fleet, to come to their assistance; some proposed to kill all their women, and to make a sally into the town, and thus to sell their lives dearly. But one thing remained yet to be tried. A large sum of money was offered to any one that would attempt to make his way through the Greeks, in order to inform Choursit Pacha of the dreadful situation of the Turks of Athens. Two offered themselves for this hazardous enterprise; they got as far as Cassia, but there they were arrested. One of them was immediately killed, his head sent to Athens, and shown upon a pole to the Turks; the other was brought back to assure them, verbally, that their last hope had failed. Not a moment was to be lost, for it had been ascertained that the cisterns had only water for three days longer. They asked for a suspension of hostilities; it was granted. Two of their chiefs came from the citadel, for the purpose of treating with the Greeks—Mehmet Aga, and Hassan Aga; the first well known to the Greeks for his probity and manly courage; the other considered as a very able negotiator. They declared to the Greek magistrates, that the Turks were grown weary of this bloody warfare, and although they were enabled to hold out at least a month longer, (there being plenty of provisions in the citadel, and water enough for that time,) still they felt disposed to put an end to this war, which they had not begun, which, in the midst of tranquillity and peace, had come unawares upon them, and the cause and origin of which they had always been at a loss to find out. Have we not lived (continued Hassan Aga) for centuries together in friendship and peace? Why, then, this sudden rebellion, this dreadful, sanguinary war? If you have suffered wrongs, why did you not complain? have we never given redress? We have heard that you have taken up arms for your faith. Who molested you for it? have we ever forced you to embrace ours, and was it not in our power for centuries to have done it? Have we not all one God, and are we not all his children? Is it for his glory that you have murdered so many of us, that our houses are burnt, and that you take the fruit of our trees? We have conquered this country, it is true, but not from you, from the Franks: and were they better masters than we? You have had some success; but have you heard that Turkey has perished? Let us make a fair agreement. These words flowed from the lips of the venerable-looking old man with much dignity and animation.

The day before the Turks were to be embarked, letters were brought to Athens from Livadia, that Choursit Pacha had passed the Thermopylæ with thirty thousand men, and that he swept every thing before him. Now, shrieks of despair were heard in the streets of Athens. To the Turks themselves this news was truly dreadful; for, disarmed as they were, what could they do, if popular fury broke out against them? It is impossible to describe the confusion and despair that prevailed at Athens, on the morning that this news arrived. Great numbers left the town immediately, and fled on the road to the Piræus. The magistrates did not seem to make any efforts to tranquillize the people—the panic had become general. Only the captains and soldiers were seen in the streets, with their fierce countenances that foretold some dreadful deed. At two o'clock in the afternoon I heard the discharge of some pistols, and a wild uproar in the streets; I ran out towards the bazaar, and on the way to it, I met some soldiers carrying away a few Turkish women, whose deadly pale countenances betrayed the agonizing state of their mind. Shortly afterwards I saw some Turks weltering in their blood in the middle of the street.

The gates of the Konaki, where between three and four hundred Turks had been quartered, were shut; a Greek soldier, whom I knew, allowed me to enter. Having gone into the court-yard, a large and spacious square, I met with the most appalling and dreadful sight; numbers of dead bodies were spread about, all stripped, with gashing wounds, and from the different apartments, every moment fresh sacrifices were brought out to receive the deadly stroke. One Turkish woman, with a wound in her neck, half stripped, had escaped from one of the rooms, where the work of slaughter was going on; but as she was getting down the staircase, to fly through the court-yard, the dead bodies with which it was strewed over, presented themselves to her view, and there she stood a few moments, with her child in her arms, unperceived by the Greeks, her eyes rolling in despair, her hair dishevelled, and her countenance bespeaking horror and agony, till some ruffian got up stairs, dragged her down, and having torn the child from her arms, dashed it on the ground. When she saw her infant weltering in blood, her eye flashed with horror and indignation for one moment, and in the next she fell dead over her child. In less than two hours, about six hundred Turks were killed. Amongst them was the Turkish servant of the Princess of Wales whilst at Athens. In the evening the magistrates appeared on the bazaar, and read a letter to the crowd that had gathered there; according to which Choursit Pacha, although he had passed the Thermopylæ, was yet some distance from Livadia. The soldiers shouted, and began to dance the romaika in the middle of the bazaar, with pistols in their belts, and the bloody swords in their scabbards. Wild songs resounded in various parts of the town, and a horrid merriment succeeded the terrors of the day.

Some Turks had in the confusion made their escape into the houses of the French, Austrian, and Dutch Consuls; others were rescued for money the following days, and carried safely by a French brig to Smyrna.

To relieve my mind from the horrors I had witnessed, I left Athens for the Archipelagus, and after a short excursion to the islands, I arrived again in the Piræus, at the moment when all the Athenians,

and those requisite for change, two kettles, with their covers, two plates with their covers.

4. Of gold, silver, and jewels, including cash, and all kind of ornaments (valuables) that belonged originally to the Turks, those excepted which they took from the Christians, they shall receive half.

5. As many Turks, as of their own accord, wish to remain at Athens, shall be allowed to live there freely. Those who wish to go to Asia, shall be embarked by the Government in European vessels, and every family shall receive as much biscuit and cheese as is necessary for the voyage, and the passage shall be paid by the Government.

This Agreement between the two parties is to remain unaltered, and to be kept faithfully. A copy to be given to the Turks, sealed with the Seal of the State, and signed as follows.

The 22d of June was fixed for the surrender of the fortress. An immense number of country-people thronged, the evening before, into the streets of Athens; and early at daybreak all the avenues to the Acropolis were beset by the crowd, to witness the glorious event. The sun rose over the mountains of Attica in magnificent splendour; it was a day suited to the transports of liberty. At eight o'clock the gates of the citadel opened, and the Disdar with Mehmet Aga appeared, to deliver the arms into the hands of the Greek magistrates, who remained outside the gate. After this was done, the Greek magistrates and captains entered the Acropolis under immense shouting from the people. The Turkish flag was taken down from the wall, and Captain Panagi, the chief commander at Athens, gave the first signal, by a gun, that the Acropolis was in the hands of the Greeks. But a most dreadful accident threw a gloom over the transports of the day. Captain Panagi, when about to discharge the second gun, (in consequence of some neglect or oversight, the gun going off on a sudden,) was thrown over the walls, and dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The Turks, after having got what belonged to them, according to the capitulation, were brought down from the Acropolis, and lodged in different houses, but the greater number occupied the Konaki, or the house of the waiwode. Of about two thousand individuals, only one thousand one hundred and forty had survived the siege, and half of these were almost in a dying state; the want of water, and the unwholesomeness of that which they had got from their cisterns, having brought diseases upon them.

As the Greeks had pledged themselves to send the Turks in European vessels to Asia, the foreign Consuls, and particularly the French Consul, Fauvel, expressed a wish, that this might be done forthwith; as he apprehended that the Turks were not out of danger from the fury of the populace. The Greek magistrates gave evasive answers, and a few days after the Consuls heard that a direct breach of the capitulation had already taken place, the Greeks having taken in the night seven Turks of distinction up into the fortress, and killed them there. The magistrates of Athens pretended that this had been done by the captains without their knowledge, and that they were very sorry for it. It was represented to them that their honour was at stake if they did not hasten the embarkation of the Turks; and Fauvel offered to give one thousand francs towards the expenses of the transport, if a contract was immediately entered into with some of the vessels that were lying in the Piræus. This was done at last; but, alas! too late.

Aga, with her daughter, two sisters of Mehmet Aga, the wife of the waiwode, with two Circassian slaves, the wife of the disdar, or the Turkish governor of the castle, and the cadi and his wife. Born at Athens, they all spoke Greek fluently, as well as Turkish, and some knew the Arabic language. Every one had her own tale of horrors to tell; there was scarcely one that had not to bewail the loss of a brother or sister; their husbands had been slain either on the day of the general massacre, or before, in the course of war. Some knew not whose slaves their children were; others asked in vain, where the aged mother had been dragged. Most of them behaved with that dignity which becomes deep and silent grief; sometimes, to cheer themselves up, they would gather together in a room; but who could stem the current of conversation, and turn it from the most doleful recollections? Tears would begin to sparkle in their eyes, and clouds of sorrow darken their countenance. A Turkish song had been composed, whilst they were besieged in the Acropolis, relating the events of the war; and their own sufferings; sometimes, when collected together, they would sing it, as if the heart felt alleviated by throwing the charms of music over dreadful remembrances. The song done, every one present would burst into tears, and give themselves up to all the extravagance of grief. On other days they assembled and sang by heart devotional passages of the Koran. Some of them were bright specimens of Oriental beauty, and endowed with great vivacity of imagination; their conversation betrayed a shrewdness of spirit and depth of feeling, it was such a flow of easy, natural eloquence, as may hardly be met with among the fashionable ladies of Europe. Many evenings I heard them tell fairy tales, similar to those of the Arabian Nights; not a breath was heard, and they would listen for hours with the deepest attention. Although their singing is at first disagreeable to one whose ear is used to European music, yet it cannot be denied, that some of their tunes are beautiful, and expressive of great feeling. Their dancing was particularly graceful and dignified. When it was explained to them with what regard the ladies were treated in Europe, how universal deference was paid to them, and what a conspicuous element of society they constituted, they expressed an astonishment, as if our practice were a subversion of nature; and with self-denying resignation, they chose to live in the Harem, in indolence and obedience; and never spoke of their husbands by any other name than that of *αὐθέντης*, or my lord. They seemed to prefer the large silk cloaks which conceal the shape of the body, and to cover the face with a drapery with eye-holes in it, to the elegant appearance of our women in public. And still they were very fond of dress, and not deficient in taste, although unacquainted with any *Journal des Modes*; just as their mind seemed to have treasured up many romantic notions without the aid of novels. I have remarked, that Oriental people are superior to us in the knowledge of man; theirs is the produce of conversation, intercourse, experience, and acute observation, and therefore drawn from real life, whilst we get our notions chiefly from books. It is well known that the Turks have shown, in all diplomatic transactions, such calmness, perseverance, and judgment, as have often baffled all the skill of European Ambassadors.

DIARY OF "A CONSTANT READER,"

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

Jan. 1st.—Instances of the ruling passion strong in death are abundant. Stories of Rabelais' sportiveness and wit to the last are familiar to every one; such as his dressing himself in a domino a short time before he died, and sitting in it by his bed-side, in order that when asked why he committed so ill-timed an extravagance, he might reply: "Beati qui in *Domino* moriuntur." An anecdote of Malherbe, who was critical to a furious degree, is, perhaps, not so well known as those of Rabelais. An hour before his death, (says Bayle,) after he had been two hours in an agony, he awakened on a sudden to reprove his landlady, who waited upon him, for using a word that was not good French; and when his Confessor reprimanded him for it, he told him he could not help it, and that he would defend the purity of the French tongue until death. When his Confessor painted the joys of Paradise with no extraordinary eloquence, and asked him whether he did not feel a vehement desire to enjoy such bliss, Malherbe, who had been more attentive to the holy man's manner than to his matter, captiously replied: "Speak no more of it; your bad style disgusts me." He was critical to his last gasp. Poor Sheridan, like Rabelais, in the midst of all his miseries, preserved his pleasantry, and his perception of the ridiculous, almost as long as life lasted. When lying on his death-bed, Mr. R. W. the solicitor, a gentleman who has been much favoured in wills, waited on him; after the general legatee had left the room, another friend came in, to whom Sheridan said: "My friends have been very kind in calling upon me, and offering their services in their respective ways; Dick W. has just been here with his *will-making face*."

— The John Bull has taken to puffing a Mr. Decimus Burton with extraordinary fervour. It is never weary of talking of Mr. Decimus Burton's *elegant* lodges in Hyde Park, which it declares, in the regular advertising tongue, have given "to *that popular place of resort* the air of a royal domain, which it never had before." Who could have thought that so much was to be done for a fine Park by three nice little white boxes, with very large pillars! The John Bull promises to rejoice when this talented young architect, Mr. Decimus Burton, does a little something at the top of Grosvenor Place. This egregious puff concludes thus: "We have no doubt of the good effect of Mr. Burton's design when completed." The writer had forgotten that he had described the effect as already produced—"the air of a royal domain, &c."

2nd.—Mathews has thought it worth his while to reply to an attack on him by an American in a Magazine. The *native* charged Mathews with having brought together all the peculiarities of all descriptions of Americans in his Jonathan, and urged that an American might as justly mix Scotch, Irish, Yorkshire, &c. together, and produce the jumble as a sample of an Englishman. Mathews alledges that he is not answerable for any of the solecisms in "Jonathan in England," and confines himself to the defence of his representation of Americans and their manners in his At Home. The truth is, that his At Home

times; thence to Erinno Castro, (anciently Thespiæ;) and after a short visit to Thisbe, I crossed the Gulf of Corinth; and having passed a few days at Corinth, I returned to Athens by the way of Megara, and thence by water between Salamis and Eleusis, through the very straits where the fleet of Xerxes was defeated.

At my return, I was informed that the Greeks intended to make an assault; the signal for which was to be the explosion of a mine. Ladders were prepared, and people flocked from the country to take a part in the assault. The evening before, the Bishop of Athens offered up a prayer in presence of all the people; promised to the faithful absolution for their sins; and pointed to Heaven, where, as in the time of Constantine, the clouds were shaped in the form of a cross, which, by the aid of a pious imagination, was taken as a good omen. The mine was sprung on the 29th of April, an hour before daybreak: it did considerable damage, and several Turks were killed by it; but in a moment the whole garrison was on the alert; basketsfull of stones were thrown down on the assailants, and a murderous fire kept up for some minutes, when, it being found out that the ladders were too short, the Greeks gave up the attempt, and returned with a loss of from forty to fifty men into the town. The few Germans and Swiss that happened to be at Athens at the time, were all present at the assault; one of whom was killed, and two others wounded. After this unsuccessful attack, the Greeks began immediately to dig a new mine, by which it was intended to blow up the Venetian tower to the right of the Propylæum, flanking the last gate of the citadel. It was of paramount importance to force the Turks to surrender before the threatened invasion of Choursit Pacha (who was collecting a considerable body of troops in Thessaly) might force the Thermopylæ. A Turkish lad, who had succeeded in making his escape from the Acropolis, brought information to the Greeks that the Turks suffered greatly by disease and want of water, the season being extremely dry, and their cisterns being nearly exhausted, or containing unwholesome water. This statement was corroborated by two Turkish women, who shortly afterwards, in open day, by means of ropes fastened to the walls, ventured to slide down along the rocks, and, protected by projecting stones, waited until the twilight of the evening allowed them to pass the open ground between the fortress and the town. They even affirmed, that water had become so scarce, that within a few weeks the Turks would be obliged to surrender; they further said, that, during the most oppressive heat of the day, scarcely a man remained behind the loopholes; that they all retired to sleep, and that the women alone were on the look-out, but that the men were at their posts during the night.

It was considered by the Greeks as a very providential circumstance, that the dry weather continued throughout the whole season, without a single rainy day. The clouds were seen sometimes gathering over the Acropolis, but of their blessing a few drops only fell occasionally on the Acropolis, and then the Turks were observed scrambling up the walls of the Parthenon, to catch, with sponges, the little humidity that was to be found on the marbles. One day, a Turkish woman was seen with a jug in her hand near the temple of Erectheus, so as to be recognized by one of her friends in the town, and turning it thrice upside

down, as a sign that they were in need of water. Under these circumstances, the Turks gave a proof of their kindness towards animals, that might be triumphantly quoted by the member for Galway. A great number of donkeys had been carried up to the Acropolis by them, and they kept them, although they did not want them, until the extreme scarcity of water forbade them to keep them any longer. But rather than kill them, they contrived, by means of ropes, to let them down in the night from the citadel; and the Greeks divided the booty that had been delivered over to them.

From day to day the distress in the Acropolis increased, and despair began to creep into the boldest heart. The lower and poorer class of the Turks wished to capitulate; but the grandees rejected, with proud perseverance, to the last, every suggestion of surrender. They assured the people, at one time, that Choursit Pacha was approaching to their relief; at another time, that the Capudan Pacha had put to sea with his fleet, to come to their assistance; some proposed to kill all their women, and to make a sally into the town, and thus to sell their lives dearly. But one thing remained yet to be tried. A large sum of money was offered to any one that would attempt to make his way through the Greeks, in order to inform Choursit Pacha of the dreadful situation of the Turks of Athens. Two offered themselves for this hazardous enterprise; they got as far as Cassia, but there they were arrested. One of them was immediately killed, his head sent to Athens, and shown upon a pole to the Turks; the other was brought back to assure them, verbally, that their last hope had failed. Not a moment was to be lost, for it had been ascertained that the cisterns had only water for three days longer. They asked for a suspension of hostilities; it was granted. Two of their chiefs came from the citadel, for the purpose of treating with the Greeks—Mehmet Aga, and Hassan Aga; the first well known to the Greeks for his probity and manly courage; the other considered as a very able negotiator. They declared to the Greek magistrates, that the Turks were grown weary of this bloody warfare, and although they were enabled to hold out at least a month longer, (there being plenty of provisions in the citadel, and water enough for that time,) still they felt disposed to put an end to this war, which they had not begun, which, in the midst of tranquillity and peace, had come unawares upon them, and the cause and origin of which they had always been at a loss to find out. Have we not lived (continued Hassan Aga) for centuries together in friendship and peace? Why, then, this sudden rebellion, this dreadful, sanguinary war? If you have suffered wrongs, why did you not complain? have we never given redress? We have heard that you have taken up arms for your faith. Who molested you for it? have we ever forced you to embrace ours, and was it not in our power for centuries to have done it? Have we not all one God, and are we not all his children? Is it for his glory that you have murdered so many of us, that our houses are burnt, and that you take the fruit of our trees? We have conquered this country, it is true, but not from you, from the Franks: and were they better masters than we? You have had some success; but have you heard that Turkey has perished? Let us make a fair agreement. These words flowed from the lips of the venerable-looking old man with much dignity and animation.

was rendered rather mawkish, by the liberality with which he sweetened it. The chief absurdity in the entertainment, indeed, was to hear Mr. Mathews holding forth in the lofty character of peace-maker between the two nations, and lecturing us on the propriety of loving our big little brother on t'other side the Atlantic. The "Jonathan in England," on the other hand, in which he disclaims any part, excepting his part on the stage, was a piquante thing, a peppery morsel, a grilled and deviled Yankee. Nothing could be better in the way of a farce. That it was like the truth nobody suspected, but that it was irresistibly laughable every one confessed. I don't know that I have ever seen comic acting superior to that of Mathews in this piece. His working himself up into a rage for the honour of his country, when no affront was offered to it; and his look of astonishment on seeing that a letter had dwindled to half its size in the course of a night, (owing, as an Irishman would say, to its having been changed,) were masterpieces of the comic art.

4th.—There is no tyrant like a mob. Mobs are mighty in theatres, and grievous is the slavery of little managers, who must submit to their dictation. The mob of Manchester took it into their heads that the manager of the theatre should not be permitted to dismiss a Mrs. M'Gibbon, who had found favour in their sight; accordingly, like free-born Englishmen, they kicked up a number of rows, to compel the manager to engage such performers as they pleased to prescribe. On Wednesday last, they mustered at the theatre, displaying placards appropriate at once to the importance of the occasion and to the nature of their proceedings: "*Britons detest Tyrants*," &c. After this magnificent sentiment, we descend to, "Lewis is in the house."—"The Manager ought to be fined 100*l.* for not suffering Mrs. M'Gibbon to play her character this evening." "What ruined Macready? discharged favourites."—"Six hundred frequenters of this theatre will not be seen here after the 2nd of January."—"Manchester will have Mrs. M'Gibbon." In the end, the manager gave in, and Manchester had Mrs. M'Gibbon. With all his faults, E—— had the one virtue of knowing how to despise a public. Of all monsters your public is at once the most ferocious and the tamest, the most insolent and the meanest. Give it head and it is a raging and a rearing lion; but ride it with a tight curb, and it is a docile and a sorry jade, with which you may do any thing. E. knew this well, and when the public ventured to complain, which he frequently provoked it to do, he used just to come forward, and say something saucy to it, and to give it a good kicking; which the docile animal received, not only with patience, but like a Russian wife, with rapture. No matter how indignant they had been before, the moment E. offered an insult to the audience, bravo! bravo! resounded from every part of the house, and the clapping of hands attested the public taste for an impertinence, even at its own expence. An impertinence is on these occasions dignified with the name of *spirit*.

I recollect having been present at the representation of a very bad comedy, which was very properly hissed. E. came on at last, and, assuming the rebukeful air of a dissatisfied schoolmaster, took the public to task for its hasty sentence, observing, that "it was a difficult thing to write a comedy, but it was a more difficult thing to

judge of one." This threw John Bull into raptures. It was so manly—so spirited! When E. had the Olympic, a piece called "Rochester" had a great run. An actor of the name, I think, of Carl, had a part in it. The story goes that Carl, one day, received his congé, and the Briton, who frequented the Olympic, like those of Manchester, detesting tyranny, resolved to compel the manager to retain in his service such performers as they liked; accordingly, they made a row, and drowned the voices of the performers on the stage, by cries of Carl, Carl, Carl! After a time, E. came on with an air of deep solemnity, and asked the audience what they desired? Carl, Carl, Carl, was the reply. Observing one man in the pit particularly boisterous, E. fixed his eye upon him, and addressed himself directly to him: "Is it your desire, Sir, that Mr. Carl should appear before you to night?" "It is, it is," was the reply; and the whole house echoed "it is, it is." "And how do you know, Sir," said E., again addressing the same forward individual, "that Mr. Carl is not at this moment stretched on the bed of sickness, perhaps of death? How do you know, Sir, that his fond and affectionate wife, his aged mother, and weeping children, are not shedding the tear of sorrow over his couch of sickness? Can you picture to yourself, Sir, the distress of a family about to be reft of their dearest earthly tie and support; and can you desire, Sir, to aggravate their anguish, and to hasten the dreaded catastrophe, by requiring the sick, perhaps the dying man, to put on the garb of mirth, and to appear here on these boards for your amusement? If, however, Sir, such is your pleasure, Mr. Carl shall certainly be sent for, and called out of his bed." "No, no, no, no!" cried the audience. "But if the gentleman requires it"—continued E. "'Turn him out! turn him out!" shouted the mob. Turned out the poor man was; and then E. read the people a lecture; the substance of which was, that he always, like another Providence, did every thing for the best for them. As for the story of Carl's sickness, and his fond wife, aged mother, and weeping children by his bedside, wiping their eyes, as Sterne has it, with the tails of the curtains, it was all purely imaginative.

5th.—Colburn writes thus in a morning paper of this day:—

"THE NOVEL OF GRANBY.—We were sorry to observe, in a periodical publication of the present month, some very unjust and malignant reflections on this work and its publishers, grounded on an assertion, *made by us* some weeks since, that it was the production of a young man of fashion, and of a noble family. With regard to the work itself, its merits will be *too* apparent to *the public in general* ["that phrase smacks strongly of the advertiser"] to be affected by any such attacks; but in justice to the publisher, we think it right to state (and we do it on the best authority) that it is written by a relative of Lord Ribblesdale." Miserable man that I am! 'twas I who said that Granby was drowsy stuff, pretending to fashion, but in fact extremely vulgar. And a relative of Lord Ribblesdale, not a footman, as I assumed, wrote it! Well, after all, there is not much in that; the name of Ribblesdale has not proved quite a thunderbolt to me. There are Lords, aye, and Dukes too, who are as vulgar as the footmen that wait behind their chairs, and as "dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's shore." If it were advertised that all the Ribblesdales in the world had had a hand in Granby it would not make Granby a particle less vulgar, stupid, and

unreadable than it is. I have often thought that it would produce a pleasant effect if the disguises were to drop off newspaper paragraphs, and the inditers of them were to appear puffing in their own persons. Let us imagine this to happen to the above quoted paragraph:

✓ “THE NOVEL OF GRANBY.—I, Henry Colburn, am sorry to observe, in a periodical publication of the present month, some very unjust and malignant reflections on this work, and me its publisher, grounded on an assertion made by me, in all the newspapers, some weeks since, that it was the production of a young man of fashion, and of a noble family. With regard to the work itself, its merits will be too apparent to the public in general, and to my critics in *The New Monthly* in particular, to be affected by any such attacks; but in justice to myself I think it right to state (and I do it on the best authority, that is, my own) that it is written by a relative of Lord Ribblesdale.”

— The January number of *Blackwood* opens with a preface which is a whimsical mixture of vaunt and niaiserie—it is a composition of the Twaddling and of the Bombastes Furioso styles. Reviewing the state of public affairs, the writer says: “When peace came on, the reaction which men of sense anticipated—the change which Lord Castlereagh’s phrase *so admirably expressed*—“*the transition from a state of war to a state of peace*,” &c. It is one of the characteristics of the Twaddlers to find something particularly admirable and original in every common-place phrase. Again, speaking of the Whigs: “Their character as prophets in the war had gone—they were, as the *Quarterly Review*, *i. e.* we believe, John Wilson Croker wittily said, not merely *μαντεις κακων*, but were *μαντεις κακοι*.” Men always find a joke in Greek extremely good, and laugh at it immoderately, because it shows that they understand the Greek. For the same reason it is observed that folks never laugh so heartily any where as at the French play in London; and in an inverse proportion to their knowledge of French, is the violence of their cachinnations, those who are wholly ignorant of the language, laughing to a painful excess, when other people acquainted with it scarcely smile. It is diverting to see the good folks on these occasions laughing for the honour of their educations. The *Blackwood* scribe having quoted his witty Greek *jeu de mots*, condescendingly appends a translation to it, considerately, though somewhat loftily observing, that “every body is not bound to know Greek.” On the subject of the achievements of *Blackwood*, the writer naturally warms and becomes eloquent. Having expatiated on some signal victories which are claimed by that respectable publication, he communicates a remarkable secret, “The secret of our power lay in these few words:—‘We wrote like Britons!’” I thought the fanfaronade of doing this and that “like Britons” was confined now to the Coburg, or Covent-garden Theatre, or Sadler’s Wells. How we laugh at the Americans when they tell us that they do “like Americans,” and at the French when they perform every action of life “like Frenchmen.”

The following is a fine flourish to the praise and glory of *Blackwood*:

“For upwards of eight years has this inexplicable system prevailed; and with the true ‘*vires acquirit eundo*’ spirit, the Magazine is now more pregnant and productive than ever,—boiling over like a Geyser, scalding all natural philosophers that approach without wisdom or

warning; but diffusing a flowery warmth over every region it overflows, and astonishing the natives with unexpected and almost untoiled for harvest."—This has at least the merit of modesty, whatever may be said of its truth.

6th.—From the report of the New York papers, it would appear that the Italian Opera has succeeded in America, and Brother Jonathan seems delighted with himself for being delighted with this polite entertainment. There is, however, a suspicious passage in the New York paper, which gives me to infer that Italian music, though in prodigious favour, is still accounted in that part of the world not quite so desirable as English:—"The *prima donna* continues to be received with great enthusiasm. She (in Rossini's masterpiece, *Il Barbieri*) broke upon the audience in a manner at once agreeable and surprising, *by substituting for the admired Spanish, or, as we consider it, Moorish ballad, the English air of Home.*" Here we discover the genuine taste; the audience went to the theatre expecting to hear fine Italian music, and they were agreeably surprised when their *prima donna* sung an English ballad in the place of the appropriate air of Rossini! A familiar ballad was to them, under such circumstances, as the face of an old friend to one in a strange country. What would have been the effect on the New York organs of hearing, if Mademoiselle Garcia, as Rosina, had warbled, instead of "Home," "Yankee Doodle," in a *spre*e style? There would have been a pretty considerable d——d particular tumult of applause, I guess. But why should we laugh at the Americans for these things? their taste in good music cannot yet be born; ours is very young, and "*cruel* small." A taste for good music—I don't mean mere pretty music—is an acquired taste, it is the result of experience, of an acquaintance with the various styles, and a comparison of their respective excellencies and qualities of constantly pleasing. Every body has a taste for music, as almost every body has a taste for painting. The clown esteems the sign of the Christopher and Dragon, under which he fuddles his sublime faculties, a perfect specimen of the art, and thinks, if he ever thinks at all, that he has a taste for painting; but the landlord who draws his liquor, and who has seen the pictures in the 'Squire's hall on quarter-day, suspects that the Christopher, after all, if not a daub, is at least far short of the perfection of the 'Squire's paintings; and the 'Squire in turn, who has seen Titians, is conscious that the resources of the art have not been exhausted on the performances on his walls. It is so with music: people become first acquainted with the lowest specimens of the art, and lay claim to a taste for the whole art because they relish the simplest and rudest production of it. We hear every day the declaration: "I am enthusiastically *fond of music*, but to my taste there is nothing like a simple ballad—those sweet pretty things, such as 'The Cottage in a Wood,' and the 'Nut-brown Maid.'" The clown might as well say: "I'm mortal fond of painting, but to my mind there is nothing like a banging bran-new blazing sign, such as our Christopher." Until the beauties of superior compositions have been forced on the perception of people by frequent repetition, which trains and drills their ears, nothing can be more tedious to them than the infliction of good music; and great is their delight when, in the midst of a fine, and to them unintelligible performance, some hacknied strain is introduced with which they are

well acquainted; as I said before, it is as the face of an old friend, and they testify their joy at the rencontre by shaking their noddles from side to side, beating out of time with their feet, and drumming with their fingers. Rousseau remarked this phenomenon at the Paris Opera in his time, and it may now be occasionally observed at our Opera. I remember when the *Zauberflote* was produced some years ago, the people were dying of *ennui* during the performance of its noblest pieces; but when they were suddenly surprised by the hacknied but beautiful *Dolce Conento*, (better known by the name of "Away with Melancholy,") their grateful surprise and rapture were unbounded.

The same cause rendered the "Home" of Mademoiselle Garcia so agreeable to the Americans; and I do not a little admire the young lady for her tact in introducing it. She took a just measure of the depth of the American taste for Italian music, and knew that nothing would delight them so much in an Italian Opera as an English ballad.

7th.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Arigna Mining Company. I observe that the Duke of York's oath is quite the fashion with the directors of this concern. Sir William Congreve at the first meeting protested that he thought the transaction, touching the buying at 10,000*l.* selling to the company at 25,000*l.*, and sharing the difference among the directors, honourable—"So help me God!" At the meeting of yesterday, Mr. Brogden swore like the Duke, but in a key very different from that of the martial Sir William. "So help me God!" "So help me Heaven!" and "As sure as there is a God in Heaven!" were the adjurations with which he seasoned his exculpation. From the account of the matter given by the chairman of the Ways and Means, it would seem that the directors of this Company have been the most innocent and injured of directors. They were ruined in their sleep, as it were; poor beguiled gentlemen! While they were all in the dark a certain genius came round, saying: "Shut your eyes and open your mouths, and see what God has sent you," and then he slipped a bon-bon into the unsuspecting innocents' mouths, which they swallowed like mother's milk—excepting indeed Mr. Bent, who had penetration to discover, and the honesty to denounce the trick. At the first meeting, it will be remembered, that the directors carried the matter with a high hand, and the shareholders, like the bamboozled ants in the fable,

— Passed the accounts as fair and just,
And voted them implicit trust.

Now a very different face is put on the matter. Sir William Congreve's mustachios no longer overshadow and overawe the meeting, and the transaction of the 15,000*l.* before voted *honourable*, is undefended by a single voice.

8th.—The John Bull is again trumpeting Mr. Burton. It prophesies the effect which will be produced by some building of his at the corner of a street. This paper is becoming very dull, and as nauseously adulatory as the Morning Post ever was in its most fulsome days.

— The anecdote, now going the rounds of the press, from the last London, of General Wirion's advice to the Frenchman who complained that an Englishman knocked him down whenever he attempted to rise—"Mon ami, when an Englishman knocks you down, never do you get up until he is gone away," reminds me of a story of Serjeant

Davy. The Serjeant having abused a witness, as Serjeants will abuse witnesses, was, on the following morning, whilst in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Serjeant, concluding that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up; the visitor, stating his name, reminded the Serjeant of the abuse which he had heaped on him on the preceding day, protesting that he could not put up with the imputations, and must have immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Serjeant, raising himself up, said: "But you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?" "Certainly not," said the aggrieved party; "I should never think of attacking a man in bed." "Then I'll be d—d," said the Serjeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes round him, "if I get out of bed while you are in this town."

— The minor theatres, of course, cater for the vulgar taste; if the proprietors of the Coburg perform this office judiciously, the vulgar taste for horrors must be of insatiable voracity. I have now the bill of the horrors of this theatre before me. The first entertainment is called, "The City of the Plague, and The Great Fire of London." The incidents of the piece are thus temptingly set forth—we begin with The Plague:—

Scene 1.—Part of Blackheath, with view of Shooter's Hill, Greenwich and London in the distance. The terrified Citizens, with their Families, escaping in alarm from the City of the Plague,—their progress into the Country opposed by the Magistrates, from a fear of the Infection spreading. The unhappy Fugitives supplied with Provisions, encamp on the open Heath,—extraordinary Precautions to prevent any Communication. The horrible Situation of a Family reduced to Starvation by the Desolation of the Plague,—sudden appearance of that fatal Malady,—the horror attendant on it,—the Mother flying from her Child, the Husband from his Wife; the closest and tenderest ties snapped asunder by the terror of the Disease,—miserable state of those thus deserted and left to perish. Agonizing state of a Father and Husband whose Wife and Daughter are infected with the fatal Malady.

View of Aldgate High Street, exhibiting the Desolation of the City during the Rage of the Disorder. Precautions used to secure Families against Infection,—horrors of the Infection felt by Fathers of Families who dared not to enter their own Doors to relieve the sufferings of their nearest connexions. Most pathetic instance of a Child dying in the sight of its Father. Dreadful Delirium occasioned by the Disease, the sudden manner in which the Victims are struck with Death. The Watch and Ward. Placing of Guards at the Doors of infected Houses to prevent all Communication,—the extreme hardship of healthy Persons shut up in infected Houses. The Dead Cart. Manner of removing the dead bodies,—desperate expedients resorted to by Persons shut up in infected Houses to escape. The Construction and Incidents of this Scene will illustrate, as accurately and forcibly as the Stage will admit, the Desolation, Horror, Misery, and Despair which that dreadful Visitation the Plague produced.

Entrance to Aldgate Church Yard,—Burying the Dead.

Aldgate Church and Church Yard by Moonlight,—with the Immense Pit for the Burial of the Dead. Solemn Penitential Procession and Anthem for Mercy. The Despair felt by a Father whose whole Family have been cast into the Pit, his Desperate Resolution to cast himself amongst them,—the fated existence of a Man on whom the Infection cannot take hold,—sudden appearance of the intended Victim of Assassination,—Pardon and Reconciliation. Abatement of the Ravages of the Plague announced by the Funeral Bell, and Resumption of the usual Rites of Funeral.

There is consummate art in doldrums in making the tolling of the funeral bell the gayest, and most cheering and cheerful circumstance in the piece. After the Plague comes the Fire of London, just by way of a relief, a change, a *transition*, as Lord Castlereagh would have expressed it, from the frying-pan to the fire.

Scene 1. Splendid Banqueting Hall in the Royal Palace of Whitehall.—Grand

Entertainment in honour of the return of the Court to London after the Cessation of the Plague. Festal Masque, entitled The Emporium of Beauty.

2. Bosky's House adjoining the Baker's. Commencement of the Great Fire!

3. Apartment in Fitzhoward House.

4. Ancient Street. Progress of the Fire,—Alarm of the Inhabitants, Calumnies against the Papists, interference of the Trained Bands to maintain order.

5. Cheapside in Flames, with St. Paul's Cathedral burning. Confusion and Despair of the Inhabitants as the Destruction became universal, anxiety to escape with their property,—advantage taken by abandoned Characters of the dreadful Calamity to Plunder and Murder the unhappy Citizens,—Attack of the Trained Bands on the hardened Spoilers,—Appalling Climax of Terror and Distress.

6. Gallery in Fitzhoward House. Advance of the Fire seen at a Distance. The Nobles commissioned by the King to repair to the Scene of Destruction, and arrest the progress of the Flames by pulling down and blowing up Houses, and to protect the Property of unhappy sufferers.

7. The Burning City seen from the Fields near Highgate, with the Encampment of the Fugitive Citizens. Distress of the Inhabitants compelled to fly with the remains of their property to the open Fields,—Alarm that the Fire was occasioned by the machinations of the French and Dutch,—Desperation of the Sufferers,—interference of the King, who calms the effervescence of popular feeling by promises of succour.

8. Vaulted Passage under Fitzhoward House. The Conflagration Encreased. Court next Baynard's Castle, in Upper Thames Street, the then Residence of many of the Nobility,—dreadful Situation of several Families enclosed in the Court by a Wall and Gate, whilst their Residence is in Flames,—the entire Court involved in the Conflagration,—encreasing Peril and Distress,—the Buildings successively fall a prey to the Flames, exhibiting a dreadful Picture of the horrors attendant on the Fire,—the destructions of the Houses affords an open View of the River, illuminated with the Flames, with a distant View of Southwark and the Globe Theatre.—Tremendous Spectacle of the Universal Conflagration.

The piece goes on, it will be observed, like a house on fire, always getting on for the worse, and ends well with matters at the worst. The second entertainment has for its pleasant plot the tragic death of poor Mungo Park.

9th.—On Saturday there was a report in town of Lambton's death. I observe that there is a lie broached regularly every Saturday; the lie of the Saturday before last was the death of the Duke of York. The advantage of lying on Saturday is, that the lie lives till Monday, and has two whole days in which it can work all over the country. The rumour of Lambton's death puts me in mind of rather a good story which is told of him, I know not with what degree of truth. Lambton, like most other men, is extremely fond of being "*in for a good thing*," as the slang has it. When the Alliance Insurance was coming out, Lambton wrote to Rothschild for four hundred Shares, and receiving an answer that his application should be attended to, took it for granted that he was to have them. Going into the City one day before the thing came out, and finding the Shares at three per cent premium, he directed his banker to sell his four hundred Shares at that premium, and hastened to Brookes's in great glee, where, with his hands in his pockets, he recounted to envying Whigs what a good morning's work he had made. Peter Moore turned pale with envy, and Colonel Davis sighed a wish that Rothschild had given him such another job. In a few days, however, out came the Alliance at 20 per cent premium, and Lambton, to his unspeakable dismay, found that, instead of 400, he had only 100 Shares allotted to him. Here was a circumstance! a false position! He had sold 400 at 3, and had only 100 to make over, consequently he had 300 at 20 per cent premium to buy in order to fulfil his contract. This he was of course obliged to do; when the

account of his good day's work stood thus:—gained on the lucky day by selling 400 Shares, in the forthcoming speculation, at 3 per cent premium, 1,200*l.*; disbursed when the scheme came out, 6,000*l.* in the purchase of the 300 Shares to supply the deficiency, at 20 premium; loser on the *hit*, 4,800*l.* When the news of the issue of the affair reached Brookes's, Colonel Davis confessed that Heaven was just, and Peter Moore *looked up*.

10*th.*—There is in the Blackwood for this month another posthumous letter of Charles Edwards, Esq. These epistles are by a Cockney who cannot, and therefore does not write English. The man, who never in his days can have aspired to any thing above a jaunt in a one horse chaise on a Sunday, talks in this frantic strain of driving to a hotel with four horses: “Well, here I am once more in London. *You saw my name among the arrivals*” [the vulgar dog!]*—*“Charles Edwards Esq. [always insist on the *Esq.* while you live] from a tour! They would have said as much, although I had come from Botany Bay, so that I drove to P—'s hotel with four horses.” Indulging in some common-place regrets, to the effect that there are now-a-days no romantic adventures, or romantic rides or walks in England, he laments that he cannot in these days take his luncheon *under a cork tree* (query cock tree) as he used to do formerly when on a journey. God bless the poor man! what has he been dreaming of? A cork tree was never seen in this country except as an exotic; but what can a Peter Pastoral know about trees? I marvel, nevertheless, what tree of the road-side he imagined to be a cork tree. Some one said in the London Magazine, that with this Charles Edwards, *Esq.* a Cheapside housemaid in her Sunday *things*, was the perfection of female elegance; he in this epistle furnishes evidence of the truth of this assertion. Speaking of the dresses of the lower classes, he says: “And for the lower ranks, as regards external appearance, literally, now, *you can't even guess at the condition of any female in London by her dress.* There is not a woman servant in this house where I am living, who does not go abroad on her holidays, in velvet and feathers,” &c. A man who has been used to the society of ladies could never be deceived for one instant by the finery of a housemaid, her velvet and feathers; and would guess pretty accurately of the condition of any female in London by her dress. But this is obviously not the case of Charles Edwards, Esq. He has no idea of an elegance beyond velvet and feathers, poor man! Anon our would-be man of fashion, who drives to P—'s hotel with four horses, complains bitterly of the new houses. They are showy, but, alas! there are no conveniences in the drawing-rooms, “not a closet, a recess, a foot deep,” in which Charles Edwards, Esq. can lock up his little matter of bread and cheese, and tea and sugar, and gin and whiskey, when he arrives in town in a chaise and four from a tour. Speaking of coats, on which, like all vulgar pretenders, his head is incessantly running, he says: “If you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors best deserve your attention.” Now, to my certain knowledge, and I am not very curious about these matters, the fashion of a coat has not changed for the last three years. Stultz himself only confesses to having made them within that period *a thought* lower in the collar, and I don't believe that Weston has done even that. But

the five hundred professors of Cheapside and Fleet-street doubtless have fashions unknown to the two great men I have named. Charles Edwards, *Esq.* (how I love that *Esq.*) concludes by laying down the plan for a small establishment which he intends to form. "I shall keep a small establishment in town—that I am fixed on. The house that I have taken in Park-lane [Jupiter!] is a nutshell. One chariot, and that shall serve for travelling *and all*; nothing expensive but my horses, and, of those, *not one running one*, believe me." No, no, "not one running one," all rocking-horses; I do believe you there; faith, its the only true word you have spoken. But in this house in Park-lane there is no mention of a closet in the drawing-room. What's to become of the bread and the cheese, and the tea and the sugar, and the gin and the whiskey? Oh! Lubin Log, it is a wasteful thing to leave these matters at sixes and sevens, and you will surely be plundered of your substance by the maid-of-all-work, or the char-woman, while you are airing yourself in the Pentonville-road, in your one chariot, drawn by four horses. In his last paragraph, Charles Edwards, *Esq.* commends himself to Lady Susan. Lady Susan! Lord save us! this is one of the ladies in velvet and feathers, commonly called, on week-days, *our Sue*, but as fine as a duchess on Sunday, when she walks with Charles Edwards, *Esq.* in his bran new blue coat, with a power of gilt buttons, a brimstone-coloured waistcoat, a pink stock, white hat, &c.

11th.—That Colburn is certainly a crafty fox, full of cunning and subtle devices. Finding that the uniformity of his panegyrics in the various newspapers has been noticed, he has altered his plan of operation, so that the identity of the *critiques* in the different prints, may not strike the reader as suspicious or extraordinary. He now inserts a puff in one paper, and pays another to publish it as a piece of interesting intelligence, *copied* from the first paper. Thus, in a Morning Paper of the 9th, there appeared this paragraph: "Horace Smith, one of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses, will shortly publish an historical novel, in three volumes, called, Brambletye House, founded upon the period of our history, in which, at present, the pen of the great known Unknown is employed."

An Evening Paper is paid to copy this paragraph, which it does with a "We copy from 'The Morning Chronicle'"—and the New Times of the 11th copies again from the evening paper; but here a new turn is given to the introduction. The paragraph runs thus, in large print:—"Horace Smith, *Esq.*—An evening paper *asserts* that this gentleman (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*) has been some time engaged on a novel, to be called Brambletye House." This is extremely ingenious. An importance is given to the advertisement, that Horace Smith, *Esq.* is writing a *Brambletye House* by treating it as an *assertion*—as a thing not to be too hastily credited. All the other journals will now have the glad tidings of Brambletye House; those of the same politics copying from each other, and those on the other side of the question inserting the intelligence as an *assertion*, and the simple readers will be gulled into a belief that the whole world takes an interest in the news of the Brambletye House of Horace Smith, *Esq.*

13th.—The New Times of to-day has this paragraph, which is of a kind to take—

Eternity.—The following beautiful answer by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris, contains a sublimity of conception scarcely to be equalled :—"What is eternity?" was the question : to which he immediately answered, "The *life-time* of the Almighty."

This was very well for the speaker, a deaf and dumb pupil ; but, critically considered, the sublime conception, as the New Times calls it, is nonsense. To define eternity by time, the idea of which is excluded by eternity, is a solecism ; and ascribing time to the eternal Almighty, and *life-time* to him who has no death, is an absurdity of any thing but a pious character. If this same pupil had been asked, "what is infinity?" he might with the equal "beauty" and "sublimity of conception," have answered, "Infinity is the measure of boundless continuity," or, "infinity is an inch of immeasurable sunshine," or a y other confusion of terms that might have entered into his head. When ideas are in themselves of allowed dignity, the incomprehensible combination of them always passes for the sublime.

15th.—Murray the bookseller, who understands business, is bringing out his newspaper with a notable fuss. He does not fail to let us hear, among other things, that he has taken a great house in George Street, Westminster, for the concern, and fitted it up with an immense number of *beds* for the writers of the newspaper. He should do the handsome thing, and furnish sleeping accommodations for the readers of his paper too. I never could understand why he gave his new paper the name of the Representative. What is it to represent? Surely not the slumbers and the dreams of the bedded writers. Considering that the chief novelty of the undertaking is the arrangement for sleeping, I have noted—The Dormitory, or, the Feather Bed, would have been a more appropriate title. A night-cap and pillow would then have been appropriate emblems under the name, in the manner of the John Bull's crown, cushion, and rolling-pin ; and for a motto, the Dormitory might have taken, "We dose."

17th.—Poor dear deluded brother Jonathan will insist on it, honest man, that he has a taste for the Italian Opera ; and, Heaven help his innocence ! he obviously imagines that the Signorina Garcia is a prodigy. To-day I read this in the extracts from the New York papers :—"The Opera.—The Garcia, [the fiddlestick !] was enchanting on Saturday. She never looked so well, or was in finer voice. Her *little Scotch Ballad*, 'And You shall Walk in silk Attire,' with her own accompaniment on the piano, took prodigiously, and, *when encored*, she gave 'Sweet Home,' instead of repeating the same song." (How particularly obliging !*)

It is too plain, from all the reports, that Jonathan has no taste for Italian music. He deceives himself altogether ; it is obviously the English music which delights him, and he suffers the other. The master-piece of Rossini, the gay, the brilliant, the sparkling opera of *Il Barbiere*, is brought out in America, and we hear not a syllable of praise of any of its music, not an air, not a piece is even mentioned ; but the visitors of the Italian Opera are in ecstasies with "Sweet Home," and, "And you shall Walk in silk Attire." If this does not shew which way the taste

* This sort of *encore*, which should be peculiar to Ireland, seems to be the fashion in America. I see, in another account, that "the fair Signorina was twice ENCORED in her song, in the second act, and gave each time a different one !"

sets, I have nothing more to say. And perfectly natural the taste is, and exactly what was to be expected, as a musical taste is not to be formed in a day; but the absurdity lies in the affectation of pretending to a more refined taste, while such manifold proofs are given that it has no shadow of existence. The raptures about the Demoiselle Garcia, sufficiently show that the New York folks know nothing at all about singing. The Signiorina, *the* Garcia, was here considered as rather a smart little performer, who might fill parts of the second rank extremely creditably, provided she conquered a wicked ambition that had unhappily possessed her, and also abandoned a vicious style, which she had acquired from her father.

Dr. W——, the chemist, being asked, on one of the extremely cold days during the frost, what he thought of the weather, said, “What do I think of it? Why that it’s weather to go to —— and to shut the door after you.”

18th.—The newspapers have favoured their readers [with the sub-joined exquisite mixture of vulgarity and absurdity. It should obviously have been inserted under the head of ADVERTISEMENT, but whether the puff is meant directly for Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. or, indirectly for his father’s matchless blacking, or for both the one and the other, I cannot venture to say.

Singular Exploit.—On Saturday last, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. betted one hundred guineas with a Noble Lord of sporting celebrity, that he would drive his father’s blacking van and four blood horses, yesterday at two o’clock, across the Serpentine, accompanied by his two servants. At an early hour in the morning, an unusual crowd was assembled in the Park, and Mr. Hunt was seen in his Stanhope trying the strength of the ice in various places; but although it was rumoured that some extraordinary performance was to take place, the particulars were known only to the friends of the parties and a few of the *scientific*. A few minutes before two o’clock, the van entered the Park. Young Mr. Hunt was dressed suitably to the occasion, with a *white upper tog* and *cord kickseys*; he wore a regular four-in-hand *tile*, and had all the air of a *swell dragsman* of the first water. *He is a handsome young man*; his countenance appeared flushed with confidence, and reminded us of his father some years since, when engaged in enterprizes equally dangerous, though of a different description. A few minutes before the appointed time he drove two or three times up and down the grand drive, and upon the signal being given, he boldly pushed for the river; his father, accompanied by some friends, had obtained an open space about the centre of the north bank, and Mr. Hunt preceded the van to point out the direction his son was to take. Young Mr. Hunt showed the greatest coolness; he kept the *pruds well together*, and *tooled* them over the river in a style that would have done Sir John Lade no dishonour in his best of days, and left behind him many a patrician aspirant to *four-in-hand* celebrity. *The two servants played “Rule Britannia” and other popular tunes on the key bugle*; and when Mr. Hunt reached the opposite bank, and turned round to come back again, the concourse of people, skaters and others, drawn to the spot, was so great, that the most serious apprehensions were excited lest the ice should give way under the pressure of so many hundreds of persons. The fears of the spectators were, however, happily disappointed, and young *Jehu* returned to the starting-place amid the acclamations of the multitude. The bank was crowded with elegant ladies, in carriages and on foot, always ready to reward the courageous with their smiles. Here, however, the deafening shouts of the multitude startled the leaders, and threw into some confusion the equipage of a Reverend Divine, who was gazing on the novel scene. Mr. Hunt, however, brought up his team with the skill of an experienced whip, and left the Park without the smallest accident having occurred.

If, instead of driving his father’s blacking van over a sheet of ice which would have borne a train of artillery, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. had blacked the Serpentine with his father’s matchless blacking, and then polished it, “the two servants playing Rule Britannia, and other popular tunes,” he might have attracted a little notice; but such an exploit

as the above would interest none but the nursery-maids, and the idle boys who pelt the brass Gog in the park.

20th.—More news of the Italian Opera in America. One of the New York Papers has this delightful hint. “While on the subject of the Opera, we may as well make a remark that, perhaps, may not be deemed misplaced. It is relative to the restraint which the audience has evidently imposed upon itself *in respect to encoring songs*, particularly those of the Signorina. Now, *we believe* an artist is always flattered by being encored; and we are persuaded, it would be as grateful to Rosina to respeat the beautiful cavatina, *Una Voce poco fa*, as to the audience to hear it.”

This is by no means so certain. The Americans seem to know perfectly well how to ask for what they want. They encore Sweet Home, and the Scotch Ballad, but they do not call for a repetition of Rossini, because, honest people, in their secret souls they don't relish his music.

—Melancholy news from Ireland. Our navy is no more! our glory has departed! Mr. O'Connell tells us too plainly, that the first ship in the English navy, commanded by the greatest captain in the British fleet, would not face the smallest cock-boat America might place on the water. Alas, alas! and are we come to this? Is it indeed true that an English first-rate would crowd all sail in a fright, turn tail, and crack on under every stitch of canvass to fly from a single American sculler in the smallest conceivable American boat? O'Connell says it, and O'Connell is, we all know, a great and infallible oracle. But I will copy his very words; for if, after this, ministers have the assurance to ask Parliament for the Navy Estimates, they must have the impudence of the devil. It would be rather too much to require us to pay for a navy which may at any day be chased from the seas by a flotilla of American punts or cock-boats. Arguing from the O'Connell datum, I doubt whether the whole combined British Navy would venture to face a single Yankee gun-boat.

“Let him [Mr. Canning] now look to free America, great and glorious in her liberty, and I defy the English boaster—and if there is a greater boaster, I do not know where he is to be found [*γνώθι σταυρον*,] I defy the proud Briton to say that the first vessel, bearing what is called the meteor flag of England, which has beamed for a hundred years, and manned by the greatest captain of the British fleet, would face the smallest cock-boat America would place on the water.”—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech to the Catholic Association.*

Marry, these are truths!

It must be confessed that these great Irish orators have the art of doing things in fine taste. Mr. Shiel, a gentleman who wrote screams for Miss O'Niel, thus gave an account of an affair of words he had had with Mr. Peel:

“The sarcasms of the Secretary of State for the Home Department were not wholly unprovoked; for I had ventured to intimate that his language was bald, his reasoning disingenuous, his manner pragmatical, affected, and overbearing; and that to his opinions, more than to his talents, he was indebted for his elevation. [There is no harm in all this; so far it is all fair enough, but now we come to the smart *hits*.] Mr. Peel retorted, he spoke of fustian, and *I talked of calico*. He touched on Covent-garden, and I referred to Manchester;

he alluded to Evadne, and *I glanced at spinning-jennies.*" Oh, brave! Mr. Peel accuses Mr. Shiel of bombast, and Mr. Shiel retorts by reminding Mr. Peel that his father made calico; Mr. Peel urges against Mr. Shiel the authorship of a tragedy, and Mr. Shiel glances at the spinning-jennies of Mr. Peel's father. What a gallant defence! A. attacks B. for what B. has done, and B. replies by reproaching A. with what his father has done! "*You talk fustian,*" says Mr. Peel. "*Your father made calico,*" retorts Mr. Shiel. "*You wrote Evadne,*" says Mr. Peel. "*Your father amassed a fortune by spinning-jennies,*" says Mr. Shiel.

I think that Mr. Peel's father's calico and spinning-jennies have, all things considered, done more for us than Mr. Shiel's Evadne.

But if we are to believe in the boasts of the Irish orators, there is an end of both our maritime and our commercial greatness; for American cock-boats scare our fleets from the seas, and the fustian of the poet prevails against the calico of the manufacturer.

21st.—It has been long reported that Mr. Manners Sutton will retire from the chair of the House of Commons on the opening of Parliament, and that Charles Wynn will become a candidate for the Speakership. If he should do so, and succeed, the title of the office will be altered, and he will be styled not the Speaker, but the *Squeaker* of the House of Commons. Every body remembers one occasion on which, when this Hon. Gentleman attempted to address the House a second time, in the course of a debate, instead of the usual objection of *spoke*, a cry of *squoke, squoke, squoke*, was simultaneously raised from every part of the House. There is one good reason for making Mr. Wynn Speaker, and that is, that it would prevent him from speaking: and, considering the unpleasantness of the noise which he makes when he does squeak, I do think that his silence would be cheaply purchased at the price of the chair.

— Irving has varied his entertainments. He is now predicting the end of the world; and I understand that it takes, and draws prodigiously.

22d.—A weakly publication called the Literary Gazette advertises "a description of the New Royal Palace, building on the site of Buckingham House—its form, extent, *accommodations*, &c." This is pleasant enough, considering that those persons who should have the best information on the subject, say, that the project of the Pimlico Palace is at least suspended for the present, while others, who should also know something of the matter, confidently assert that it is abandoned. But, nevertheless, "a description of the New Royal Palace—its form, extent, *accommodations*," &c. will serve to amaze and to amuse the simple readers of the Literary Gazette; the good people who read this sort of publication being commonly persons who believe in every thing that appears in print, and to whom, to use the vulgar phrase, one story is a ways good until another is told." Such folks will swallow a new Palace on a new site, with its "*accommodations*," once a-week, without any sort of difficulty or inconvenience whatever.

By the bye, talking of this same Literary Gazette, the editor of it has just been exhibiting himself in a most ludicrous false position. A severe criticism lately appeared in that publication, on a production called the Mirror of the Months. This book is undoubtedly written

with a laboured silliness; but, obnoxious as it was to fair criticism, the Reviewer is charged with having resorted to the arts of garbling and misquoting, in order to effect its demolition. Well, after this worthy triumph, after the Gazette had thus, by unfair means, taken immense pains to write down the author of the Mirror of the Months an ass, it appeared that this author of the Mirror of the Months has been the the Mirror of the Literary Gazette, or, in other words, a solicited and highly valued contributor to that ingenious miscellany! In fact, the Gazetteer had been unconsciously foully blackening and belabouring one of his own crack critics, and endeavouring, per fas aut nefas, to prove the ignorance and inefficiency of one of his best writers. The sagacious editor is obviously placed in a most unenviable dilemma. If the author of the Mirror of the Months merits the abuse heaped on him in the Literary Gazette, how happens it that he was a leading contributor to its pages? If he does not merit this abuse, what are we to think of the Editor?

24th.—The Times is in great disgrace with the people of the city. I haer that at Lloyd's, where they formerly took in twenty copies of the Times, they now only take in four. This is merely the consequence of a pet which will pass off, as many other similar pets have passed off, and the Times will again be the oracle of the city. The sages of the East treat the leading journal as savages treat their idols; in a moment of provocation, they espy all the worthlessness of their god, and kick and cuff his logship about with right good will; but the next instant they will relapse into their former infatuation, and prostrate themselves and their understandings at his crooked feet.

25th.—After a glorious clucking, Murray has brought forth the Representative. The first number made its appearance this day at a late hour, the writers having overslept themselves. The leading article is four mortal columns long, and is written in the agreeable style of a state-paper. Murray talked (ye gods how he does *talk*!) of giving Sir James Quackintosh an incredible number of guineas for a leading article. I do not know whether he has been as bad as his word. The writers in this new journal give us plainly to understand, that they are persons of prodigiously fine breeding. I think they beat the John Bull folks in this particular. Why, even the compiler of the Table-talk, talks (it is all talkie talkie here,) of *his* Champagne: "We will collect," says he, "the thoughts which sparkle with *our* Champagne at dinner!" What a thing it must be to write paragraphs for Murray! Another gentleman of the press, the theatrical critic, says: "We have no ambition to be one of an opera pit; there a man may call out, Mr. Smith is wanted, and one half of the spectators cry, here—here." The same fine person talks of *his* opera box: "We could not help smiling," says he, "at the apology which we found in *our* box on Saturday!" Does Murray keep opera boxes as well as beds for them? One confession is ingenuous—they declare that *they cannot see the utility of wisdom after six o'clock*. This is rather unlucky, considering that the business of a morning paper does not begin till after that hour—we see what we have to expect. As they go to work in this mood, the sooner Murray puts them all to bed the better; and if he were to reduce the subs to half allowance

of Champaigne, I think the reports would be greatly improved. There is at present a crapulous manner about them. Men that can't see wisdom after six o'clock, should not be trusted with pens in their hands ; for if they are, in those unhappy moments what can we expect but frantic talk of their Champaigne, and their opera-boxes, their society, and such boasts ; and well it is, indeed, that they are of so innocent a nature.

26th.—Received a letter from a friend in Italy, dated Bologna, January 9, 1826, in which he speaks thus pleasantly of Italian weather : “ I can readily believe, that persons who are so fortunate as to catch the beautiful year, find the winter in Italy fine ; but it appears to me, after many enquiries, that that is never the present year, but the last, or some other. This winter, if there has been a little less bad weather than is usually met with in England, that bad has been much worse ; it is now snowing, and with an air of cool deliberation that convinces me it is not the first offence ; but this place is said to be up in the mountains, which is true ; Florence down in a valley ; one place near the sea, another quite inland ; it may be proved always, with mathematical precision, that it ought to be very fine in some other place.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ON LORD BYRON'S WORKS, AND PINKNEY'S POETRY.

IN the last number of the North American Review there is an elaborate Review of the character and writings of Lord Byron. This is the article of a clever man, who is thoroughly impregnated with cant, and possessed of a taste decidedly American ; that is to say, a taste (the prevalent one of the country) for extravagance and inflation. In his criticisms on Byron's poetry, it is perfectly curious to observe how he fastens on every thing tumid and exaggerated, and rejects with contempt passages which have here been esteemed of matchless spirit and beauty. A thought rapidly, simply, and familiarly expressed, is manifestly found insipid by the North American critic, who delights in the *grandeur* which borders on bombast. As it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the London Magazine to observe how our critical brethren of the New World appreciate the beauties of the great poet of our age, we shall cite a few examples of censure and commendation.

There is, in our judgment, no description in Byron's writings more vivid and animated than the following, quoted from the Siege of Corinth, by the American Reviewer:—

The steeds are all bridled and snort to the rein ;
Curv'd is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before ;
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar ;
Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar.

This, however, is not to the taste of the North American critic: he says that "*this*, and some of the passages which follow it, have the air of being written in sport, as examples for a new treatise of the Bathos." It is evidently not sufficiently stately and dignified for the taste of our Republicans.

It has always seemed to us that the following was a passage of wonderful power, and of fine, though appalling effect. It contrasts admirably with the foregoing description; in the one we see the gallantry of war, in the other the horrors of a field of carnage:—

And he saw the lean dogs, beneath the wall,
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed
* * * * *

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.

The delicate taste of the North American critic is offended by this picture; the subject is declared disgusting and loathsome—dogs at dinner on the bodies which men have just thrown away!—And he seriously apprehends, that if such descriptions become popular, we shall shortly be entertained with "details of the symptoms and sufferings of Elephantiasis or Plica Polonica."

Another passage in a very different style is quoted:

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be;
What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

The familiar flow, and colloquial language of these rapid lines are not calculated to recommend them to those who have a taste for the grand and the stilted, and our North American Reviewer disapproves them altogether, finding especial fault with that "Out upon Time!" which pleases us for the very same reason that he objects to it. We quote his criticism:

The tame description in the first four lines, the triteness and exaggeration of the sentiment which follows, the *strange* exclamation, "Out upon Time," and the tripping versification, render the whole passage almost burlesque."

Now, the "Out upon Time," is obviously any thing but *strange*; but by strange, in this place, the American meant to say that it was familiar, and therefore strange, according to his ideas, in verse; which ought to be, we suppose, as the vulgar phrase expresses it, "something out of the common way." We, however, of the old country, who have arrived at the height of civilization, have an extraordinary relish for

every thing that is natural; our brethren of the new world, on the other hand, who are in a ruder state, delight in art. The stern Republicans must have finery, and nothing will satisfy the sophisticated subjects of a gaudy old monarchy but simplicity. They have too much of nature in America, and we have too little of it here; each people therefore admires that which is rare to it.

We have given some examples of what our American critic dislikes in the writings of Lord Byron, we shall now quote a passage to his taste. The thunder storm among the Alps:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

This throws the Reviewer into raptures.—“Nothing can be more magnificent. There is here no imperfect personification. The mastery of the poet’s spell is complete; and *the thunder and the mountains are alive.*” That *beauty* is just the fault which we should find with the passage—the thunder and the mountain are alive, which thunders and mountains never are, happily for the peace of the elements, and the good order of geography. Fine as the sound of that hemistick is, “leaps the live thunder,” the image is bad, bordering on the ridiculous. One cannot by any force of imagination fancy a sound leaping about from peak to peak like a bird hopping from spray to spray—if we may compare small things with great. The mountains finding their tongues, and the Alps and Jura having a little chat for once in a way, are ideas which would have been particularly fortunate in a piece of burlesque. The American Reviewer, indeed, who is in ecstasies with this stanza, takes the alarm at the next, in which

——— the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with their mountain mirth
As if they did rejoice o’er a young earthquake’s birth.

While the mountains, like the old people, were having a grave chat together, the little folks, the hills, were laughing away, as little folks will do, and shaking their sides as if there had been an earthquake. But this is too grand, even for our Reviewer. He is right in rejecting this image as in bad taste, and he is right in many more of his critical observations, which often discover very considerable acuteness; his bias is, however, generally for the extravagant, dignified by the name of the *sublime*, and for the mere wordy glitter which passes for fine writing: the opposites of these things he appears to condemn as tame and vulgar. Whether his is the true taste or not, we cannot pretend to determine: we find fault with it because it is not ours.

In the number which contains the Review of Byron’s Works, there is also a Review of the Poems of a Mr. Pinkney, a native, and it is not a little curious to contrast the manner in which the two poets are treated. Pinkney’s poetry certainly carries off more praise than Lord Byron’s. But there is one fault which the Reviewer finds even with

Pinkney; he does not like the moral tone of his poetry. The fact is, that Mr. Pinkney makes his hero a paw-paw person, or what the young ladies call a sad rake, or what the world calls a man of gallantry. His amiable weakness is a tenderness for another gentleman's wife, and having been inopportunately interrupted in a tête à tête by the husband, he was so vexed that he cut the good man's throat! As Mr. Pinkney has suffered these knock-me-down doings to take place in his imagination, he is, according to the law of modern criticism, held accountable for them, and pronounced immoral for keeping a disorderly brain. But though his morality is condemned, his poetry is immoderately commended, and certainly it takes a soar far above Byron's. In the specimen first quoted, the author invites his mistress to hasten with him to Italy, a land which, he remarks, "lovers ought to choose," by reason of the dews, and because there are "crystal rivers" and "purple vintages," and the "balmy breeze," "vernant trees," and "shady groves," where birds discourse their "careless loves;" having summed up these attractions, cum quibusdam aliis, which, for the reason assigned in the Latin grammar, we forbear to recite, he invites the lady to speed until her feet press that "green shore's yellow sand." The next stanza is really pretty; but the third, which is the admiration of the Reviewer, we shall quote as another example of critical taste. The subject is still Italy.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curl'd
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

Loquitur North American Reviewer. "Are not the two lines beginning 'Save where volcanoes,' sufficient to give a more than ordinary character to this piece? Are they not poetry, and grand poetry? The similitude contained in them is one which the memory cannot refuse to keep and cherish, because it is rich in those sublime associations, which the memory loves, and loves to hoard among its treasures."

The critics on the other side of the Atlantic like their images large, and a brace of bouncing volcanoes are sure to be acceptable to persons who have a taste for ideas on a great scale. To us, the idea of likening the two volcanoes to altars of the world, seems perfectly unmeaning; but it is accounted poetry, and grand poetry, and so be it.

The Reviewer, in continuation, observes, that it is one of the peculiarities of the volume before him, that it is replete with comparisons of a highly poetic nature; and a singular peculiarity this is in a volume of poems! He proceeds to examples, and gives an extract, containing, as he says, "no less than three figures;" it is really a tit-bit, a genuine piece of poesy.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—for ever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus, when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, *awhile* upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, *a breaking harp-string's tone*;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early softness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

We are quite confident that, in the way of poetry, this is not to be matched. The hopes, like children playing in the sun, and the gentleman's double-fronted mind on a careless, sullen peace, (*query, pace*) looking forward and behind like Janus, when his gates were shut, are ideas of unrivalled originality. The anecdote of Apollo is also told with a bewitching circumstantiality; it is a piece of pleading. Apollo placed his harp *awhile* upon a stone, which has resounded since, when struck, *a breaking harp-string's tone*; and thus the author's heart, which is now from early softness free, or, in other words, very like a pudding-stone which hardens with wear, if touched will yield a music which has got a pretty considerable touch of the twang of the breaking string in it.

We quote from the Review: the introductory encomium reminds us very strongly of a certain advertisement, which has for years haunted the newspapers, beginning, "When Socrates talked of marriage," &c.

Our next specimen is in a much higher strain. If he who reads it is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it a ready admiration.

A HEALTH.

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given,
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.
Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, *and from her lips each flows*
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.
Affections are as thoughts to her, *the measures of her hours*;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, echanging oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years!
Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, *my latest sigh will not be life's but hers.*
I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.'"

Our experience tells us at this moment that life is not all poetry, and that *weariness* is by no means a name. Such sheer nonsense as the stuff printed in Italics could hardly obtain a place in the columns of the most contemptible newspaper; and such unmeaning trash is quoted by the first critical journal of America with high commendation! Another example and we have done.—We quote the Review.

We will now pass on to a more particular consideration, than we before gave, of Rodolph, which is the only poem of much length in the volume. It is divided into two parts. *The first begins in a fine style.*

" The Summer's heir on land and sea
 Had thrown his parting glance,
 And Winter taken angrily
 His waste inheritance.
 The winds in stormy revelry
 Sported beneath a frowning sky;
 The chafing waves with hollow roar
 Tumbled upon the shaken shore,
 And sent their spray in upward showers
 To Rodolph's proud ancestral towers,
 Whose station from its mural crown
 A regal look cast sternly down."

This passage, pronounced *fine*, is just passable down to the two last lines, where it becomes downright nonsense. What in the name of wonder can Mr. Pinkney mean by talking of a station casting down regal looks from its mural, or any other crown? We cannot conceive a castle's station doing any thing of the kind. But to what purpose have we extracted these eulogized absurdities? Simply to show the sort of thing which is approved by the taste that condemns some of the most perfect performances of a Byron.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

WESTMINSTER, EDINBURGH, AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

———Ille

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere, clamo)
 Flebit——

If the reader will be at the trouble of referring to the last few pages of our present number, he will observe, under the head of University Intelligence, a Tripos Paper, as it is technically called, or list of graduates, who, in the recent mathematical examination at Cambridge, instituted for conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts on proficient in science, acquitted themselves with more or less *éclat*. The total number of persons, who took their degrees on this occasion, was, we understand, two hundred and twenty-eight. The names in this list amount to only ninety-five. Alma Mater! where be the rest? These are your "*honours*!" and, even here, as you well know, the *honour* of the two latter divisions is of a very *equivocal* description. Where be the one hundred and forty-one whose "education" you have "completed," but whom you have not deigned to *honour*? Three years ago, and a quarter, you received into your "bosom" a number of pupils much greater than that which has now left you. But of these, some forsook you before their *education* was completed, and some you were yourself obliged to eject. Two hundred and twenty-eight, it appears, remained under your tuition to the last. Out of so many intelligent and ingenuous British youth, well nurtured and well born, devoting all your efforts to the prosecution of one single science, could you not, with seventeen houses of education, richly endowed, with all your tutors, public and private, your lecturers and professors, your bounties upon your favourite study, fellowships, prizes, and honours in abundance, produce more than twenty-seven tolerable mathematicians, even allowing, which is more than you, in secret, do yourself, that

your Wranglers are *all* tolerable mathematicians? Will any one be good enough to tell us why it is that the University of Cambridge, which notoriously dismisses every year five-sixths of those who have gone through the routine of study which she prescribes, disgracefully ignorant of the only science she professes to teach, continues notwithstanding to be one of the idols of the English public, and has, each succeeding year, her halls and colleges crowded with a still increasing multitude of fresh under-graduates—fresh votaries of ignorance, and indolence, and dissipation? He who takes an interest in the improvement of mankind will often have cause for painful reflection. But his bitterest thought must arise from the consideration, how long the greatest national abuses exist before they are exposed to public censure; and even after their exposure, how long their existence is protracted. It is not difficult to account for this. The habit of following implicitly in the track marked out for us by those who have lived before us, is the cause of the first part of the evil complained of. To a community, the members of which are the slaves of custom, prejudice, interest, or ignorance, the existing order of things is something as indissoluble as the order of nature. It is permitted us, indeed, to learn the laws by which public institutions are regulated; but a project that should contemplate their amelioration were as presumptuous as an attempt to control the planets. During a long course of generations, the mere possibility of an alteration is not even dreamt of; and institutions, which are the source of unmitigated evils, are regarded, like the diseases to which the body is subject, as something incident to humanity. But when it has been discovered that the custom of the community is not absolutely unalterable, men are not long in finding that it is also capable of amendment. Something or other occurs, which directs the attention of the public to some particular feature of their moral and civil policy; and then viewing it with new eyes, the public, for the first time, become sensible of its deformity. The light that has thus broken in upon them, reveals a wonder. They find that they have been grunting and sweating under a “fardel” solely for the advantage of bearing it; or that they have been “cabined, cribbed, confined,” without being really bound. In proportion to their amazement at this obstinate self-delusion, is the loudness with which they exclaim, and their exclamations lead to the discovery of a second unhappiness in the constitution of society. They propose to relinquish the burthen, or to make use of their limbs; and their first movements evoke a train of familiars, who are for buckling on the one, and binding the other. Instead of commencing measures for a removal of the nuisance, they uphold it, laud it to the skies, affirm that it “has certainly exerted a powerful influence upon our national character,” and “are inclined to attribute to it no small share of that superiority, which the frame of society in this country has long maintained over that of *all other nations*.”* The “powerful arm of English law” is invoked to protect it, and all who complain of the nuisance are “scurrilous,” and enemies of the social order. The enigma is easily solved. The abuse that has been detected is not

* See the article, “The London University,” in the last No. of the Quarterly Review.

solitary. It is one of a system, and the removal of that one might hazard the safety of all. There is not on this earth, a creature so sensitive as the man who lives or profits by, or has the slightest connexion with the system that fosters abuses. In any quarter, no matter how remote, do but hint disapprobation of any thing in that "which works so well,"—"touching the electric chain wherewith they are *darkly* bound,"—and the shock is instantaneously communicated to its farthest extremities. However opposed to each other be the separate interests of the individuals of the fraternity, yet they have an *esprit de corps* stronger than animates the most closely connected societies. The exciseman, the justice, and the parson, sympathize with one another; and the head of a college owns a community of feeling with the head of a workhouse.

It is to be hoped that we are, at length, becoming sensible of the portentous absurdity involved in our plan of public education; and we look upon it as the surest symptom of this dawning sensibility, that the self-seeking admirers of every blur and blemish in the existing state of society, are beginning to bristle up and already menace hostility. The proposed establishment of a London University has occupied a large share of public attention; and, should it produce no other fruits, will have essentially served the cause of education by directing men's thoughts to the subject of universities in general. We think, or, at least, we hope, that the English public, which for many centuries has embraced, with a fondness shown to hardly any other of its institutions, its system of university education; that, along with other "seminaries of sound and useful learning," in its hebdomadal state prayer, implores the divine grace upon "the universities of this land," is beginning to open its eyes upon the object of its endearments. Many complaints and exclamations, public and private, have ensued, and these symptoms of a disposition to scrutinize the system in question have, as was to be expected, drawn the enemies of human improvement into the field. "Our universities have grown up along with our constitution and national character. Let us still seek to preserve unbroken the union from which such *happy effects* have been experienced." * Thus, at the outset of our investigation, we discover our universities to be, what no one suspected before, the very key-stone of the social union, which cannot be touched without bringing the whole fabric about our ears. And so it is, and so it ever will be with every institution in turn. Detect in it any capability of improvement, and propose repairs, and you are, and will be told, it is that one especial part of the system which admits not of being handled. The English universities are, no doubt, the central point of a system; but of what system, is a "question to be asked."

We do not mean to say that, till the recent agitation of the question, there have been none of what are called attacks upon the universities. In our own memories there have been several. But they were ill-directed, malevolent, and imbecile, from ignorance of the real merits of the question; and the universities waxed stronger from their failure. The Edinburgh Reviewers, for example, have, from the com-

* Quarterly Review, *ibid.*

mencement of their journal, been carping at these institutions; but their animadversions have been dealt out in the spirit of professional rivalry, and discovered nothing but their own want of information. With an ignorance absolutely ludicrous, they talked about the "Æolic reduplication," and "Sylburgius, his method of arranging defectives in ω and μ ," and "the restoration of a dative case, which Cranzius had passed over, and the never dying Ernesti failed to observe." They had a vague idea that the classical studies of our universities were directed to enquiries of a trivial or hypercritical nature, and in the dark they aimed a shaft imbued, as they thought, with bitter sarcasm. It is needless to observe, that every member of the hostile phalanx laughed in his sleeve as this *telum imbelles* fell innocuous to the ground. They were even mad enough to abandon their own strong position of metaphysics and political economy, to dispute with Oxford the palm of Latinity. That great book-making establishment, the Clarendon press, had recently put forth an edition of Strabo, disfigured with all the blemishes incident to books made in the spirit of traffick. The Reviewers fastened upon it with glee indescribable. They convicted *Oxford* of bad Latin; and they were, in turn, convicted of worse. The world laughed to see one strong man, in the height of his triumph, knocked down by another stronger than he. Oxford had the better of the fight; she retained her reputation for "sound learning," because Copleston was a better classic than the Scotch Reviewer. We are not certain whether they were not fool-hardy enough to vie with Eton in longs and shorts. The present minister for foreign affairs, it is generally understood, "doffed the state aside, and bid it pass," while he sought in some copies of verses, written by Scotch school-boys, for false quantities, of which an abundant crop, of course, rewarded his statesman-like researches.

Their insinuations against the scientific studies of Cambridge, were equally erring and futile. At a period when the analytical methods of the French mathematicians were in vogue there, and few of those who had attained unto the higher honours, but were acquainted with the work in question, they restricted to two, or three, the number of students in that university, capable of reading the *Mécanique Céleste*, "with any tolerable facility." They moreover "disapproved of the method," that "prescribed to the pupil a certain portion of the works of Newton," which he must study, "not to learn the spirit of geometry, or to acquire the $\deltaυνάμεις\ \epsilon\upsilon\phi\eta\rho\iota\kappa\eta$, but to know them, as a child does his catechism, by heart," &c. Had they known at what description of Cambridge students to aim this censure, it had been well; but ambitiously they directed it at the head, and the head, as it happened, was invulnerable. He who would inflict a serious wound upon the system of that university, must look for a penetrable part below *the throat*. In this instance too, their ignorance disarmed their censure of all power, either to heal or to hurt. They supposed the case of a "young man studying mechanics," and compelled to get by heart the whole of the heavy and verbose demonstrations contained in Keil's Introduction, (which *we* believe is an exercise sometimes prescribed,) and they asked "what was likely to be the consequence?" The consequence was, they were laughed at for the supposition. Keil's Introduction!—a work known, if at all, only

by name, to the Cantabs of that generation. There followed some ponderous wit about the "laws of periodical revolutions," and their being "excellently well adapted to a planetary system," but ill adapted, for "an academical institution." And finally out issued a banging truth, that *universities are the "strong holds, where prejudice and error make their latest stand."* But this bold, and no less true than bold asseveration, was qualified by a claim of exception in favour of Cambridge. They did not "mean to hint that this was true of the university" spoken of. "The credit of teaching the mathematics of *Locke* and *Newton*, was sufficient to cover a multitude of sins." They shewed in this, that they knew a great deal about Cambridge, and what was *taught* there, and *how* it was taught. If a syllabus of *Locke*, yawned over by a questionist, (so they call the candidate for the degree of B.A.) whilst "ruminating bedward," three days, or possibly three weeks, before examination, can be thought capable of instructing the student therein, the University of Cambridge may claim the "credit of teaching the *doctrines* of *Locke*."

The education committee, with Mr. Brougham at its head, acted upon a policy equally narrow and unmeaning. That enlightened person seems to have fallen into a mistake similar to that which led poor Major Cartwright, and his class of reformers, to search into the annals of the Heptarchy, for the model of a pure and reformed House of Commons. We cannot imagine what induced Mr. Brougham to suppose, that the cause of education could be promoted by an enquiry into the *statutes* of the University, and by reducing its practice to a stricter conformity with the multifarious and often preposterous regulations of its founders. The better sense of succeeding generations has allowed many of these to become obsolete: and it were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all the rules at variance with common sense, which are still observed, should be permitted to fall into the like oblivion. At this day we hear of no one that is anxious to revive exploded observances but one wrong-headed man, who, unluckily placed in a high station, and enamoured of antiquity, is for stepping back at least two centuries, and starting afresh with all the needless weights and incumbrances, which during that time have either slipped off, or been laid aside. Mr. Brougham not only failed in doing good, he did harm. By summoning before the committee, and harassing with impertinent questions, a gentleman who has deserved better of the University than almost any other of its members, notwithstanding the present generation seems disposed to lay his works upon the shelf, he excited a natural disgust towards himself, which has been, in part, reflected upon his cause; and by a display of ignorance, and by pursuing an unmeaning course of interrogation, he laid himself open to the attack of that feeble person, the present dean of Peterborough. The University of Cambridge rose higher in people's estimation, and seemed more firmly established, from the impotence discovered by those who, evidently thinking it stood in need of reform, shewed that they did not know in what way to set about the business.

There *are* interrogatories, which that committee might have proposed to the venerable master of St. John's, which would have elicited

from him answers to the purpose—answers, that might possibly have vindicated the necessity of subjecting him to examination at all. In case the Education Committee should ever be revived, and Dr. Wood be brought before it to bear witness against the University of Cambridge, instead of inquiring into the terms of mouldy deeds and rotten parchment, we would suggest to the chair a few questions of something like the following purport:

(1.) What, upon an average, may be the number of students annually entered of your College?

(2.) What arts, sciences, or knowledge of any description do you profess to teach them?

(3.) How many tolerable proficient in mathematics, classics, theology, and morals do you, taking one year with another, succeed in producing at the close of the usual academical career?

(4.) Of those mathematical students, who do not attain to what you call the “higher honours,” what, fairly speaking, may be the average attainments in science?

(5.) Is it your opinion that these *extraordinary* acquisitions are themselves of a nature, or that they are made in such a way as to benefit, in the slightest degree, the gifted persons who succeed in so arduous a course of studies?

(6.) In addition to those under-graduates who, coming from able masters, or schools where classical studies are ably conducted, are already fair, are excellent scholars, do you, by the various exercises and studies prescribed to the men of your College, succeed in making *one more scholar*?

(7.) Do you believe that, with the exception of, it may be, five or six, or double that number of pupils, whose previous attainments at school inspire them with the ambition of contending for classical honours, medals, prizes, and so forth, the remainder, generally speaking, augment or lose part of the classical knowledge they bring with them to the University?

(8.) The studies of your College are understood to be, in part, intended as a preparation for Holy Orders—what opportunities do your pupils enjoy of making acquisitions in divinity?

(9.) We understand, also, that the works of some moral philosophers are *read* at St. John’s, we would be glad to know, what works these are, and in what manner they are read?

(10.) Upon the whole, is it your opinion, that the manners, pursuits, and mode of life of the great majority of your students, are calculated to form humble, devout, and learned divines, or moral, exemplary, and useful citizens, or the contrary?

(11.) Of all the gentlemen who annually take up their residence at St. John’s, and during the better part of three years and a quarter pursue their avocations there, in what proportion, to make a rough conjecture, is the number of those who, at the end of that period, go into the world, with minds enlarged by knowledge, intellects improved by exercise, principles fortified against the seduction of worldly vanities, and manners recommended by modesty, to the number of those who leave your “ancient and religious foundation,” more ignorant than they entered it, less able to apply their minds to any serious study whatever, habituated to vain, or vicious, and ex-

pensive pursuits, with manners contaminated by grossness, and bodies enfeebled by debauchery?

(12.) Finally, is it your opinion that the head of a house, with duties like your own; tutors paid by a yearly sum levied, as a matter of course, from their pupils; lecturers paid by the tutors that employ them; private tutors paid by their pupils, for real or nominal services, exactly as their pupils please to make use of them; a company of lay-clergymen, whom you call "fellows," some of them immoral in their lives, many of them gross or clownish in their manners, and all of them more immediately under the eye of the under-graduates, than the latter are under their's, living, most of them, idly, upon the fruits of exertions made when *they* were under-graduates, and never since repeated, but in a listless manner, with their pupils; the whole corporation, Master and Fellows, existing upon the bounty of benefactors long since departed this life, who have left behind them none to whom you are in any degree, but nominally, responsible; is it, we ask, your opinion, that a college so constituted, can possibly serve the purpose of public education, and supply the state with a yearly number of useful, well-informed citizens, or learned, active, and conscientious ministers?

These, or something like these, are a few of the queries which we would recommend to the notice of the Education Committee, when it shall once more have resumed its enquiries. Why they have been suspended, is a question we are too little versed in the mysteries of the state to be able to answer. After having spread consternation among the abusers of the public, the storm has apparently subsided, and those who, however reluctantly, were at length proposing to bestir themselves, are, doubtless, now quietly returned to the enjoyment of their former lethargic existence. But, judging from the turn which the investigation took, as regards the University of Cambridge, and the spirit it discovered, the public, perhaps, is not a sufferer by the suspension of their labours.

The object of an enquiry into the system of university education is obviously not to discover what the will and intentions of the rude founders of that system were, or to point out inconsistencies between them and present practice, for the discrepancies which have crept in, are notoriously to the advantage of education*; but to ascertain how

* We are happy to be able to recommend our view of this subject by adducing the authority of the Quarterly Review, which, though not worth a straw, when advocating the cause of old institutions, may be admitted as evidence against them. "An inquiry founded upon the narrow and technical principles there (in Parliament) prescribed, can issue in no beneficial result, except in the detection and discovery of fraud. To demand a sight of the original deeds; to compare the actual state and practice of an ancient foundation with the directions specified in their early records; to mark every discrepancy as an abuse; and to require a return, as far as is practicable, to the letter of its charter, is a process so far from being of a healing nature, that, in most instances, its tendency would be to defeat the very purpose of the institution." Considering what an admirer the Quarterly Reviewer is of ancestral wisdom, and, as he observes himself, how little he is liable to the suspicion of any intentional disrespect towards these venerable seats of learning, it is worth the reader's while to observe, in this and the passages which follow it, with what reverence he speaks of "a few sentences of Latin, and some *shreds of parchment*." It is curious to remark in this the workings of party. We wish Mr. Brougham and his friends would evince a little more illiberality of principle, and we should have the Quarterly Reviewers exemplary liberals. During the

far those old institutions *do*, or *can* fulfil the purpose, for which the community employs their agency, viz., of educating the gentry of England, and render it unnecessary for the legislature to take or recommend other measures for the acquisition of an object so important.

To obtain the necessary information, let an intelligent and *impartial* committee (if such a one can be found) be appointed, with powers to examine every learned head in the University, from him of Trinity, to that relic of an age gone by, the old Nestor of Peterhouse. For our own parts, we doubt not these venerable dignitaries would be found to answer scrupulously and conscientiously. Should the committee, however, reflecting upon the moral conformation of the species, be of opinion that the purest testimony is not to be expected from parties mainly interested in the question at issue, it is in their power to supply every hiatus in the information obtained, by the evidence of persons who, not having enjoyed the pride of academical sway, the pleasure of enacting sumptuary laws against boots and breakfasts, ("small Tritons of the minnows,") and the warm comforts of the lodge and combination-room, are thereby exempted from suspicion of any sinister influence upon their judgment. A body of evidence might thus be collected, sufficient to enable the legislature and the public to pronounce a verdict in this question, which no one will deny to be a matter of vital importance to the community. But legislatures, as at present framed, are machines of very irregular action; sometimes, when touched in a tender part, or moved by a cunning hand, working with tremendous velocity; at others, opposing a *vis inertiae* to the progress of civilization, to be overcome only by the preponderant weight of public opinion. To the latter we must look for redress. To that let every one contribute his mite, till it is confirmed by right information, and guided by just and philosophical opinions. The question of university education may now be considered as fairly before the public, at whose bar every competent witness is bound to deliver evidence.

In the absence of that testimony, which we ourselves believe would be found equally veracious and authoritative, we beg to offer to our readers a few particles of evidence on the subject. We are induced to this, by observing that every journal, favourable or the contrary, to existing establishments, has, as if by common consent, evaded the enquiry, and argued on the supposition that the merits of this question were perfectly well understood by the public. The Westminster Reviewer, for example, in an able, but rough and indigested essay, in the seventh number, has handled the subject in no sparing or feeble manner. He does not appear to have examined the working of the system sufficiently in detail; probably because, when the result was so obviously despicable, he did not think it worth his while to enquire further; but his occasional glances often penetrate its depths, and descry its operations. His object is to show the inutility of the vulgar routine of English education, assuming "the ideal pattern to be

Whig administrations of George I. and II., the flaming zealots for liberty were all on the Tory side. As long as two parties divide the House and the public, when one bucket descends the other bucket will infallibly mount, and human improvement be at a stand-still.

tolerably preserved in practice ;”* and it is only by hints and inuendos, that he gives us to understand how far he is from thinking that the pattern is so preserved. The Edinburgh Review has again, “notwithstanding the shameful discomfiture of its former efforts,”† entered the field, and, apparently, is bent upon taking better aim and fighting with other weapons than in its former desultory skirmishes. The last paper on this subject,‡ discovers infinitely more knowledge of the interior of an English University than is displayed in all the preceding volumes of the journal together. We may judge that it has, at length, hit a tender, if not a mortal part, when, to its various strong allegations, the Quarterly Review can reply only, that its contemporary has again “disgraced itself by a *strain of low scurrility* against the English Universities, as *dull* in manner, as it is *false* in fact, and *fallacious* in argument.” We may always distinguish the losing party by the loudness of its invectives, which is invariably proportioned to the rottenness of its cause. “Truth,” the Quarterly well observes, “is strong in its resources,” and abhors all connexion with obloquy and abuse. The Quarterly Reviewer reminds the Edinburgh of its former “discomfitures,” just as one pugnacious varlet taunts another whom he has formerly beaten, over whom he has long domineered, but who is beginning to evince symptoms of a disposition to rebel. Besides, the Edinburgh, like the vanquished bull of the Georgics, has been “nursing its wrath to keep it warm,” and “biding its time.”

Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit

* * * *

præcepsque oblitum fertur in hostem.

The Quarterly is unmercifully gored. “*Scurrility*”—“*Strain*” the *first*. “We have the most entire persuasion, that the plan of sending young men of eighteen or nineteen, to live together for the three most critical years of their lives, at a distance from their parents or guardians, subject to no effectual or useful control, and suffered to drink, dice, and wench, as they please, to read what they please, and associate with whom they please, provided only they are punctual in attendance at chapel for five minutes in a morning, and regular in receiving the proper vestments, and showing themselves at the hour of grace before meat—is one of the most extravagant follies that ever entered into the mind of man, and would have been deemed too absurd a caricature of human improvidence, had it been only known in some page of Gulliver’s Travels, and not *grown silently* into an English habit.”—*Edinburgh Review*. Is this *false in fact*? Speak, for ye best can tell, ye thousands who have slumbered at prayers, and borrowed gowns in hall, and drunk till cock-crow, and slept yourselves sober at —, and thus worn your college life away—is not this *true*?—*Strain the second*. “The rich endowments, joined to the certainty of having a constant supply of such wealthy pupils, made the teachers lazy, and their course of instruction superficial, and inflexibly opposed to all improvement.”—*Ibid*. The Reviewer has missed his aim here. That the teachers are *lazy* is false. That the rich endowments of the colleges are injurious, is true.—*Strain the third*. “The education of those who are really educated, is *their*

* Quarterly Review, *ibid*.

† *Ibid*.

‡ See the article, “New London University,” in the Edinburgh Review.

own work; and being their own work, not only are all the previous time and money lost, but that period of life which ought to have been occupied in acquisition, has passed, never to return, never to be compensated by after-industry. The monopoly has cheated them with the semblance of teaching; it has taught them *what they have not learned*, or if they have learned what it has taught, they *have hastened to forget it*. It has cheated them of their wealth, and their time; it has cheated, as far as it could, the state which depends on their acquisitions; it has not made the citizens which it promised; it is not an Alma Mater, but a harpy and a robber.”—*Westminster Review*. Will the Quarterly Reviewer affirm that this is not fact? Will he question its truth? Let him look within himself, and pronounce.—*Strain the fourth*. “The number of these proficients is extremely small, compared with that of the *whole* students; (Scotice;) and there is really no medium between almost entire idleness, and such skill in making Greek and Latin verses as would astonish a first-rate German commentator, and such readiness in solving difficult problems as would surpass the belief, certainly far exceed the power, of Sir Isaac Newton, were he again to visit the banks of the Granta.”—*Edinburgh Review*. Is this *false in fact*?—*Strain the fifth*. “But the true test of a good and efficient system of instruction is, first of all, its teaching the *whole body* of those whom it embraces, and making each advance according to the measure of his abilities; and next to that, its imparting knowledge which may remain with the students in after life. Tried by either test, the systems of our University lamentably fail.”—*Ibid*. Is this *false in fact*, or *fallacious in argument*? Is it *false in fact* that the University of Cambridge has within the last fortnight, after conferring on them a degree, which implies that their education is completed, dismissed a great majority of her pupils entirely ignorant of the very science, which she considers as constituting the most essential and important part of a liberal education? If it be true, is it *scurrilous* to aver the fact? If it be true, will the public care in what “manner” the fact is stated, though it be as “dull” as that of Mr. T. Campbell’s Lectures on Poetry, or as lively and metaphorical as that of the Quarterly Review itself? The Reviewer must place unbounded confidence in the authority of his journal, if he trusts that an audacious front, and a bold denial, will maintain his cause, not only against the asseverations of the Edinburgh Review, but in the face of the *truth* itself. We would advise him to recollect that the ground of combat is now shifted, and the weapons changed. His old rival has learned wisdom from experience. He no longer denies the merit of Cambridge as a seat of science; or of Oxford as a school of classical lore; he only contends that they are inefficient and inadequate places of education; and the Quarterly Reviewer must descend into the field of evidence, and come to close conflict with facts, or the public will give verdict against him. The learning of Copleston can no longer avail the cause; that learning is not denied. The pre-eminence of Eton in the manufacture of hexameter and pentameter is now conceded. The miraculous proficiency of the higher Wranglers is allowed in the most unbounded terms. The Quarterly Reviewer shows himself to be at his utmost need, when he would confound the ground of former contests, in which we grant the

“discomfiture” of the enemy, with that of the present. But every shepherd knoweth his flock, and the Quarterly Reviewer has taken measure of his reader’s credulity. He knows that every thing he chooses to affirm or deny, will be held true, or false, by those for whom he writes, not because it is proved to be so, but because the “Quarterly” says it. How long will the public decide all questions in morals and literature, not by their merits, but by the politics of those who discuss them? How long will the Tory part of the community persist in believing every thing under a brown cover, and the Whig part in believing every thing under a blue? We beg the reader to credit neither but on evidence. When he reads in the Westminster and the Edinburgh Reviews, the severe remarks of those periodical censors of our system and our seats of education, instead of regarding the style and form of their periods, whether they be more or less balanced, more or less coarse, more or less correct, let him apply our test—is this false in fact?—(“We thank thee, Jew, for that word,”)—is this fallacious in argument? If they be neither, let him not care how “dull” they are “in manner.”

It were to be wished that these two journals had gone into evidence, and, instead of pleading, had endeavoured to prove. The latter, we are sorry to see, has not only forborne to attempt this, but, with its usual spirit of partisanship, has again dragged forward the Scotch colleges into comparison with our own. We devoutly wish the Edinburgh Reviewers would be pleased to leave them out of the case. We are sure the mention of them will do the cause of reformation here no good. We know our English temper better; and, besides, we are not so thoroughly assured of the goodness of even the Scotch colleges, as not to wish for more unexceptionable models. As for the Quarterly, it is really a lesson to consider how it has comported itself on this emergency. As if to contrast the roughness of the unsparing adversary, and lull its friends to the repose which these recent censures must have, in some measure, disturbed, how smoothly and equably do its periods flow on!—how correct, how calm, (except in one instance,) and dispassionate its expressions!—how condescending the terms in which it announces to the city of London that the latter is permitted by the Quarterly Reviewer to have a university, provided always that it keep its distance, and “disclaim all competition with our ancient and flourishing universities!”—how graciously it is pleased to approve of Mr. Campbell’s “conciliating,” “unassuming,” and “earnest, indeed, but calm,” method of propounding his views, “dissuading all ideas of comparison with the *English* universities, [as if London were in Scotland or Jamaica,] as well as any attempt to censure their proceedings!”—how pathetically it deprecates “all bitterness of contention,” as if the Reviewer had never once dipped his own pen in gall and wormwood! The whole article, indeed, is a choice sample of that drawing-room style, and elegant imbecility, for which the Quarterly is justly renowned. Equally admirable with its tone and language is the policy upon which it is composed. The reader’s attention is quietly led away from the present state of the universities, and engaged in a consideration perfectly alien to the only important question, of their rise, and gradual advances to the state in which we now find them. With this part of their history, the public has little concern. It is their *present* condition we would have unfolded; and, therefore, we propose to take up their history, where the Quarterly Re-

view (contented with the supposition "that the ideal pattern has been tolerably preserved in practice") has left it.

Our readers consist of persons who are either well acquainted with the subject, and have reflected upon it, or who are well-informed, without having reflected, or who are entirely ignorant, and, therefore, cannot have reflected. It were desirable that the first division should constitute the majority, though we apprehend it is in fact by much the smallest; but, whether more or fewer, the readers of this class will pardon the apparent impertinence of dwelling upon topics, to *them* so notorious, and opinions so trite, in consideration of the great number of the uninformed or unreflecting. It is needless to add, we design the little information we are able to communicate solely for the benefit of the latter. On questions of universal interest, it is to be wished that every member of the community should be enabled to arrive at a just conclusion. Whilst a portion of it, and that portion a very great majority, remains either heedless from want of reflection, or incapable of thinking right from want of information, public opinion, the only redresser of grievances, and reformer of abuses, cannot be expected to overbear the obstacles, which the active opposition of an interested class puts in the way of improvement.

The reader will observe, that we purpose confining our testimony at present to the system of education pursued at Cambridge. We have our reasons. Let every man speak from his own knowledge. Views cannot be given at second-hand without the risk of receiving a new colour in the process of transmission. The public is thus far led into error. It is difficult enough to convey to the mind of another precisely the just impressions, even when received from actual experience; let alone the hazard of attempting that communication by means of copying from the observations of other people. We see how long the Edinburgh Reviewers, and other enquirers, have been at fault in their conjectures. Let Oxford, therefore, speak for itself.

We may add, that the consideration of Cambridge alone, embraces fully one-half of the whole subject; that university enjoying, at this moment, perhaps rather more than her moiety of public attention. Cambridge men figure in the annals of our police; Cambridge trials agitate our courts of law. The representation of Cambridge is at this moment canvassed by lawyers of the first eminence, statesmen of the highest character, and travellers of the greatest renown.* Public buildings, observatories or colleges, are daily starting into existence, and the number of those with whom they overflow, is now greater than that of the students at the other university. The outward and visible signs of prosperity abound. In the language of the Quarterly Review, and measuring the progress of science and learning by yards of stone walls, and the height of stone columns, Cambridge is a "flourishing university." We have also the authority of a *northern* writer, we believe, in an Athenian publication, called Janus, of which, perhaps, the reader now hears mention for the first time, for considering Oxford and Cambridge as at least on a footing of equality. "They have long been rivals," thus argues Sawney, "*ergo*, they *must* be equal."

We have another reason for selecting Cambridge in preference to Oxford. The latter, it is understood, does contrive to diffuse the be-

* See London Magazine, No. V. New Series, and Westminster Review, No. VIII.

nefits of classical learning (such as they are) throughout the mass of her students. They *can* read the New Testament; they are tolerable theologians, so at least the bishops or their chaplains say; and, therefore, the question at issue with that university may more nearly approach to the fundamental inquiry, how far classical learning in our schools and colleges ought to supersede learning of other descriptions. Oxford is also understood to teach the art of reasoning, and to supply the future legislator or economist with the only instrument by which his statistical or political enquiries can be rendered of service to himself or his country. If Oxford *really* do thus much, she is not all outside show. Her fair form is tenanted by a soul as fair.

We think it right to disclaim all feelings of malevolence towards the University, to whose discipline and management we more particularly object. She is not to blame for what she is. The public are to blame for countenancing her in an adherence to a mode of education, or rather non-education, so futile and prejudicial. Admitting this, we deny the justice of that claim she is generally supposed to have upon her children, for forbearance or silence.* This notion of filial respect due to Alma Mater, originates entirely with a practice, far too universal in our language, of personifying every constituted body of men under some one name, and giving to them a kind of unity. Thus, the seventeen establishments, instituted for the purposes of education, and directed by masters, with a greater or less number of fellows to co-operate, which compose the University of Cambridge, are often comprehended under the title of an ideal personage, whom fancy has been pleased to represent as belonging to the fairer sex, and has sanctified with the attributes and name of a mother. There wants but some idea of this kind to be once entertained, and straightway every one, who has idled away three years at Cambridge, becomes a *son* of Alma Mater; and is bound to yield her all the respect, which the child owes to its mother. Such are the restraints, purely imaginary, which the metaphorical genius of our language and country imposes upon our reason. But it is time these cobwebs, or gossamers, (which you please,) should be brushed away. If we give in to this idle practice, by the use of the collective term University, and speak of it as belonging to the feminine gender, we do it only to avoid the suspicion of personality. It is the system—the state of the university, not the members, which we censure. They are where they found themselves, and as they found themselves; and are no more to be blamed for being where they are, and as they are, than a ploughman is guilty of ploughing, or a tailor culpable of cutting cloth. Whilst, then, on the one hand, there is no obligation to silence or forbearance, it is on the other, a duty incumbent upon every man, to lay before the community whatever information he is able to furnish, respecting the nature and character of this sequestered seat of education. The community is concerned to know every particular relative to it. The community believes itself to be in possession of a place of sound moral, religious, classical, and scientific discipline; and, of course, acts in conformity

* “Perhaps it would not be right in me thus far to betray the secrets, and expose the vices of my own Alma Mater.” *Confessions of a Cantab.*—See the London Magazine, No. XII. December.

with that belief. The community, we may also observe, has hitherto shewn itself as blind as a beetle, on a matter that vitally affects its interests.* The splendour diffused round the University by the rare occurrence of a Watson, a Paley, a Milner,—names illustrious indeed but not great enough to justify an attachment so idolatrous—has concealed from observation the vulgar herd of ABC-darians who have *completed their education* at Cambridge. Every one of the select few, conscious of great intellectual superiority, and ascribing that superiority to the University, has looked within himself, instead of casting his eyes abroad, for the fruits of her discipline. Each one of the million, supremely ignorant, and therefore, perhaps, unconscious of the cheat, or supremely elated by the importance which the community attaches to a university education, and therefore not disposed to lessen his own consequence, by discovering the cheat, has not been accessory to the detection of the utter worthlessness of an education so much vaunted, otherwise than as far as he could not help betraying it grossly in his own conversation and demeanour. There are exceptions, however, in both classes. Of the former, the most remarkable may be considered the Cantab, whose Regrets we lately communicated to the reader, and who appears to have scaled the very top of Olympus, and enjoyed the luxury of sitting down, and contemplating the barrenness of the prospect. The mere mention of angles and triangles must, one would think, prove quite fatal to the sentimental; and yet there was that in these remarkable confessions, which touched us to the quick. To the latter division, we ourselves profess to belong; and assume nothing more than the credit of hearkening to Regan's dutiful advice to poor Lear: "I pray you, father, being weak, seem so." Far be it from us to question the excellence of the "pattern," which the University of Cambridge professes to "preserve in her practice." We only complain of her practice, and with reason, since we own ourselves to be of the number of those who have suffered by it. In our following numbers we propose to dedicate a few pages in each, to the benefit of Alma Mater; and we hereby invite all, who are aggrieved, either by her conduct towards them, or our animadversions upon her, to acquaint us with their grievances. If well founded, whether they make for, or against our common mother, they may depend upon it the world shall hear of their complaint. We have only one word of advice more to give to these two classes at parting. In weighing any thing we have said, or shall hereafter say, let the few individuals who ascribe their own high attainments to the influence of Alma Mater, look, not into their own minds for evidence of the truth of what we urge, but abroad; and let the rest look not abroad, but at home.

* The Westminster Review speaks the truth broadly and boldly, on this head: "The greater mass of the public has, as usual, shown the most determined inveteracy not to listen to advice that will give them the trouble of thinking, the trouble of quitting a beaten routine, to enter on a new line of action, and the vast effort of doubting the wisdom of their ancestors." We laud the persevering temper discovered in the sentence, which follows the above:—"It must be our business to sound that advice in their ears till they do listen, &c. since 'For this were we ordained.'" Indeed, the motto of those, who would inculcate any truth upon the public, must be that scripture which exhorteth to prayer without ceasing, "in season and out of season."

MEMOIRS OF THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH,*

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

“LADY CRAVEN always tells the truth,” was a saying of the late King’s; the veracity of which we are not disposed to doubt, since we have the lady’s own authority in support of it. “I have always been a strict observer of truth.” Again—“I never utter a falsehood; I never detract; I talk as little as I can,” &c. Finally—“I defy my bitterest enemy to affirm I ever told an untruth.” On the best grounds, therefore, we have established one important point—that every statement in these volumes is *true*. The fair authoress appears to have been on terms of intimacy with the most celebrated of her contemporaries; and has favoured us with anecdotes illustrative of their characters. There is one, and only one, given us at full length—her own. This we shall first notice, as it may enable the reader to appreciate justly the value of her other performances in the same line. She possessed “a natural love for the muses,” which, however, she was always reluctant to betray. The docility of her temper made learning easy to her; she danced, sang, and embroidered, and had a taste for all *fine* works. Though lively to excess, the moment her attention was claimed by her lessons, she became all silence, and her application was so close as generally to cost her a nervous head-ache. Her natural disposition was one extremely difficult to manage—meek, yet lively—humble, yet, when roused, her sensations were such as for ever to seal her lips and ears to those who had offended her. Her feelings were invariably generous, and a *liberal* way of thinking characterized her conduct through life. In affairs of moment, her natural genius disposed her to reflection, though in trifles she was of a gay and inconsiderate turn. The contrast presented by these opposite qualities constituted her principal charm, and made her the *delight* of those with whom she lived. She was remarkable also for the clearness of her ideas; a quality which extorted from the Père Elisée, surgeon to the King of France, the exclamation, “Dieu! comme vos idées sont claires et nettes!” However, though subject to be complimented with expressions of this kind, she was humble enough to ascribe her great superiority over the rest of her sex to her education. Instead of skipping over a rope, she had been taught to pay visits and to receive them, and to suppose herself a lady receiving company. Moreover, she had been too weak to be tossed about, when an infant—an evil practice too common among English nurses. Then for her *morality*; though all obedience in indifferent matters, no power on earth could have forced her into a measure condemned by her conscience. Modesty, of course, she held in high esteem, as the chief ornament of the sex. “The woman,” she observes, “that surrenders her chastity, is universally despised.” The Countess of Suffolk, lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, her godmother, she made the “pattern of her manners,” and so profound is the respect she expresses for that lady, that she probably made her the pattern also of

* Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, written by herself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn, 1826.

her *morals*. Her's was a soul of great magnanimity, and accessible to sensations, neither of envy nor hatred. Thus blessed by nature and education, the reader will not be surprised to learn that she was the comfort of *both* her husbands.

Her face and form were such as indicated the divinity within. Lady Berkeley, her mother, had conceived a dislike to her from her birth; which was often "attended with personal chastisement for her *étourderies*." This treatment produced in her that look of blended modesty and timidity, which, contrasted with her vivacity and playfulness, *fascinated* every beholder. It was a matter of regret to her that no picture of her had ever done her justice. The one done by Romney by no means conveys a just idea of her face or figure. He deserves, however, great praise for that which he executed of her two sons, Berkeley and Keppel. "These two elegant young men were models for an artist." Even Reynolds, after six sittings, was obliged to give up the attempt. In his defence he said to Dr. Johnson, who was scolding him for his refusal to finish the portrait,—“there is something so comical in the lady's face, that all my art cannot describe it.” *Comical!*—Johnson repeated the word ten times, and every time in a different tone, and ended in an angry one. “*J'ai vu des femmes plus belles, peut-être,*” said a Madame de Vacluse to Mrs. Montague; “*mais, pour sa physiognomie, Grand Dieu! j'ai lu, j'ai écrit beaucoup de Romans, mais elle les a tous dans sa physiognomie.*” From the period of her presentation she was courted by the men, and received by the world, in general, in a way that might have turned the head of any other young creature; but this homage made *her* only the more diffident and humble, and “it was just that look, *which no one else had,*” that endeared her to every one. “*Est-elle aussi jolie?*” asked Madame de Polignac of the Duke of Dorset, “*A-t-elle autant d'esprit que le monde dit?*”—“And what did you answer?” said I to the Duke.—“I told her,” said he, “that we had twenty women at court more handsome than you; *mais pour les graces, et l'esprit, pas une.*” As no painter could be found to do justice to the “inexpressible charm” of her face, it is fortunate for us, that she has herself undertaken to convey a correct impression. She enjoyed great advantages for the execution of this task, viz. a quickness of observation that never failed to discern the “effect” her appearance produced, and an excellent memory, that treasured up and retained to old age every compliment that had been paid her in youth.

Of her taste, her acquirements, and learning, these volumes will afford sufficient evidence, to those who have patience enough to read them, and understanding to fathom the depth of her observations. Of that critical, as well as philosophical turn of thought, which pervades them, we can afford but one or two specimens. “It was not chance which formed it,” (she is speaking of the *Comédie Française*)—“Louis XIV. in disseminating a general emulation in the fine arts, created, if I may be allowed the expression, the great Corneille and the inimitable Molière.” “A barber,” (she is criticising the *Barbier de Seville*,) “should never be the hero of a play. A barber never enters into the society of the beau monde. He may be allowed to appear at intervals, but ought never to be the hero.”—She was deputed by the Margrave, to present Blanchard the *aéronaut*, with a gold medal.

About a year and a half afterwards, she received a letter from him, thanking her for the hints she had suggested to him respecting the direction of the balloon. Now she had made no observations, only asked him questions. But ignorance, “from it’s constant enquiry, has frequently produced something new to those, who have lost their combinations, by being too abstract.”—“Murder and assassination are not only destructive in themselves, but, if possible, still more destructive in their consequences. The practice of shedding blood unjustly, and often wantonly, blunts the conscience, and *paves the way to every crime.*” This observation is verified in the ancient Greeks, &c. “Money is a species of property of such extensive use, as greatly to inflame the appetite.”—“Hesiod says, that God has placed labour as a guard to virtue—I approve every regulation that tends to prevent idleness.”—“Opulence does not consist in the riches, but in the manners of a nation.”—“Italian authors, I think, in general are not amusing, but the tragedies of Alfieri are very fine—Dante is very obscure.”—“Metastasio enchants by the softness and harmony of his poetry.”—“Meratori surprises by the vast extent of his knowledge; but he is without purity or elegance.”—“Montesquieu, among the French writers, expresses himself with much precision.”—“That curious writer, Mandeville, who is always entertaining, if he does not instruct, &c.”—“For the elevation of the mind above the earth I *recognize* the plurality of worlds.”—“Had all the learned men treated this subject, and explained it with the clearness and precision of Fontenelle, there would have been no occult sciences.”—“After Fontenelle, I admire the elegant Algarotti, &c.”—“When I wish for information of what passes in the material world, I read Buffon.”—“When I found my mind changeable, and my ideas not consecutive, I referred to the *great dictionary of the Encyclopædia!*”—“When I have no imagination, I look over some translations: I select that moment, because *genius* is not necessary there, &c.”

To do justice to the variety of this lady’s information—the exquisite truth of her criticisms, the depth of her philosophical remarks, which touch upon every subject from the philosophy of dancing, to that of government and morals—and the engaging simplicity and unaffected tone by which they are recommended, would demand more pages than we have been able to afford lines. “Oh! there you are,” exclaimed Charles Fox to her at the assembly, where he saw her first as Margravine; “I wonder what you will do with your education; it will embarrass you much.” We think there was reason in his wonder; more especially if the Margravine was in the habit of favouring her auditors with reflections so profound and diversified as those with which she has indulged her readers. Lady Morgan, perhaps, though we speak with hesitation, (more modest in this than our critical brethren, who invariably have “no hesitation,”) is the only living authoress that can be compared with her Highness, in the extent of her reading, and the boldness and originality of her speculations.

From the philosophical nature of her reflections, the reader may be led to expect much new light upon the characters of the distinguished persons with whom she associated. There are, however, but three characters in her book—her own, her mother’s, and her first husband’s. These she had good opportunities of studying, and, not being

of a very rare or complex description, they were easily learned. The first we have endeavoured to exhibit. Her mother's is seen to most advantage on the occasion of the fair authoress's first appearance in the world, when, it must be owned, her reception was not over cordial. "Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and without much attention deposited in the great elbow-chair, at her ladyship's bed-side, with neither clothes, nor wet-nurse prepared, I was left in despair, for a while, to my fate." Lady Albemarle coming in to make civil enquiries after the health of the invalid and the stranger, had very nearly deprived the world of her, who was born to be the "delight" of every one, and us of her history, by preparing to sit down in the arm-chair, where she had at first observed nothing but a piece of flannel. Lady Albemarle desired that the infant might be brought to the window, that she might judge of the probability of its existence. "It's a miserable thing, and cannot live," exclaimed Lady Berkeley. Fortunately for the future Margravine, Lady Albemarle judged otherwise. "The infant's face being uncovered, the helpless little being opened its eyes, as if to hail the light of day; and as they appeared very bright," Lady Albemarle conceived hopes of its living. She, therefore, took upon herself to give such orders as might at least allow the infant fair play, and which the mother, partly from despair, and partly from disappointment at its proving a female, when she had predetermined it should be a boy, had neglected to give.

Of her sister, Lady Georgiana, there is nothing said particularly worthy of observation; except her mode of confiding to our authoress the secret of her attachment to the nobleman with whom, upon finding the course of her love not to run so smooth as was to be wished, she eventually disappeared. "One night, when my mother was asleep, Lady Georgiana came to my bed-side, having stolen silently from her own, and whispered, 'My Bessy, I am in love.'" After the elopement of this sister, Bessy was sentenced to sleep in the same room with her mother till she was married.

The next remarkable circumstance in her history is a requisition made to her, at some sacred musical festival, by *desire of the bishop of Gloucester*, that she would hold one of the plates for the money to be collected for the poor. "As I naturally felt abashed in a situation, where I was so conspicuous, I averted my face, when I curtsied for the guineas that were given, and they all fell sliding from the plate, to the dismay of the two beadles who attended." Notwithstanding a few casualties of this kind, and the teasing solicitations of suitors, favoured by her mother, her life at that period was indifferently merry. "I danced and sung, and wrote poetry, and laughed with my young friends, with my accustomed hilarity, without restraint or fear; comme le Chevalier Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche. But *helas!* this state was not of long duration."

The most serious interruption to her tranquillity was occasioned by Mr. Craven's wilful and obstinate determination to fall in love with her. The urgency of friends, the intercessions of relatives, and the perseverance of Mr. Craven, prevail upon her, at length, to allow the settlements to be made. She was offered the choice of the seat in Leicestershire, or that in Berkshire, for her place of residence. "I asked in which of the two counties the family interest lay. As he

said it was in Berkshire, I replied, that ought to be the place. When matters of serious moment were placed before me, my natural genius led me to reflection, &c."

Mr. —, afterwards Lord Craven, had received what was called a polished education, which Oxford had the honour of completing. His life was one continued ramble. To hunt in Leicestershire—to drive the Oxford stage-coach—to see a new play in London, &c. were his ordinary avocations. "Till I lived with you, my love," said he to his wife, "I never stayed *three* days in *one* place." Possessed of a sound judgment and a clear understanding, he had taste neither for music nor the fine arts, and disliked reading any thing but the newspapers.

"There were neither libraries nor books in any house, of any Craven. 'A miracle! a miracle!' exclaimed Fox one day to me—it was in Lord Craven's life-time—'Craven, who never till yesterday opened his lips in the House of Lords, *spoke*.'—'Indeed!' said I; 'what did he say?' for he did not tell me, on his return, that he had spoken. He then described to me, with much good humour, a speech that Lord Sandwich had made, in which that nobleman concluded by asserting as a fact something that was his own invention. Lord Craven rose, to the astonishment of the whole house. Loud murmurs of disapprobation, which had arisen at Lord Sandwich's assertion, were instantly hushed, to give audience to a peer about to speak, who had never opened his mouth before. Lord Craven, looking steadfastly at Lord Sandwich, exclaimed, 'that's a lie,' and immediately sat down again. The house burst out into a convulsion of laughter." This is the best anecdote in the book, and is told in her best manner.

She bore her lord seven children, in the course, apparently, of almost as many years; and her strict attention to the maternal duties, won her the heart of Samuel Johnson. "I like you," said he, one day, laying his great hand upon her arm, "because you are a good mother." But all her talents, her virtues, and exemplary conduct were unable to subdue her lord's inveterate propensity to rambling. Happening, by chance, to alight at the Crown Inn, in Reading, he found there a lady, with whom some gay colonel had resided for awhile, till, sated with her charms, he had left her and them, by way of pledge, to pay for the reckoning. As was to be expected, this lady instantly took possession of Lord Craven. She rode out with him, drank with him, and gained a complete ascendancy over him. A scene of some pathos ensues between him and his lady; on her part, full of dignity; on his, of remorse. He soon, however, put an end to all doubt or anxiety on the subject, by flatly announcing one day his intention of going to London; and "'when I go, I shall never see your face again.'" To this I answered, 'That is, to part with me?' He replied, 'Yes.' I then proceeded as far as the door, and, turning round, said, with the greatest calmness I could collect, 'The parting of a husband and a wife, who have lived together for thirteen years, and have had seven children, is a thing of too great consequence to those children, for me not to take the best advice upon such an event;' and I retired to my own sitting-room."

She was as good as her word, and consulted the very best authorities, in the persons of Lords Loughborough and Thurlow. The first was all flaming indignation, and advised nothing short of prosecution.

“Prosecute my husband!—the father of my seven children!” The other lord was more moderate in his counsels. The best thing she could do, according to his ideas, was to go where she pleased, and take with her any of the children she thought proper. “But,” added he, “leave your *daughters* with your lord.”—“I shall never forget Lord Thurlow’s *manner of telling* me [no doubt] this; nor how near I saw tears starting from those eyes which were supposed never to have wept.” It was even suggested to her that she ought to communicate the particulars of this unfortunate business to the Queen; but some considerations, not very intelligible to us, prevented her having recourse to the place of “last resort.” Besides, she could not contemplate lightly the chance of a refusal, even from the Queen of England; she was a Plantagenet, and her proud spirit could not stoop to an explanation. “Contempt, I confess, cool, rooted contempt was all I felt for Lord Craven’s folly;” and as for any calumnies he might propagate respecting her, she was content to be no better off than her godmother, the pattern of her manners, the immaculate Lady Suffolk,* whom the *Queen’s* protection (Caroline, wife of Geo. II.) alone had preserved from the ill-treatment of *her* lord.

Leaving her noble husband in possession of the field, she sat herself quietly down for a while at St. Germain-en-Laye; where the Queen of France’s *gaucheries*, as she terms them, about her, afforded her some amusement, and occasioned her a little perplexity. Maria Antoinette, for some reason or other, employed a person to watch her ladyship’s conduct; who, betraying the confidence reposed in her, confessed to our authoress, that not only she, but the police, transmitted to the Queen a regular account of her ladyship’s proceedings. But, said she, “*Vous êtes si aimable, que je me fie à vous!*” Moreover, she asked her ladyship, if it was the Prince de S—— who came so often to see her? “I told this milliner that I never had permitted the Prince de S—— to be presented to me, because he had a very bad character; and that it was the Margrave of Anspach who so frequently visited me; that he had known me from my childhood, and had conceived for me the same partiality that all who had known me from my infancy retained for me.” She does not appear to have had any personal intercourse with the Queen, beyond an accidental rencontre in the gallery at Versailles, where her ladyship was present with her child (Master Keppel,) to see the Royal Family pass to chapel. The Queen noticed the child, and exclaimed, clasping her hands, “*Dieu! le joli enfant.*” On their return from chapel, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth stopped and curtsied repeatedly to Lady Craven; the former saying, “*Restez avec nous, Madame!*” while the other, with a voice as sweet as her angelic countenance, repeated the phrase.

Tired of her fine dairy and her Alderney cows, in reference to which some polite ecclesiastic characterized her ladyship as “*une très-grande dame, qui ne dédaignait pas les détails du ménage,*” our authoress sets out on her travels. In Italy she excited the astonishment of every body, by riding on horseback on a side-saddle. The peasants, as they passed her on the right hand, would exclaim, “*Ah! povera—una*

* For a mention of “our good Suffolk,” see “Heart of Mid-Lothian.”

Gamba!" At Florence, the brilliancy of the moon reminded her of a saying of M. de Carricioli,—“*Que la lune de Naples valait bien le soleil de l'Angleterre.*” In Venice she expected to find a cheerful city, but was disappointed. The gondolas floated on the water like so many coffins; and the windows of the houses, mostly closed half-way by dirty unpainted shutters, “had flung a cloud o’er Venice’ lovely walls.” To compensate for this, the advocate Stephano afforded her some amusement by his action and grimaces. “His manner of pleading was that of scolding; and he held his two thumbs upright, which he moved rapidly to and from his breast. I found it difficult to refrain from laughing; nor could I conceive how the judges could keep their countenances.” A Venetian, who had seen Mr. Scarlett beat time with the fore-finger of one hand upon the fore-finger of the other, might have laboured under a similar difficulty. ’Tis all use and wont.

Our authoress leaves Vienna in precipitation, alarmed, it would seem, by a compliment from the Emperor Joseph. When Prince Kaunitz delivered the Emperor’s message to her, (requesting that she would pass the winter at Vienna,) he added, “The Emperor says, he never saw any woman with the modest and dignified deportment of Lady Craven.” Joseph, it appears, had no wife, and was, moreover, a gallant of some note. The opinion he had formed of her ladyship was repeated over all Germany; and apprehension of reports injurious to her fair fame made her fly “like a frightened bird from a net.”

His Polish Majesty, to whose court she next repairs, she found not unlike the Duke of Marlborough, in his face; and as for his mind, there appeared no subject on which he could not converse with taste and good sense. The Princess Czartoriska, whom she had known in London, received her with great kindness, and related to her many anecdotes of her early days. Our authoress is true to the confidence reposed in her; so that we are able only to conjecture the nature of the Princess’s stories from an incidental remark which they elicit from her auditor. “Certainly,” says the Margravine, “she did not intend they should serve as a guard to that tenderness of heart, and the unsuspecting mind which she discovered in me.” One anecdote, however, is preserved, and as it is characteristic enough of the person to whom it refers, we give it at full length.

She inquired of me if I had been at Berlin; and when I answered in the negative, she said she wished me joy: “For what would *he* have done to *you*,” she said, “since *he* so much embarrassed *me*?” “And pray,” said I, “who is *he* that could venture to do any thing to embarrass you?” “*Le Grand Frederic*,” was her reply. She then informed me, that his Majesty had *her* invited to dinner by the Queen; and every body being assembled before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow, at the door, to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinizing, with eyes so piercing, that she was embarrassed in the highest degree, particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at; and when this was done, he said: “I had a great desire to see you, I have heard so much of you;” and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine*, que c’était presque une persiflage. “When he had done,” she added, “I did not know whether I was to feel humbled or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had received of me, or whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey.”—“*Quel homme! ne le voyez jamais, chère Miladi; vous rougissez pour rien; il vous ferait pleurer.*” I felt internally that I should like to see him, and that, as the *adopted sister* of the Margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the great Frederic.

After noticing the fact, that Warsaw lies on the Vistula, and that the Polish young ladies are forced by their mothers to wear bells, before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are, and what they are doing, the scene is transferred to St. Petersburg. Nothing gratifies us, in our authoress's Russian Notices, but the mention of our old friend Lord Byron's Prince Mousken Pousken.

After leaving Moskow, whither she had repaired on her departure from Petersburg, she proceeded onwards to Pultowa, "famous for the battle which proved a severe check to the wild spirit of Charles XII." At Constantinople, she saw from the windows of her apartment, the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa. She appears to have been particularly struck with the advantages enjoyed by the Turkish women. "A husband, who sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem, must not enter;" and the women, when they go abroad, have so many coverings as to resemble walking mummies; "how easy, then, it is for men to pass and visit as women!" At a fire, four Janissaries were thrown into the flames, for not doing their duty properly, "pour encourager les autres."

At length, having performed a circuit of great length, she finds herself at Anspach, where she was received with great joy by the *Margravine*; inasmuch as the latter was aware she was indebted to Lady Craven for the Margrave's early return to his capital. Our authoress had obtained her mother's permission; and she contented herself with informing her husband, that she was invited to pass some time at Anspach, where she was to be treated as the Margrave's *sister*.

As this event formed a kind of epoch in her life, she opens it, solemnly, with a history of that high illustrious character,—Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith, &c. &c. &c., who was born at Anspach, in the month of February 1736, &c. At the age of seven years, he was brought to the Hague, that Geo. II., his uncle by marriage, who passed through that town every two years, on his way to Hanover, might see him. He was turned, full dressed, into a large room one evening at the same time that the king entered by an opposite door. The latter approached him with a candle in his hand, and said, "Let me see if you are like the family." This mode of examining with a lighted candle seems to have been a practice usual with the polite princes of the house of Brunswick. It was thus that Geo. I. reconnoitred the features of the Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia; as that Margravine, less profound, but more amusing than the present, has told us in her *Memoirs*. It would be vain, in our short limits, to attempt to do justice to the history of the Margrave's education. The care of his mind was entrusted to M. Bobenhausen, who was well calculated for the arduous task he undertook. His pupil never lost sight of the views which he instilled into him for promoting the benefit of mankind and fostering the arts and sciences. This sovereign of half a world evinced the happy effects of his education in the government of his principalities, and the administration of his *own private affairs*. He was particularly partial to the Latin tongue.

The chief occupation of this high and mighty prince, appears to have been breeding horses, of which he had more than one magni-

ficent stud. The ruling passion strong in death, was discovered in his last illness, when, long after he had wisely ceded his dominions to Prussia, and retired to England for the more secure enjoyment of his pleasures in those bad revolutionary times, he conjured her Highness, if he should be taken from her, "on no account to be persuaded by any one to withdraw the grey horse from the course, as I am certain, if fairly used, he will win the Derby!"

Thus happily established in the bosom of the court of Anspach, Lady Craven amused herself and the Margrave, first, by getting up theatrical pieces for representation, then by the formation of a society for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, in which, apparently, she sat as president. "I have listened to amusing and instructive details, without being obliged to speak myself." The astronomer, the metaphysician, &c. took care to collect the best materials, and the meeting never broke up without some one being, for want of time, disappointed of having his paper read. "Whenever that occurred, I always made a point of addressing myself to that person, and of informing him that at the next meeting that paper should be read first." Another project was the establishment of a seminary for children of all classes, at the head of which she was to be placed. But here her benevolent plans were obstructed by the unaccountable ingratitude of those about her. In all "the pleasing colours her heart could suggest," she gave the Margravine a description of the projected institution. "The Margravine listened with apparent satisfaction; but when I had ended, she gave me a tap with her fan under my cheek, and said, with a look of scorn, 'You are too good to trouble your head about these people.' Some part of her speech to me shewed that she knew *some people* well; for when the intention of this establishment was known, not one person recommended a child, or asked to be informed of the plan or rules of it!" The Margravine certainly shewed, by her speech, that she knew *some people* well.

Lady Craven's predecessor in the Margrave's favour was the celebrated Clairon, over whom she obtained a complete victory. Clairon is made supremely ridiculous, but she is in the hands of an enemy. She had committed the inexpressible offence of supposing our authoress to be une chercheuse d'aventures à Paris, and had sent a confidential person to watch at the door of the Hôtel de l'Empereur, in order to obtain a sight of this English female, whom she immediately conjectured to be a *mistress* of the Margrave's. Monstrous supposition! we do not wonder that Lady Craven should rejoice at her discomfiture. "As I was in full dress, and probably had an appearance *which might strike this observer*, he reported to Madame Clairon, that the young English woman was fair and handsome." Clairon, in a transport of fury, wrote the Margrave a valedictory letter, in which she upbraids him for the profligacy of his life; nor was she undeceived till some time after, when she discovered that this woman was a lady of *high birth*, and therefore exempt from those suspicions which she had conceived. Clairon, however, quits the stage, and the Margrave loses one mistress, without gaining another.

In the capacity of *adopted sister*, Lady Craven was of infinite service at the court of Anspach. She played at cribbage with the Margravine,

followed the stag-hounds with the Margrave, and prevented the possibility of any person having it in his power to say, that *she* “created dissatisfaction between the Margrave and Margravine.” Our authoress was even kind enough to accompany the Margrave into Italy *alone*, from whence, for some mysterious reason, they returned by hasty and secret marches to the Margrave’s dominions. The occasion of this we are at a loss to imagine, and can only conjecture that there was something treasonable at the bottom, from the fact that the Margrave had no sooner deposited his fair companion at her English garden at Triesdorf, than he galloped off for Anspach. He there found Mr. Schmidt, his minister, confined to his bed by illness. The Margrave went to the man’s bed side, and shaking his whip over him, said, “You rascal! give me the key of your bureau.” And this is all we learn of this state mystery, which must therefore for ever, along with many others, remain an enigma to exercise the ingenuity of the curious investigators of history. Whatever it was, it appears to have quickened the Margrave’s wish to dispose of his dominions and people to his cousin of Prussia. The faction of Mr. Schmidt had honoured our authoress with the epithet of Ultramontaine. “The wretches!” said the Margrave; “you whose conduct proves that, as a mother, or a sister, your whole time is occupied in doing good.” The Margravine’s farewell salute, on their final departure, is solemn and affecting. They hasten away to Berlin, the adopted sister and her royal brother leaving the Margravine to solitude and her own reflections. At Lisbon they hear of her death. Lord Craven happening to die at the same time, the title of sister was exchanged for that of wife, and the Margrave and his new Margravine prepare to spend their honeymoon, amidst the security and comforts of England—England, the country of fine horses, where no Mr. Schmidt, with his intrigues, and no revolutionary poison, and no ungrateful subjects could interrupt their enjoyment. But no place is without its evils. The Queen (Charlotte) refuses to receive Lady Craven as Margravine; the English papers introduce calumnies against her spotless reputation to their very breakfast-table; and her daughters welcome her return home with the following note:—

“With due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her, that, out of respect to their father, they cannot wait upon her.”

We think we have exhibited enough of her Highness to satisfy the reader, that no reasonable suspicion can be entertained of the authenticity and genuineness of these Memoirs.

We have only one word to add—a word of information to her publisher. Either the Margravine, among other sacrifices, forgot her own language, in her devotion to the Margrave; or Mr. Colburn has employed a *réducteur*, who labours under a similar misfortune. As we are not acquainted with the history of this manuscript, we are unable to decide to whom we are to attribute the credit of the many beautiful specimens of a language, which is neither English nor French, but both at once, that abounds in these two volumes. We will venture to affirm that the reader shall not open either volume, at any page whatsoever, without lighting upon a passage as correct and elegant as the following:

Voltaire tore the *mask* of superstition from the human mind; that dreadful *chain*, which fetters the understanding, and which is imposed on us by nurses in our infancy.

Among other ministers, my old and reverend friend, the Marechal de Broglie, at seventy years of age, was *reduced to a proscription from the Luxembourg, with a head crowned with laurels.*

If my *occupations* and the clearness of my ideas produced delight in all who knew me, and became the cause of the comfort of both my husbands, and the *primitive source of my common sense*; I also considered that *to these circumstances*, the method in which I was nursed, contributed in a great measure to produce *these original causes.*

This last extract may be considered as a fair sample of at least two-thirds of the whole composition.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG RIFLEMAN.*

THIS book gives an account of the adventures of a German soldier, and it purports to be written by himself. Goethe has recommended it to the public in a preface, in which we can trace some of those fine distinctions and subtle thoughts, for which he is so celebrated; but of the author, and how he came to write the book, we possess no further information, than what he has himself given in the body of the work.

Thoughtlessly (says Goethe) was this soldier's career begun, with a light heart was it pursued, and freely and joyously is it described. Want and abundance, happiness and misery, high and low, death and life flow equally from the same pen, and the book produces a most agreeable impression. It is not proper to expect from it, according to some well-arranged plan, instruction, amusement, and enjoyment; we cannot hope that humanity should gain much by it; for what is acquired by the necessities of the moment, is generally lost also in a moment; and in the back-ground, opposed to trifling advantages, we see painful toil, wounds, sickness, imprisonment, and death. The whole has, on this account, in every one of its parts, a fresh but unregulated life, which captivates those who are not acquainted with it, and contents those who are. The description of such a changing and precarious condition, is made more interesting, because the meanest soldier traverses, as a complete stranger, large districts of country in every direction, and is conducted by his billets, as by the hand of Asmodeus, into the interior of the dwellings, and into the closest relations of secret domestic life. Of such scenes, as a relief, there is no want in this soldier's career.

We shall enable our readers, by making copious extracts, to judge if this character be deserved; and as we ourselves like to know the birth, parentage, and education of all our acquaintance, both living and dead, we shall begin by translating what the Rifleman chooses to tell us of his origin:—

I am the son of a poor, but respectable country clergyman, who, unfortunately for me, died a few weeks after my birth, leaving the care of my education wholly to my good mother. The lively disposition common to boys was soon aroused in me, and the wild temper of a fatherless boy, which could only have been kept in check by the severe discipline of a father, soon manifested itself in my rude manners. There was no want of maternal restraint and admonition, but my mother's affectionate and well-meant words were forgotten the next hour, by the presumptuous and volatile boy. I was soon considered as a little Pickle, and as the leader of my companions, whenever we played any mischievous pranks, and whatever was done in common, was always laid to the charge of the Pastor's orphan boy. Even in the early years of infancy, the love of adventures, which at a late period influenced my whole destiny, was plainly perceptible. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to pass the night with my play-

* Der Junge Feldjäger; in Französischen und Englischen Diensten, während des Spanisch-Portugiesischen Kriegs, von 1806-1816. Eingeführt durch J. W. von Göthe.

The Young Rifleman; in the French and English service, during the Spanish-Portuguese war, from 1806-1816. Introduced by J. W. von Göthe.

mates in a barn or outhouse, and nothing in the world would have induced me to forego this pleasure, and lay myself quietly down in my own bed. Did a fire break out in the neighbourhood, I was always, if possible, one of the first persons on the spot. One afternoon, while we were at a distance from our homes, bathing in the river, the alarm-gun announced a fire at no great distance. Without asking our parents' leave, or enquiring how far off was the place, we instantly resolved to go and see the fun. A village was in flames, and without knowing or even seeking the road, we made the best of our way to it across hedges and ditches, over meadows and corn-fields. When we got to the place, we could do no good, being too young and inexperienced. We had run two leagues from home; we knew nobody in the village, and very soon we began to feel both hunger and thirst. Water we could easily get; but our young stomachs, little accustomed to fasting, our appetites being sharpened by our excursion, were not so easily pacified. Money we had none, friends in the village none, we were ashamed to beg, and hunger, the impatient despot, grew every moment more imperious. We closely examined our pockets, and found in mine a single penny, which gave us fresh courage. For some time we had fixed our desiring eyes on a countryman standing sentinel over some property rescued from the flames, and who every now and then cut huge slices from a large loaf. Having money in my pocket, and modesty being conquered by hunger, we went up to him in a body; being the owner of the penny, and naturally, therefore, the most courageous of the party, I was the spokesman, and thus addressed him:—

J.—"Please Sir, have the goodness to sell me a pennyworth of bread."

Peasant.—"A pennyworth! that would be no great deal. Where do you come from; are all those behind you your comrades?"

J.—"Yes, Sir."

Peasant.—"And are they also hungry?"

J.—"Yes, indeed, Sir."

Peasant.—"Take back your penny; here is a piece of bread, and here is a piece for each of the others, and now find your way home; but tell me first what brought you here?"

I answered immediately in my simplicity—we only wanted to see a village on fire. This answer naturally roused our friend's wrath. "You cursed brats!" he exclaimed, "where is my stick?" We did not wait to hear the end of his speech, still less did we wait for the execution of his will; but hastily turned our back on him, and made the best of our way home, where we did not arrive till late in the evening.

I could relate many such stories; but they would only tire the reader, and this one will be sufficient to shew my early love of adventures. From this source flowed all my follies; wickedness I never practised, as I can testify with a good conscience.

It was his mother's wish that our hero should be brought up for a clergyman, but she died when he was fifteen years' old; her property was insufficient to educate him for this profession, and he was bound apprentice to a barber-surgeon. Though this was his own choice, he soon took a dislike to the occupation, and was thoroughly cured of all affection for surgery, by his master dissecting an old woman in hot weather.

Just then a season of difficulty (he says) was approaching for our country; the French armies had come into the north of Germany for the first time, and wherever they appeared they spread fear and horror. The battle which decided the fate of Prussia was fought in our neighbourhood; and plundering, with all the horrors which accompany war, extended to us. I was continually employed, sometimes shaving people, but more frequently in binding up wounds. I now first saw, with my own eyes, the unspeakable miseries of war; I saw many a blooming youth, whose vigorous health promised him a lengthened old age, lost irrecoverably by his wounds; I saw him depart this life, bewailing his fate; and these terrific scenes made me hate the outwardly showy condition of a soldier.

The following are some of the fillings-in of the picture, the outline of which has been sketched:

A person came to fetch my master to visit some wounded men, who were in a public-house near at hand: I ran thither immediately, but whether my master went or not, I never learned, even to this day. The house was already crowded with some French light dragoons, each of whom, after drinking two or three bottles of wine, mounted

his horse and rode away; but as some departed others arrived, so that the house was continually crowded. The wine which had been brought up ready, was soon all drunk; the calls for it then became loud, and they were enforced by violent blows. I got a few knocks in the ribs and some slaps in the face, which I took very patiently. The landlord told me to help his servants in bringing wine up out of the cellar to satisfy these impatient soldiers, which I willingly did, for it was not possible immediately to escape. I had been five or six times into the cellar, when an opportunity of running away offered; with one bound I was out of the house, carrying with me two bottles of wine; and, being favoured by the darkness, I reached home without difficulty.

But our house was in the same condition as the one I had left, and so crowded with French soldiers, that I thought it better not to go in. I hid myself, therefore, behind a well, near the house, where I found a Prussian fusileer, who had been shot through the arm, and received a stab in the breast. He moaned piteously, and complained of being very hungry, not having eaten any thing for twenty-four hours. My compassion was excited, I immediately gave him some wine, and afterwards hastened towards the house; no longer dreading the danger, I walked softly in, crept under the stairs, and brought out a loaf, with which I hastened back to the Prussian. The half-starved man eagerly devoured the bread, and the sight of his enjoyment gave me much pleasure. When he was satisfied, he thanked me heartily, and wished me all kinds of good luck. The night was very cold, and there was no colder place than the well, so I thought it would be better to conduct him to the infirmary, the only lazaretto I knew of. Before we had gone half the way, we were both stopped by a party of soldiers, wandering about; and one of them, coming close to my companion, bawled out: "Hollo, Prussian! Oh, thy cursed King!" I still held the second bottle of wine in my hand, without thinking of it; instantly it was taken away, the wine drunk, and more demanded. I could not possibly procure any more, and blows immediately followed. At length they closely examined all my clothes and my person, and, finding little or nothing, gave me another severe blow, a curse or two, and allowed me to make off. While they were busy with me, the Prussian had walked away, and I hastened home, having no desire further to assist him, for the sentiment of self-preservation was too powerful, even for the strongly excited feelings of humanity.

To escape the confusion of these scenes, our Rifleman's master, like many other persons, left home for some days, and travelled about the country with his property in a waggon: he then returned to occupy his house, and, like the other citizens, receive and nourish the soldiery. What they had plundered they freely spent, making over some of their spare money to our adventurer; who, being tempted by their apparent joviality, and affronted that Mrs. Barber-surgeon should reprove him, already averse to shaving and bleeding, he one day tied up his bundle, and set out on his travels, wandering he hardly knew whither.

I entered (he says) the fortress of Erfurt, then garrisoned by the French. At the gate, it was "Halt, youngster, where are you going? Have you got a passport?" I trembled like an aspen leaf, and, in a whining voice, answered No.—"Carry him to the commandant," said the sub-officer commanding the guard; and a soldier immediately obeyed. I waited a long time, till at length the experienced warrior appeared. He asked me many questions, and among them, whether I should not like to serve the Emperor of France? He flattered me by saying something might be made of me, and in the meantime played with his cross of the legion of honour, to make it more conspicuous. "If such a mark," he observed, "adorned your breast, you might be justly proud. Enter the Emperor's service; be bold and enterprising, and you will be sure to obtain it." Thus I was persuaded to engage in a service I had before never thought of but with horror. I expected that I should receive this honourable token in a few days; but in spite of my exertions, and I was not the last when the enemy was before us, I have never obtained it.

He was sent to a regiment formed out of the ruins of the Prussian army, after the campaign of 1806; and, at the end of three months, it being thought adviseable to remove these Germans from their own country, they were ordered to Boulogne. Our young soldier soon learnt the arts of his honourable brethren in arms, and, like them, made free with a small share of the property of his unfortunate countrymen. In

Germany this was allowed, but directly the regiment passed the Rhine—

—With our billets we received orders to demand nothing whatever from our landlords, as they were bound to find us nothing but lodging. These orders did not at all please us; for it had been very different on the other side of the Rhine, where the *poor Germans* were obliged to give us whatever we chose to ask.

In the evening we got nothing for supper but wretched dirty soup; had such a dish been set before us in Germany, we should most certainly have taken revenge on our countrymen, but we were now in France, and did not dare say a word.

After remaining some time at Boulogne, the young men of the regiment were selected, to form, as it was said, a guard for King Jerome; they were to go to Paris to receive their colours, and were then to return to Germany. In fact, however, they were ordered for Spain, but it was thought right to practise this delusion. After proceeding, by slow marches, to Versailles, and then to the south of France, always under the same delusion, they at length received their colours, and were told they were to go to Spain.

On January 13th, 1808, we entered the Spanish territory, only separated from France by a small stream, on both sides of which are toll-houses and custom-houses of both governments. At a distance, the place which was to be our quarters for the first night appeared to contradict the unfavourable description of Spain, which had been given to us in France. The white houses shone brilliantly as we advanced, and we all promised ourselves at least good lodgings; for nothing does the tired soldier wish so much, and he would rather want food and drink, than a comfortable bed.

We were now very desirous to know something of a nation which had been described to us in such dark colours; immediately on entering the town, we came up with a great number of the inhabitants standing by the road side, and we were enabled mutually to examine each other.

We could not, indeed, ascertain at the first glance if they were proud, revengeful, and lazy, as the French describe them; but the dignity of their attitudes, standing with cigars in their mouths, and not thinking of work, certainly appeared characteristic of a proud and inactive people.

When we had arrived at the market-place, (*plaza mayor*), before the billets were distributed, the colonel made a long speech to us, full of admonitions and commands relative to our conduct towards the inhabitants. I received a billet, there being no other soldier with me, for Don Manuel Garcia, (the man became so interesting to me, that his name will remain for ever engraved on my memory.) Full of joy at my good luck, I set out immediately to find out the house of my high-born landlord. I had read in so many novels that *Don* was a title only used by distinguished persons among the nobility, that I anticipated the best possible accommodations. For above a quarter of an hour I wandered about the little town, seeking the Don's house in vain; nobody would give me any information, till at length a good-natured boy showed me the way. When we reached the place, how was I surprised, instead of a palace, or at least a respectable house, which I had expected, to find myself standing before a miserable decayed cottage; my spirits sank greatly. The boy knocked at the door, but it was fastened, as doors are in Spain, by a large piece of wood placed across it in the inside. A rough voice enquired, "Who's there?" The boy answered, "A French soldier." The man within positively refused at first to open the door; at length the representations of the boy, and my probably more influential impatient and repeated battering at his door, induced him to draw aside the bar, and I saw the worthy Don face to face. He was a middle-sized man, already well-advanced in life; his head was covered with a three-cornered cap; a ragged cloak, which, as I afterwards heard from him, had served several generations of his ancestors, hung on his shoulders, and enabled me to conjecture what was the state of the clothes it concealed. His lady-wife was just then employed preparing the supper with her own noble hands, and lay on the floor before the fire, performing with her high-born mouth the functions of a pair of bellows.* These different circumstances did not at all tend to raise my spirits; my quarters looked

* Such bellows as are common in our country are not to be found in all Spain; but the people have a species of fan, made out of *esparto*, and old gun-barrels, which are used instead of bellows.

more like a robber's den, than a comfortable dwelling ; and, to add to the evil, we could not understand one another. I laid down my knapsack and my arms, and looked about for a seat, but could find none. The family seemed not at all prepared to receive guests ; the only two chairs in the room, if I may give them this name, were occupied by the Don and the Donna, and neither of them made the smallest motion towards resigning one of them to me. At length I boldly demanded a seat, and my landlord was so hospitable as to give me his. I had now got a resting-place, but it was very cold, for in the Pyrenees the winter is as severe as in Germany ; and I should gladly have placed myself near a stove, but unfortunately this family friend is quite unknown in Spain ; and the little fire which supplies its place, burnt so niggardly on the Don's hearth, that I was not sensible of the least benefit from it. It grew later and later, but I saw no preparations for my supper, although the proper time had arrived. In France I was able to make an excellent meal every evening on my half-pound of meat, to which the landlord was obliged to give me vegetables ; and my stomach having got accustomed to this, now admonished me rather sharply. We had received no rations here ; and on enquiry, I found that meat cost five *reals* per lb. (about one shilling,) a price somewhat too high for the purse of a common soldier. I endeavoured as well as I could, employing both words and signs, to make my hostess sensible of my hunger ; and in the same manner she enquired if I had any bread, for of this commodity there appeared no great stock in the house. On my answering in the affirmative, she took some garlic, Spanish pepper, (dried and powdered capsicums,) and olive oil, mixed them together, and added boiling water to them ; in the meantime, I had cut up some bread in small pieces, and she poured this sauce over it, praising it very much. I readily attacked the frugal meal, but although my appetite was very keen, I could not relish it, but having nothing else, I did at length manage to swallow it. At a later period I was often gratefully reminded of Donno Garcia, by her having taught me to make this soup ; it preserved me in health, and tasted well on many occasions. When I had finished my supper, I looked about for my bed ; but look as I would, I saw no sleeping-place for me. The bed which stood in the room, consisting of three planks, two end-pieces, and a bag of straw, was hardly large enough for the man and his wife, and I never supposed they would give it up to me ; were it offered even, I was resolved not to accept it, for the motions of the Don during the whole evening indicated a numerous population, and I wished very much, if possible, to avoid all such acquisitions. When my host saw that sleep was beginning to close my eyes, he declared, contrary to my expectations, that he would resign his bed, with what belonged to it, inhabitants and all, to me. I tried repeatedly, by gestures, to explain that I would on no account deprive him and his wife of their bed ; that I should be perfectly contented with some straw ; but all I could say was in vain ; I was obliged to accept it. They prepared themselves a sort of bed on the floor out of straw and a sheet, and laid themselves peaceably down to sleep. Being tired from my long march, I also soon fell asleep, but my repose lasted only a short time. I might, perhaps, have been an hour in bed, when I was awakened by an indescribable itching in every part of my body. I was at first terrified, but soon became convinced that my suspicions had been well-founded, and that the cause of this uncomfortable sensation was an immense number of lice, which are found in every part of Spain, and had not even held sacred the body of Don Garcia. These attendants of his had now attacked his guest, and appeared to find my blood of excellent relish. I endeavoured to kill them, but they were a legion ; and, after doing execution on some whom I caught in the act, I sprang impatiently from the bed, and sat down by the fire. This did not, however, procure me relief ; the plague continued ; I struck a light, blew up the fire, and thought I would wait for day-light, without again attempting to sleep. My host was awakened by the noise, and enquired what was the matter ; I could not, of course, make him understand ; but I swore, in a mixture of good German and bad French ; he answered with some hard words, which were probably Spanish oaths, turned round, and again fell asleep. I was plagued by my new guests, by the cold, and by weariness, though fortunately having my pipe and some tobacco, it helped to amuse me. At length sleep overpowered me as I was sitting on the chair, my head bent forwards, I lost my balance, and I fell on the feet of my sleeping landlord. A terrific noise, a mixture of shrieks, curses, and threats from all the three immediately arose ; it was not possible for us to make each other understand : we scolded and swore in every language we knew. The Don appeared to suppose that I had been making attempts on the chastity of his wife, and he shewed himself ready to defend it against all attacks.

When I met my comrades on the parade in the morning, I complained of my sufferings, but they had all experienced the same fate, which made me bear my cross with patience.

We have seen that our young soldier speedily acquired the soldier's method of appropriation in his own country; one of the first lessons he was taught in Spain, was sacrilege of the worst description, violating the respect due to the dead, and to the opinions of the living.

At Mirauda, on the Ebro, we every where traced the marks of devastation. The troops which preceded us had not been well lodged in the church where we slept, and had burnt the stools and chairs. We were obliged to do the same thing, for the fuel we received was not sufficient for cooking. Many saints who had formerly died on the cross, or suffered martyrdom in some other manner, were now in effigy consigned to the flames, without our consciences being particularly awakened.

After catching more than one of the dirty diseases which are so common in Spain, and having been to the hospital, the Rifleman was so weak that he could not keep up with his regiment, and with many others separated from it before he reached Burgos. They managed to get to this town, but were immediately sent forward to Madrid with other stragglers. Three of them again separated from the rest, and lost their way. After wandering for some hours, they reached a village, and marched into it with great delight; but the inhabitants fell on them, and wanted to murder them.

We should most certainly not have escaped, for we were too weak to make any resistance, had the Alcalde of the village, fortunately for us, not been present, and commanded peace. He drew out from under his cloak a little staff, which the peasants held in such respect, that they instantly let us alone, and all, most reverently, took off their caps. We were astonished at the miraculous power of the little staff, but it was afterwards explained to us by the Alcalde. Every Alcade, he said, had such a staff, which he either received from his predecessor, or it was sent him from Madrid; whenever it was necessary to suppress disturbance or arrest any person, he had only to bring forth his staff, and say, "I command peace in the King's name," or, "I arrest you in the King's name," and instantly, his orders were obeyed.

To the wonderful powers of the stick, also, they were indebted for their supper.

The Alcalde led us to the public-house, but the landlord would on no account give us any thing, till the Alcalde, again coming to the aid of our stomachs, said:—"Michael, you must give them wine and bread immediately, without saying a word, or—and he shewed his staff—I order it in the King's name." In a moment we were supplied with bread and cheese, and wine. Neither the three strange soldiers, nor the staff, however, but the generous Alcalde, paid the landlord. For the night they found a lodging in the house of the clergyman, who treated them otherwise, with great kindness. Thus, (says our adventurer,) were we particularly comfortable on the same day when we had been nigh unto death, both by hunger and assassination.

Pursuing their march, the three stragglers—

Passed through several large villages, where our enquiries for the road to the Aranda were always answered by "straight forward." We wandered on, therefore, till towards evening, when we found ourselves in the midst of mountains, not a village, nor even a house was to be seen, at every step we sank knee-deep into the snow and mud; we were both hungry and thirsty; and had no prospect of getting any thing, either to eat or drink, in that inhospitable region. Every body must confess that our situation was very pitiable, had any person been present to show his compassion and his activity in our behalf. When it grew dark we took counsel with each other what we were to do; one proposed to make a fire and pass the night in the woods; this was rejected, and we resolved making another effort to march still further. We came shortly afterwards to a rivulet, and then to a mill, but unfortunately it was locked up; for in Sapin the mills are almost all at a distance from the villages, and therefore not inhabited. Our spirits were roused, however, by these circumstances; we hoped and believed that a village must be in the neighbourhood, and in fact we had not proceeded along the rivulet above half a league, when we heard dogs barking in the distance. For us this was a sweeter sound than the tones of the most delightful instrument under the hand of a master; we directed our steps towards the spot, and very soon reached a village, but a village sunk in sleep, except the dogs, which barked tremendously.

We knocked at several doors, but no person answered; at length we found a good Samaritan, who enquired what we wanted. *Alcalde, loquiamiento* were the only words we could say; the man understood us, however, and was so kind as to conduct us to the Alcalde. He examined us from head to foot, and at length said, I cannot give you quarters, but if you will sleep in the *casa orgnaria*, (work-house,) I will open it for you, and in it you will find hay and straw. As it was Hobson's choice with us, we accepted this, only requesting something to eat, which was given us, as well as a glass of good wine. When we had satisfied our hunger, the Alcalde conducted us to the house, wished us good night, and locked the door. We buried ourselves in the hay, thus to pass the night; my two comrades, more inured than I was, were snoring in a minute or two, but I could not close my eyes on account of the pain in my feet. I might have been here about two hours, and my thoughts had been all the time occupied with the circumstances of my own situation, when a thundering knocking, accompanied by loud cries, began at the door. I could distinguish the word *matar*, and from its resemblance to the Latin word *macture*, which has the same signification, it fell on my ears like a stroke with a knife, and in imagination I already felt the innumerable blows with which the Spaniards meant to murder me. One moment before this I was half frozen, and felt a severe pain in my feet, now I was covered with perspiration, and did not feel the slightest pain. Without well knowing what I did, I worked myself deeper and deeper down in amongst the hay, till I could not get breath, and yet the terrific cries still resounded in my ears. Fortunately for us the door was very strong, and did not give way in spite of the zealous exertions of our enemies; though, if they had continued their blows with the same zeal, there can be little doubt but that, at length, they would have succeeded. A heavy blow had just been given, when I distinguished different voices, like those of persons engaged in a violent dispute; the noise first increased; now, however, it appeared to come from a greater distance, the terrific sounds grew weaker and weaker, and at length all was again still.

I remained for a long time in my hole, trembling very much before I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was broad day-light, and the Alcalde came at the moment to open the door. On my enquiring about the disturbance in the night, I understood from him that several of the peasants who had been drinking in the wine-house, wanted to murder us, but he had heard their mad outcries in good time for us, had hastened to the spot, and had drawn them away.

The following is the Rifleman's account of the part he took when the people of Madrid made their first attack on the French.

The imperious and insolent character of the French soldiers soon showed itself, and the proud revengeful Spaniards did not bear this treatment so patiently as the German peasantry. Only a few weeks elapsed before quarrels ensued between the inhabitants of Madrid and the troops, several being wounded on both sides. The Spaniards then began to be more distant, and more openly to display the hostile feelings they had before nourished in secrecy, and in a short time several Frenchmen were privately assassinated. The generals at the same time grew more arrogant in their pretensions, and wished to make themselves masters of those members of the Royal Family who had remained behind. It usually happens that the conduct of some brings evil on all, and in this case, the hatred which, properly speaking, belongs only to the Emperor for his arbitrary proceedings, fell on us, who were only the instruments of his will, and we were exposed to increased annoyance. Every day some personal insults took place between individuals of both nations; the centinels and guards were pelted with stones, and some of them, who were not sufficiently on the alert, were murdered in the night.

As the animosity increased on both sides, we were encamped outside of the city in the King's park, both for our own safety and in order to be more easily brought together in case of an insurrection among the inhabitants. The guards and the cavalry remained in Madrid, and we placed the usual centinels around the camp.

We were very comfortable here, and our tents were in a good condition; we had brought bedding out of the city, and as we had little duty to perform, we employed ourselves in improving and adorning the camp; we made arbours, turf seats, &c. getting the best materials, and the finest shrubs from the King's garden. Prince Murat visited us daily, and was much pleased with our cheerful dwelling-place.

At length, on May 2nd, the hate of the Spaniards, which had so long glimmered under the ashes, burst forth in a bright flame, and was not damped without much trouble. The infantry and artillery were employed in bringing provisions from the magazine, which stood at the entrance of our camp, when the alarm-gun was fired; the whole of the troops hastened back into the camp, and immediately flew to their mus-

kets; the call to arms resounded through the camp, and in a few minutes every regiment stood ready for battle. We marched out in brigades, the light troops being in front, and so came to the Segovia gate, where we halted. Citizens and soldiers came running out of the town, and within it we heard repeated shots. We remained still, because we had received no orders to march; at length the word *march* was given, and by half-companies, bayonets in advance, we forced our way into the town, where we met the inhabitants in open rebellion; we pressed onwards, and whoever stood in our way was cut down. The inhabitants in the mean time were not idle; from the roofs and out of the windows they threw down all sorts of things, by which a great many soldiers were wounded and killed. Our cavalry galloped through every part of the town; we marched through the streets in complete companies, and fired without mercy at all the persons whom we saw at the windows, or met in the streets. In a short time several of the streets were covered with bodies, and amongst them were many women.

The murderous work lasted for some hours, till the inhabitants were obliged to give in to superior power, and beg for mercy. We had had work enough, and were not inclined to be satisfied by the disposition we had brought the inhabitants to show. We sought a more substantial reward for our labour, and our brigade was not one of the most unlucky. It was stationed in the *Plaza Major*, where a great number of large shops or booths were erected, in which eatables of all descriptions were sold; all these we carefully examined, and I got hold by chance of a small drawer full of large and small money. Without waiting to ascertain the amount of the sum, I stuck the drawer in my half-empty knapsack. My comrades endeavoured also to enrich themselves as much as possible, never asking whether it was right or wrong; for at such a time, after the danger is past, the soldier does not trouble himself about moral principles; he has saved his life and seeks to enjoy it, however he may obtain the means.

For our security strong piquets were placed at different points, and patrols, both of infantry and cavalry, traversed the streets incessantly; the number of troops required for the city bivouacked close to the gates, and by these means the temptations to insurrectionary movements among the inhabitants were destroyed.

The details of what the French soldiers did and suffered in Spain are given with a circumstantiality that leaves no doubt of their truth. We shall extract a few incidents of this kind.

The prisoners taken by the Spaniards were put to death by the most terrible cruelties; and we often met with our unfortunate comrades, maimed and dismembered, dying in the midst of unspeakable torments. Some had their hands and feet cut off, and even dissected out of their sockets; some had their tongues torn out by the roots; some were hung up to the trees by the feet, and roasted alive; and many were treated in so barbarous a manner, that decency will not allow me to mention it. Such objects kindled the rage of our soldiers; they thought themselves justified, yea, even commanded to revenge these horrors; and so the cruelties on both sides were continued, and even increased.

Whenever we entered a house, we immediately made our way to the wine-cellar, fired at the casks to make holes in them, took out what we wanted, but never put any plugs in. Sometimes one kind did not please us; we then tasted a second, a third, and sometimes all the casks in a cellar were tapped in the same way. I saw the soldiers of the 34th regiment in the cellar of a monastery, containing at least fifty hogsheads of wine, every one of them had been fired at, and the wine run out in such abundance, that the whole cellar was afloat, and one or two drunken *gens-d'armes* actually swam in it. The fields in the neighbourhood of Valencia were covered with very tall hemp, in which the Spaniards concealed themselves, and continually fired at our soldiers; changing their place after every shot, so as to avoid being taken. At noon, one day, I was lying with one of my comrades at a short distance from our regiment, eating our pork in fancied security; all at once, a musket-ball passed betwixt us. This unpleasant interruption alarmed us; we changed our place, and then continued our dinner; a second ball, however, almost immediately afterwards passed through my cap and my comrade's head. This was too much; I was terribly frightened, which may be pardoned in a youth only seventeen years of age, in his first campaign. I hastened away, half senseless, from the dangerous spot, and joined the body of the regiment, where I was, however, not safer than in my former place. - - - From the situation of our regiment, hardly fifty paces from the walls of Valencia, we could see whatever was done on them, and it was an extraordinary sight: the half-

naked people of the lower classes, countrymen, citizens, noblemen, soldiers, and monks were all indiscriminately mixed, and all zealous in defending the place. Even the women were employed in bringing ammunition and carrying away the wounded. Passing in the midst of those who were at work, came ecclesiastics, carrying a crucifix, who encouraged the others, and stimulated them to make a brave defence. . . . Guerrillas and deserters, who were retaken, were seldom long kept doubtful of their fate, but almost immediately shot. Even the regular Spanish troops, who were taken prisoners, were roughly handled, and I once saw, near Valdestillas, as we were escorting two thousand of them, that a lieutenant of our regiment ordered a Spanish dragoon, who could not go forward, to be put to death without any ceremony.

The following is almost an epitome of a soldier's life.

The captain of our company, a great worshipper of the jolly god, desired his servant, an honest worthy fellow, to bring him some wine. It was midnight, and the servant being wearied out, and much annoyed by the half-drunken captain, refused to obey. In his vexation, he made use of some disrespectful words, which so irritated his master, that he laid his hand on his sword to run him through. The man did not wait for this, but sprang down stairs, and hid himself in the cellar; and though the captain called him several times, he had not courage to come forth. With a view of remaining below, he rested himself against an empty wine-cask, which gave way, and in falling he struck his head so violently against a beam, that he was for some time senseless. On coming to himself, he remarked that he was sitting in a sort of hollow; he groped about, and discovered that in his fall he had broken some planks; he raised them up, and examined the place below, which he found to be a large hole. He was cautious in his proceedings, and at first thought he had got hold of a snake, or something like it; he drew back affrighted, till, again taking courage, he once more put down his hand, and discovered that what he had taken for a snake was some damp, mouldy, and slimy linen. He attempted to draw it out, but the weight was great, the rotten cloth broke, and something fell to the bottom with a sonorous sound. He discovered by this that it was money, hastened out of the cellar, and in want of a better bag, carried down his *tschako*, (grenadier's cap,) which he almost filled with doubloons. The next day, his master was a very different sort of man; he asked to be made trumpeter to the company; and, as he was something of a musician, he obtained this vacant place without any difficulty. He continued a close friendship he had previously formed with one of the corporals, and he frequently treated the whole company. For two years he continued with us, though he might have left the army on many pretexts, and taken his money with him; and never was he backward in doing his duty. At length his bosom friend, the corporal, had the greater part of the calf of his leg carried off by the splinter of a shell at the siege of Roderigo; inflammation ensued, and he died. "Now," said the trumpeter, "I have nothing more to keep me here; as soon as the place is taken, I will procure my discharge." In fact, when Roderigo surrendered, he purchased his discharge for one thousand francs. At his departure he still possessed four thousand dollars; but I afterwards heard that he and his whole wealth became the booty of the Guerillas.

One day as the column was marching on one of the worst roads of the Asturias, and our regiment was at its head, some hussars came galloping up, and reported that the escort of the hospital and baggage had been attacked by Romana's troops, with so great superiority of force, that our men, unable to oppose them, had retreated. The Spaniards fell on the hospital, and vented their cruel rage on the wounded and the sick. We hastened on to defend it, but came too late, one half of the detachment was killed, the other half wounded. The Spaniards had taken the oxen from the carriages containing the sick and wounded, and had led them off, first hurling all the vehicles into a deep abyss. All those who had sought safety in flight, had been taken stripped naked, dismembered, maimed, and killed by innumerable stabs. It was a horrible sight to see these poor helpless wretches so cruelly murdered, and eyes that had not shed tears for many a day, wept at the spectacle; but our blood also boiled to be revenged on the torturers of our defenceless comrades. We all swore that every Spaniard who that day fell into our hands should be murdered, and this oath was rigidly kept. The village where we took up our quarters for the night, was burned to ashes, and not a living thing was saved from our vengeance. The Spanish soldiers who fell into our hand were drowned without mercy, a task that was undertaken and executed in a masterly manner, by a battalion of GERMANS, which was with us. The dead bodies were afterwards hanged up adorned with their arms.

We have seen our youth, in the character of a soldier, commit rob-

bery in Germany, and sacrilege in Spain: his performing the part of an executioner, in shooting an aged priest, is thus recounted:—

While we were lying at Valderos, a sergeant of the 11th regiment of dragoons, a German by birth, was sent from Carion, where his regiment was lying, with dispatches to Valderos, which was the head-quarters of the brigade. About half way between the two places, where two villages are situated close to one another, he was attacked pistol-in-hand, by the clergyman of one of the villages; the sergeant, more skilful at this work than the priest, struck the pistol out of his hand, sprang from his horse, mastered his opponent, bound him on the horse, and carried him to the head-quarters at Valderos. The priest was instantly tried and sentenced to death. Just before he was shot, he sent for the sergeant, and presented him with his gold watch, and 4000 *reals*, which he brought from his house, and earnestly begged his pardon. He then resigned himself to his fate, repenting of his deed. I was ordered with three others to execute the sentence; our muskets were each loaded with two balls, and we shot so true, that he never moved a limb. A piece of his skull flew against my left side, dirtying my sword-belt, and though I took a great deal of trouble, I could never get the mark out. As a remembrance of this heroical priest, I carried his silver snuff-box about with me till I was taken, when an avaricious Scot took it away.

The following soldier's trick is one of the most amusing stories in the book.

Once, as we were cantoned in Medina del Rio Secco, our company, on account of Guerillas having been seen in the neighbourhood, was ordered out by itself, and in traversing the country came to the little town of Villa Alba, and having been there before, we were pretty well known. The town is situated in a fertile neighbourhood, in which corn, but not much wine, is cultivated. It is surrounded with a wall, which may formerly have served as a means of defence, but is now fallen to ruin. The whole company was quartered in the town-house, because it was thought advisable to keep us all together. On the guards for the night being placed, it was my lot to be detached to one of the city gates. My piquet [he had been made a corporal] consisted of four men, among whom was one of the greatest wine-bibbers of the regiment, named Thiele, a native of Paderborn, who would do any thing to get his favourite drink. We sat around the watch-fire, which burnt brightly, for a considerable time, without saying a word, until at length Thiele breaking silence with a long-drawn curse, asked if we were to sit there all night, cold and thirsty. We had received no wine, because the Alcalde said there was none in the place, and that it was necessary first to send to a neighbouring town for it. "Shall we not see what the cellars yonder contain?" continued he, "they have not been built to remain empty; the d—d boors have no doubt plenty of wine." I did not exactly agree with this, though I should willingly have drunk a glass; but at length thirst conquered duty, and I consented by silence. Thiele hastened towards the cellars, and endeavoured to open one of the doors, but found them so well secured, that he could not accomplish it without a great deal of trouble, and more noise. He held it advisable not to run this risk, and after trying them all, came back quite disappointed. We took counsel what was to be done, and Thiele, who was full of expedients, proposed, that we should take our knapsack-straps, and the slings of our muskets, let one of the party down into the cellar, and take what he could find. No one would consent to descend into the shaft by these means. "Cowards," said Thiele, "you would willingly drink, but will venture nothing; I will go. Allons." Thiele and two others accordingly went, the centinel and I remaining behind. I was anxious all the time they were away, fearing that the officer of the rounds might visit the post, or that we might be attacked. Neither circumstance happened, and in half an hour, the three came back, bringing with them a *pelecho*, or wine-bag, bread, and salt meat. In almost every part of Spain, small quantities of wine are kept in goat-skins, each holding from fifteen to twenty gallons, the hair being turned inwards, and covered with pitch; and it was one of these that Thiele brought. We were all cheerful and joyous, the wine tasting delightfully after our toils. As we sat round the fire, passing the can very briskly; Thiele began:—"I'll tell you comrades what happened to me. As the others were letting me down into the cellar, one of the straps broke, and I fell quicker to the bottom than I liked. When I had got back my wits, I struck a light to see what the cellar could supply, taking care first of all to seek after my *tschako*, which reached the bottom even before I did. I found it under an empty cask, but the rosette was gone, and though I looked after it till my comrades called out to know what I had got, I could not find it. They grew impatient, and I was obliged to reply to their questions, by giving them the bag here to draw up for an answer." This matter ap-

peared rather serious to me, for the owner of the cellar might find the rosette, and carry it to the captain, who, although a good man, never allowed favour to interfere with justice, when he caught any person in the fact. We asked each other what was to be done, and we all agreed, that we would tell the secret to several of our comrades whom we knew we could trust. Before day-light, everything suspicious was put out of sight, the wine secreted in an unoccupied stable under the straw; at length we were relieved, and returned to our quarters at the town-house. We immediately began our operations. Our comrades were ready to second us, and half a dozen rosettes were immediately taken off and concealed. It was Christmas day, and in the afternoon our captain came and asked in an open manner, "my lads, have any of you lost a rosette?" No answer.—"That is extraordinary," he continued, "for a countryman has brought one to me which he found on the road, that we came yesterday. We were all silent, "Sergeant-major, make the men fall in, and see whose rosette this is; if you find the owner of it, put him immediately under arrest" was the next order. The company was immediately paraded, but half-a-dozen wanted rosettes. A further enquiry was made; one had lost his here, another there; one had been shot off, another broken off. Thiele also was asked; and he answered, with apparent simplicity—he had long lost his. The captain could hardly credit him, yet he was obliged to pass it by.

Being Christmas day, we were to receive double allowance of wine, but the captain threatened as a punishment, that he would order it all to be stopped. The whole company murmured at this, and said, with one voice, that the captain had no right to take away from the soldiers what the emperor and government gave them; this settled the matter just as we wished. For three days we remained in the town, and shutting ourselves up in the stable every evening, succeeded in emptying the bag without any person being the wiser. On the fourth day we continued our route, and during the march, the captain, who had no dislike to wine, asked his servant for some; when he received a glass, the man told him that was his whole stock; the captain regretted it, and censured his servant for his want of attention, in not providing more. Thiele who was marching near the captain, immediately offered him a glass of wine. "Let us taste it, is it good?"—"You shall be convinced of that yourself, sir," After the captain had drunk, he enquired where Thiele had got the wine.—"At Villa Alba."—"I did not taste any there half so good; did you buy it?"—"As you take it, (replied Thiele,) at least I was obliged to pay very dear for it,"—"Give me another glass, and I will soon repay you."—"Readily; but you may do that directly."—"How so?" said the captain.—"Only give me my rosette, captain, and I shall be well paid."—"Vagabond! (said the other,) I thought immediately it was you, and nobody else who had bought the wine; here it is!" drawing the rosette out of one of his holsters, "but if I had known this in Villa Alba, you should have been punished by fifteen days' confinement, on bread and water."—"I was quite aware of that," said Thiele.

The Rifleman was with Massena when he entered Portugal, and the following is his description of the retreat of the French army.

Five months we remained here, and in that time the army had been so melted away by the sword, and still more by sickness, that Massena had no hopes of completing his undertaking, and giving up the idea of making himself master of Lisbon, resolved, on March 3rd, 1811, to retreat back to Spain. The works which had been erected in three months, were destroyed; the few stores remaining were divided amongst the troops, each of whom received thirteen pieces of ship-biscuit; the baggage and the wounded, as we had no horses, were left behind, and every thing prepared for marching. The army was in a most miserable condition, without shoes, without clothing, and without provisions; diminished to one half; obliged to march through an exhausted and devastated country, the road in the worst condition, and we, pressed by an enemy eager for the combat, and well provided with stores of every description; it was under these circumstances, that we began our most difficult retreat. Many of the soldiers had eaten up all their little stock of provisions by the end of the second day, and were then, unless they were willing to die of hunger, obliged to procure themselves food by some means or other. No man had any superfluity, and nothing to give a distressed comrade. We were obliged therefore, to plunder, and the greatest disorder in consequence ensued. The soldiers left the army by half companies at a time, and did not again join it till it reached the Spanish frontiers, where they were again taken into the ranks without punishment. Many of them were fortunate enough to obtain more than provision; but many, from their cupidity, or from gratifying some other unbridled desires, were sacrificed by the revenge of the Portuguese

peasantry. Woe to him who fell into their hands! for even if he were innocent, he was made to answer for the conduct of others.*

Fortunately for me, at the commencement of our retreat, I had a small stock of beans, which, notwithstanding my heavy load, I would not leave behind, and when my stock of biscuit was consumed, they kept me from starving. Towards the end of the march the distress was so great, that the soldiers collected the undigested grains of maize out of horse-dung, washed them, and eat them. We lost a great many men during the whole march; for the Portuguese being well acquainted with the country, and swift-footed as deer, made their appearance on every elevated point, at the distance of fifty paces, and fired into the midst of our ranks without our being able to prevent it. The light cavalry also of the English army allowed us no breathing-time, and were, literally speaking, continually at our heels, so that they scarcely permitted us even to swallow our scanty meal.

In this manner we ran out of Portugal faster than we had overrun it. To stop was not possible, for, besides the enemy's troops, the peasantry, who followed the army in great multitudes, attacked us daily, and there was no safety for us but in continued flight. At length we reached the long-desired frontier; the army passed the Alva on March 17, 1811, passed by Almeida, and entered the Spanish territories; my fate was not so favourable, for I belonged to the troops which were detached to Almeida.

Here he remained during the time the place was blockaded by the English, and till the French garrison escaped in the masterly manner which will be recollected by our readers.

During the blockade, (he says,) we made a good many *sorties*, one of which, I having been one of the party, was to me of some importance. Our commander was a captain of the 15th regiment of light infantry, a German by birth, and a bold, enterprising man. He sent me with men as a side patrol, to examine an old house, fearing there might be an ambush. We approached it with the greatest caution till we were within five paces, when a voice called out, "who comes there?" we immediately ran at the Englishman, who had time indeed to fire off his musket, but the next moment he was hanging on our bayonets. About forty paces further was an English out-post, which, being aroused by the report of the musket, marched towards us and fired several times; but as it was very dark, and we did not fire, they could not see us, though we could distinguish them very clearly. As we did not wish to betray our intentions we retreated silently to the rest of our men, and informed the commander of what we had seen and done. Close to the road, and near a ruined windmill, was a strong post of English, whom we wished to surprise; they had, indeed, been alarmed by the musket-shot, were prepared, and saluted us as we approached with a steady fire. We attacked them boldly, reserving our fire till we were quite close to them, and then, after firing at them, we set up a loud cry, and charged them with fixed bayonets. Being too weak to resist such an attack, they gave way, but not wishing to go beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress, we only made prisoners of the few wounded, whom in their haste they could not carry off. They were conducted into Almeida and closely examined as to the strength and condition of the army, but they would tell nothing.

The fortifications of Almeida, though they had been repaired since the explosion formerly mentioned, were not in a condition to withstand a regular siege, and still less could they enable a garrison to hold out against a bombardment. The houses were still in a most miserable state, for the besieged, wanting wood, had made use of what the explosion had spared for fuel. A want of provisions also began to be felt; for the detachments which had passed through before our arrival, as the 9th *corps d'armée*, whether going or coming, had always taken with them six or eight days' provision, and the garrison amounting to 2000 men, was too numerous for the small supplies the place contained. There were very few inhabitants, and they had nothing; most of them had been buried under the ruins of their houses by the blowing up of the magazine, and others had left the city before that event took place.

A flag of truce was sent us by the English, demanding the surrender of the city, but our general would not listen to the proposal, badly off as we were, and the messenger returned without accomplishing his object. We hoped continually that the city would be relieved, till at length orders came from Marshal Massena (how they were con-

* The number of marauders was so great, that they had chiefs of their own, and were known by the name of the eleventh corps.

veyed into the blockaded fortress I have never been able to learn) to ruin the walls, and when this was accomplished the garrison were to cut their way through the enemy, first destroying the guns, the military stores, and the town. For us, who were half starved and worn out by watching and *sorties*, this was a severe task; but it was begun with good will, and before fourteen days had passed, fourteen mines, all communicating with each other, were dug under the walls. Every man who could work was obliged to assist, and those who were not at work took their stand on the walls, so that there was no rest for any man.

During the blockade I heard the particulars of the explosion of the magazine, which, when the city was formerly besieged, had been caused by a shot from our batteries. At the very moment when the ammunition-waggon was standing before the magazine, in order to carry the necessary supplies to the different parts of the walls, a grenade fell close to the magazine, and immediately set fire to one of the waggons. The fire was communicated with the rapidity of lightning to the magazine itself. In its interior, the artillery-men were employed at the very moment filling shells and grenades, and of course were annihilated. Among the innumerable losses occasioned by this single mischievous shot, we must place the death of about six hundred persons, who had taken refuge with the greater part of their property in the fortress, in order to secure themselves against being plundered. A casemate had been assigned to them near the magazine as a dwelling, and they, with all their dearly saved goods, were crushed at once. They could not escape their fate, and would have done better to have remained at home, where they would probably have lost their property, but might have saved their lives. The spot which they and their treasure had occupied was well known to the inhabitants and to us. We would willingly have dug into it, and the search might have been greatly to our advantage, had it not been strictly forbidden. A guard was placed at the spot to prevent it, because it was apprehended with reason, that bringing forth so many corpses might produce some pestilential diseases.

One morning, it was the 6th of April, 1811, General Brenier had the whole garrison drawn up in the great square of the city, and placing himself on horseback in the middle of the troops, he made a most impressive speech. He praised the ready zeal and perseverance which we had so long displayed, in our severe toils. Then he represented to us that we must muster up courage to perform still greater deeds, a hard battle was before us, for there was no means left of saving ourselves, and reaching the French army, which was three leagues off, but to hew our way through the English blockading troops. He hinted how shameful it was in a soldier to grow faint-hearted and spiritless, and desert his colours in a time of danger; and he hoped no one of us was capable of such conduct. He concluded by saying, that any one of us who chose, might freely go over to the English. As no person gave any answer, he called out, "Swear then once more that you will all do your duty like brave soldiers," and we all swore to conquer or die. The little remaining provision, spirits, and wine was then divided amongst us; and we made the last a very cheerful day.

In the evening, about eleven o'clock, we began our march in deep silence; we passed out of a small gate through the trench, which was full of spiked guns, ammunition-waggons, &c. &c. that were all afterwards blown up by the springing of the mines. When the whole garrison had reached the glacis, a detachment of the Bergian artillery received orders to set fire to the mines, and in a short time the walls fell down with a terrible crash. At the same moment the advanced guard encountered a Portuguese piquet, and the soldiery were instantly bayoneted. In every part of the English camp, we observed movements going on, but it was there supposed, as I afterwards heard, that our powder-magazine had blown up, and no further notice was taken of the matter.

General Brenier had very wisely preceded us, and gone to the French army; for he had surrendered at Lisbon, with the troops under General Junot; he had been released on condition of not again serving against England during the war; and had he been again captured, he might have answered with his life, for not keeping his word. We marched under the command of the Colonel of the 82nd regiment, by difficult and circuitous paths; we were unmolested during the night, but at daylight, when the English saw our column, a regiment of Highlanders and of Hussars immediately attacked us.

The country around Almeida, towards the Spanish frontiers, is, for several leagues, quite flat, and here and there rises a broken rock, or there is an old watch-tower in ruins. On approaching it, however, by San Felice, the country is uneven and hilly. We had nearly traversed the plain, and were already at the foot of the hills, where the cavalry could not do us much injury, yet the mass hurried onward: cannon was brought up, and we got into disorder. Our little corps was gradually lessened, till at length it

was entirely dispersed. We all ran off in the best manner we could, jumping from rock to rock, climbing from tree to tree, and each seeking to save his life, or sell it as dearly as possible; so that of the cavalry, who were closely behind us, many were killed. The lesser half of our troops were so fortunate as to reach the French lines; of the others, the greater part were killed; the remainder, I being one of them, were made prisoners.

A close-fisted Scot seized me by the collar, a Hussar swung his sabre over my head, but when they saw that I made no further resistance, they suspended their blows. Without further ceremony, these gentlemen seized on my knapsack and my money; they selected what they liked for themselves; and I was obliged quietly and patiently to look on and say nothing; for I should only have exposed myself to the most brutal treatment by offering the least resistance.

I was now a prisoner, together with many others, and we were driven back by the English like so many cattle; on the road I lost a good pair of shoes which I had on; I then made an exchange with an English soldier for his shoes, but I could not use them. We were all sent to Villa Formosa, where the Duke of Wellington had his head-quarters. He and several other generals came to see us, and they all scolded us, particularly the German officers, because we had so long served the Usurper, for so they called the Emperor Napoleon. One general in particular, most likely a German, was pleased not only to use the coarsest language to us generally, but even proceeded to lay violent hands on some of us: this ill-treatment made on us, who were already miserable enough, a very unfavourable impression.

We arrived at Pinhal on the third day, where we met several of our brothers in misfortune, particularly some belonging to the 5th regiment of Hussars, who had been taken the day before. Here also I saw, for the first time, the black troops of the Duke of Brunswick Oels, who had been described to us as thirsting for battle and blood, and as very cruel, but they did not at all answer this description; they were all dejected, wearied, and discontented with their situation in Portugal. Many of the corps had deserted within a short time, as I heard, and for this reason it had been broken up, and a company placed with each division of the English army. The soldiers of the King's German Legion called them in mockery, "*The brothers of vengeance.*"

From Pinhal we were conducted on our route by some of the heavy cavalry of the German Legion; and on this journey a circumstance happened, which places the cruelty of the Portuguese and their love of revenge in a characteristic light. One of the prisoners of the name of Sterne, a native of Alsace, who is probably still living, was, on account of illness, unable to walk; a countryman seeing this, offered to buy him of a dragoon, and to give for him forty crusados. The dragoon enquired why he wanted to purchase the man; and the peasant answered, without the least repugnance, "To torture him." The dragoon, enraged at this inhumanity, drew his sword, gave the peasant a good drubbing, and drove him away. The same spirit existed in all the inhabitants of Portugal; men and women, youth and age, seized hold of whatever was nearest to throw it at us, and kill us if possible. I once saw an old woman, as we were passing through a village, struggling with all her might to lift up a great stone; as she was unable even to raise it, she took up a heap of mud, and to satisfy her vengeance, as I happened to be the nearest to her, threw it in my face. Such treatment were we obliged to bear unrevenged, in a country which we had marched through a short time before as conquerors and masters; of course, in these circumstances, we had no wish to run away.

After a short period, the Rifleman entered the English service; was sent to the Isle of Wight, and thence to Bexhill, where he was incorporated with the German Legion. In its ranks he served in Sicily, in Catalonia under Sir John Murray, and again in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. After the final conclusion of the war, he returned to his native country, and there, after some trouble and seeking, he found, as he says, "the little place I now occupy. If I do not live as a nobleman, yet, thank Heaven! I do not suffer the least want; I can lay myself every evening peaceably in my bed, without any apprehension that I shall be roused too early by the drum or the trumpet." Like most of those who have engaged in the same career, he has found neither rewards nor honour, and has retired back into obscurity, glad to procure that common rest, which is the nightly

restorer and friend of all the industrious and peaceable part of mankind.

The copious extracts we have made, have only brought us to the beginning of the second volume, and though his service in the English army was neither so perilous nor full of incidents as his service in the French army, yet the latter part of the book contains several pleasant and well-told stories. We regard it, on the whole, as an agreeable addition to one of the most amusing parts of literature; and even those persons who look with the greatest distrust on the general education of the people, must be grateful for the pleasure it may afford, when common soldiers are the authors of such a book as this, and of those even still more agreeable volumes of a similar description which have lately appeared in the northern part of this country, of which a very copious notice was given in a previous number of this Magazine. We say more agreeable volumes, because we think this has been somewhat injured by a professional author. We mention this out of no disrespect to Goethe; he may have seen the Rifleman, heard his stories, and have read the proof sheets; but the book has, it is plain, been manufactured by another hand. The periods are all rounded, the parts of the sentences are nicely dovetailed and jointed together, and they partake of that stately complicated character which is common to the written language of Germany. Goethe's name only stands on the title-page to introduce the foundling to public notice; the person who has really assisted the Rifleman having, most probably, no reputation of his own, to make his recommending it of any consequence. The book is not destitute of the naïveté and freshness of an original and observing mind, but it bears at every page too legible marks of the deadening hand of the regular trader in literature.

MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS.

[THE booksellers seem determined that this new department of our Magazine shall prove a sinecure. Such apparently has been the state of that trade, that no bookseller dares publish any work lest his brother booksellers should fail before the day of settlement. Nearly all the projects that were in progress, and which, in the natural order of things, would have come to maturity within the last two or three months, have been stopped for the present. The great houses have sent forth absolutely nothing, and the smaller ones scarcely any thing original or important. Mr. Colburn, as usual, has been the most active, and has supplied the only book to which society has looked for entertainment, we mean the *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*.* Of this book of dull and vain gossip, a full account will be found in another part of this Number. With Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*,† a work which, though it

* 2 Vols. 8vo.

† 1 Vol. 4to.

has been published some months, we have only met with in the course of the present month, we have been so much entertained and instructed, that we propose a substantive mention of him in our next. A translation of Mignet's History of the French Revolution* has also appeared. We have repeatedly recommended this work to our readers as one of the very best books ever written. It is a short work, upon a most eventful period of history very little understood in this country. It is full of narrative and incident; so much so, that it reads with more than the interest of a novel; and yet all the springs of the Revolution are laid open, and the whole philosophy of the history is imbibed by the reader almost unconsciously. You are absorbed by the narrative, and yet thoroughly informed of the way in which the events arise one out of the other; and how similar phenomena, should they again occur, ought to be conducted to a more happy result. The translation is executed in a very superior manner to that in which translation is usually *done* in this country. The best translation, however, which we have met with for some time, is that of the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.† The translation of this very charming book, has a spirit and fidelity which we scarcely recollect to have seen in a single previous instance. This branch of literature is most shamefully conducted in this country: any body fancies that he or she can translate; the sole qualification is supposed to be a smattering of the language of the original, a dictionary and a grammar. We can bear testimony to the fact, that this art is one of difficult acquisition, and very rare attainment. Great practice and attention are necessary to destroy the traces of the foreign tongue, and much more to throw the ideas of the author into a correct and elegant English dress. Many men, who can express the thoughts they themselves conceive, and supply with ease appropriate and forcible language to their own creations, find themselves utterly at a loss when they are called upon to take up and clothe the ideas of another. We are here speaking of the difficulty which any well-informed, but unpractised person would experience. What then are we to expect from the class of people usually employed on this work, who have also other inconveniences than incapacity to struggle with? That which they could not do well with deliberation, they are required to do in haste. Neither have they the advantage of the connexion of ideas, and the current of the subject to impel them along—for it is a fact well worthy to be known, that most of the translations published by the booksellers, are executed by a great number of hands. Such men as Mr. Colburn, for instance, have a list of people whom they can employ on this duty at a moment's warning. When a work

* 2 Vols. 8vo.

† 1 Vol. post 8vo.

of interest arrives from the Continent, in which the bookseller fears he may be forestalled by some rival, he tears up his copy of the book, and scatters the separate portions among his hungry list. So that it not unfrequently happens that the unhappy translator has to commence upon the latter half of a sentence. The person to whose lot the previous portion has fallen has, of course, been obliged to finish his share with the first half of the sentence. The printer puts these fragments together, and hence the reader's eyes are so often turned up in wonder at what the author can possibly be driving. This is only one trifling source of error—others are obvious. It follows from all this that nobody in this country reads a translation if he can read and can procure the original. Hence a multitude of sources of information are closed, much time lost, and most erroneous opinions formed. We hold the importance of these conclusions to be such that we intend to pay especial attention to this subject, and shall not be sparing of either praise or blame. We have picked out two translations for eulogy. This month has also produced as bad a translation as the others are good. We allude to a work entitled the “Reign of Terror.”* This book is not only bad in its design, and anticipated by a great number of books on the Revolution of France of the same kind, but is absolutely unreadable, from the execrableness of the way in which its materials are done into English. It consists of a collection of the tracts, pamphlets, memoirs, &c. published by those who were sufferers from the sanguinary adherents of Marat and Robespierre, during the period named the Reign of Terror. The compilers of this work give us no account of their plan, or object, or of the principles which have guided them in their selection of materials; neither do we learn the reason which has induced them, at this time of day, to republish, in a body, very accessible publications, which are rather the documents of history, than history itself. Like other documents, when looked at in an insulated point of view, they are much more likely to mislead than to inform.

At Edinburgh has been started a kind of Yearly Magazine, called Janus, or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack. We should have been glad to have found this book clever. It is, however, one of that large class which might just as well have remained in manuscript. It is not instructive—it is not amusing—it is not original—it is not, however, offensive; and we wish not to aggravate the pains of neglect, by any further censure. The publisher's long face, when the authors enquire the extent of the demand which the public have manifested for their writings, will prove, we doubt not,

* Two Vols. 8vo.

a much severer suffering than any harshness of our's. A book of a similar kind, differing only in its being an avowed compilation from the journals and other periodical publications of the year, has for some time been published annually, under the title of *Spirit of the Public Journals*. The design is excellent; the conduct of it is as bad as it is possible to be. Neither industry, taste, nor vigilance, is employed upon it; the most obvious and the most worthless materials are selected, and they are printed in the most incorrect and slovenly manner.

The only work to which we shall here give a separate notice, besides those criticisms in the body of the Magazine, is the following:

Hebrew Tales; selected and translated from the Writings of the ancient Hebrew Sages; to which is prefixed an Essay on the uninspired Literature of the Hebrews. By Hyman Hurwitz, author of "Vindiciæ Hebraica," &c. &c. London. Morrison and Watt, 127, Fenchurch Street.

THIS work has two claims upon the consideration of the public. It contributes something *new* to the stock of our literature: and the manner in which that contribution is made is good. By *new* is not meant *original*; but as in these degenerate days we seldom meet with a person even moderately versed in Talmudic learning, for the majority of us Englishmen, the present translation promises all the interest which originality can attach to a work. We regard the student, who pushes his enquiries into the remote and unfrequented corners of human knowledge, and brings from thence a portion of what he finds, in the light of a merchant who trades to out-of-the-way parts of the globe, and augments our stock of good things with their different productions. As we like to see the great current of merchandise, that sets in to our country, swelled by the addition of new commodities desirable to man; so we should welcome every addition to our intellectual stores with an interest proportioned to its value, and the difficulty of making it conjointly. In the present instance, whatever be the worth of the commodity, the difficulty of procuring it must at least be allowed to be great. If we might trust the word of our own Talmudic scholars, who profess to have explored these regions, and found them to produce only absurdities, we should quietly acquiesce under the privation which that difficulty superinduces. But our Talmudists have been generally Christian divines, whose testimony, as that of a party interested, ought to be taken with a reasonable allowance for clerical prejudices. It may also admit of question *how far* they have explored; and whether they have not taken the credit of profound investigation on very slight grounds. Impunity was theirs—the public, as far as the Talmud was concerned, were clearly at their mercy.

Notwithstanding the dicta and the sneers of these profound Hebraists, it is not impossible that there may be something in the Talmud after all; and something too, worth importing. To search the scriptures is,

in an especial manner, the business of our divines; and to aid them in this search, they do, or at least profess to have, recourse to the earliest Christian commentators—those whom we call Fathers. It evinces, we think, a lack of just curiosity on their part, that these scholars should not have also taken pains to inform themselves and us, of what the earliest Hebrew commentators thought and wrote upon the same subject. The object of the Hebrew, as well as of the Christian, was to elucidate the obscurity of Holy Writ; and his erroneous belief would but rarely interfere with his enquiries. He might omit to draw just inferences from sundry passages; but his interpretations would be no further affected by his Jewish faith. Truth is truth from whatever source derived, and it is far from improbable that the truth may have often occurred to the Hebrew, who was upon his own ground—his own antiquities, when it altogether escaped the Greek or Italian Christian. Our pastors might be employed as profitably, perchance, to the community, and as pleasantly to themselves, upon the Hebrew commentators, as upon Greek plays, or political pamphlets.

There may be a reader, who possibly desires to know what the Talmud is. We will devote half a page to inform him. In addition to the written law, which, like our Magna Charta, and other old documents, somewhat rudely sketched out the line of proceeding for posterity, and required to be filled up, there naturally sprang up also a traditional law, supplementary to the first. This additional code remained, for reasons no doubt as good as those which have kept our own common law in the same predicament, unwritten. The politic sons of Levi, and those whom they abetted, had thus an instrument that they could adapt to the ever varying exigencies of the times. But the times at length grew so bad, that no government, and no priesthood remained to benefit by the use of this capital state machine. On the contrary, the great object now was, not the support of an establishment, for they had none to support, but they were keeping together their old religion, the scattered flock of Israel. Taking advantage, therefore, of a little respite from the persecution which the poor Hebrew enjoyed in the sun-shiny reigns of the Antonines, the Rabbi Jehud formed a digest of their traditional laws, which bore the name of “the Mishnah.” As every Littleton must have his Coke, the Mishnah was soon found to be obscure or not sufficiently explicit, and to require an expounder. The commentaries of succeeding Rabbis swelled into another large bulk of law, under the name of “Gemara;” and these two works were subsequently embodied in one great compilation called the Talmud.

This then is the additional code of the Jews; the supplement, which the wisdom or policy of successive Hebrew priests and legislators, from the time of Moses to that of Rabbi Jehudah, has added to the written law of Mount Sinai. It contains explanations of that written law, deductions drawn from it, and various ordinances for hedging round the faith of the children of Israel. The graver matter of this “ocean” of Hebrew divinity, is relieved by sundry philosophical notions and moral maxims, conveyed by the different mediums of allegories, tales, similes, and parables. Of the aphorisms thus illustrated the work of Mr. Hurwitz is a collection. He is apparently a native

trader, and, it is but just to add, that he has imported into our literature more Talmudic lore, than all our own Hebrew scholars together. The latter, indeed, have been fonder of criticising than imparting knowledge; and have argued down the Talmud, even before it was known, almost by name, to those for whom they wrote. These specimens of Hebrew parables are some of them very felicitous in their conception, and all breathe that fine spirit of morality which we admire in the New Testament. Indeed, we know of no other compositions extant, to which these Hebrew tales bear a resemblance, but the parables of the Gospel. We have thus some standard by which to estimate the merit and fidelity of Mr. Hurtwitz's translation. It wants, to be sure, the idiomatic quaintness of our translation of the Bible, which so well becomes the concise precepts of Scripture; but the style is plain, and well adapted to the oriental character of the subjects.

The following example will serve to illustrate the mode in which the Talmudists grafted their parables upon the stock of history, sacred and profane, (for Alexander the great figured in them as well as Abraham;) the sort of scriptural likeness, we were just now speaking of; and the translator's ability in the execution of his task.

Kerah, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose to public sale. Being obliged one day to go out on particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend it for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly.—“What is the price of that God?” asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol, to which he took a fancy.—“Old man,” said Abraham, “may I be permitted to ask thine age?”—“Three-score years,” replied the age-stricken idolater.—“Three-score years!” exclaimed Abraham,—“and thou wouldest worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last four-and-twenty hours?”—The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away. After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish of flour. “Here,” said she, “have I brought an offering to the gods; place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me.”—“Place it before them thyself, foolish woman!” said Abraham; “thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it.”—She did so. In the meantime, Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces; all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction. Kerah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation, beheld the havoc amongst his favourite gods. “What is all this, Abraham! What wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?” exclaimed he, “Why should I conceal any thing from my father,” replied the son: “During thine absence, there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods; she placed it before them. The younger gods, who, as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands and began to eat, before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect.”—“Dost thou mock me?—Wilt thou deceive thy aged father?” exclaimed Kerah, vehemently: “do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor drink, nor move?”—“And yet,” rejoined Abraham, “thou payest them divine honours—adorest them—and wouldest have me worship them.”

After all, this would not, if inserted in the Bible, in a chapter, harmonize so completely with the tone of the Old Testament, as the apocryphal chapter of Genesis, extemporaneously composed by the trans-atlantic Talmudist, Benjamin Franklin.

TABLE TALK.

ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE, SELECTED FROM PEPYS' MEMOIRS.

THEATRES.—*The Red Bull.*—Mar. 23, 1661.—To the Red Bull, (where I had not been since plays came up again,) up to the tireing room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor and the actors but common fellows—and the play, which is called “All’s lost by Lust,” poorly done, and with much disorder. Among other instances, the boy that was to sing a song not singing it right, his master fell about his ears, and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uproar.

Tom Killigrew’s way of getting to see Plays when a Boy.—He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, “who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?” then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

The King’s House.—Oct. 5, 1667.—Going in there met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing room, and to the women’s shift, where Nell (Gwyn) was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of “Flora’s Figarys,” which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was strange; the other house, (Duke’s House, Lincoln’s-Inn Fields, built at the Restoration, “the finest play-house, I believe, ever was in England,”) carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players.

Stage Improvements. King’s House.—Feb. 12, 1667.—This done, I and Killigrew to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actress that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well; that they are going to give her 30*l.* a year more. That the stage is now, by his pains, a thousand times more glorious than ever heretofore. Now were candles, and many of them; then not above three pounds of tallow; now all things civil, no rudeness any where, then as in a bear-garden; then two or three fiddles, now nine or ten of the best; then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing mean, now all otherwise; then the Queen seldom, and the King never would come, now not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any.

King’s House.—Mar. 19, 1666.—After dinner we walked to the King’s play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage, to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage, and all the tireing rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worth seeing. But to see their clothes, and their various sorts, and what mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff—here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself, to see, with laughing, and particularly Lacey’s wardrobe, and Shottell’s. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle light, and how poor things they are to look at, too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

Pit at the Theatre.—Jan. 31, 1661.—To the theatre, and there sat in the pit, among the company of fine ladies, &c. and the house was exceeding full, to see Argales and Parthenie, (taken from Sir P. Sydney’s *Arcadia*,) the first time it hath been acted; and, indeed, it is good, though wronged by my own great expectations, as all things else are.

Feb. 6, 1668.—My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York’s playhouse, (in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields,) where a new play of Etheridge’s, called, “She Would if She Could,” and though I was there by *two o’clock*, there was one thousand people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18*d.* box, and there saw; but Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not at all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife,

it being dark and raining, but could not find her, and so staid, going between the two doors, and through the pit, an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done; and the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk to one another. And among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly (it was the day after his pardon passed the Great Seal for killing the Earl of Shrewsbury—"the late duel and murder,") sat in the pit; and there I found him with my lord of Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etheridge, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect; and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a catch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did through the whole pit blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, sad and mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife.

Eighteen-penny Gallery.—Dec. 16, 1661.—After dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play, (author of Colman-street) made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the play was doubled, so to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well: and a good play it is. It seems of Cowley's making.

Sept. 20, 1667.—By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mad Couple," my wife having been at the same play with Jane, in the 15^d seat.

Boxes, Oct. 19, 1667.—Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted, when, though we came by *two o'clock*, yet there was no room in the pit, but was forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a-piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life, and in the same box came, by-and-by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his Lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, the King and the Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary, that they frequently began to laugh and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

Prices of admission.—Jan. 1, 1668.—Hence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all," which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a place on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many, by half, of ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12^d. and than the 18^d. places, though I strained hard to go in them, when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to White Hall,—attended the King and the Duke of York, in the Duke of York's lodgings, &c. on many businesses.

Theatre hours.—Generally, as appears from the above, two or three hours after noon—but they varied.

Sept. 7, 1661.—Having appointed the young ladies at the wardrobe (the Ladies Montague, daughter of Lord Sandwich, Master of the Wardrobe,) to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, afterwards Lady Castlemaine, (in that part of the pit, we may suppose, nearest the King's box,) which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," (Ben Jonson's) with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been there forty years, (it being so satyrical against puritanism; they durst not till now, *which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it,*) but I do never a whit like it better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being, by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

Dec. 20, 1666.—From home to the Duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did not go to Whitehall, and got my Lord Bellasis to get me into the play-house; and then, after all staying above an hour for the players, (the King and all waiting, which was absurd,) saw "Henry the Fifth," (not Shakspeare's but Lord Orrery's,) well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests being put on but this night; but I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and

neck, which did much touch me. The play continued till *twelve at night*; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty and moonshine.

Actresses.—*Jan. 1661.*—To the theatre, where was acted the “*Beggar’s Bush*,” it being very well done; and here for the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage. “*Ce qui donne lieu à l’allusion que fit le chevalier Guillaume Davenant, un jour que le roi étoit à la comédie. Dans ce temps-là il n’y avoit point d’actrices, c’étoient les hommes qui jouoient les rôles de femmes. Le roi s’impatiente tant de ce que le pièce ne commençoit pas, le chevalier Davenant lui dit: Sire, c’est qu’on rase la reine.*” There was a circumstance which gave particular point to this piece of pleasantry among the officers of the Queen’s household, (Catharine of Braganza,) as “*sin aumniers quatre boulangers, un parfumeur juif.*” We find, in the *Memoires de Grammont*, mention of “*un certain officier, apparemment sans fonction; qui s’appeloit le barbier de l’infante.*”

SECURITY OF PROPERTY IN PERSIA.—Curious examples might be related of the expedients fallen on by the people to defeat the keen scent and unfeeling rapacity of their tyrants. Meerza Abdool Rezāk told me, that during the time he lodged in a certain town, he was alarmed by the periodical cries of some person who appeared to be undergoing daily a violent beating, and who, during the blows, called out “*Amaun! Amaun!*” (mercy! mercy!) “*I have none! I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing!*” and such like exclamations. He found that the sufferer was an eminent merchant, reputed to be very rich, and who some time afterwards confessed that he understood the prince or governor had heard of his wealth, and was determined to have a share; but that he, as he well knew that torture would be applied to extort it from him, had determined to habituate himself to endure pain, that he might be able to resist the threatened unjust demands, even if enforced by blows. He had now, he said, brought himself to hear a thousand blows with a stick: and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to give him, short of occasioning his death, without conceding any of his money to them.—*Fraser’s Khorassan.*

UTILITY OF OLD PARCHMENTS.—In this affair (of Warbourg), in which ten thousand Frenchmen fought with obstinacy against the whole army of the Duke of Brunswick, some of our battalions were retiring, after having taken, lost, and retaken, for the third time, an important position, young Monfalcon, sword in hand, his eye full of fire, his hair in disorder, and the comeliness of his person still heightened by his courage, advanced, called, encouraged the soldiers, rallied them, rushed at their head into the thickest of the engagement, triumphed, and regained possession of the disputed eminence.

The two generals who had witnessed his bravery, solicited a reward for him; but as his name was not known, and he was without fortune or connexions, he only obtained the cross of Saint Louis, and the rank of major in a small town. This was rather putting him upon a retired pension than rewarding his services.

All prospect of advancement seemed closed for him, when, by a singular chance, he found in his retirement that fortune which he had vainly pursued on the field of battle. He frequently went to pass some time at the small country-house of an old aunt, and as the monotonous life she led could not afford him any enjoyment, he amused himself by reading over the many dusty old parchments deposited in the archives of the *château*, and to his great surprise he discovered amongst them some title-deeds, which evidently established his descent from the ancient house of Adhemar, which was generally thought to be extinct.

Provided with these documents, he hastened to Paris, and communicated to my father and to M. de Castries, who were his protectors, the discovery he had made. They at first laughed at it, and considered his hopes quite chimerical. He, however, carried the deeds, by their advice, to Cherin the genealogist, a profound judge in these matters, and perfectly incorruptible; had he, indeed, not been so, a poor town major would not have found the means of bribing him.

Cherin, after a long examination, pronounced the titles to be authentic; and the new Count of Adhemar having been acknowledged, and having, through the intervention of my father and of M. de Castries, obtained the rank of colonel, commanding the regiment of infantry of Chartres, was presented at court.

Madame de Valbeide, a widow possessing a fortune of forty thousand livres a-year, and a lady of the Queen’s palace, was charmed with the new colonel, and, hoping to compensate for the disparity of ages by the gift of her property, married him.—*Segur’s Recollections*, p. 49.

A GOOD SHOT.—The Persian king is a good shot, and delights to shoot at a mark, but he also loves to make his amusement profitable; the mark commonly made use of is a live sheep, near which stands a furosh, ready to tell the success of the shot, and to dispatch the animal, if only wounded. When his majesty is ready to shoot, he challenges the courtiers about him to bet with him about the shot, and it would be the height of rudeness and impolicy to refuse; but the king's game is sure, for whether he strikes the animal or not, the furosh, who has his lesson, and whose property the carcass becomes, rushes upon it the moment the shot parts, with a "mash allah!" (bravo), knocks it down, and cuts its throat, and none of course can question the author of its fate. These sheep, which are always the property of some village or proprietor near the place, are never paid for by his majesty.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

TURKISH HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.—Much is said of the humanity which Musulmen display towards animals. A singular proof of it occurred during this siege (of Athens). Finding them suffering from thirst, the besieged lowered a number of asses, &c., into the hands of the enemy; choosing rather that they should live in the possession of the infidel, than perish miserably with themselves. It is even more singular, that two of these animals were actually preserved alive to the end of the siege; their owners had probably some private supply of water, which they preferred to share with beasts, rather than with their dying brethren. When the Greeks first obtained possession of the town, they commenced a terrible persecution of the storks, driving them from the chimney-tops, and old ruined columns, where they had enjoyed, under Mahometan protection, so many centuries of hereditary security. The sight of this barbarity is believed to have enraged the Turks even more than the destruction of the houses, and the violation of their mosques.—*Waddington's Visit to Greece*, p. 58.

ROYAL BRAVERY.—The reign of the present King of Persia has been far from remarkable for its military splendour, and the nation at large has but a poor opinion of its monarch's courage or warlike abilities; indeed, the few remaining veterans of his uncle's armies talk of their king with bitter contempt. He has rarely been exposed to danger in action; but early in his reign, when his uncle Saduckkhan attempted to dispute with him the throne, it became necessary for him to encourage his troops by his presence, and he appeared in the field, along with his valuable old minister, Hadjee Ibrahim; but although they kept at a very sufficient distance, the king, as it is affirmed, betrayed considerable uneasiness, till at last, one or two shots dropping among them, he fell from his horse in a swoon of terror, and was immediately picked up in no comfortable condition by the meerza, who immediately dismounted, exclaiming, "What a terrible passion the father of the world has fallen into!"—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

UNCONSCIOUS DAMNATION.—Now under this deplorable necessity of ruin and destruction does God's preventing grace find every sinner, when it *snatches him like a brand out of the fire*, and steps in between the purpose and the commission of his sin. It finds him going on resolutely in the high and broad way to perdition; which yet his perverted reason tells him is right, and his will pleasant. And therefore he has no power of himself to leave or turn out of it, but he is ruined jocundly and pleasantly, and damned according to his heart's desire. And can there be a more wretched and woeful spectacle of misery than a man in such a condition? a man pleasing and destroying himself together? a man, as it were, doing violence to damnation, and taking hell by force?—*South's Sermons.*

THE LATE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR'S ENGLISH ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—This person received us in a sort of boudoir, highly ornamented with English prints and mirrors, French clocks, and other gimcracks, amongst which was placed, in a conspicuous situation, a picture of himself, by a Russian artist; a comfortable carpet, with numuds as usual, covered the floor, but there was also an excellent fire blazing in an European grate; and the whole had much more of comfort than is usually to be met with in Persian apartments. He talked incessantly, and it was amusing to hear him interlarding his Persian with snatches of English, among which, the ejaculation of "God bless me!" "Pon my honour!" and others of a similar description, were very frequent. He showed us his whole menage, and by its arrangement it was sufficiently apparent that he had picked up some idea of convenience, as well as other good things in England; he did not, however, approve completely of the plan of our English houses; he thought them deficient in ground space, and that the rooms were much too small.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

PERSIAN ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE ARTS.—It is not long ago since a native of Fars succeeded in making certain improvements in pottery, so far as to manufacture a species of porcelain resembling tolerable china ware. His fame quickly spread, and soon reached the court; when the king heard it, he dispatched an order for the man to repair directly to Tehrân, to make china for the *Shah*. The poor fellow was seized with consternation at this order, for he knew, that not only should he have to work for the *Shah*, but for all his officers and courtiers; while so far from being paid, he would probably not receive enough to keep body and soul together. He accordingly went to court, not to make china, but mustering every thing he could raise for a bribe to the minister, he besought him to report to the king that he was not the man that made the china; that the real potter had run away, nobody knew where, and that *he* himself was thus erroneously put in restraint, and prayed that he might obtain his release. The minister soon sent him his discharge, and the man left the capital for his own country, fervently vowing never to make a bit of china, or attempt improvement of any sort as long as he lived.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.

THE SOUL NOT TO BE DROWNED IN DRINK.—The sensual epicure will also find, that there is a certain living spark within him, which all the drink he can pour in will never be able to quench or put out; nor will his rotten abused body have it in its power to convey any putrefying, consuming, rotting quality to the soul; no, there is no drinking, or swearing, or ranting, or fluxing a soul out of its immortality. But that must and will survive and abide, in spite of death and the grave; and live for ever, to convince such wretches to their eternal woe, that the so-much-repeated ornament and flourish of their former speeches, (*God damn 'em*), was commonly the truest word they spoke, though least believed by them while they spoke it.—*South's Sermons*.

MELANCHOLY TEMPERAMENT OF LOUIS XV.—Madame de Pompadour once told me that he experienced a painful sensation whenever he was forced to laugh, and that he had often begged her to break off a droll story. He smiled, and that was all. In general, he had the most gloomy ideas concerning almost all events. When there was a new Minister, he used to say: "*He displays his wares like all the rest, and promises the finest things in the world, not one of which will be fulfilled. He does not know this country—he will see.*" When new projects for reinforcing the navy were laid before him, he said: "This is the twentieth time I have heard this talked of; France never will have a navy, I think." This I heard from M. de Marigny.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*.

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.—When the Marshal de Belle-Isle's son was killed in battle, Madame Pompadour persuaded the King to pay his father a visit. He was rather reluctant, and Madame said to him, with an air half angry, half playful,

——— "Barbare! dont l'orgueil

Croit le sang d'un sujet trop payé d'un coup d'œil."

The King laughed, and said: "Whose fine verses are those?" "Voltaire's," said Madame. "As barbarous as I am, I gave him the place of gentleman in ordinary, and a pension," said the King.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR AND THE PERSIAN KING.—On his last return from England, Meerza Abool Hussain Khan came laden not only with presents he had received, but with an immense quantity of merchandise purchased in Europe, which he availed himself of his Ambassador's privilege to pass free of duty; but when he reached Persia, desiring to obtain the carriage of it to Tehrân also free, he managed to secure beasts of burden for his own goods, among those provided for the conveyance of presents for the King. His Majesty, however, who is quite alive to what affects his own interest, suspected, or was informed of the truth; and when the Ambassador approached Tehrân, he took care to be absent on a hunting party, to which the former was ordered to repair, while the baggage went on to the capital; and, according to orders previously given, was, without exception, lodged in one of the royal warehouses, as *presents for his Majesty*, the denomination under which the whole travelled. The unhappy diplomatist never received back, or dared to claim, a single package; aware, no doubt of the inutility of such a step, had he even been guiltless of intended fraud. The only part he saved of his accumulated European property were a few trunks of cloths, which had entered the city as belonging to the British Charge d'Affaires.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.—[We are glad of this for the sake of our fair countryfolks.]

FASHION.—Few follow things themselves, more follow the names of things, and most follow the names of their masters.—*Lord Bacon*.

HOW TO TURN A PENNY.—The Persian King's avarice is the common jest, as well as the bane of the country, and numberless amusing instances are related of this his ruling passion. They tell, that as he was one day walking with the late minister, Meerza Sheffea, he found a rupee lying on the ground, which picking up and showing to the minister, he said, "What think you, Meerza, you are a man of learning, do you think you could in any way increase this rupee to a thousand tomauns?" The Meerza replied, that it passed his poor comprehension; but the King, ah! the King was all-powerful; and no doubt it could be done if his Majesty said so. The King calling an attendant, enquired what fruit had lately come in season; and being informed that apples had just come in, he desired that the worth of the rupee in that fruit might be instantly procured. It produced fifty or sixty apples; of these he sent three or four a-piece to several of the noblemen and highest officers at court, not excepting the minister himself, and each of these were forced by etiquette to send in return a considerable offering for the King, with another for the royal messenger. Fifteen hundred tomauns were collected in this way, and three hundred for the messengers, *all* of which his Majesty pocketed, distributing only ten tomauns among his envoys.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

BELLING THE BELLES.—The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on here, as in England; and in some districts, (which is perfectly ridiculous,) they are forced to wear little bells, both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are, and what they are doing.—*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, vol. 1. p. 148.—[It was particularly fortunate for the quiet of the country, that the Margravine was not a Polish lady, for in her case, there would have been no end to these tintinabulary alarms.]

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA.

IMOGENE ET ALMANZOR.

Sujet de cet Opera.

Un jeune Prince Americain,
Adore une jeune Princesse;
Cet Amant, qui perit au milieu de la piece,
Par le secours d'un Dieu ressuscite à la fin.

PROLOGUE.

Un Musicien.

Peuples entrez; que l'on s'avance.

(*Aux chanteurs.*)

Vous, tâchez de prendre le temps.

(*Aux danseurs.*)

Vous, le jarret tendu, partez bien en cadence.

Celebrons le bonheur des fidèles amans!

ACTE I.

Imogene. Cher Prince, on nous unit!

Almanzor. J'en suis ravi, Princesse.

Les Deux. Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre alegresse!

Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons notre alegresse!

ACTE II.

Imogene. Amour!—(*Tumulte de guerre. Le Prince paraît, poursuivi par ses Ennemis.*

Combat. La Princesse s'évanouit. Le Prince est tué.)—Cher Prince!

Almanzor. Helas!

Imogene. Quoi!

Almanzor. J'expire.

Imogene. Oh, malheur!

Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur!

Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur!

ACTE III.

(*Pallas dans un nuage. A Almanzor.*)

Pallas te rend le jour!

Imogene. Ah! quel moment!

Almanzor. Où suis-je?

Les Trois. Peuples, chantez, dansez, celebraz ce prodige!

Le Chœur. Chantons, dansons, montrons ce prodige!

Janus.

LUXURY.—The husbandman returns from the field, and from manuring his ground, strong and healthy, because innocent and laborious ; you will find no diet-drinks, no boxes of pills, nor galley-pots, amongst his provisions ; no, he neither speaks nor lives French, he is not so much of a gentleman, forsooth. His meals are coarse and short, his employment warrantable, his sleep certain and refreshing, neither interrupted with the lashes of a guilty mind, nor the aches of a crazy body. And when old age comes upon him, it comes alone, bringing no other evil with it but itself ; but when it comes to wait upon a great and worshipful sinner, (who, for many years together, has had the reputation of eating well and doing ill,) it comes (as it ought to do, to a person of such quality) attended with a long train and retinue of rheums, coughs, catarrhs, and dropsies, together with many painful girds and achings, which are at least called the gout. How does such an one go about, or is carried rather, with his body bending inward, his head shaking, and his eyes always watering, (instead of weeping) for the sins of his ill-spent youth. In a word, old age seizes upon such a person, like fire upon a rotten house ; it was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself ; so that is no more but one ruin preventing another.—*South's Sermons.*

A LEARNED LADY.—Many of the female singers at Naples, I am confident, neither know how to read or write. I was one day at the house of one of these performers by profession ; after many entreaties that she would favour us with an air, from which she excused herself on the plea of having had a violent cold for a month past, and a swelled throat, which prevented her from singing, she complied with our request. In taking the music-book to place it on the piano-forte, she turned it, as if by mistake, upside down, so that on opening the first leaf, at the bottom of the page, the words “fine dell' Ana,” were written with the letters reversed. As I perceived the mistake, I took the book and placed it right. The lady was piqued, and, not wishing to appear ignorant, took the book rather abruptly, and placed it again as it was before. “Sappia,” said she, “Signora che questa un aria Ebreica, cavata della Sinagoga dei Giudei, che comincia par il fine.” I immediately apologized, and avowed my want of knowledge, as I had no idea that Moses was acquainted with Italian music, or that Rabbis sung ariettes.—*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, vol. 1. p. 308.

FAIR WORDS.—Was ever the hungry fed or the naked clothed with good looks or fair speeches ? These are but thin garments to keep out the cold, and but a slender repast to conjure down the rage of a craving appetite. My enemy perhaps is ready to starve or perish through poverty, and I tell him I am heartily glad to see him, and should be ever ready to serve him, but still my hand is close, and my purse shut ; I neither bring him to my table, nor lodge him under my roof ; he asks for bread, and I give him a compliment, a thing, indeed, not so hard as a stone, but altogether as dry. I treat him with art and outside : and lastly, at parting, with all the ceremonies of dear-ness, I shake him by the hand, but put nothing into it. In a word, I play with his distress, and dally with that which will not be dallied with, want and misery, and a clamorous necessity.

For will fair words and a courtly behaviour pay debts and discharge scores ? If they could, there is a sort of men who would not be so much in debt as they are. Can a man look and speak himself out of his creditor's hands ? Surely then, if my words cannot do this for myself, neither can they do it for my enemy. And therefore this has nothing of the love spoken of in the text. It is but a scene and a mere mockery, for the receiving that cannot make my enemy at all the richer, the giving of which makes me not one penny the poorer. It is indeed the fashion of the world thus to amuse men with empty caresses, and to feast them with words and air, looks and legs ; nay, and it has this peculiar privilege above all other fashions, that it never alters ; but certainly no man ever yet quenched his thirst with looking upon a golden cup, nor made a meal with the outside of a lordly dish.

But we are not to rest here ; fair speeches and looks are not only very insignificant as to the real effects of love, but are for the most part the instruments of hatred in the execution of the greatest mischiefs. Few men are to be ruined till they are made confident of the contrary : and this cannot be done by threats and roughness, and owning the mischief that a man designs ; but the pitfall must be covered, to invite the man to venture over it ; all things must be sweetened with professions of love, friendly looks, and embraces. For it is oil that whets the razor, and the smoothest edge is still the sharpest : they are the complacencies of an enemy that kill, the closest hugs that stifle, and love must be pretended before malice can be effectually practised. In a word, he must get into his heart with fair speeches and promises before he can come at it with his dagger. For surely no man fishes with a bare hook, or thinks that the net itself can be any enticement to the bird.—*South's Sermons.*

THE REAL COCKNEY SPORTSMAN.—We see game preserved beyond all use or necessity, at an enormous expence, until every farm and cover is changed into an overgrown poultry-yard, that the cockney of the woods and stubble-fields, attended like a young gentleman from school, by the gamekeeper, who, O, rare! is to manage his dogs for him, and show where the game lies, may gravely sally forth to have a shoot at that which is already his own—that which he has paid for beforehand, at an average expence exceeding two guineas a head—that which his keepers and dogs would bring home to any amount without his interference, if the *killing* department were not too pleasurable to the grown-up child to admit of delegation—that which he cannot consume, and must be given away by cartloads, to be received with gratitude on the principle that, “fools make feasts, and wise men eat them—” that which he expects to find close at hand without labour, and without skill, and without enterprise; not perceiving that in those very circumstances consist all that is manly or animating, and without discovering that he is merely a *game-butcher*, and has less pretension to the boasted appellation of a sportsman than the Londoner, who pays by the pound weight for the privilege of fishing in a stew, or gives 10s. for leave to fire into a duck-pond. In both cases success is certain, and in both the happy wight makes a prize of his own pocket. But the calculating young trader does not consider feats like these the pride and business of his life. He is only foolish on a holiday, and still carrying something of the useful and sagacious citizen about him, he at least hopes to bring himself home by eating whatever he can catch or kill, and so far evinces a portion of that natural instinct in which the hunter’s employment originates. If he desires to exhibit his dexterity to peculiar advantage, he judiciously takes his aim at a sparrow, because it is a small object, and is not silly enough to imagine that there can be any thing very meritorious in hitting a bird of large dimensions at a few yards distance, with a full charge of wide-spreading shot; nor would he be so weak as to be flattered by the “*Ah, sir, you have hit him hard!*” of a low artful game-keeper, who inwardly laughs to see the pheasant half knocked to pieces, which his master has thought proper to preserve at seven times its market-price, for that most eligible and humane purpose. The shrewd youth from behind the shop counter would as soon think of shooting at his best beaver hat thrown up into the air. If he revels out his frolic once a year, there is still a measure and a “method in his madness.” But the country Cockney, often old enough to be his father, who preserves game which he does not want, and cannot consume, for the mere pleasure of extinguishing animal life by the half-dozen and the dozen, betrays such a mixture of unmanly cruelty, extravagance, and imbecility, that the practice would call loudly for reprobation, even if it did not fill our gaols with poachers and our poor-houses with their wives and children.—*Letter in the Newspapers.*

THE REASON WHY THE DEVIL ALWAYS BUILDS A CHAPEL NEAR A HOUSE OF PRAYER.—Hypocrisy draws near to religion for shelter; for the majesty of good things is such that the confines of them are reverend.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE GLOOMY TASTES OF LOUIS XV.—The King was habitually melancholy, and liked every thing which recalled the idea of death, in spite of the strongest fears of it. Of this the following is an instance. Madame de Pompadour was on her way to Crécy, when one of the King’s grooms made a sign to her coachman to stop, and told him, that the King’s carriage had broken down, and that, knowing her to be at no great distance, his Majesty had sent him forward to beg her to wait for him. He soon overtook us, and seated himself in Madame de Pompadour’s carriage, in which were, I think, Madame de Château Rénaud and Madame de Mirepoix. The lords in attendance placed themselves in some other carriages. I was behind, in a chaise, with Gourbillon, Madame de Pompadour’s valet de chambre. We were surprised, in a short time, by the King stopping his carriage. Those which followed, of course, stopped also. The King called a groom, and said to him: “You see that little eminence; there are crosses; it must certainly be a burying-ground; go and see whether there are graves newly dug.” The groom galloped up to it, returned, and said to the King: “There are three quite freshly made.” Madame de Pompadour, as she told me, turned away her head with horror; and the little *Maréchal* gaily said: “*This is indeed enough to make one’s mouth water.*” Mad. de Pompadour spoke of it when I was undressing her in the evening. “What a strange pleasure,” said she, “to endeavour to fill one’s mind with images which one ought to endeavour to banish, especially when one is surrounded with so many sources of happiness! But that is the King’s way; he loves to talk about death. He said, some days ago, to M. de Fontanieu, who was seized with a bleeding of the nose, at the levee, ‘Take care of yourself: at your age it is a forerunner of apoplexy.’ The poor man went home frightened, and absolutely ill.”—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.*

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.—"First, Harry, I should tell you the purpose for which it was made. On the south side of Mount Pilate, there were great forests of spruce fir; and at the time of which I am speaking, a great deal of that timber was necessary for ship-building. These forests were, however, in a situation which seemed almost inaccessible, such was the steepness and ruggedness of that side of the mountain. It had rarely been visited but by the hunters of the chamois or wild goat, and they gave information of the great size of these trees, and extent of the forests. There these trees had stood for ages useless, and there they might have stood useless to this day, but for the enterprize and skill of a German engineer, of the name of Rupp. His spirit of inquiry being roused by the accounts of the chamois hunters, he made his way up by their paths, surveyed the forests, and formed the bold project of purchasing and cutting down the trees, and constructing, with some of the bodies of the trees themselves, a singular kind of wooden road or trough, down which others would be sent headlong into the lake below, which fortunately came to the very foot of the mountain. When once upon the lake, they were to be made into rafts, and without the aid of ships or boats to carry them, they were to be floated down the lake. It was proposed, that from thence they should be conveyed by a very rapid stream called the Reup, into the river Aar, and thence into the Rhine, down which these rafts could be easily navigated to Holland, where the timber was wanted. They might further be transported into the German ocean, where they could be conveyed to whatever port was desired."

"But now, Sir, for the slide," said Harry, "you said, I think, that it was a kind of trough made of the bodies of trees; did you mean the mere trunk, without their being sawed up into boards?"

"The trunks of the trees," replied Sir Rupert, "just roughly squared with the axe. Three trees so prepared, and laid side by side, formed the bottom; another set formed each of the sides; and all, strongly fastened together, composed this enormous trough, which was about three or four feet deep, and about six feet wide at the top. It extended to a length of more than eight miles, from the place where the forest stood on the side of the mountain to the lake below. Each tree that was to be sent down had its branches lopped off, its bark stripped, and its outer surface made tolerably smooth. Men were stationed all the way down, at about half a mile distant from each other, who were to give telegraphic signals, with a large board like a door, which they set up when all was right, and all ready to begin, and lowered when any thing was wrong. These signals were communicated from man to man, so that in a few seconds the intelligence was known all along the line that a tree was to be launched. The tree, roaring louder and louder, as it flew down the slide, soon announced itself, and as Playfair describes it, came in sight at perhaps half a mile distance, and in one instant after shot past with the noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning."

"How I should like to have seen it," said Harry, "Sir, did not you say that Mr. Playfair himself saw a tree go down?"

"Yes, he and his young nephew saw five trees descend. One of them a spruce fir a hundred feet long, and four feet diameter at the lower end, which was always launched foremost into the trough. After the telegraphic signals had been repeated up the line again, another tree followed. Each was about six minutes in descending along a distance of more than eight miles. In some places the route was not straight but somewhat circuitous, and in others almost horizontal, though the average declivity was about one foot in seventeen."

"Did Mr. Playfair and his nephew stand at the top, or the bottom of the hill, sir?" said Lucy; "did they look down upon the falling trees, or up the hill to them as they were descending?"

"Up to them," said Sir Rupert: "they stationed themselves near the bottom of the descent, and close to the edge of the slide, so that they might see the trees projected into the lake. Their guide, however, did not relish this amusement; he hid himself behind a tree, where, for his comfort, the engineer, Mr. Rupp, told him he was not in the least degree safer than they were. The ground where they stood had but a very slight declivity, yet the astonishing velocity with which the tree passed, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough, were, Mr. Playfair says, altogether formidable. You, Harry, who are a mechanic, must be aware that with bodies of such weight descending with such accelerated rapidity, there would be great danger if any sudden check occurred; but so judicious were the signals, and all the precautions taken by the engineer, that during the whole time the slide of Alpnach was in use, very few accidents happened. The enterprise, begun and completed so as to be fit for use in the course of a few months, succeeded entirely, and rewarded, I believe with fortune, I am sure with reputation, the ingenious and courageous engineer by whom it was planned and executed, in defiance of all the prophecies against him. The learned as

well as the unlearned, when they first heard of it, condemned the attempt as rash and absurd. Some set to work with calculations, and proved, as they thought, and I own as I should have thought, that the friction would be so great, that no tree could ever slide down, but that it must wedge itself and stick in the trough. Others imagined they saw a far greater danger from the rapidity of the motion, and predicted that the trough would take fire."

"That is what I should have been most afraid of," said Harry.

"And your fear would have been rational and just," said Sir Rupert. "This must have happened, but for a certain precaution, which effectually counteracted the danger. Can you guess what that precaution was, Harry?"

Harry answered, that perhaps water might have been let into the trough.

"Exactly so, Harry," said Sir Rupert, "the mountain streams were in several places conveyed over the edges, and running along the trough, kept it constantly moist."—*Harry and Lucy concluded*, vol. iii. pp. 168—176.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—The schoolmaster of an obscure village in the North of England, being disgusted at the blundering way in which one of his pupils attempted to translate the first line of Horace's first Epistle:—

"Qui fit Mæcenas ut nemo quam sibi sortem,"

dictated to him the following version of it:—"Qui fit Mæcenas?" "Who made Mæcenas?" "Ut! Nemo!"—"What! Nobody!" "Quam sibi sortem?" "What sort of fellow must he be?"—LILLIANA.

ENGLISH IN SWITZERLAND.—The English literally swarm in this country. You meet their equipages on all the great routes, and you find them penetrating the most secluded spots. They not only exceed in number the travellers of any other nation, but, I incline to believe, of all other nations put together. The French are too *urbane*, too artificial in their taste and manners, to be fond of exploring the beauties of nature: the Germans come here in considerable numbers, but they travel economically, and seldom frequent the great hotels; so that these hotels, many of which are as handsome and expensive as those of Bath or Cheltenham, are supported almost altogether by Englishmen, who talk indeed bad French, but order good dinners and wine, and, if they sometimes behave indifferently, pay extremely well. It is to be regretted that the English are so reserved and haughty in their manners, when travelling through countries where this *hauteur* and distance are almost unknown. They are shy towards their own countrymen, and still more so towards foreigners, and I have frequently observed different parties keeping entirely to themselves, as if they would not or could not join in general conversation. At a *table d'hôte*, where our countrymen invariably form a decided majority, I have heard a conversation awkwardly begun and sluggishly maintained in English, whilst the few foreigners who are present look and listen, having no opportunity of joining, and evidently thinking us islanders a very odd set of people.—*Leeds Mercury*.

SPREAD OF LIBERAL PRINCIPLES ON THE CONTINENT.—I have met with many most intelligent men, and I cannot but observe that they all seem to me extremely liberal in their opinions—French, Prussians, Swiss, and even Austrians. It would be presumptuous to form a general or decisive opinion from the particular instances that have fallen under my notice; but my impression from what I hear is, that knowledge and the spirit of freedom are making their way on the continent. I asked a French gentleman at Lucerne what was the latest news from Greece, and he told me with great exultation the excellent accounts from Missolonghi and the Morea, adding that the English were doing themselves eternal honour by aiding the Greeks, and regretting that his own countrymen had done almost nothing in the same great cause.—[From some very sensible "Letters from the Continent," in the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the ablest and most intelligent of the Country Newspapers.]

JUDICIOUS ECONOMY.—In consequence of drilling the crew of one of his Majesty's ships to the broad-sword exercise, the edge of the cutlasses had been jagged, as might naturally be expected. On the cutlasses being returned into store, the then Board of Ordnance considered the subject as one which deserved their interference; and without entering into the merits of the case, dispatched the Captain a letter officially reprimanding him for his negligence in permitting these weapons to be thus *abused* (!) Had they required any explanation beyond that which common experience would have suggested, the officer might have acquainted the Board, that, being then on the coast of America, with whose government this country was at war, and well knowing that nothing gave sailors so much confidence in boarding as the knowledge of the use of the broad-sword, he had caused his crew to be regularly exercised by the serjeant of marines, being in hourly expectation of an engagement with an enemy's cruiser.—*Naval Sketch Book*.

CROSSING WRITING.—It is making less account of the *reader's time* than of the *writer's paper*, which is neither justice nor good manners. The practice is of female origin; but then women have *so much to say*, that really hardly any dimensions of paper can suffice; and besides they have *so much time* to read in. So that, though I am, I trust, amongst the last of all mankind to rebel against their sovereignty, or to set at nought their example, this is, I humbly presume, a case of exception; nay, would not my correspondent do well to consider whether this be not an encroachment on a *privilege*, rather than an act of humble imitation. Women like to restrict *their own* waists, so as to obtain what they deem (and very justly) an enchanting contrast; but writers *across the page* may be assured, that (unless I am greatly out in my philosophy), there is nothing that they more loathe than the stays-wearing, rump-padded, pigeon-breasted *thing*—though game-cocks' spurs garnish its heels, and Hanoverian whiskers encircle the ever-open hole in its empty head.—*Cobbet*.

CAUTION TO ENGLISH LADIES OF RANK.—How the late Persian Ambassador took so much in Europe, and particularly in England, is quite unaccountable; for in his own country he is considered as a man unpossessed of any one good or pleasing quality; and his conversation is liable to become so gross and disgusting, that it must have been dangerous for any female of delicacy to discourse with him. Certainly he has but ill repaid the kindness and hospitality he met with in England. Although he has, for a long time past, and I believe still receives, a considerable annuity from the English Government, and has returned to Persia loaded with its presents, he constantly opposes its interests, and talks of it before his countrymen generally in very slighting terms. He carried a number of handsome shawls with him to England, which he boasts to have bartered there for the favours of the first women of the land; and talks openly, by name, of the ladies of rank, *duchesses*, and others, with whom he has had affairs of gallantry; and a whole host of minor females, some of whose letters he produces in Persian parties, and reads out, to vouch for the truth of his statements, which are doubted, more from his notorious falsity, than from any confidence in the virtue of our fair countrywomen. He produces, too, a miniature picture, which has been shown to the King as that of his mistress, without concealing the name; which, I regret to say, is that of a lady highly connected, and I believe, considered respectable. It is to be hoped that this return for the kindness, no doubt innocently shown to a stranger by our countrywomen, will serve as a lesson of caution in future; and that every Englishwoman will recollect how such kindness may be misconstrued, when lavished on a person of whose real character they may be ignorant. It perhaps may matter little to them what opinion may be entertained of them in a distant semi-barbarous land like Persia; but it severely shocks the few of their countrymen who may wander there to hear those lightly and irreverently spoken of, whose society they languish to enjoy.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE OF THE DEPRIVED BISHOPS OF 1698.—These were, the *meek, pious, and learned* Dr. Sancroft, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the *seraphic* Dr. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells; the *evangelical* Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely; the *vigilant* Dr. Lake, Bishop of Chichester; the *resolute and undaunted* Dr. White, Bishop of Peterborough; the *unchangeable* Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich; and the *irreproachable* Dr. Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester.—*History of Faction*.

THE WAY TO LAMBETH.—In the year 1681, Dr. South, who was then one of the chaplains in ordinary to Charles II., being in waiting, preached before the king upon these words, *The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposing of it is of the Lord*. Wherein, having spoken of the various dispensations of providence, and the unaccountable accidents and particulars of life, he introduces these three examples of unexpected advancement after this manner:

“Who, that had looked upon Agathocles, first handling clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought, that from such a condition, he should come to be King of Sicily?”

“Who, that had seen Masinello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, would have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?”

“And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly, fellow, as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament house with a threadbare torn cloak, and greasy hat, (perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have suspected, that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?” At which the king fell into a violent fit of laughter, and turning to the lord Rochester, said, “Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death.”—*Life of Dr. South*.

FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL NOTIONS OF LICENTIOUSNESS.—The illness of the little Duke of Burgundy, whose intelligence was much talked of, for a long time occupied the court. Great endeavours were made to find out the cause of his malady, and ill-nature went so far as to assert, that his nurse, who had an excellent situation at Versailles, had communicated to him a nasty disease. The King showed Madame de Pompadour the information he had procured from the province she came from, as to her conduct. A silly bishop thought proper to say she had been very licentious in her youth. The poor nurse was told of this, and begged that he might be made to explain himself. The bishop replied, that she had been at several balls in the town in which she lived, and that she had gone with her neck uncovered. The poor man actually thought this the height of licentiousness. The King, who had been at first uneasy, when he came to this, called out, "*What a fool!*"—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.*

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

January 14.—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing term, viz.—

Thursday, January 19; Thursday, 26; Saturday, February 4; Tuesday, 7; Thursday, 16; Thursday, 23; Thursday, March 2; Thursday, 9; Saturday, 18.

No person will, on any account, be admitted as a candidate for the degree of BA. or MA., or for that of BCL., without proceeding through Arts, whose name is not entered in the book kept for that purpose at the Vice-Chancellor's house, before nine o'clock in the evening of the day preceding the day of Congregation.

The Congregation on Tuesday, February 7, is holden, as provided in the dispensation, for intermitting the forms and exercises of determination, expressly for the purpose of receiving from the Deans or other Officers of their respective Colleges or Halls, the names of such Bachelors of Arts as have not yet determined; and their names having been so signified to the House, and thereupon inserted in the Register of Congregation, they may, at any time, in the same, or in any future term, be admitted to all the rights and privileges to which they would have been entitled by the intermitted forms or exercises.

January 19.—The following gentlemen were admitted:—

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. T. J. J. Hale, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.

Rev. T. J. Hawley, St. John's College.

Rev. G. Dixon, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.

Rev. J. Barton, St. Mary Hall.

January 21.—This being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.

H. Deane, Fellow of New College.

Master of Arts.

C. Croke, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.

W. Barneby, Brazenose College, Grand Compounder.

N. Wodehouse, Merton College.

H. W. White, Jesus College.

R. B. Bradley, Exeter College.

G. B. St. John, St. Alban Hall.

H. Demain, Queen's College.

CAMBRIDGE.

January 6.—The Hulsean Prize for the last year has been adjudged to Mr. Arthur Tozer Russel, of St. John's College, for his dissertation on the following subject:—
"In what respect the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."

The following is the subject of the Hulsean Prize Essay for the present year:—"A critical Examination of our Saviour's Discourses with regard to the Evidence which they afford of his Divine Nature."

January 13.—The Rev. Temple Chevalier, MA. late Fellow and Tutor of Catharine Hall, is elected Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The following are the names of the students who took their degrees at the Bachelors' Commencement:—

Wranglers.

1 Law,	Trinity.	15 Stansfield,	Trinity.
2 Hymers,	John's.	16 Hodgson,	Trinity.
3 Metcalfe,	John's.	17 Otter, E.	Jesus.
4 Hanson,	Clare.	18 Webb,	Trinity.
5 Miller,	John's.	19 Green,	Christ.
6 Budd,	Pembroke.	20 Salkeld,	Trinity.
7 Moseley,	John's.	21 Keeling,	John's.
8 Stratton,	Trinity.	22 Goodhart,	Trinity.
9 Willis,	Caius.	23 Wells,	} æq. C. C. C.
10 Fisher,	Pembroke.	24 Stone,	
11 Julian,	Queen's.	25 Smith,	John's.
12 Mason,	Trinity.	26 Wollaston,	Caius.
13 Clinton,	Caius.	27 Booth,	C. C. C.
14 Eyre,	Pembroke.		

Senior Optimes.

1 Atkinson, sen.,	Trinity.	17 Otter, G.	Jesus.
2 Clark,	Queen's.	18 Stock,	Peter's.
3 Lawson,	John's.	19 Borrett,	Caius.
4 Clutton,	Emmanuel.	20 Smedley,	Trinity.
5 Edmonds,	Trinity.	21 Fearon,	John's.
6 Hales,	Trinity.	22 Kinglake,	Trinity.
7 Welch,	Pembroke.	23 Suttaby,	John's.
8 Heald,	Trinity.	24 Baker,	Sidney.
9 Marsden,	John's.	25 Steggal,	Jesus.
10 Blissard,	John's.	26 Gretton,	John's.
11 Maynard,	Pembroke.	27 Gibson,	Sidney.
12 Ashington,	Trinity.	28 Gibson,	John's.
13 Burnell,	Queen's.	29 Taylor,	Jesus.
14 Gilderdale,	Catherine's.	30 Kerr,	Sidney's.
15 Rolls,	Trinity.	31 Collins,	Trinity.
16 Neate,	Trinity.	32 Gurney,	Trinity.

Junior Optimes.

1 Dunn,	John's.	14 Cole,	John's.
2 Atkinson, jun.,	Trinity.	15 Moore,	Christ.
3 Russell,	Peter's.	16 Flavell,	John's.
4 Shepherd,	Trinity.	17 Bissett,	Magdalen.
5 Greensall,	John's.	18 Rawlings,	Queen's.
6 Hopkins,	John's.	19 Bell,	Caius.
7 Apthorp,	Emmanuel.	20 Gregg,	John's.
8 Stevens,	John's.	21 Bawtree,	Jesus.
9 Power,	Clare.	22 South,	Pembroke.
10 Patton,	Trinity.	23 Adye,	Caius.
11 Pinder,	Trinity.	24 Foster,	John's.
12 Hubbersty,	John's.	25 Purton,	Trinity.
13 Greene,	Pembroke.	26 Price,	John's.

Ægrotat.

1 Duckle,	Queen's.	2 Rawes,	C. C. C.
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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Oxford.—Rev. Alexander Duncan, to the parish of Caylton, Ayrshire; Patron, the King.—Rev. W. Thresher, to the Vicarage of Tichfield, Hants; Patron, H. P. Delme, Esq. of Cams Hall.—Rev. Henry Butterfield, to the Rectory of Brockdish, Norfolk; Patron, William Wigney, Esq. of New Timber-place, Essex.—Rev. Dr. Coppard, to the Rectory of Farnborough, Hants.—Rev. W. Carter, to the Rectory of Quarrington, Lincolnshire.

Cambridge.—Rev. Christopher Benson, M.A. to be a Canon or Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Worcester.—Rev. J. Horner, to the Rectory of South Preston, Lincolnshire; Patron, Lord Bexley.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
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Grand Junction	100	292	Guardian	100	18
Huddersfield	57	25	Imperial	500	105
Kennet and Avon	40	25	London	25 12 10	22
Lancaster	47	42	Protector	20	15
Leeds and Liverpool	100	470	Rock	20	3 15
Oxford	100	800	Royal Exchange	100	260
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Rochdale	85	105			
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St. Catherine's	100	5	Brazilian	100	10
West India	100	200	Castello	100	3
			Chilian	100	9
			Columbian	100	13
			General Mining	100	5
			Haytien	100	2 10
			Potosi	50	2 10
			Real Del Monte	400	500
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Westminster	50	50			

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LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

The Labours of Idleness, or Seven Nights' Entertainments. By Guy Penseval.

Ready for publication, *The Tourist's Grammar, or Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers; compiled from the first Authorities, and including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque.* By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, M.A. F.A.S.

In the Press, *Greece Vindicated*; being the result of Observations made during a Visit to the Morea and Hydra in 1825: to which is added, an Examination of the Journals of Messrs. Pecchio, Emerson, and Humphreys. By Count Alerino Palma.

Dr. Donnegan has just completed in one vol. 8vo. his Greek and English Lexicon, upon the Plan of Schneider's very popular German and Greek Lexicon, and adapted to the use of the English Student from his going to School till he leaves the University.

In the Press, A Practical View of the Present State of Slavery in the West Indies. By Alexander Barclay.

Dr. John Mason Goode, F.R.S. has a new work in the Press, entitled, The Book of Nature; being a Succession of Lectures formerly delivered at the Surrey Institution, as a popular Illustration of the general Laws and Phenomena of Creation. The work will be comprised in 3 vols. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth, including an Account of the Monastic Institutions in England at that Period.

Miss Benger has in the Press, Memoirs of Henry the Fourth of France.

Shortly will be published, in 4to. price 12s. proofs, royal 4to. price 16s., India proofs, royal 4to. price 1l. 4s., India proofs before the letters, imperial 4to. price 1l. 15s., No. I. of a Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan. By J. Taylor, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and one of the Authors of the Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France. The whole will be comprised in 22 Parts, each containing five engravings, with letter-press descriptions; and a full account of the Journey will be published in one of the latter numbers.

A new work, by the Author of the Journal of an Exile, is spoken of as in progress, entitled Recollections of a Pedestrian, which is to contain a further variety of those characteristic narratives of foreign domestic history, which have been so much admired in his former work. It is expected to be comprised in 3 vols. post 8vo., and to be ready in the course of the present month.

Ready for Publication, Traditions and Recollections, domestic, clerical, and literary; in which are included Letters of Charles II., Cromwell, Fairfax, Edgeworth, Macaulay, Wolcot, Opie, Whitaker, Gibbon, Buller, Courtenay, Moore, Downman, Drewe, Seward, Darwin, Cowper, Hayley, Hardinge, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished characters. By the Rev. L. Polwhele, Vicar of Newlyn and St. Anthony, and an Honorary Associate of the Royal Society of Literature. In 2 vols. 8vo.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Causes of the Slow Progress of Christian Truth. A Discourse delivered before the Western Unitarian Society, in the Conigre Meeting House, Trowbridge, Wilts, on Wednesday, July 13, 1825. By Robert Aspland. Price 1s.

Two Sermons preached in the Chapel in Lewin's Mead, Bristol, on the morning and evening of Sunday, October 16, 1825. On the future state of the Righteous, occasioned by the lamented death of Mrs. Mary Rowe, the wife of the Rev. John Rowe, one of the Ministers of Lewin's Mead Chapel. On numbering our days; suggested by a recent unusual mortality in the congregation. By Robert Aspland. Price 2s.

The Dutch Salmagundi of M. Paul Van Hemest. 8vo.

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ERRATA.

Page 209, line 31, motto of the Representative Newspaper, for " We dose," read " We doze."

— 222, — 34, for " A weakly publication called the Literary Gazette," read " A weekly publication called the Literary Gazette."

— 223, — 32, for " Sir James Quackintosh," read " Sir James Mackintosh."

NEW SERIES. No. XV.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received a communication from the Author of the *Journal of a Detenu*, respecting Major General Sir Neil Campbell's note, inserted in our last. We do not give publicity to it, not from any disrespect for the Author, but for this reason :—When an individual comes forward, and openly contradicts an assertion of an anonymous writer respecting himself, we consider a re-assertion on the part of the writer, unless confirmed by the avowal of his name, or authenticated by testimony, to be of no force whatever, and that they who give circulation to it, if they do any thing, do an injustice to the individual who has felt himself called upon to contradict. If there be a question, as in the present instance, whether a certain conversation took place, as maintained by our Correspondent, and denied by Sir Neil Campbell, it is not sufficient for the anonymous writer to re-assert the truth of his statement, to appeal to his reputation for accuracy among his friends, or to endeavour to support his position by reasoning on the probability of his being in the right ; the appeal is to the public, and it knows nothing of the character of an anonymous person, and will not listen to reasoning on probabilities against a direct and open contradiction.

If an anonymous writer have asserted that a certain individual told him this or that, and it is denied by the individual that he ever did tell him so, the only course left for the *Anonyme* (if it be, for any reasons, inconvenient to avow himself, and we can conceive several) is to point out the particular time and place, and the witnesses of the conversation, or any circumstances by which it may be called to mind if forgotten, or, at all events, authenticated—and this may be done privately, though the result be public.

We much regret that any doubt whatever should be cast over the accuracy of even a minute portion of the *Journal of a Detenu*, which has attracted much attention, both in this country and on the Continent, and has been very generally deemed a valuable and important contribution to the history of a most eventful period.

meaning at all, must imply a person competently skilled in science. It is a badge of academical honour appended to the name of him, who, by his meritorious exertions, has acquired it; and it continues to form part of his style and title, until it is superseded by the higher designation of master of arts. As nothing but the payment of certain fees, a subscription to certain articles of faith, the taking of certain oaths, and a farcical ceremony in the schools,* are requisite to the attainment of this latter distinction, which must, therefore, virtually have been acquired at the examination before spoken of, it may be held that the University considers the bachelor of arts a *master* of the mathematical science.

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Before proceeding to inquire into the result of the Senate-house examination, it is necessary we should lay down some unobjectionable rule, by which we may pronounce whether that result is creditable, or the contrary, to the system of whose merits it is the acknowledged test. Now, it is a principle universally recognised in well regulated schools, that the merits of the teacher are to be estimated by the proficiency of the *majority* of his pupils. There will always be a certain number of students, who, from natural advantages, or the contrary, rise far above, or fall equally below, the average standard of excellence. Their extraordinary proficiency, or extraordinary deficiency, is justly excluded from the reckoning, when an estimate is to be formed of the diligence and ability of the master.

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Both the one and the other, being the effects of what may be called an accident, to wit, the bounty, or the parsimony of nature, ought in no degree to be imputed to the system; and the exertions, or contrarywise, the neglect of those, who act under it. Such is the wise principle, by which particular communities, who are regardful of the welfare of their children, judge of the merits of those to whom they have entrusted their education. Now, what is the University of Cambridge, but a great school or academy? and why should not the excellence of her system and her teachers be tried by the universal test? She is not, indeed, dependant upon the public for support, like an ordinary establishment, which flourishes or decays according as it is well or ill regulated and conducted—would she were! She takes, in fact, little herself from each individual student—a few pounds—a trifle; and to charge her, as the Edinburgh reviewers do, with exacting exorbitant fees, argues in them more parsimony than candour. But her revenues are nevertheless ample; they were bestowed on her for the purposes of education. Those who gave them are long since dead and gone; and if they have not left her responsible to the public for the return she makes for them, instead of being, what they desired to be thought, public benefactors, they have combined only to erect a public nuisance. But whether, on this score, the community has, or has not, a right to look narrowly into her proceedings, for the proficiency of her pupils, at least, she is accountable;—in this respect, she is precisely in the predicament of an ordinary school. She either did, or did not take them, on an understanding that their education was to be completed in those branches of knowledge which she professes to teach. If she does not take them on such an understanding, and for the purpose of teaching them something or other, why, in God's name, then, does she call herself a “a seminary of sound learning and religious education?” and still more why do people entrust their sons to her care? Is it imagined, that to breathe the atmosphere of the Cambridge fens—not over wholesome, as we well know—is sufficient to make men better and wiser? or that the two letters BA. at the end of the name, are an adequate compensation for the heavy charges of a college maintenance incurred by the parent, and the yet heavier charge of three critical and important years wasted by the son? To suppose this were to rate the intellects of our enlightened countrymen no higher than those of the Christian grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, who bought Greek and Latin titles of the Romish priests, for broad lands and beeves of oxen. But if she *does* take them on an understanding that their education is to be promoted, and yet allows them to leave her venerable arms as ill-informed, in every respect, as they entered her precincts, is she not indirectly the means of defrauding the parent of his money, and directly the pupil of his time? Whether under high-sounding names, and a grave exterior, she has or has not, all along, so deluded the public; or, to speak more properly, whether the public has not deluded itself, can be ascertained only on the principle laid down.

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1826.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. SENATE-HOUSE EXAMINATIONS FOR DEGREES.

Deum timeto : Regem honorato : Virtutem colito :
Disciplinis bonis operam dato.—*Stat. Acad. Cantab.*

Now putting all *her* words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.—*Mat. Prior.*

THIS system the men of Cambridge *profess* to hold. The credit of honouring the King cannot justly be denied them, inasmuch as they never fail to honour those whom *he* delighteth to honour ; and “from former friends, when out of place,” do dutifully and most pertinaciously avert their eyes. But Alma’s profession of loyalty, any more than her pretensions to religion and virtue, we are not now called on to examine ; this paper is devoted to the consideration, how far she fulfils the promise implied in her last recommendation to her *alumæi*—“*Disciplinis bonis operam dato.*”

As mathematics are the study which the University mainly, and the only one she *cordially* encourages, we shall do well to inquire, in the first place, into the scientific attainments of her graduates. To ascertain their quality and amount, it will be necessary to consider merely the result of the examination, which closes the academical career of the students ; and which, from the place where it is held, is known at Cambridge by the name of the Senate-house examination. By this result the merits of her system must be tried. The University herself looks upon it as a test ; and the public may, therefore, safely form their conclusions by it.

The reader will observe, that the list of names, published in our last Number, is the return of under-graduates commencing Bachelors of Arts. For this degree, as it is technically called, all those students may offer themselves candidates, who, during the term of their under-gratuateship, a period of three years and a quarter, have resided in college the regular number of terms, which amount to about one half of each year.

At the conclusion of this period, on a cold Monday morning, in the month of January—long looked to, and long after remembered—the “Father” of each college conducts, with some solemnity, to the Senate-house, his flock of candidates for the University diploma. As the examination by which that distinction is to be earned, may be said to be exclusively mathematical, the term bachelor of arts, if it have any

meaning at all, must imply a person competently skilled in science. It is a badge of academical honour appended to the name of him, who, by his meritorious exertions, has acquired it; and it continues to form part of his style and title, until it is superseded by the higher designation of master of arts. As nothing but the payment of certain fees, a subscription to certain articles of faith, the taking of certain oaths, and a farcical ceremony in the schools,* are requisite to the attainment of this latter distinction, which must, therefore, virtually have been acquired at the examination before spoken of, it may be held that the University considers the bachelor of arts a *master* of the mathematical science.

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Both the one and the other, being the effects of what may be called an accident, to wit, the bounty, or the parsimony of nature, ought in no degree to be imputed to the system; and the exertions, or contrarywise, the neglect of those, who act under it. Such is the wise principle, by which particular communities, who are regardful of the welfare of their children, judge of the merits of those to whom they have entrusted their education. Now, what is the University of Cambridge, but a great school or academy? and why should not the excellence of her system and her teachers be tried by the universal test? She is not, indeed, dependant upon the public for support, like an ordinary establishment, which flourishes or decays according as it is well or ill regulated and conducted—would she were! She takes, in fact, little herself from each individual student—a few pounds—a trifle; and to charge her, as the Edinburgh reviewers do, with exacting exorbitant fees, argues in them more parsimony than candour. But her revenues are nevertheless ample; they were bestowed on her for the purposes of education. Those who gave them are long since dead and gone; and if they have not left her responsible to the public for the return she makes for them, instead of being, what they desired to be thought, public benefactors, they have combined only to erect a public nuisance. But whether, on this score, the community has, or has not, a right to look narrowly into her proceedings, for the proficiency of her pupils, at least, she is accountable;—in this respect, she is precisely in the predicament of an ordinary school. She either did, or did not take them, on an understanding that their education was to be completed in those branches of knowledge which she professes to teach. If she does not take them on such an understanding, and for the purpose of teaching them something or other, why, in God's name, then, does she call herself a “a seminary of sound learning and religious education?” and still more why do people entrust their sons to her care? Is it imagined, that to breathe the atmosphere of the Cambridge fens—not over wholesome, as we well know—is sufficient to make men better and wiser? or that the two letters BA. at the end of the name, are an adequate compensation for the heavy charges of a college maintenance incurred by the parent, and the yet heavier charge of three critical and important years wasted by the son? To suppose this were to rate the intellects of our enlightened countrymen no higher than those of the Christian grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, who bought Greek and Latin titles of the Romish priests, for broad lands and beeves of oxen. But if she *does* take them on an understanding that their education is to be promoted, and yet allows them to leave her venerable arms as ill-informed, in every respect, as they entered her precincts, is she not indirectly the means of defrauding the parent of his money, and directly the pupil of his time? Whether under high-sounding names, and a grave exterior, she has or has not, all along, so deluded the public; or, to speak more properly, whether the public has not deluded itself, can be ascertained only on the principle laid down.

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be, what their several titles seem to imply, excellent, super-excellent, and super-super-excellent mathematicians respectively. Their incomparable proficiency must not be allowed to interfere with our estimate of the merits of the system. It was the extraordinary bounty of nature, who had lavished on the soil a fertility so great, as to require little pains, or skill, at the hand of the cultivator, to the production of a plentiful harvest.

The public will observe also, that throughout the long list of graduates, (of which our last Number had space for only the honours,) the names are not arranged alphabetically, or in the order of their respective colleges. The University professes to assign to each individual, from the first man to the last, the exact place in the list to which his merits entitle him. We can thus ascertain the least as well as the greatest proficients in science. But, besides those whose names are inscribed on the roll, there is generally a residue of unhappy persons, whose number may be estimated, on an average, at about ten or twelve, who, to use an ugly cant phrase of Alma's, are "plucked," or refused their diploma. Towards the lower end of the list also, there is frequently a line of distinction, or bracket, drawn, cutting off a greater or less number of names; and these are understood to be persons who have barely obtained their degrees; the last twelve of whom, custom has been pleased facetiously to denominate "the twelve apostles." To these two classes let as many names, taken from the same extremity of the list, be added, as shall suffice to make the total number equal to that of the *honours*;—these also may be dismissed from our view, as persons, whom some deficiency of intellect, or unhappiness of disposition, has disqualified for success in the "exact sciences," and whose failure cannot reasonably be held to reflect any discredit upon the University. The excellence of the Cambridge system may be fairly tried by the proficiency of the remainder, who, besides forming the central divisions, constitute a large majority.

We shall first state what the University herself expects of this large body, comprising, generally, the students destined hereafter to fill the most responsible situations in the state; and often exhibiting names revered by the community, like Wilberforce, Walpole, Romilly, Sheridan, Whitbread, &c.; and then, to the best of our knowledge, show how far their performances answer her expectations. The public will observe, that Alma Mater is no severe mother—no harsh taskmistress, reaping where she has not sown, and gathering where she has not strawed. The questionist, or candidate for the degree of BA. is expected to "take into the Senate-house"—a technical phrase requiring no explanation—the *vulgar rules of Arithmetic*, *four books of Euclid*, and the *first part of Algebra*, a term that has obtained, from the division of Dr. Wood's Elements of Algebra—the work in common use at Cambridge—into four parts, the first of which comprises the ordinary algebraical operations, simple and quadratic equations, and the laws of progression and proportion, &c.

The Cambridge reader, if any such deign to cast his eye on our pages, will be disposed to think us very unnecessarily tedious in our explanations; but well known as these particulars may be to him, it so happens that we do not recollect to have yet seen them in print;

and we wish to place on record a portion of her examination, which Alma, at the same time that she annually parades her sublime problems, is apt to shove out of sight. It is also really surprising, as well as melancholy to observe, how profoundly ignorant the greater part of our countrymen are of even the most notorious facts relating to a system that has exercised, we are informed, an influence upon our national character so powerful, as to have given to the "frame of society in this country" a superiority "over that of all other nations!"

The above portion then of science the University herself considers to be a fair result to the studies of three years and a quarter, almost exclusively devoted to mathematics, and conducted under the superintendence of the able men she retains for the purpose of tuition. We are authorized in assuming this as her standard of proficiency, since within these limits she is content to confine her expectations, in the case of a large majority of her pupils. The papers yearly put forth by her moderators exhibit what she desires should be thought, and what is vulgarly, though erroneously, held to be her standard; but these, in fact, only measure the profundity of the examiner, and that of some dozen (if so many) individuals among her students. By this then, her *true* standard of proficiency, we are to judge the merits of her system of education; since, on the principle above laid down, those merits were to be estimated by the attainments of the majority. Let every father, then, or guardian, preparing to send his son to Cambridge for the benefit of scientific education, and, therefore, on the lowest calculation of expences, proposing to lay out six or seven hundred pounds, as well as devote the three most valuable years of his son or ward's existence, to the acquisition of the advantages contemplated, remember, that from the great mass of Cambridge students, (we once more particularize the items,) a proficiency in the common rules of arithmetic, the simpler operations of Algebra, and four books of Euclid, is all that is expected or required. Let him also reflect that as this mass is three or four times greater than the total number of those who take honours at all, and nine or ten times greater than those who take honours creditable to them, even in the estimation of the University, that the chance is four to one against any given individual's acquiring even so much as a smattering of science, and nine or ten to one against his making in it any really useful and respectable proficiency.

If he will not listen to *our* exhortations, we bring down upon him, at once, the ponderous authority of the Quarterly Review, in a passage, where some croaking aristocrat, whose father for all that may have been the son of a weaver, or even a weaver himself, covertly dissuades (and sneers at them in the act) the tradespeople of the metropolis from sending their sons to the London University, as an unprofitable expenditure of time, that might more usefully be occupied. "To be detained *several* years from entering into an active life in order to struggle for a prize," (applying this to *Cambridge*, read, 'and one so beggarly too,') "by means of studies which have no connexion with the calling that awaits them, and where it is manifest that not *one in fifty* can actually succeed, is *rather incongruous with the spirit of sober calculation by which trade prospers*, and must cause many an industrious and unambitious *parent to hesitate*,

before he barter the solid advantages of *gain*, for the contingency of *empty praise*." *

We are partly of opinion with the Quarterly Review, that the "advantages of a *liberal* education" are not to be *strictly* estimated by the degree of proficiency a person may have reached in the studies in which he has been engaged. They may be "exemplified in a thousand ways *incapable of exact measurement*, in the opinions, the habits, the tastes, the feelings of the individual so trained." Incapable, indeed! He must be a conjurer who could detect a single one of the thousand ways in which a proposition of Euclid got by rote, or a Rule-of-three sum, worked by rule, might be conceived to exemplify itself in a Cambridge man's mode of reasoning and reflecting. As the reviewer had an eye, no doubt, when he wrote this sentence, to each of the two *English* universities, and as that which surveyed Cambridge would naturally be fixed upon the condition of the *mass* of students there, we may infer that the degree of proficiency in science, which enters into his idea of a "liberal education," coincides with the degree established in that University. But once more—*respice finem*—let the result try the system, and we are sure that no man in his right senses could think of submitting his son (unless, indeed the latter had a very, very mathematical head, and were very, very much disposed to exercise it) to the discipline of Cambridge.

The misfortune is, that one or two splendid examples (which have nothing to do with the general merits of the system) of science successfully cultivated, appearing at intervals few and far between, diffuse round the University a glory that deludes both her own people and the world into an opinion, that Cambridge is a grand place of scientific education;† whereas the fact is, that it is only a place where some very able mathematicians are collected and incorporated—a place merely of science—and in reality deserving to be considered as scarcely more a seminary of education, than the Royal Society, or any other body congregated for the advancement of philosophy. The name of Newton has been to Cambridge a tower of strength, and has attracted thither multitudes who might otherwise have had a chance of being tolerably well educated. The tenant of some remote parsonage in Cumberland hears of the fame of Cambridge, and pinches himself and family to send thither his earliest hope. The young student

* Even *empty praise* is better than the *no praise* of Cambridge; but behold how this *English* University man opposes solid *gain* to *empty praise*, as if the merit of *bonâ fide*, not *Cambridge*, proficiency, (for, by the premises, he supposes the prize to be an honourable one,) were *empty*; and that none but an aristocrat could appreciate, and to none but an aristocrat could be useful, the advantages of a philosophical or literary education. Blessed distinction of aristocracy, if in all persons below a certain income, the ornaments of science and learning be *empty praise*, and in all above, real and substantial gifts!—if, in the one case, the benefits of education are all vested in the medal at the button-hole, and in the other alone are communicated to the intellect! But these are the splenetic effusions of clerical indigestion, after yesterday's dinner.

† We ourselves remember to have heard an accomplished gentleman say, that though he had originally destined his son to Oxford, for which he had an old predilection, yet that upon hearing in the House of Lords, a Cambridge man, a person of eminence at the bar, and one of the *lights* of that university, argue a point much more ably and logically than it was afterwards handled by his opponent, who happened to be an Oxonian, he had changed his son's destination, and proposed to send him to the former place. Upon grounds like these, slight, and merely casual, are the majority of people in the habit of deciding a question of the utmost consequence to their children!

having caught the contagion of the gown and tassel, from some schoolfellow, *incipit optare*, and, however little he need fear to walk under Bacon's arch, straightway hopes, with all humility, the renown of a Watson, at least.

We might here pause, and leave, without a single word more, the matter entirely to the good sense of the public. No plea, no argumentation can reason away the damning fact, that the system of the university of Cambridge fails altogether in imbuing the majority of her students—the men of fair average parts—with even so much as the faintest tincture of aught that can deserve the name of science; and that this failure has been exemplified year after year, from the earliest recollections of the oldest man now living down to “the pupilage” of this last January, eighteen hundred and twenty-six. But to unfold the subject more completely, we shall condescend to even minute particulars, and endeavour to dissect this great but ill-understood class of Cambridge graduates, vulgarly known at the University by the emphatic term *οἱ πολλοί*, or the *Many*.

Of this immense division, it not unfrequently happens that a broken-down senior wrangler, or mathematician, once of very great promise, is found at the head, under the title of “Captain.” Among the first twenty or so, are often seen a few individuals also, each of whom once bore to the lecture-room a countenance *multa ac præclara minantis*, but who, from failure of health, disgust, caprice, sheer indolence, or, as in most cases, the absence of incentives properly applied, has stopped short in his career, and abandoned the pursuit of honours. The remainder will be found to consist of students, who passed through the University quietly and indolently, addicting themselves to pursuits more congenial to their tempers, as fiddling, fishing, botanizing, gossiping, eating, drinking, and sleeping; or who diversified the monotony of a college routine by more active exercises, as hunting, shooting, cricket-playing, &c. and all the pleasures, more or less innocent or profligate, which a young man with money, leisure, perfect license, and acquaintance innumerable, well knows how to ensure to himself. This latter division, which comprises a large proportion of the *wealthier* students, may be subdivided into two classes, gay men, as they are called, who drink, &c. like gentlemen; and mere grooms, of no higher elevation of character than the coachmen and dog-dealers, whose company they affect, and whose manners they imitate.

The more respectable, or, more properly, the quieter description of idlers, are generally at the pains to remember enough of what they acquired in their first year's residence at college, or, perhaps, before they left school, to make sure of their degree. That where the maximum of knowledge is fixed so low, as to leave no room for credit to be gained, the student should perform any works of supererogation, will not be expected by any reasonable person. The fact is, the tendency is to reduce this little to even less, and the greatest *éclat* redounds to him, who contrives to make the least go the furthest. As for those who never were at the trouble to learn the little required of them, or were in haste to forget what they happen to have learned, they pursue their several avocations, regardless of the day, yet far distant, which is to summon them to render an account of their three years' *reading*. When, however, the revolution of this period restores them, in their fourth October, for the last time, to the bosom of Alma, the more

considerate portion begin to look grave, are oftener seen in cap and gown, and occasionally exhibit a Wood's Algebra on their table. A tutor is procured, who *crams* his pupil with as much as his experience judges will suffice to carry his charge through the perils of examination. Some take this process easily, and are merry. Others with more difficulty, and are lugubrious. Some dashing sons defy danger to the last, and take the examination, as they would charge an ox-fence, blindfold. These of course, the dull and the desperate, crowd thick to the bottom of the list; and some, that have shorn time too closely, or trusted too much to native talent, are found wanting, that is to say, absolutely ignorant of every thing; for so indulgent is the University, that she refuses her certificate of proficiency to none but the absolutely ignorant. The number of these would, we apprehend, be found greatly to exceed what we have assigned above, as the average proportion of rejected men; but there are stratagems in examinations, as in every thing else; and many a man is bent upon resorting to illegitimate practices, which the examiner, of course, is equally on the look-out to prevent. As the questionists take their seats according to an alphabetical arrangement of their names, a person of this description is always anxious to ascertain the scientific reputation of his right and left-hand neighbour. One man will be heard to congratulate himself upon sitting next to ——— of Caius, or ——— of Christ's, &c. Another will bemoan his hard fate in being environed by two arrant dunces, who cannot, or two surly fellows, who will not, lend him a helping hand. The art of copying under the examiner's nose, implies, of course, the possession of considerable dexterity. A man must be able to see on either side of him, while his eyes, to all outward appearance, are bent in profound study upon the opposite wall. Then, in copying his neighbour's demonstration, he must know how to vary the phraseology and order of the words, lest a too faithful transcript should betray the collusion. We would impress one caution upon those who adopt this expedient, viz. when they change the letters of the diagram, not like an unhappy gentleman, we once knew, to forget to change, in a corresponding manner, the letters of the demonstration; and fall into the fatal error, which cost him his degree, of supposing it immaterial whether you write ABC or ACB, AB or AC, &c. Accidents of this kind will, no doubt, mar the efforts of the most dexterous; but yet it is frequently the case, that when a man of this stamp happens to excel his neighbour in neatness of penmanship, the copyee is astounded at finding himself in the list of degrees some forty places below his copyer. Here and there a practised eye may discern a trio, or quaternion of persons, among whom it will descry the symptoms of a mutually good understanding, who are throwing into a common stock for common use their several fragments of knowledge. In this case the candidate will best succeed, if he be quick of hearing, and quick at catching a hint; otherwise a prolonged discourse, or loudness of voice, or an undue elongation of the neck towards your neighbour, is apt to bring the examiner upon you, from the other extremity of the table, like a hawk upon the quarry.

From what has been said, the reader will not be likely to form an estimate too high of the proficiency of Cambridge men, even in the very limited course of study with which they are required to evince some acquaintance. He may take our word for it, that beggarly as is

the portion of knowledge expected of them, their performances are yet more contemptible; and that the standard of proficiency among the first twenty is, to our knowledge, far below that of school-boys under twelve or thirteen. In writing out his Euclid, we would recommend the questionist to be careful to *time* well his *but*s, his *therefore*s, and *wherefore*s. This caution premised, he will do admirably well, whether he understand his propositions, or but remember them. If he can work an equation to a certain point, and be of an understanding nimble and apprehensive, half a hint from his neighbour at this crisis will carry him triumphantly over the obstacle. Should he, as in nine cases out of ten, boggle altogether, or beg the question, and produce a result, not what he ought, but what he can, let him not be under any apprehension. He has done ill, but hundreds have done worse, and their superlative badness converts his ill into comparatively good. Arithmetic has been the salvation of hundreds, whose brains were impervious to the logic of Euclid, whose ingenuity was defied by the nice turns of an algebraical process, and whose memory, unassisted by the intellect, was incompetent to the retention of either. The rules learned at school, and not yet obliterated, after years of oblivion, are once more recalled to mind. The owner unexpectedly finds in them a treasure—imagines himself fingering the slate and pencil—hums over the rule—works his figures—and wins a title, that, besides obtaining for him general respect, sometimes procures him solid advantages in church and state. In a word, there is not a private teacher of mathematics in the kingdom, who cannot, on a public day, produce some score pupils, whose performances shall not excel those of any twenty out of the whole number of persons, who in this examination close their academical studies. Those little urchins will often surprise you by the rapidity and certainty of their calculations, and the clearness with which they will explain, step by step, the reasoning of a geometrical problem. Look at the papers of the Many—villainous scrawls—ill-arranged, and sometimes worse spelled—a pile of figures, whose fabric would disgrace a boy in compound division—a diagram too plainly bespeaking a hand wholly unpractised in the drawing of circles and lines—and a demonstration, running from first to last, without stop, or break, or interval—defying the examiner to tell, whether the understanding did, or did not, (to borrow an ingenious phrase of the Quarterly Review,) “run parallel with the progress of the solution”—such are the productions of even the best disciplined among the Many. Let the reader, starting from something like this standard, run down the long list of degrees, and conceive, if he can, the average quantity of science displayed in the performances of the latter division of this numerous class—the knowledge, for example of an “Apostle!” If he can, we may congratulate him upon having realised that chimera of the old philosophers, an indivisible particle, or atom. We entertain the highest respect possible for the scientific acquirements of a Cambridge Moderator; yet we do conscientiously believe that his merits cannot bear comparison with those of another university officer less known to fame, we mean the Examiner of the Questionists. A mass of papers, which, piled one upon another, might overlook St Mary’s, (for be it remarked that the number of a man’s papers generally varies inversely as his knowledge,) is given

in during the four days of examination, and on the morning of the sixth, out comes a catalogue of degrees, descending in the order of *merit*, from the Captain down to the last of the Apostles. By what microscopic powers is the examiner enabled to discriminate, with so much precision, minute gradations of difference in quantities of science, themselves almost, if not altogether, evanescent?

While these grand proceedings are going on, suppose a stranger introduced into the Senate-house. What an imposing spectacle! Here are assembled a considerable portion of the choicest youth of Britain. Here, after devoting three years to study, in the chosen seat of philosophy, consecrated by the name of Newton, they are pouring forth their accumulated treasures of scientific lore, and developing the mysteries of nature and the universe. How noble the *coup d'œil* of the hall, worthy the army of young philosophers who occupy it! Behold them seated at their profound investigations, at tables strewn with pens and paper, that extend the whole length of the spacious hall, and exhibiting every variety of costume. Here what was once the *purple* gown of Trinity—there the *ci-devant* black of St. John's—here, through a glorious rent up the middle, disclosing the colour of its wearer's coat—there curtailed to the knees, like the old woman's petticoats, of whom the song goes—here tagged with the remains of white lace, there with gold—here guarded with velvet, there in naked simplicity—all evincing the services they have seen, and the wear and tear of many an academic disputation—illustrious rags!—true emblems of the virtues and science which they cloak. How cowed and humble, too, does the poor stranger look, when, hat in hand, he finds himself in a crowd of venerable persons—fathers, moderators, tutors, and examiners—pacing up and down the middle of the Senate-house, in flowing robes, and hoods of black and white, wearing all the tasselled cap, (the privilege of office) and looking, what they are, the presiding genii and midwives of philosophy. Then, what may those massive brass-bound books imply, that repose upon that green-covered table? and what those awful figures, in petticoats and tippets of black silk, (“Horrible monsters, hated by gods and men!”*) wanting but the mask for face, with two eye-

* “With hideous accent, thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the *dark recess I fly*
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect,
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs,” &c.

“Ye Gods, avert
Such plague from righteous men!—Behind him stalks
Another monster, *much* unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A ———”

And who is this monster with his man? Ask him, who, last night, lost his way, and wandered to B—— Verbum sap.:—

“Beware ye *gownsmen*! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch.”——

Phillips.

holes therein, to be the very inquisitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's inquisition? The departed great of other days are there, too, represented in marble. The laurelled Georges smile upon the scientific exertions of the British youth; and slim Mr. Pitt extends his arms towards them, as already pronouncing their panegyric. The stranger departs, rapt in admiration of a sight so national and august; and vows to offer his first-born at the shrine of Alma Mater. But should he, not contented with the bare spectacle, in something like the words of the old ballad, inquire—

“For what are all these warriors met?”—

let it not, for shame, be told him,

“To hear an idle tale.”

But the truth is, this august assemblage is mainly convened for the despicable purposes we have endeavoured to expose; since the candidates for honours are comparatively so few, as to be lost in the crowd, and sit, the greater part of them, in the gallery above, removed, like the gods of Drury, from the vulgar herd below.

It is always agreeable to have an opportunity of bolstering up one's own argument by some unexpected coincidence of opinion in a writer of such authority as the Quarterly Reviewer. On the present occasion, though we have not the felicity of being able to adduce the Reviewer, we can summon up a personage who will do quite as well; or, indeed, considering what an important part he, for many years, played in the drama in question, a great deal better—we mean, Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough, late tutor of Trinity College, &c. In a letter addressed to the Bishop of Bristol, Master of Christ's, he puts a very pertinent question, which we wonder much he, or somebody else, never put before—“Whether the *moderate* extent of mathematical knowledge required for a degree, be a reasonable claim to such a title; or rather, whether the University is justifiable in giving this mark of its approbation, which generally serves as a passport into the liberal professions, to persons, the *total* of whose academical pursuits has not gone beyond this *contemptible minimum* of knowledge?” This was a bold interrogation certainly for the tutor of one college to put to the master of another, and is creditable to the good sense of both. But surely Dr. Monk needed not have asked of Dr. Kaye, what any old lady, in the habit of hiring servants could have told him. “Certainly, Dr. Monk,” she would have said, “it is highly improper for ladies to give characters to servants, which they do not deserve—it is very wrong indeed!” And certainly it is an aggravated crime in Alma Mater to give diplomas to her sons, which admit them into law, physic, church, and even state, with very great advantages over other persons, without exacting from them in return, an adequate, or any thing like an adequate proof, of their being at all deserving of those advantages. Dr. Monk talks to so much purpose, that we shall even venture upon one or two sentences more:—“I beg to be considered as not speaking with disrespect of the subjects themselves, which are now made the indispensable requisites for a bachelor's degree. The *six* books, [four—four—with reverence—only four,] arithmetic, the elements of Algebra, [only a small portion of them] are valuable branches of knowledge, and such as an *University* ought to encourage: although, with respect

to Algebra, I cannot see the propriety [nor for that matter can we] of exacting this, as a *sine qua non*, from persons who are not expected to carry their mathematical studies any further." We entertain for the "subjects *themselves*," respect as high as Dr. Monk's; but for the manner in which they are studied by the Many at Cambridge, we have an infinite contempt; in which, if aught may be inferred from his expressions, he himself participates. But why should he consider it as in an especial manner left to the great University of Cambridge, to encourage the study of branches of knowledge, in which an ordinary mathematical teacher can make a boy of thirteen or fourteen a much greater proficient than the captain of the Many himself? Surely the University of Cambridge might be expected to make a more vigorous and successful effort in promoting the scientific education of her students, than a solitary teacher on a third floor, paid with a paltry stipend of one guinea a-quarter.—"But it is *obvious* that this quantity of knowledge is far too small to furnish any thing like a reasonable occupation for ten terms, passed by the student in his university education." How many years, sir, were you watching the workings of the system, before you saw this obvious circumstance? or, if you saw it from the beginning, why did you allow so many years to elapse before you cried out lustily against it? Haply, sir, had you cried out sooner, you might have rescued our unhappy selves from the ennui of three miserable, as well as unprofitable years—"Except in very few cases, the whole may be acquired in less than a year; thus leaving *two years and a half to be employed in a way of which the University exacts no account*, which valuable period of time is too frequently squandered in idleness, or in unprofitable pursuits." This is so hard a hit at Alma, that we wonder Dr. Monk who resided somewhere in her upper regions, was not himself hurt by the contusion.

But this brings us round to the question of responsibility, in which we differ *toto cælo* from Dr. Monk. In stating the question he proposes to discuss, he asks, very unnecessarily, "whether we *do* produce all the good which it is in our power to effect, and which it is reasonable for the public to expect from an University education." In this query he seems to acknowledge that the public is entitled to expect *something*—some result to the studies of three years, and an outlay of never less than 500*l.* or 600*l.* among even the poorest students. But now, gentle reader, attend to what follows, for there peeps forth the baneful error of Dr. Monk, and of every other Cambridge man, who has taken what they call *honours*—an error that involves two grand mistakes, each big enough to wreck a whole University. First, a mistake of the means for the end—of the pomp and pageantry of war for the war itself. Secondly, the mistake of believing that it is consistent with the rule of right to sacrifice the Many to the Few. "Here we must be careful to separate two very distinct points for our consideration; I mean the case of the young man *who aspires to honours*, and that of him *whose views are bounded by the mere acquisition of a degree*."—*Whose* views are so bounded? What parent but looks for something more for his son, even if the son look not for it himself? What tell you me of honours? Your sentence has no other meaning but this—that some men come to Cambridge to be educated, and some to be not educated—that some aspire to the

advantages of a more cultivated mind, and that the views of others are bounded by the acquisition of *nothing*. “In students of the first description there is no doubt that extraordinary emulation is produced, and a corresponding proficiency secured; the views of the several colleges are in accordance with those of the University, [except at Magdalen—that worthy rival of All-Soul’s*, where the son of a lord being master, is (or was) for requiring all the Fellows to be lords’ sons,] and thus the emoluments of the place are bestowed on those who have deserved its honours.” [Here again we must put in a clause of exception against Pembroke and Emmanuel, where meritorious individuals have been excluded from the Fellowships they had fairly earned, because they presumed to be more devout than the Master and Fellows; or, by a threat of exclusion, have been constrained to forsake their religious pastors, and listen to the “cold and fizzleless clatter of morality,” usually doled out from the pulpit of St. Mary’s.] “But the fact is, that of the great numbers who resort thither for their education, the *majority always find themselves unequal to strive, with any probability of success, for honorary distinctions.*”

We may discern in these extracts the symptoms of that perverted way of thinking, and that self-delusion, of which almost every Cambridge man of eminence partakes. In the first place it would seem as if the University of Cambridge deemed it her especial business to award honours to a few who are willing to strive for them, rather than to educate the mass of young men sent to her; as if honours, the incentives to learning, were the end, and education itself only the means, of acquiring them. The uninformed reader would hardly give credence to the universality and extent of this delusion; which virtually converts a seminary of education into a society for the mere encouragement of science. This will be made apparent to him when we come to discuss that section of graduates who go out of the University with honours.

In the second place, it follows, from this, that the Many are, and always have been, sacrificed without remorse, to the Few; and that the University of Cambridge, in which the English people imagine they possess a great instrument of education, has thought it became her, in that character, to devote her energies *exclusively* to the men of talent, industry, and ambition;—the Few, who, even though she were annihilated to-morrow, would, notwithstanding, find those qualities equally efficacious; and totally, as we have seen, to neglect the majority, who not possessing those natural advantages in that high perfection, are, or ought to be, the peculiar objects of her care. The men of the first description here mentioned, whatever aids and facilities they may receive, are, in point of fact, themselves their best teachers—are inde-

* The qualification for Fellows at this most useless foundation is well known.—*Bene natus, bene vestitus, mediocriter doctus*. One would have thought that the whim of founding a college for the encouragement of clean linen must have been singular in the world; yet we meet with something not unlike it, in the University of Mushed, where, in the Medressa Fazil Khan, founded by a person of that name, the law of the institution is, that three classes of people are to be excluded from the college, to wit—Hindoos, because they are void of faith; Mazunderanees, because they are quarrelsome; and Arabs, *because they are very dirty*. It is said that an unlucky Arab once applied to be admitted at this foundation, and upon being told the grounds on which his admission was prohibited, exclaimed, “Now God be merciful to thy soul, Fazil Khan, for thou hast spoken the truth.”—*Fraser’s Khorassan*.

pendent, in a great measure, of systems and institutions—and are therefore precisely the characters, for whom those systems and institutions should be least exclusively formed. Those, on the contrary, that especially require culture, (who, in every case, constitute the majority,) are the appropriate subjects of public education; the end of which surely is, not so much to cultivate the minds of a select few, as to diffuse information as widely as possible among the many, and to make all men, whether more or less favoured by nature, as accomplished as their several capacities will allow. To what a lamentable extent this, the main end of an University, is lost sight of and forgotten at Cambridge, is clear from the melancholy result of the Senate-house examination above described.

When, as we propose to do, we enter into an examination of the mode in which the *classical* studies are conducted there, this fact will appear in a point of view yet more glaring. How exclusively also the system of the Cambridge University is calculated for the benefit of a comparatively small portion of her students, will be equally apparent, when we come to scrutinize the effects of her *graduated* system of honours, her prizes, her “empty” distinctions, and her “solid gain.” In proof of what we urge, we may here, however, adduce one fact, which it will not require much room to state. Dr. Monk, however, deeply impregnated with those prejudices in favour of his University, which a long career at Cambridge, (which it would be unjust not to acknowledge to have been as beneficial to her as honourable to himself,) has naturally inspired him, is yet not so blind as to be unconscious of the monstrous blemishes in her constitution. Accordingly, the object of the letter,* from which we have extracted the above sentences, is to propose a remedy to the evil, and a scheme for dispensing to a greater proportion of the students, some of the benefits from which her devotion to a few had hitherto effectually excluded them. Measures have been accordingly taken—the utter inefficacy of which we shall think it also our duty to expose—but the discussions to which these projected improvements led, discovered the latent evil, and served to show the inveteracy and universality of those notions we complain of. The proposed *innovations*, it was clamorously urged “would hurt the study of mathematics!” Here we see a specimen of the reigning delusion—the object of an University is made the study of mathematics, not the mental improvement of its students by means of that study. If that improvement could be carried further, and more extensively spread, by the adoption of other subjects of study, did it not argue a total blindness as to the real purpose of a place of education to object, that it would hurt the study of mathematics? Is not this saying, as plainly as words can express it, that Cambridge is merely a seat of science, not a seminary of education? Again, as Dr. Monk with great truth remarks, the *real* apprehensions of those who dreaded injury to mathematical studies, applied only to the *high wranglers*, “to those who pursue their researches with so much energy

* A Letter to the Right Rev. &c. the Bishop of Bristol, respecting an additional examination of Students in the University of Cambridge, &c. by Philoquantus, *alias* Dr. Monk; who has thus been pleased to designate himself by a name, formed in defiance of all analogy. We beg, however, the reader's attention to Philoquantus's motto;—

“*Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.*”

The letter may be found in the Pamphleteer, No. 40.

and success, into the *arcana* of science, and who learn to what extent analysis may be applied to the advancement of philosophy."

Sub pectore vulnus—we may here remark that Dr. Monk was among those who opposed the influx of French principles in science, as strenuously as they combated French principles of government—but not with like success. If we are to consider the Cambridge University as incorporated purposely for the advancement of philosophy, Dr. Monk, and those who thought with him, were doing their best to defeat its object. If that University be an institution for the advancement of education, how its object should be more effectually promoted by analytical studies, than by the geometrical lucubrations of the olden time, "the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a whole scruple itself." Aided, however, by the sneers of Professor Playfair and his brethren, the calculus has triumphed, and the Edinburgh reviewers may enjoy the consolation of having contributed, by their criticisms, to make a bad institution worse than it was before. We allude to this controversy *now*, only to add one more proof how strongly the tide of opinion at Cambridge sets in towards the belief, that men are congregated in those Bæotian flats for the promotion of science, rather than of education. This by-the-by.

The obstinacy with which a plan, that, however *really inefficient*, appeared at least *likely* to be beneficial to the great majority of the students, was withstood by persons of eminence—heads of houses, and other great men in the University—and withstood solely, as Dr. Monk observes, from an apprehension that the *High Wranglers* would become less high in consequence—demonstrates, in a manner the most satisfactory, a truth, which, while we live and write, we shall never cease to din into the ears of the reader—that, at Cambridge, the intellectual interests of more than two hundred students are annually sacrificed to those of some ten, twenty, or, on the most liberal allowance, thirty individuals. Cambridge—England—the universe, it was thought, would be irreparably injured, if, instead of "clearing" the whole paper of evening problems, the senior wrangler were to leave some six or seven unsolved. To be sure, the great mass of men might, possibly, by means of the innovation contemplated, be sent into the world less disgracefully ignorant of the one and only subject *taught* at Cambridge; but, then, how might it tarnish the lustre of the "*splendid* senior wranglers," and the "*splendid* triposes," which it is the pride of Cambridge annually to get up, and about which Cambridge men get drunk with enthusiasm! The laudable perseverance of Dr. Monk, and one or two persons, who are *comparatively* liberal in their views, aided by the rash and chivalrous impetuosity of the Master of Trinity, broke the black phalanx of Jesuits and Johnians, who trembled for the supremacy of mathematics, and feared that the tripos would fall into the ruinous condition of a three-legged stool lacking one of its supporters. But even the liberality of Dr. Monk, and Dr. Kaye, and impetuous Dr. Wordsworth, could no further go, than erecting another tripos, for the benefit of those who were already exalted upon the old one; in order that the *Honours* might thus have a stool for either leg—a classical as well as a mathematical one. That unhappy multitude, the Many, of whom we have said so much, were still no better off than before; because, not being able or willing to get footing on

the old stool, they were, *therefore*, not to be allowed any stool at all to stand on. And what think you, gentle reader, gave rise to this *non sequitur*? The baneful system of protecting duties flourishes as vigorously in the University as in the commonwealth. Mathematics, like the silk trade, or the woollen trade, were to be *protected*, by compelling all who wished to bring their classical wares to market, for the acquisition of academical distinctions, to imbibe, cram, literally *purchase* a quantity, greater or less, of the other, and more favoured commodity. None were to be allowed classical honours who could not earn mathematical ones; and thus the Many (unhappy people!) were not to be allowed, any one of them, to be classics, *because* they were not mathematicians! The classical tripos, therefore, left the Many exactly where it found them. To that injured, because neglected body, Dr. Monk and his coadjutors have rendered not a particle of service.

We take leave to state our conviction, that the University will never be distinguished as a prosperous seminary of education, till the unreasonable monopoly enjoyed by one all-engrossing study is abrogated; and till, instead of leaving men no option whatever in their pursuits, she shows herself more indulgent to the diversity of tastes and talents that must necessarily exist among so large a number of men; and, with impartial hand, deals out her encouragements to *mèrit*, in whatever department of science or literature it may be found. But to agitate the important question involved in this speculation, were inconsistent with the humble views with which we set out, and, for the present, we decline the argument.

The framers of the classical tripos, it is plain, from the very provisions of the act, did not contemplate any remedy to the great and crying evil of the University—the total and unobstructed secession of three-fourths of the undergraduates to the “dominion of idleness and dissipation.” The fact, however, that plans of any description have been proposed, and *innovations* projected, implies, not only that there did exist in the University a consciousness of some deficiency in her system, but also, that this consciousness was avowed, and that there were men found to go the length of even speculating upon a reform. The subject, was, in fact, universally agitated; but, strange to say, not one of the schemes proposed seems to have had in view the diffusion of knowledge among the *mass* of the under-graduates; or to have shown that the projectors conceived it *possible* to extend the benefits of education beyond the very limited number already comprehended within the sphere of the system’s operations. The University, it is to be feared, is not a body that contains within itself the means of reforming its own institutions; and certainly the discussions we allude to proved nothing so satisfactorily, as that she was perfectly unconscious where the *real malady* lay, and, that so far from being able to perform her duty, she was not even aware what that duty consisted in.

The only step that has been taken, with reference to the majority of the under-graduates—ineffectual and contemptible as it is—was adopted merely in consequence of an outcry raised by the bishops and their chaplains, against the gross ignorance generally manifested by the Cambridge men whom they had occasion to examine for orders. Though obstinately blind to similar displays at

home of an ignorance equally discreditable to her, yet, when she looked at the affair with other eyes than her own, and the eyes, too, of dignified churchmen, it appeared to her in rather a different light. An examination has accordingly been instituted, which, from the nature and extent of the subjects it embraces, discovers plainly that its projectors were intent, not only upon obviating the scandal, but also upon doing it with the least possible expence of trouble to the University, and the least possible interference with her *more legitimate* studies. Besides that the *maximum* of knowledge required was fixed as low in this as in the examination for degrees, the subjects being chosen with an especial view to prepare men for the examining chaplain, were, of course, of a nature almost purely clerical. Thus, not only those who are intended for the church, but the students destined to the bar, the bench, the parliament, and other lay functions, are, as far as this course of reading deserves the name of education, actually trained and disciplined for the *priesthood*! Now, since no credit is to be acquired in an examination where there is no room for the display of merit—since the institutions of Cambridge are eminently calculated to make the acquisition of credit, instead of the real fruits of learning, to be regarded as the sole end and aim of study—and as only those students who are designed for the priesthood, have any ulterior interest in a line of reading so strictly professional, we may be sure, without caring to inquire further into the subject, that the result will be precisely as base as that of the mathematical examination for degrees. A man's only care will be, to do nothing supererogatory; and the Senate-house will be witness to another exhibition of the puerile inefficiency of the University system.

This examination, which has borrowed its odious name, but hardly any thing else, from the "Little Go" of Oxford, may, however, be regarded as a confession that the pre-existing institutions of the University were wholly inadequate to the purposes of classical education. In fact, they were not calculated to operate, at any one time, upon more than some twenty students at most; though, like the Senate-house problems, the examinations, to which they gave rise, filled a wide space in the eye of the public; and by a display of exercises, requiring either profound learning or elegant scholarship, made strangers conceive a high opinion of the state of classical education at Cambridge. Dr. Monk, who has mainly contributed to bring these examinations to the perfection which they exhibit, is reasonably proud of his work, and enlarges on this topic with peculiar unction. "Both the benefit to the individuals, and the credit resulting to the University, [more properly himself,] are great, *but then the benefit extends only to eight or ten* persons at the utmost, belonging to each year, who are stimulated to exertion by the influence of these prizes." If your eight or ten best men require to be stimulated by prizes, what is to become of the two hundred and ten? are they to stand still, and quietly gaze upon the competitors? When the reader bethinks him of this concourse of idle spectators, of whose attainments no account is taken, and to which no encouragement is given, he will sigh over the Doctor's bold assumption of credit to the University. When he reflects also, that the accomplishments by which these honours are won, are generally, if not invariably, the growth, not of

Cambridge, but of Eton, of Harrow, of the Charterhouse, or of Richmond, he will be disposed to laugh the assumption to scorn. The University Scholarships are the prizes here more particularly spoken of; and of the two, which, on an average, are yearly bestowed, one can be *sat* for only by persons who have been but three or four months in residence; and the other is not unfrequently obtained by a man, who has scarcely inhaled three mouthfuls of Cambridge air. The fisherman has the merit of baiting his hook with the worm, but he does not create the gudgeon that swallows it.

The amount of Alma's other exertions in the propagation of classical literature, may easily be summed up. Her Chancellor gives two gold medals annually to the greatest proficient of the year; but she still protects her favourite study, by requiring, as a qualification in the candidates, that they shall have previously taken *honours*; and so little emulation do these prizes excite among even the *honours*, that we have known the number of candidates co-equal with that of the medals for which they contended. What does she more? An individual of the name of Browne, some fifty years ago, bequeathed to her funds for three gold medals, to be given yearly to the best Greek and Latin Odes, and the best brace of Epigrams, respectively. This institution has given birth to many excellent copies of verses, but cannot be supposed to have stimulated the exertions of any very large number of students. Indeed, we dare say, the Vice-Chancellor of the year would groan at the sight of more than half-a-dozen specimens of each; and when the reader reflects, with what travail of the soul a worthy self-indulgent gentleman, who has long retired from books, must pick out false quantities with a Maltby, he will readily comprehend the grievous weight of the infliction.

In mentioning the bequest of Sir William Browne, it occurs to us to state a peculiarity in the terms of it, not indeed applicable to the present question, but strongly illustrative of the fortuitous and often preposterous character of Cambridge institutions. From some whim or other, Sir William directed that his Greek Ode should be modelled on the Sapphic, of which time has spared but a very few scraps. The writer must, therefore, consult his own fancy in the composition of his Ode; and as he is generally more familiar with the drama, than any other part of Greek literature, the Sapphic Ode often displays an amusing cento of Tragic words and phrases. The University having owed her foundation to charity, still smacks of her origin; and will go great lengths for an alms. Provided the terms of a donation be not too glaringly absurd, she is always happy to register the donor's name among her benefactors, and his prize in her calendar. Those of her honours that are of a *pecuniary* nature have been instituted mostly at the instigation and expence of individuals; and even though the latter should be disposed to be whimsical, this does not prevent her conceding to them the power of legislating for her,—for a *consideration*. Our own Alma, however, is far from being singular in this respect. The splendid University of Oxford has, within a short period, *gratefully* accepted the donation of a private individual, Mr. Drummond. This gentleman, reflecting, no doubt, upon the vast importance of the science of Political Economy, and observing that no lectureship on the subject existed at this great resort of embryo statesmen and legislators, was public-spirited enough to do, what the richest University in Europe had neglected to perform, not-

withstanding her *grateful* acceptance of his bounty proves that she does, in some sort, appreciate the value of the institution. As we have been led thus far into the mention of this peculiar feature in the character of the two sisters, we cannot and ought not to forbear stating a fact, which *we* think not a little discreditable to the younger one. Though rich be her dower, she, nevertheless, year after year, sees, with perfect indifference, a private individual of her own body—a gentleman no less gifted with talents than with public spirit—lecturing on Political Economy, and doing his utmost to diffuse some knowledge of its principles among men hereafter likely to be found legislating on matters of national interest, as the currency, for example, the corn-laws, free-trade, and a long et cetera of questions yet pending in parliament, without countenancing him in any other way, than by the loan of a room, and an ungracious permission to do what good he can.

The Porsonian prize, which has drawn from the scholars of the University some specimens of Greek Iambics every way worthy of the great name attached to it, is of very recent origin, and was founded by private individuals. It is deservedly a great favourite with Alma—yet she had no idea of doing any thing of the sort for herself. Possibly it may not be convenient for her to endow a professorship of Political Economy; but she could easily take effectual measures to co-operate with Mr. Pryme in promoting the study of that useful science among her pupils. But, at any rate, it is strange she should choose to depend on the taste, or the vanity, of private persons, for the little honorary distinctions she is so fond of, and which she thinks requisite to the encouragement of the finer parts of a literature she would be thought to love. From top to bottom, indeed, the University of Cambridge is like a building to which each succeeding age has added a portion, and whose incongruous exterior every where discovers the diversity of tastes that have been exercised upon it.

Of Cambridge classical institutions, we have exhibited enough to show the reader that they are in no degree calculated to operate upon the great body of the students; and therefore, however laudable, considered with a view to the promotion merely of classical literature, they are, like the mathematical honours, not worthy of being reckoned among the instruments of education. What is the rake good for that catches a few of the greater clods which defile the parterre, but leaves an infinite deal of rubbish behind? All that we have said is meant to apply to the University collectively. The discussion of college discipline, combined with the other, is too much for one dose. It is therefore deferred to another opportunity. It is necessary to state this, in order that we may not be thought in the mean time to be “ignorant that such a thing as college education exists.”—As for “the *numerous facilities* for acquiring *useful* and *interesting* knowledge of other descriptions which this place (the University) supplies,” we fear we shall be found guilty of having overlooked or forgotten them; for *ignorant* of their existence we assuredly are. Whatever pretensions, however, Cambridge may have to be considered as a school for aught but mathematics—the “noble” branch of philosophy, in comparison with which all others are but “useful,” or “interesting”—we shall be happy to “get up,” as they say at lectures, against another occasion.

The University of Cambridge, then, we see, professing to teach mathematics, in the first place, and classics in a degree secondary to the other, does in fact, in a great majority of instances, neither teach nor attempt to teach either, and may be fairly said not to teach them at all. Does she profess to discipline the minds of young men by means of any other study? We had almost been guilty of a great, yet pardonable oversight. Ought we to forget Locke, whose doctrines the Edinburgh Reviewer so handsomely concedes her the credit of teaching; and Paley, whom she recommends her pupils to read in all but his naughty politics? The late King, it is said, never digested Paley's pigeon—"the worst of the flock." When the philosopher was recommended to his notice for a vacant bishopric, with the tenacity of purpose worthy, and no less characteristic of, his great little mind, he would still answer with a "yes—yes—but the pigeon?" The unfortunate similitude was, indeed, sufficiently unlike the real state of the case, but it is doubtful whether George objected on the grounds of political economy. Some vague apprehensions, derived, it may be, from this idle story, likely enough to affect Alma's nerves in a *peculiar* manner, make her rather shy of questioning the student out of Paley's political philosophy, which she generally recommends him to omit. Perhaps the unsoundness of his political economy may induce her thus to restrict her examinations; or she may be alarmed for the consequences of allowing her children the use of such inflammatory terms as "civil liberty," and the "lawfulness of resistance," even when quenched in Paley's courtly philosophy. But we do remember, that while we were particularly requested to explain the sins of drunkenness and duelling, and something else not quite fit to sound in ears polite, the whole theory of the British constitution was left untouched. Alma, indeed, catechised us as a tender mother does her child. "In what does the sin of drunkenness consist?" "What constitutes the criminality of duelling?" "Why am I obliged to keep my word?" "State the arguments for and against a moral sense," and so on to the end of the chapter. But of any erroneous principles in Paley, as his fine notions about peopling the world till a man has not elbow-room, and cultivating waste lands, and building cottages thereon, and putting down the *loss to charity*, she inquired not a word. Probably she thought it might tend to breed a very improper spirit of questioning authorities, were she to submit her own text-book, which *must* always be right, to be impugned or examined. Alma's way, at least with her *step-sons*, is much more concise and direct. I do not want to know what *you* think or have to say in the matter, but what Paley thinks and says. And she takes care to cut off all unnecessary prolixity by pouring her questions thick one upon another.

After the handsome compliment paid to Cambridge by the Edinburgh Reviewer, it grieves us mightily to have to mention Locke. We fear that he is used for little else than for a night-cap, or to go to sleep upon. As he is seldom taken in hand till a short time before his services are needed, he is generally found impracticable; and as he has seldom fair play given him, by being allowed a personal audience, but is usually conversed with through that medium called a syllabus, (a kind of publication which is the pest of scholastic discipline,) it rarely happens that the questionist profits more by the intercourse than a female

acquaintance of our's, who professed she had *really* got "as far as a *mode*, without understanding a line." Alma, indulgent Alma, sensible of the hardship of having to deal with so obstinate an author, is considerate enough to accommodate her questions to the student's breviary, or epitome, or by whatever other name his short cut to Locke may be known. Nay, to smooth the student's path to his degree yet more, she will even exercise her dispensing power in his favour, and the "doctrines of Locke" are allowed to sleep in quiet. For our own parts, we only remember Pilate's puzzling question—"What is truth?" and our triumph over death—consolatory enough—in convicting him of being nobody. We also proved the divine benevolence, and defined a complex idea. As for Stewart, Reid, or Brown—these are heathen names, and are never heard of in the courts and halls of Alma.

In the third place, not only does the University of Cambridge mistake fellowships and honours for the ends of study, and confining all her attentions to the "aspirants" to pecuniary rewards, neglect the majority who resort to her merely to be educated;—she does not appear to consider herself in the slightest degree responsible for their education. Dr. Monk *talks* indeed of our "being wanting to ourselves, and to the duty we owe our founders, as well as to the just expectations of the community," &c. but "*vox est et præterea nihil.*" To what do his exhortations tend? He leaps over two hundred students, to propose schemes for stimulating yet more the remaining forty or fifty. Does he conceive that the community is, like himself, wrapped up in the five candidates for the Craven's, or the two candidates for the medals, or suspended with breathless anxiety as to the result of the contest in the Senate-house; believing all law must perish, and order disorder turn, if Trinity have not, as she certainly *ought* to have, the senior wrangler, or fail to get the Porson, or have not at least *all* the Browne's medals? Or would the public, like himself, be delighted at seeing the "ardent longings" of some half a dozen ingenuous youths, panting for "a proper field in which to distinguish themselves," while fifty more were scampering to Newmarket, and longing with equal ardour for the field, where they propose to distinguish themselves too? "So important in the eyes of the youth is our academical system, and so anxious are they to *exhibit themselves in it to the greatest advantage.*"

We are led to infer that the University does *not* feel herself responsible, simply because she does not act as if she did. In none of her plans of improvement has she seriously contemplated the education of the multitude, and, most assuredly, in no part of her performance has she succeeded in it. But what is more, she is perfectly unconscious that this glaring fact is discreditable to her. With what composure, for example, does Dr. Monk, himself one of her most distinguished sons, avow it, and this too, in terms much rounder than *we*, without his authority to shield us, durst have ventured to use. He unequivocally pronounces the quantum of knowledge required by the University of her students, "a *contemptible minimum!*" and confesses that two years and a half (he might have said three and a quarter) are employed by them "in a way, of which the University exacts no account;" adding, that this "valuable period of time is squandered in idleness, or unprofitable" (he might have added, and ruinously expensive) "pursuits." We venture upon this addition to the Doctor's statement, because the

reader well knows, that where men are allowed to be idle—are congregated in a place remote from the wholesome influence of domestic habits and connexions—have money enough, and companions as plentiful as blackberries, they *will be* expensive and dissipated. We *testify*, moreover, that of the multitude, from mere vacancy and ennui, (a disorder bred of much leisure and little occupation,) nine out of ten *are* expensive and dissipated.

But the question touching responsibility is an important one to the community. Is Cambridge accountable to the public for the result of her operations? She certainly was planted at first, and has been all along watered by, charity. And who are the natural trustees and guardians of the charity? The community for whose benefit it was designed. Does she fulfil the conditions on which her college lands, her *great tythes of extensive districts*, and other sources of revenue were bestowed? Here we must distinguish between Cambridge as a seat of learning and science, and Cambridge as a place of education. In educating a few distinguished scholars and mathematicians she certainly succeeds; but then the *cream* she keeps to herself, and gives us the refuse. The truth of this is vouched by the Cambridge calendar, and the almanack. In the one you see, filling responsible situations in the University, some of the very best men of each successive year, and her fellowships supplied by the remainder. In the other you see, in the list of Members of Parliament and other public bodies, many of the most notorious of the idlers, the ignoramuses and the reprobates of the University; while the long remainder of this class are spread over the country in the capacity of private tutors in families, ushers in schools, and ministers in the churches, to which responsible offices the degree of B.A. earned as we have seen, has been the chief recommendation. Since the University then received these young men, for the professed purpose of teaching them something or other; and since she returned them with the stamp of her approbation, back again upon the community, ill-educated and untaught, can she be held to have acquitted herself of her duty to the latter?

But then we are told that “the majority always find themselves unequal to strive, with any probability of success, for honorary distinctions.” The community did not send them to you for “honorary distinctions.” The community wishes to have well-informed men in parliament, in the magistracy, in the posts of government, in the ministry, in their schools, and to you she looks for a supply. If your most important duty be to educate men for the state and the public, a duty, which, whether you discharge it or not, you certainly monopolize; and if it be true, as you say, and as we verily believe, that the *majority* (the persons in question, who are destined to serve the public in the above capacities) are dispirited, and discountenanced, because they cannot compete with the select few whom you are educating for *yourself*, and are, therefore, tempted to abandon study entirely, because they have no encouragement—no inducement from you to do the little they can, why, in the name of the community, of common sense, and common honesty, do you still persist in endeavouring to unite two duties, which, on your own showing, are incompatible? To reconcile them is your own affair; but if you cannot, why not throw your triposes, your Browne’s medals, Smith’s prizes, and a’ the lave of your academical gew-gaws

into the Cam at Barnwell, where it is deepest, rather than suffer them to be the means of obstructing the education of that immense majority of your students, who are destined for the service of the community? Or, if you choose not to do this, and will not apply yourself strenuously and heartily to educate the majority, cease to claim those distinctions and exclusive privileges which *compel* men to resort to you. Be honest, and confess your inability to discharge the duty which the community looks for at your hands. Your solid rewards and ancient renown will still support the character you have fairly earned for scientific and classical merit. The élite of Eton, Charterhouse, Harrow, West——— no—not Westminster, (those *scholars* we know are not to your taste, nor you to theirs,) will still repair to you, and *deserve* your honours, no longer elbowed by the crowd, whom you know not how to dispose of, or how to find employment. On the other hand, of the Many, the wealthier portion, transplanted to some seat of education, which affords no room for laying to their souls the flattering unction of being above the necessity of striving for *pecuniary* rewards, which clothes them not in purple and gold, like king Solomon in the puppet-show, nor countenances their idle and dissipated habits, might possibly be made to acquire some of the advantages of a liberal education; whilst the rest, removed from the depressing influence of your high-climbing wranglers, and medallists, and not being under the necessity of either remaining idle, or seeing themselves outstripped in the competition, and the distance *regularly measured*, and so made known to the universe, might perchance find themselves good for something, and be led to cultivate the humble powers which nature had given them, to the best advantage. We suppose, in this latter case, no fantastic Alma Mater, like yourself, or any other silly old woman, taking more delight in hanging the medal round the neck of one, than in bestowing a competent education upon many, but a plain, sensible, reflecting, homely, active housewife, that loves to see all her family alike well-clad, and well conditioned.

Perhaps, you will say, I do my best for those who are *willing* to study. Can a preceptress of youth engage for no more? Know we not that, as men go, but few comparatively are willing, yet that many may be made? You say, my tutors are “sedulous in the execution of their duties;” that “they evince a zeal and solicitude for the advancement of the pupil’s progress.” A solicitude for how many? How many used Professor Monk to carry along with him through the second and third term’s subjects? But grant they do evince a fiery zeal for the advancement of *every one* under them, and not merely for a *few*; what does this fact but show, in a yet more convincing manner, that there is a radical defect in the system, by which their zeal and assiduity are rendered of non-effect to the *majority*---we insist upon this---of non-effect to the *majority*---the *majority*? Even in the language of your own advocate, who, perhaps, of all your lecturers applied himself with most activity and good-will to the work of tuition, we recognize the *inmedicable cancer*, of which you have been long lingering. “It is principally to the *studious* part of his pupils (that is, the “aspirants” to fellowships, &c.) that the *duty of a tutor requires him to adapt his lectures.*” How accurately this passage describes your tutorial system, will be seen, when we come, as we propose, to dissect one of your

colleges; by which process alone we can hope to discover the seat of the inveterate malady that preys upon your vitals.

Alma, you are well known to be a great courtier—you best know the reason why. You are also a great aristocrat—you have your reason for that also, no doubt. But being, as you are, a great loyalist and a great aristocrat, how is it that you operate with least success on the high born and the wealthy—the destined ornaments of the Court and the House? This question we throw out to give you an intimation of the course of our subsequent inquiry into the working of your system—an indulgence you never show to those whom *you* examine. But we are not disposed to flatter your idle taste for royalty and nobility—we “contradict the bans.” You are, or ought to be, the servant of the commonwealth. Yet your criminal indulgence of the noble and wealthy, in their systematic neglect of every study that can improve their intellects, and fit them for the public stations which they hold to be their birthright, entails the most irreparable injury upon us, the people, over whom they claim, and successfully claim, awful rule and authority. If then, they *will* persist in legislating for our nearest and dearest interests, although we thank them, and would rather decline the favour, have we not reason to be angry with you, who are in an especial manner, their preceptress, if you do not see to their education in those branches of knowledge which are likely to assist them most effectually in the discharge of their legislative duties? Now, whether you take this pains or not, let the annals of parliament bear witness. If the country gentlemen (of whom you educate a large portion, Alma!) discover the fruits of your care—be liberal, enlightened, well-informed, and the promoters of every measure beneficial to the people, you stand acquitted of the imputation under which you lie. The late debates on currency, Alma, will go hard against you—proof presumptive that you have been idly toying with Triposes and Trimeters, when you should have been fostering Mr. Pryme, and promoting his honourable and salutary views.

When, Alma, in your hot-bed of honours you have raised a Blomfield, a Monk, a Kaye, you straightway heap blessings on your own head, cackle loud in self-applauses, and believe that “you are the admiration of the country and of Europe,” (at your years, Alma, you should not be so vain of your beauty,) and that your system is most “complete and *generous*.” Certainly, it is beautiful to see a person like Dr. Kaye emerging, it may be, from obscurity, or rising, like Dr. Blomfield, from the middle class, first to your honours, and then to those of the state, by force of talent combined with industry and with unimpeached consistency of principles. But to use a homely proverb from one of your own lecture rooms, *τι προς Διόνυσον*;—would the people have been less happy, even though the Prometheus Vincetus, or the Alcestis had never been expurgated; or, even though the VV.DD. themselves had never attained unto the mitre and the apron? You mistake the matter quite if you think in the affirmative. They were useful in *your sphere*; but have we not already suffered rather than benefitted by the intolerance of one of these your chosen sons, who was judged capable of mending the state because he had already amended the Agamemnon. You said yourself, Alma, he had made but *cobbled work* of the latter—sure we are it is better work

than he now makes—and, after all, grant him great as he certainly is good, will Agamemnon recompense us for Sir John Shelly, or Sir Thomas Lethbridge? That last is a heavy item of the charge against you, or your sister, Alma. We mention not these names from any love of personality, but because we would, by citing some of the finest and coarsest specimens of your workmanship, show how little is the good you do us by your exertions, compared with the misery you work us by your neglect.

But observe Dr. Monk once more: “The majority” (our *Many*) “always find themselves unequal to strive, with any probability of success, for honorary distinctions.” Now, we do solemnly affirm, in behalf of this ill-treated body of men, that the University does not herself look upon them as persons at all inferior in intellect to the majority even of the honours. On the contrary, no small proportion of the latter are notoriously among the dullest students of the University; men with slow intellects, strong bodies, and great patience, who are looking out for some of the “solid gains” in the market, and endeavouring to *cram*, that is, amass a quantity of knowledge sufficient to entitle them to expect Fellowships, or, at least, recommendations to those posts and places, for which men of an University education are indispensably required. “When a young man chooses to follow the seductions of pleasure, or of indolence, rather than the exhortations of his instructor, what can *mere lectures* effect?” Poor, feeble, delicate Alma, thy hale and rude offspring make a mock of thee, and are beyond thy control! “They who urge that we ought to look to the instruction of the *tutors*, as the means of supplying every deficiency of our public system, really expect those gentlemen to accomplish *impossibilities*.” Well, then, either your system, “complete and generous as it is,” (we really feel grateful to the Quarterly Reviewer, for the commendable and good phrases he puts into our mouth,) is either rotten beyond redemption, or your tutors are, in spite of our better faith, culpably negligent, or to *educate a young English aristocrat is an IMPOSSIBILITY*. But are we to sit down with the confession that our English youth, (and our *best born* too,) are peculiarly, and above all others, perverse, untractable, mulish, and deficient in intellect? Yet if they be, as we hope and believe, *not* worse in those points than the youth of other countries, either the system is lamentably defective, or the teachers are culpably negligent. Look at Scotland. What say the Edinburgh Reviewers? They are honest men—however mistaken they may be in politics and *quantity*—and may be believed on their word. Now, they aver, that of the great multitude of dingy Athenians who fill the lecture rooms of their clumsy Parthenon, scarcely *fifty* go away *without* a competent share of philosophical erudition. And it is a lamentable confession to have to make, that the Scotch are, generally speaking, a much better educated race than we of the South, though, in regard to civilization, we be older than Sawney by some centuries. If, then, we are to believe the Edinburgh Reviewers, as to a fact, of which they may have positive knowledge, and which, therefore, to assert without foundation were to be guilty of an untruth, to what conclusion must we come, when we reflect upon that which we *know* to be a truth, viz., that of the great multitude of well-apparelled and clean-faced Bœotians, who “resort” to Cambridge, not above *fifty* leave it *with*

a competent portion of philosophical, or any other description of knowledge?

Let the sages who are now legislating for the London University, look to this fact. Let them beware how they ambitiously grasp at splendid endowments,—how they trifle with medals, triposes, and graduated honours—above all, how they found rich professorships and fellowships; making the lecturer independent and irresponsible; and the pupil to covet lucre instead of the solid gain of intellectual acquisitions. They have been denied a charter by Government. The sisters twain of Oxford and Cambridge, have disowned relationship, and by their organ, the Quarterly, prohibited, on pain of their high displeasure, the University of London from presuming to confer degrees in Arts, and so forth. Dear Alma, yet unborn, mind not their rebuffs, their sneers, and their aristocratical contempt. Covet not their distinctions. See what they have done with their crown-appointed masters, their salaried tutors, their rich professors, their vinose and indolent fellows, their pomps and vanities of gowns, and lace, and frippery, their B.A.s, and M.A.s, and DD.s, and LL.Ds. As thou wouldest be a blessing to the great metropolis, where thy station is to be, and through her to the whole mass of the English people, eschew all idle forms, all ambitious pretensions to exclusive privileges, and all vain-glorious pageantry and high-sounding titles. Education was never yet found wrapped up in embroidery or branded with titles. Thou mayest thus be assured, that those who shall resort to thee, come in the sincere wish of profiting by thy instructions, and not merely to acquire a *name*, by which to impose upon the community; or a passport of admission to some lucrative stipends, profitable posts, or highly exalted, and no less lucrative, benches. In one word, as thou wouldest avoid the contagion of ignorance and indolence, never forget the Quarterly Reviewer's injunction, to “*disclaim all ideas of comparison with the English Universities.*” He bids thee, at thy peril, not to *censure* their proceedings, and *we* bid thee not to *imitate* them. Do so, and 'twill be well with thee, when the owls hoot in the cloisters of Trinity and St. John's. The aristocracy will then have some chance of arriving at the enviable distinction of being the only ill-informed and ill-educated portion of the community.

Enough for the present—but “play out the play,” notwithstanding. *We* “have much more to say in behalf of that same Falstaff.” And it *shall* be said. We will not digest our spleen, and burst for the sake of one, who was but a step-mother to us. W.

THE OPERA.

WE are very much disposed to discontinue our notices of the Opera under existing circumstances, for we are weary of finding fault regularly every month during the season, and the conductors of the King's Theatre seem resolved to give us nothing else to do. The repetition of unmixed censure is indeed not only exceedingly tiresome to the reader and the writer, but also in this case perfectly hopeless, as it can lead to no amendment; the concern in its present hands being utterly

cureless, and we do not see any earthly reason why we should go on month after month grinding over the same complaint, of obstinate mismanagement and unvaried dullness. All persons of taste take an interest in the Opera, and it is therefore right that we should let our subscribers know what is going on there; this we will do whenever any change, either for the better or for the worse, occurs; the latter we regard as impossible, and the former as highly improbable, under the present administration of operatic affairs.

Velluti is, as our readers know, the manager this season, and he seems resolved that we shall never forget that he is the manager, for he has obviously determined to show his management by giving us nothing but himself. Operas of no merit are now in rehearsal, solely because Signor Velluti can fill the principal part in them. This plan of operations will not succeed. *Toujours perdrix* is proverbially a bad thing; but the Signor is not *perdrix*. To many, we may say most ears, his singing is decidedly disagreeable, and to very, very few is it *really* gratifying. Novelty, and the brutal attack of The Times together, made Velluti the fashion, and as the novelty wears off—and of a truth he is taking the right method of wearing it off—and as he ceases to need protection, the fashion will go out like all other fashions arising from such circumstances, and not bottomed in taste. We may be permitted to remark that we were among the first champions of Velluti when he was made the object of a cruel attack, and though we could not admire his peculiar style of voice, we chose rather to suspend our judgment than to utter an opinion which might in any degree prejudice a stranger placed under the trying circumstances of this individual, on his appearance on the boards of the King's Theatre. We were told that as we became familiar with his peculiar style, we should acquire a relish for it, and we were willing to believe it; we have had opportunities enough since of trying the experiment; we have heard Velluti and nothing but Velluti for months past, and we like him less than we ever did, and should be well satisfied never to hear him again. His voice is like a sharp, harsh, and ill-governed instrument, which alarms the ears with a constant expectation of its cracking. It is as painful to our sense of hearing to listen to Velluti's singing, as it is to our sense of sight to see a man standing insecurely on a dizzy height; and our experience encourages the uneasy apprehension we describe, for the Signor frequently loses the command of his voice, and bitterly does it then grate on our musical nerves, like the scraping of a slate pencil, or the chromatic performance of a grinder on the edge of a saw. Months ago we would not have made these remarks, because we distrusted our first impressions, and waited for the discovery of the promised redeeming excellence. Now, after a sufficient trial, we should say what we have said of this performer with much reluctance, were it not for the surfeit which he has given, is giving, and will continue to give us, of himself. We have had, have, and are going to have, Velluti, and Velluti only. How, it may be said, can he help this? Who is there in the company to occupy the place of the first attraction but the manager of it? And it is indeed true, that since Velluti has been ascendant at the Opera, all other attractions have been banished, and as he has culminated, the Star of Venus has declined. It is at least

curious, that Ronzi de Begnis never sung after Velluti made his appearance, and this lovely woman, accomplished actress, and delightful singer, who had so long been the grace and ornament of our stage, disappeared from it the first season of the Signor's management. How does he fill the vacancy? what ladies are engaged? A brace of effete old women, whose voices do not gain even by comparison with the manager's. As for Bonini, it is half piteous, half ludicrous to see (we don't mention hearing) her sing. The severe struggle with which she draws a thin and wiry note ab imo pectore, and the awkward pain with which she delivers herself of it, can only be likened to one operation in nature. She obviously labours under a vocal constipation. The pencil of Cruickshank can alone do justice to the distress of the poor Signora in the popular duet in the finale of the *Crociato*. We cannot describe the effect of Velluti, with his tall figure bending over the little old lady, and holding her up by the hand as if to lift her over the gamut, as a careful father lifts little miss over the gutter; then, when the time comes for the high note, the manager seems to coax, wheedle, and encourage her for a violent squeeze; the hand is carried up by jerks to its highest possible elevation, and the voice appears, by some curious attraction, to follow it, and at the critical moment no one but the artist we have named, can do justice to the awkward anxiety of the struggling Prima Donna's countenance. It is not right, just, or proper, to make a joke of these things, but really when we see what we have seen on these boards, seeing what we see, we lose our temper, and become positively as ill-natured as such perfect beings as public writers can be. Cornega, of whom we spoke favourably in our last article, (having seen her then only once,) has disappointed our expectation, and will falsify our prophecy. Her style is what we then described it as being, good; she has evidently been trained in a good school, but there is an imperfection about her voice; it is suppressed, smothered, in some way, perhaps by time, for time has had a great deal to do with Velluti's ladies; he chooses them as he would wine. Caradori has been re-engaged. It is the fashion with the newspaper people to be in raptures about her, which is particularly silly and ill-judged. She is really a very tasteful and sweet singer, possessed of a countenance which, without having a single pretty feature in it, has yet a delicately pretty expression; these, with an inexhaustible fund of good nature, are her charms. As an actress, she is insipid to the last degree; but for insipid we always read *interesting*. Some swan of the daily press called her an *interesting* Cherubino. For the love of fun, conceive that precocious Pickle in Figaro, *interesting*.

The *Crociato* has run through the last, as it ran through the preceding month. The *Donna del Lago* was indeed performed, if we may believe the advertisement, one or two nights, but we have not been able to hear of any body who saw it, and can consequently form not the slightest idea how it was perpetrated. Suffice it to say, that Caradori plays the part formerly filled by Ronzi de Begnis. The Opera is an extremely dull one, and it required all the charms of the de Begnis to give an interest to it. The music of the *Crociato* has risen in our estimation, as we have become familiar with it—the sure test of merit. The second act is full of beauties, and those who

condemn such compositions as it boasts, on a single hearing, condemn rashly and unjustly. The chorus, *Nel silenzio, fra l'orror*, would have been worthy of Mozart, and the quartet, *O Nume clemente*, is a delightful composition, and one of originality and consummate art. The finale to this scene is also strikingly bold and spirited. The first act we do not so much admire: it is common-place, and there is an insufferable trumpeting in it.

We observe that the *Têbaldo e Isolina* of Morlachi is advertised for the last Saturday in the month. This Opera is brought out solely for Velluti. Its only recommendation is, that the manager can play the principal part in it.

Two new divertissements, by M. D'Egville, have been produced since our last. The first was *Le Temple de la Concorde*; a dull thing, with the single exception of one very pretty dance, by Le Blond and his wife, which dance, it should be remarked, is taken from one of Anmer's ballets of last year. The other divertissement is called *Le Bal Champetre*, and is such a divertissement, as we are sure has never before been seen on the boards of the King's Theatre; or if it has had a parallel it must have been in the former reign of the ruling ballet-master. There are jigs, actually jigs and hornpipes in it, hornpipes with kicking up behind! The curtain rises and discovers half a dozen servants in fine liveries, dusting the furniture, and the master of the entertainment superintending the operation, and putting his house in order for a fête. The company suddenly rushes in, and an Austrian hussar leads out a lady, and dances a hornpipe with her (he should have been an English tar, with a long pig-tail and large buckles in his shoes.) Then a Russian, (we discover the country by his fur,) leads out another lady, and dances, without exception, the most ridiculous dance that was ever beheld; it was so extravagantly absurd that the Gallery encored it. After two or three stamping steps on the heel, the Russian commences a rapid patting of his heart, to signify that he has received some damage in that quarter; in this action he perseveres for some time till the lady makes a gesture indicative of rejection, whereat the Cavalier suddenly droops, ceases the dance, and drops his head on his hand, but delightfully keeps time with one of his legs, which he works away like a knife-grinder, until the lady relents, and comes and gives him a friendly poke under the short ribs, when he puts himself into motion again; and they embrace and dance away as if nothing had happened. This foolery proved highly gratifying either to the claqueurs or to the footmen in the gallery, for the nauseous stuff was called for a second time by some half-dozen greasy and noisy fellows, and their wish was graciously complied with. Then came some jigging, and then some servants handed round sham ices and cakes, and negus; and the friends of Mr. Ebers greatly commended his liberality, and observed that he did the thing very handsomely. Glad we were when the curtain fell, and there was an end of all this mummary and ungraceful foolery. The whole spectacle was perfectly debasing. Of course there is a large toleration for nonsense in a ballet, and provided we have good dancing, we care not by what means it is introduced, or by what fantastic stuff it is accompanied; but in this piece the dancing was as bad as the action was idiotic.

While we are on the subject of the ballet we must notice with dis-

gust the style in which the he-dancers attempt to disguise their persons; we say attempt to disguise their persons, for they dress themselves in close imitation of women, and do all they can to make themselves look like women. They now wear their silk or satin tunics *cut low in the bosom*, like a lady's dress, and as their tunics resemble pretty exactly in length the short petticoats of the female dancers, they are scarcely to be distinguished from the other sex; indeed, were the women to come in handing on M. Coulon or Theodore, we are persuaded that half the spectators would never suspect that the things with naked bosoms were of the *he* gender.

The Opera continues to be well filled, and ill attended. We would recommend the proprietor to be a little more nice in the distribution of his orders; for if he perseveres in the system of cramming the Pit with shop-boys, coxcombs will soon come to a resolution not to be seen there, and then all the world will think it vulgar to be found in the Pit; and as every lady cannot get into the Boxes, the consequence will be, that a large class will cease to visit the Theatre. The would-be fashionables will be altogether excluded from the house, and grievously will the treasury feel their absence. It is a point of the first importance to the proprietor of the Opera to uphold, by all means, the fashion of the Pit.

BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.*

THE receipt for making a Mock-Waverley novel is now so well understood, that having said that this is a concoction of that hackneyed kind, it is scarcely necessary to say any thing more about it. These performances are in all essential particulars pretty exactly similar. A mysterious old woman, who is to be here, there, and every where, omniscient as well as omnipresent, seems to be the staple of the class. These old women vary only in dress and degree. They are all copies of the outline of Meg, and differ only in texture and colours. Cooper, the American fabricator of Waverleys, in one of his extravagant tales, has a washerwoman, with a little black bonnet on her head, who does Merriles duty through the book—who is the *machine*, as pedants would call it, of the piece. She is the person who appears at every crisis of difficulty and danger, and directs the action of the story. With Homer such a personage would have been a goddess. Scott made her a gipsy in a red cloak. Cooper turned her into a washerwoman in a little black bonnet. In how many hundred other phases the same machine has appeared, it is now utterly impossible to say. It would fill half a number to run over half the names of them. Our affair is with the last production of the class, the “Brambletye House of Horace Smith, Esq. one of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses,” as the title-page and the advertisements have it. This is avowedly one of the Mock-Waverley family; but, as in all the other works of

* Brambletye House. By One of the Authors of the “Rejected Addresses.” London, Colburn, 1826.

the same stamp, the only likeness consists in the character, common to all, of an old woman, who, like many old women, knows every body's business as well as, or better than the parties know it themselves; and who, unlike any old woman, (as old women now are,) goes about working wonders. Mr. Horace Smith's old woman is not a gipsy, like the great original, Mistress Margaret Merriles, nor is she a washerwoman, like Cooper's old woman, but she is an old woman in black—not a black bonnet, but a black gown; and she appears at all times and in all places where she is least expected or desired, crying out, "Anathema! Maranatha!" to the unspeakable consternation of the hearers; for (why we know not) these words are words of great force, and give a terrible and sublime character to the speaker, at least so the author obviously imagines.

We shall not attempt to describe the plot of this novel, because nothing is more wearisome, both to the writer and the reader, than the description of the plot of a dull tale, which this is, if ever there was a dull tale in this world. Suffice it to say, that the scene of the story is laid in England, France, and the United Provinces; the time, that of the Commonwealth and Charles II.; the characters, of course, Roundheads and Cavaliers. The hero is the son of an old Cavalier, against whose house the old woman in black has conceived a mortal enmity. She haunts the old Cavalier, says "Anathema! Maranatha!" to him, discovers his plots against the government of Cromwell, and denounces him. Until the end of the third volume, of course, we do not find out the cause of all this pother. When, however, we arrive at that part of the book where secrets can no longer be kept, the old woman becomes communicative, and explains her actions, her motives, and other important mysteries, to a stranger, in consideration of his performing a certain small service for her, which she could not perform for herself. And what was that service? That we must state; for nothing so absurd was ever before conceived, we think, in the brain of a Romancer. The old woman tells a certain youth, whom she meets with in her walks, that she has collected, with great pain and toil, an immense pile of faggots, for the express purpose of burning down the old Cavalier's uninhabited house, merely for the fun, or the spite of the thing. Now, she says, if you will promise to set fire to the sticks, (a thing which she could not do, why, we don't clearly see,) I will tell you a great secret, in return for so important a service. The youth, readily perceiving that the old woman, who had collected the faggots, had not the power of putting a lighted match among them, does as he is requested, and sets fire to the pile; but there being some gunpowder in the vaults, when enjoying the blaze, they are both suddenly canted up into the air, and blown into a thousand pieces, so that the old woman was only just able, when she fell down again, to say how she came by her misfortune, and to tell the whole history over again, which she had told in vain to the young man that was blown to sticks, and then she died.

We have read many cart-loads of novels in our time, but such stuff as this we never met with before. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any man of ordinary capacity could sit down and deliberately commit to paper and print the pitiable trash before us. It is scarcely possible to open these volumes at random, without observing some example of

extraordinary nonsense, which is rendered the more offensive as it is put forth by the author with an air of infinite self-satisfaction, he thrusts a silly conceit on us as if he were presenting us with a gem of the finest water. We take the first sample of nonsense that occurs to us.

“When the sounds of trumpets and kettle-drums gave notice that the procession was about to commence, every street, window, cornice, projection, and house-top, *through* which it was to pass, became thickly studded with heads, whose eager **EYES**, GLITTERING IN THE SUN, looked like the countless dew-drops that hang upon the forest leaves, as they sparkle in the first rays of morning.”—Vol. ii. p. 21.

It is a pretty bold flight to march a procession *through* windows, cornices, projections, and house-tops, but that little blunder we must set down to the account of our author's want of skill in grammar; the other stroke is, however, a studied conceit, and of matchless absurdity. What mortal but Mr. Horace Smith would ever have thought of describing the eyes in peoples' heads as *glittering in the sun!* A child must perceive that this is sheer crazy nonsense. And really the follies which this author commits to paper are of so very gross a kind, as to astonish those who are unfortunately too well prepared for the occurrence of foolishness in works of this order. In one place, he tells us that Cromwell practiced his troops in hardy exercises, by encouraging them to throw pillows or cushions, we forget which, at each other's heads. This is naked nonsense. Sometimes he disguises it in an abundance of words. We will give an example of this kind. A young lady, not mad, is made to express herself thus, on the subject of reciprocal love:—

“Reciprocal love must indeed sublimate the soul almost to an antepast of the celestial beatitudes, when the heart can find it sweet to make sacrifices and encounter perils for the object of its secret attachment, even where it feels the passion to be unrequited, nay, even where it knows the affections of that object to be devoted to another.” The author goes on to say: “Constantia had spoken with enthusiasm, for she had been giving utterance to her own deep feelings, she had pressed her hand upon her heart, *FOR she had been converting its pulsations into language.*”

As we have so generally condemned this book, we cannot pass over any approximation to a merit that may be discovered in it; and therefore we must not omit to say, that there is one character in it, that of Beverning, a Dutch merchant, which is drawn with some degree of cleverness. But here we trace the besetting sin of the author, antithesis; his whole art of writing consists in setting up one thing, and then counterbalancing it with another: all his periods are see-saws. Beverning, on this plan, is made a man of the most opposite qualities. He is somewhat like one of Sir Jonah Barrington's Irish characters, which are commonly thus see-sawed—“Liberal, but mean; cautious, yet rash; active, but indolent; fickle, yet constant; faithful, but false,” &c.

Before we take leave of this book, we must entreat the author, in his future productions, not to make so unmerciful a use of the word *egregious* as he has done in these volumes. *Egregious* is incessantly occurring, and is almost always improperly applied. Perhaps, however, this is intended for wit. We know that drolls endeavour to raise a laugh by the eternal repetition and abuse of some one word.

THE EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION OF COUNSELLOR O'D—,

THE SON OF AN IRISH PEASANT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I WAS born about the year 1780, in the county of Leitrim. My father's circumstances were very humble; he held six acres of very barren land, for which he paid a yearly rent of two guineas. He kept one cow, and cultivated so much of the land as supported the family. The cabin in which we resided was built of sods and thatched with heath and potatoe stalks. In the midst of it were placed three large stones, which served as a back to the fire, over which, in the roof, there was a hole for the smoke to pass; from the ceiling was suspended a hay rope, having a crook at the end to hang the pot on. The cow and the pig took up their abode at night at one end of the cabin, and we at the other. My father, mother, brother, sister, and myself, all slept in one bed, which was composed of rushes or straw. The pig used often to make one of the number, and on one occasion, being instigated more by hunger than by love, she took a mouthful out of my cheek without any ceremony, the effects of which are visible to-day. Upon this a humorous friend of mine once (rather paradoxically) remarked, that it subtracted from my jaw without diminishing it. Our food consisted almost entirely of potatoes and buttermilk: the latter being scarce in winter, we used salt as a substitute. I do not remember having eaten flesh-meat ten times any one year in my father's house; even the luxury of butter or eggs we seldom experienced, for these formed the principal source for making the rent. Wretched as our condition may appear to have been, the number of those in the neighbourhood, who were inferior to us in their circumstances, was by far greater than of those who were more comfortable.

When about six years old I was sent to school. The circumstances of the first day are fresh in my memory; it was in May, the school was beside a ditch, there was not even a shed to protect us from the rain; in that state we continued till November, when the parents of the children assembled, and built a house of sods; each boy carried a turf every morning under his arm for a fire. The master had no residence, but spent a night alternately with his pupils: his charges were from sixpence to a shilling per quarter. At this school I learned the catechism in the Irish language, by repeating it after the master; and such is the effect of early impressions, that I recollect every word of it even yet, though in every other respect I have forgotten the language. At the age of nine I was removed to a superior school, where I continued for three years, at which time I had made a considerable proficiency in arithmetic; and my father resolved to send me to Dublin to seek my fortune, as I was deemed a smart lad. He accordingly decked me out in a jacket, made out of an old freize coat of his own, and a pair of brogues (being the first I ever had, save my national one) and a pair of sheep-skin breeches; but he gave me neither

stockings, nor hat, nor shirt. Being thus equipped, he gave me two shillings, and told me that I would get lodgings gratis on the road, and that the money would support me in Dublin till I could procure a situation.

It being deemed malominous, in setting out on a journey, to meet a woman first, in order to guard against such an event, my father proceeded a few minutes before me, with the intention, that in returning he might be the first to encounter me; but in this he was disappointed, for I had not gone far from the house when I unfortunately met a beggar woman, who happened to be passing at the time. This proved an insuperable objection to my progress. Three circumstances combined to render it superlatively malominous; first, she was a woman; secondly, she was red haired; and, thirdly, she was barefoot. To proceed on my journey after this would be acting in downright contempt to the manifest will of the Deity himself; I therefore was prevailed on by my father to return home, sorrowful and dejected for the disappointment.

Trivial as this occurrence may appear, it is, perhaps, to it I am indebted for not being a shoe-black, or in some other inferior employment to-day, instead of being a barrister-at-law. My mother, who was ill at this time, died a few days after, which prevented me from resuming my journey. About two months after her death, a circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood, which, as illustrative of the manners and superstition of the people, may not be deemed unworthy of insertion in this place.

A servant-maid was haunted by the ghost of her mistress, who had died some time previously. By the persuasion of her friends, she resolved to question it as to its object in tormenting her, and accordingly went through the following form:—

A little after sunset, accompanied with two or three friends, she took some holy water with her into a field, and when the ghost made its appearance, she marked out a circle with the water, and commanded the ghost, in the name of the Trinity, not to come within that circle, and to answer such questions as she should put to it. The ghost then shrieked with joy, at the prospect of being relieved from its miseries by being questioned, (for it was not allowed to speak otherwise,) and replied to Biddy's queries:—that it had served all its time in purgatory and was now ready to go to Heaven if three masses were said for it; but that till then the soul was obliged to lodge in a bush, that was at the foot of the garden, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Biddy then put some questions respecting some of her own friends who had died, to which the ghost answered, that some of them were in Heaven, others as yet in purgatory, and more waiting to have some masses said for them, or pilgrimages to Lough Dergh performed for them, before Peter would open the door. The ghost being obliged to disappear at twelve o'clock, Biddy commanded it to attend the night following. In the mean time, the ghost's husband built a shed over the bush in the garden, to protect the soul from cold, and a report of the occurrence being circulated throughout the neighbourhood, thousands flocked at the appointed time to the place, to make enquiries concerning their deceased friends. The ghost knew every thing about all Pluto's subjects, and gave satisfactory information, through Biddy,

(who alone could see or hear it,) to all such as made enquiries. I being sent by my father to ask respecting my mother, having effected my way through the crowd, requested of Biddy to enquire about her. She asked me how long my mother had been dead, and I replied: "If she had lived till next Monday, she would be dead nine weeks." This answer excited considerable laughter, which nettled me not a little; and Biddy having put the question to the ghost, returned as answer to me, that my mother was to be two months more in purgatory, and that after that, nine masses should be said for her soul before she could get into Heaven. I burst out into tears, exclaiming that it was a d—d lie; for my mother had never done any evil act, for which she should be kept in purgatory so long; and returned home meditating vengeance against the ghost, for what I considered malicious information.

I had often heard my father state, that a tester was the only effective bullet to shoot a ghost with, and having resolved, on this occasion, to make a trial of its magic powers, I borrowed a gun, loaded it with a tester, and proceeded the next night, in order to have a slap at the spirit. As I was about to ascend a ditch, which was on my way, the ghost appeared standing in a bush at the top of it, as if to intercept me; my senses were paralysed, my resolution forsook me, and I was about to kneel down to beg its pardon, when, by some accident, the gun went off, and the ghost disappeared. The report attracted several persons to the place, who, on hearing the particulars, concluded that the ghost had been shot; and having made a search for the remains, they found, somewhere contiguous, a substance of the nature of jelly, very common in the fields in Ireland, and vulgarly denominated a fallen star. They all agreed that this was the corpse of the ghost; they held it sacred, and deemed it worse than sacrilege to lay hands on it. I returned home smitten with remorse, and loaded with execrations, for my impious conduct. In the meantime, the news of the catastrophe reached the place of rendezvous, and all were agog to know if the ghost would appear. Biddy took her station at the appointed hour, but no ghost appeared; this was a positive proof of its fate. The air rent with exclamations against me; had I been within reach they would have torn me asunder. The number present on this night, was estimated at twenty thousand. I was obliged to leave the neighbourhood, to avoid the resentment of the ghost's friends, until they were appeased by the intervention of the priest; and I went afterwards by the name of Jackey the Ghost-killer. There were about three thousand masses ordered on this occasion. Biddy is alive at this day, and is well known in the neighbourhood by the name of Biddy the Ghost.

My father having declined sending me to Dublin to seek my fortune, was for some time debating with himself to what occupation he should direct my attention, and at length determined to make a priest of me. Among the poorer classes, it is an object of the highest ambition to have a priest in the family: it is a feather in their cap, and exalts them in the consideration of their neighbours. Besides, as the Roman Catholic clergy (on account of their celibic life) can have no family of their own, they contribute to support their brothers and sisters; and when a poor man is struggling to make a priest of his son, he considers that he is providing for all his family.

With these views my father sent me, in my thirteenth year, to a classical day-school that was in the neighbourhood; though if all his property were sold, it would not fetch so much as would buy a suit of black for me; yet he resolved to make a beginning, and trust to Providence for the rest. This school consisted of about fifty pupils, of various ages, from ten to thirty years, all intended for the church; there was nothing taught in it but Latin; the terms were five shillings per quarter, which the master was willing to receive in money or labour, for he had a farm. I paid generally in the latter: my father and myself used to work for him at the rate of sixpence per day. From this time my conduct was subject to a severe restraint; I was not permitted to go to a fair or market, or any place of public resort, lest I should be tempted to make free with the girls, and thereby blast my prospects in life. I was obliged to assume a mortified look, and a sanctified appearance, in order to qualify myself for my future calling. I continued five years at this school, but stopt at home about four months every year, to work. During this period I had to struggle against many inconveniences; and what I say of myself is applicable to all my schoolfellows. My father could not afford me books, nor even allow me time to read at home, after school-hours; yet such was my thirst for learning, that, notwithstanding these discouraging privations, in my fifth year I could write and speak Latin more correctly than English. I had a critical knowledge of the grammar; Latin was the language of the school; and we were all ambitious to excel in speaking it. But my knowledge of the English language was so imperfect, that I could not convey my ideas in it, and whenever I met a difficult sentence, I construed it in Irish, this being the only language which I spoke at home.

With those who are unacquainted with the real state of Ireland, it is much the fashion to accuse the priesthood of contributing to involve her in ignorance. How Ireland can be charged at all with ignorance I know not; it is a relative term, and if the comparison be made with England, the accusation cannot be maintained; I am well acquainted with the state of the lower classes in both countries, and it is my firm conviction, that (the Bible apart) the Irish are much better educated than the English, in proportion to their circumstances; one half of the population of Ireland are more destitute of the comforts of life, and suffer more privations, than that class of the English that depend on parish relief, yet not one in a hundred can be found in Ireland that cannot read and write. Will any man be bold enough to make the same assertion respecting a similar share of the English population? As to the charge against the priesthood: there are about three hundred schools of the description I have last mentioned in Ireland; the average number in each school is about thirty; of these, nine out of ten commence Latin, with a view of going into the church, but one half do not succeed in their object, yet nineteen out of twenty promote themselves in society; of all my schoolfellows, only one has relapsed into his native state, yet very few were superior in their circumstances to myself. They here acquire a taste for the classics, which they seldom fail to cultivate, so as to prove a source of a different livelihood, when disappointed in their original object. The schools in England are in a great measure supplied with classical assistants from this fountain, as also the public press with reporters. How many barristers,

attornies, doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, men of literary eminence and of respectable stations in life, would be this day sunk in the nadir of obscurity, were it not for the system of priesthood! True it is, that the Catholic clergy are very ignorant when compared with the clergy of other religious persuasions, but the same disparity generally obtains in their means of education, and the distinction is equally as great in the conditions of the parents of these clergymen. I do not mean to assert that the system of educating the Catholic clergy is as liberal as it ought to be, nor that they promote the diffusion of knowledge so much as they might; but I maintain, that so far from contributing to keep Ireland in ignorance, if not a proximate, they are at least a remote, cause of extending the benefits of education; for if the priesthood be taken away, these schools (their nurseries) will be deserted. Thus, the ladder by which the peasant emerges from obscurity, and ascends to the level of a gentleman, will fall to the ground—the grand source of refinement and civilization, which promotes, while it gratifies a thirst for education, will perish, and Ireland will degenerate into its former barbarity.

Classical schools of the description which I have here alluded to, are much more ably conducted in the south than in any other part of Ireland; but schools of a higher class are better conducted in the north, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin. The reason is, the more opulent inhabitants of the south send their children to be educated in the latter place, in order to evade the Munster accent; whereas the hospitality of the Munster farmers, who entertain, gratuitously, such as are in quest of education, particularly if intended for the church, induces the poorer sort to flock thither from all parts of the kingdom; and as these pay for instruction, able masters are well encouraged here: hence it is customary, after boys have been well initiated in Latin at home, to spend two or three years in Munster, in order to finish their education. They are here subject to no other expences than the master's charge, which varies from five shillings to a guinea per quarter; besides, they have more leisure for study than at home, where they would be obliged to work after school-hours. Thus, it is not uncommon to see fifty or sixty strangers at one school in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, all reading the higher classics. The farmers in these places take a pride in keeping a scholar, nay, some of them keep three or four. I have seen, myself, one hundred and forty, including natives and strangers, reading the classics at one school.

After having spent five years learning Latin at home, I prepared to set out to Munster, along with six more of my schoolfellows. Having mustered up all the books we could borrow, and having procured a certificate of our correct conduct, from our parish priests, we proceeded on our journey, each of us having a gold guinea stitched up in the collar of his coat. Whenever we wanted refreshments or lodgings on the road, we went into the most respectable and convenient houses, and on announcing that we were scholars going to Munster, we always experienced the best treatment they could afford. In my travels on this occasion I have more than once slept in the same bed with the husband and wife; nay, with two sisters who were marriageable; and I overheard their mother remark to one

of them, who seemed to demur, "that there could be no harm in it, as I was the making of a priest;" and, Heaven knows, she was right.

On the third day of our journey, one of my companions suggested an ingenious device for making some money. In Ireland a custom of three or four pence is imposed on cattle intended for sale, on entrance into a fair. It happened that we had to pass through a fair, and according to the suggested plan, two of us stopt on a road, about half a mile outside of the village, and exacted this custom for about twenty minutes, at which period we thought the first who had paid might have reached the real collectors. As our authority was not suspected, we were paid as a matter of course; and having received about twelve shillings, we decamped, and never heard any thing of it after. This money we divided amongst us; and having arrived in the county of Limerick on the fifth day, (without having spent a halfpenny,) we presented our certificates to a priest, who directed us what school to go to; and having agreed with the master for six shillings a quarter, and a glass of whiskey punch every month, we found no difficulty in procuring lodgings; but we were scarcely settled here a month, when we were called upon to go to confession; and having told the priest of the custom we had exacted, he required of us (to our great mortification) to give the money towards the repairs of the chapel, for the benefit of the souls of those from whom we had taken it.

I was much more comfortable here than I had been at home; the treatment was much better than what my father could afford; and I had nothing to attend to but my studies. My host felt great anxiety for my progress. Before three months had elapsed, Captain Rock paid us a nightly visit; he called on my host, and said he heard that he had a stranger in his employ; my host replied that he had none but a scholar, upon which the captain returned him thanks for his benevolence, and said he should not trouble him again. The Rockites are partial to those that are charitably inclined; and many farmers entertain scholars merely for protection's sake. The week following, the captain and his party paid us a second visit, and swore me in his secretary. After this I was frequently employed in writing threatening letters and notices for him, but I never assisted at their nightly outrages but one night, when I superintended the flogging of a dairyman for demanding a high price for his milk; the captain himself not being able to attend. After having spent nine months at this school, my guinea was exhausted, and having no other source than my own industry, I proceeded to another part of the county to work for hire, (being ashamed to work where I was known.) It being a busy season of the year, I received ten-pence a day, with board, &c.

I had been about a month in this place when another branch of the Rockites paid me a visit, but in a more hostile garb than the former. I could no longer plead my scholarship; I was now a spalpeen; (a term given to a Connaught labourer;) my employer was taken out and flogged for having given me work. I was next taken out myself, but on making the party sign (with which, from my former connexion, I had been acquainted) I was hailed as a brother, and left unmolested. After this I went to a reputable school in the county of Tipperary, the terms of which were one half-guinea per quarter; I got lodgings in the house

of a Protestant clergyman, whose son I instructed in the classics. I continued here for a year; the clergyman treated me very kindly, and paid the master for my instruction. Thus, after having spent two years in Munster, and having rendered myself familiar with Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Cicero's Orations and Offices, five Books of Livy, and the Annals of Tacitus, with Lucian's Dialogues, and Homer, I returned home with the reputation of a finished scholar.

The following is a copy of a letter which I received from my father when I was in Munster:—

Me Wackdeelish,*—After all u are alive, God be thanked, we war shur u war ded, becayz u didnt rite; I nu u war crafty Jack, and that u wudnt dy so ezy; ur letter war with the postmister a hole week, and I didnt sleep a nhll,† becayz we war wetein for the churnen to pay the prise of it; it tuck five pounds of butter; Oh! the dont care how the rob we poor Romans, but I war as glad as mor than a firkin that it come; au Jacky Il never mak my on of u; u sed u war in gud helth, and u didnt se, God be thankd, and that you didnt no, but ud fall down sick the next minute, a fine makin of a preest u ar. Take my bidden and go offen to the preest, and se ur prairs goin to bed and risen, and keep from bad Kumpony. All the Kuntry come to reed ur letter, and war prain for ur gud luk; unky Paddy sez, when u come hom, hel give u a long rige of cork redst‡ to sell to mak a preist of u, and Kitty Nully will spin the makins of a fin shurt for u; God noz evry body will give u somthin as the kan. Munster is the plase Jacky, try if ul get me plase for a cow and il go up; that thik milk that u sup with a fork is so gud as stirabout, why ul be so fat as a preest with it when ul come hom. Id lay a wager u wud not sup much of it with our pitchfork. Am afraid this letter will be lost on the way, may be the postmister wud open it and burn it, for hees a black orangman. Au what a fine plase ur in, there is so many rich Romans. Rite again in one month, and direct it to Jemmy Smith, soger, tenth regiment, Ballynamore, and Il get it for nothing; for he told, but pay a penny. All the Kuntry send ther love to you; no more at present from ur loving daddy Deelish.

PS. Crishle ma Chree, rite in a month and tell me how u are.

Though I had a sound and fundamental knowledge of the classics, yet in all other respects I was as rude and as ignorant as a boor; I could not speak, write, pronounce, nor even spell the English language correctly; I knew nothing of history, nor geography, yet I was an arrant pedant and vain of my attainments. I assumed a selfish, overbearing, monastic air, and apparently possessed every qualification necessary for a reverend father, except holy orders and a suit of black; but before I could succeed in procuring these, I had many difficulties to encounter, for I had no money, and consequently no influence with the Bishop; what debarred me from the one shut me out from the other; so that after coming home from Munster I found myself only half way on my journey to the priesthood.

There are three colleges in Ireland for the education of the Roman Catholic Clergy—Maynooth, Kilkenny, and Carlow. The former being supported by government, is attended with no expence to the students, the number of which is limited; but the expences attending the two latter amount to about 40*l.* a-year to each student, for the period of four years; yet by a preposterous exercise of episcopal discretion, those who are most affluent in their circumstances are in general sent to Maynooth, while the poorer classes are obliged to struggle through the other colleges, in accordance with the scriptures: "To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall

* My dear son.

† A wink.

‡ A species of potatoes.

be taken away, even that which he hath." Merit is no more encouraged in the Catholic, than in the Protestant Church. Several of the better favoured are ordained previously to their going to Carlow or Kilkenny, whereby their means are augmented by celebrating masses for the dead, by collections made for them at chapels, and eleemosynary donations, &c.; but to me all these advantages were denied; yet, gloomy as my prospects may appear to have been, I felt no way discouraged, being never in a more prosperous condition, and never having reason to entertain better hopes.

In this state of my affairs, when I might safely bid defiance to fortune, I set up a school. My fame being rather high, from having studied so long in Munster, pupils flocked to me from all sides, so that in the course of two years I realized thirty pounds. My father having sold his cow, gave me five pounds, with which I treated myself to a suit of black; being thus equipped, and having with much difficulty obtained the Bishop's permission, I entered Carlow College, without any prospect of being supplied with more money, but trusting to Providence to carry me through. After having continued here for seven months in "durance vile," studying divinity, fasting, praying, and going through various forms of mortification, I returned home to my father's in August to spend the vacation. On this occasion, having indulged rather freely in liquor, at a wedding, to which I had been invited, I took liberties unbecoming my station with some of the female sex; this having reached the Bishop's ear, through the kind offices of some good-natured friend, in a few days after I received a letter from his Lordship, stating, that my return to college would be dispensed with. The distress which this event produced in my family may be more easily conceived than described; all my father's fondest hopes—the prospect of attaining the height of his ambition, by having his son a priest, his cow, and my two years' hard earning, fell a sacrifice to this innocent but indiscreet act of mine. I felt more remorse for being the cause of so much affliction to my father than of having my own hopes blasted, for my prospect of succeeding in my object was never flattering.

I was looked upon as an outcast from society, and obliged to shun my father's presence.

Being in a state of mental distraction incapable of aggravation, I gave my father the only guinea that I had left of my thirty pounds, and set out to seek my fortune, with a few shillings in my pocket. At this time I had strong hopes of being able to succeed in procuring a private tuition, and having no person to refer to respecting my abilities and conduct, I forged a recommendation from two gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whom I knew to be abroad then, and adopted the customary mode of seeking tuitions, that is, of calling at every respectable house where I could learn there were children, and enquiring if they wanted a tutor. After having travelled for three days unsuccessfully, as I was approaching Granard, in the county of Longford, I perceived a number of persons collected at a Catholic chapel: suspecting that a priest was there, I went up in order to seek his advice in my distressed state; from my habit the people mistook me for a priest, and saluted me as such in the plural number, as is the

custom. I felt flattered with the homage, and took no pains to undeceive them. As I was making enquiries respecting the priest, a messenger arrived to announce that Father Phil could not come that day. They all felt considerably disappointed at this message, as he had appointed that day on the previous Sunday to hear confessions. It was suggested to me to supply his absence; this I at first modestly declined, without declaring my incapacity; but being pressingly urged, and having learned that it was an indulgence, my distress having prevailed over my conscience, I felt disposed to yield to their wishes. There are two seasons of the year in which it is required of every person to confess, that is, at Christmas and Easter; and for the accommodation of his parishioners, the priest holds a station at these times in every town land; as a compensation for which, he is entitled to a shilling from each house on Christmas day and Easter Sunday; but those who go to confession on occasions of indulgence, are in general obliged to pay sixpence or more each time. I, after having struggled for a short time with my conscience, took the chair at one end of the chapel (for there was no confession box) with a view of receiving the sixpences. Although the day was by no means warm, I was all over in a state of perspiration, palpitating with fear for the consequence; however, I continued to sit for about an hour and a half, during which time I gave absolution to sixteen, who were to receive the sacrament on the Sunday following. The penance which I enjoined was in general light, but in this I was not ruled by their guilt, for my mind was in such a state of agitation that I could not attend to their confessions, nor could I afterwards recollect a word of what I had been told. Of the sixteen whose confessions I had heard, twelve paid me sixpence a-piece, and four women brought me a hank of yarn each, which I declined accepting. There remained about ten unheard, but I had not courage enough to sit longer. As I was going out of the chapel, I was asked to go to christen a child, but for this also I wanted brass. I then proceeded with all possible speed to Granard, trembling for the consequence of my presumption. I have never since heard any thing respecting the confession.

In Granard I picked up an acquaintance of the most versatile genius I have ever met with; his name was Barny Reilly. He was a good classical scholar, and was originally intended for the priesthood, but his propensity to liquor disqualified him, and his state was as forlorn as my own. Having lived five years by his wits, he was more conversant in the ways of the world, of a more insinuating address, and a more artful schemer than I was; he had no other principle than generosity, for he would perform the most degrading office for a glass of whiskey, or the price of it, and share it afterwards with a stranger. As a proof of his ingenuity, he, on one occasion, had served a process, which is of the nature of a summons, to appear at the Quarter Sessions, but no appearance having been made, he was called upon to prove the service, when he swore, that he had left a copy in the house, and that there were two in it at the time. Being asked of what age he supposed these were, he replied, that he could not say; but he knew that the youngest male had beard. This was deemed a good service; yet it subsequently appeared that this youngest male was—a buck goat,

and that Reilly had effected his entrance through the window, and hid the process, there being no person in the house at the time. A community of circumstances allied him and me. I entered into a partnership in his schemes; his mind, fertile in expedients, never failed in suggesting devices to supply our wants; we imposed on the peasantry, and exacted money from them in various ways. At one time we took a tour through the country, and passed as tithe-proctors among the farmers, who bribed us with money, liquor, &c. to make a partial estimation of their crops. We frequently discovered illicit distillations, and imposing ourselves as excisemen, we were bribed for passing them over. On one of these occasions, Reilly, after having received a bribe of fourteen shillings, gave information to the real excise officer, for which he received ten shillings, whereby the owner was obliged to pay a second fee. This act I could never forgive him. In several instances we acted as tax collectors, and drivers for non-payment of rent; in our mock capacity, we were as willing, and as sure, to receive a bribe for indulgence, as if our authority were real. Happening to be in a part of the country where the chincough was very prevalent, Reilly passed himself as the seventh son of a seventh son, and thereby sold two pounds worth of his old rusty black coat, at the rate of sixpence an inch; the burning of any part of his clothes, under the noses of the patients, being deemed a remedy for this disease. But the most ingenious of all our schemes was the following:—

After an absence of two months, we returned to Granard, where Reilly was well known. We hired a little cabin, for two shillings a week, unfurnished. We required no furniture but a pot, to boil whatever we wanted, and straw to sleep on; these we easily procured, and in a few days after, we took out of the grave a beggar man, who had died in the town; we placed him in the straw, and covered him with an old rug. This being done, Reilly stole away out of town, and I circulated a report that he died, showing the old man as his corpse. This was easily believed; for, although many came to the house, none was anxious to examine him; and accordingly a collection was instituted to bury him; he was so well known, that every man contributed his mite. His bed was burned on the next hill, according to the custom; not the bed that the corpse lay upon, for as the soul often rests in it for some time after it departs from the body, a next door neighbour would not allow it to be burned, lest the soul might be scorched, but he generously gave a bundle of straw as a substitute. About twenty women assembled and cried over the blaze. When night came on, the youngsters of the town came to his wake; they sung, smoaked, played tricks, performed mock marriages, and indulged in all the merriment and levity that characterize the Irish wakes. Several complained of a disagreeable smell, emanating from the corpse. I was glad of having this excuse to get rid of him quickly, for, hardened as I then was in the art of scheming, I felt myself by no means at ease on this occasion. Accordingly, I huddled him up next morning in a coffin, which cost me half-a-crown, and got him buried in the course of the day. The priest having blessed a plateful of clea at his own house, to be put into the grave, was not requested to attend. All this was done without exciting suspicion. I cleared

about four pounds by it. On the second night after, Reilly returned privately to me; and, on consideration, we thought it advisable to remove the corpse to its original grave. This we effected with the utmost secrecy; and, next day, he made his appearance in public, to the great consternation of his Majesty's subjects; every person shunned him, and retired within doors to avoid him, imagining it to be his ghost. At length a young man summoned up courage enough to address him from a window, and asked him whether it was himself or his ghost. To this Reilly replied, according to the plan concerted between us after his return, that he had not died at all, as was imagined, but that being very drunk the night on which he was supposed to have departed, he was carried off by the good people, who had substituted a log of wood in his image; that he should have been kept by them for ever, were it not that he had two friends there who assisted in his escape. The more intelligent part of the people ridiculed this tale; they imagined that Reilly had been buried alive, that his grave had been subsequently opened, and that his explanation was a mere fabrication. The fact of his being buried so soon, favoured this construction. The grave was reopened, as we had anticipated; nothing being found there corroborated their opinion. It is here that our plan was deficient, for, in removing the corpse, we ought to have left the coffin, with a piece of wood in it, to correspond with Reilly's tale, instead of having buried the original and modern coffins in one grave; but, in the confusion, this escaped us. A great number were satisfied with this interpretation of Reilly's reappearance; but that he could have risen from the grave was still a mystery, which could not be cleared up, otherwise than by suspecting that I had been cognizant of his having been buried alive, and I had opened his grave at night. To do away with this impression, I went to chapel on the Sunday following, and took a solemn oath at the altar, on a bochill, that I had neither assisted in his resurrection, nor was I privy to it; and that I firmly believed, from all the circumstances of the case, that Reilly did not die at all, and that it was not he that had been buried, &c. The bochill is a piece of bent brass, about the size of a pistol; an oath on it is considered more sacred and binding than a book oath. It is believed that if a person should forswear on the bochill, his mouth would be twisted round to his ear, or that he would be afflicted with some visible punishment by the offended Deity. I have seen several persons whose mouths were naturally inclined to one side. I was told, and I then believed, that it was the effect of perjury, committed through the bochill, either by themselves or their parents. This solemn declaration on my part, involved the affair in greater mystery; even the priests, who were content with the other interpretation, were now much staggered. But as Reilly's statement was not incompatible with the ideas which the majority of the people entertain of the fairies, they now felt satisfied as to the truth of it. The peasantry imagine, that the generality of those who die suddenly, particularly such as are drowned, are carried off by the fairies, who, in some parts of Ireland, are called good people, through courtesy; because, as these fairies are invisible beings, it is possible they may be listening when spoken of; and as they are invested with supernatural

power, the peasantry speak of them with respect to evade their displeasure.

In the northern part of Ireland there are a great number of forts, which were erected by the Danes on settling there; these are supposed to be the residences of the good people. In my younger days, whenever I had occasion to pass by any of them, I never ceased repeating to myself: "God bless the good people! God bless the good people!" &c., until I conceived that I was out of hearing. Whenever any thing is mislaid in a cabin, such as a knife or a needle, it is thought to have been borrowed by the good people, who will return it when convenient; but if it be detained too long, the owner will tie a straw round the crook which is used for suspending the pot over the fire, in order to urge it to exercise the authority which it is supposed to have among the good people, in having the article restored; nothing can have influence over it but a straw. If the article be not then immediately returned, the charge of having taken it is transferred from the good people to some other quarter.

The banshee, whose cries are a harbinger of death in the family of the person who hears them, is a member of the good people, and is supposed to be some person of the family, who, having met with a sudden death, was carried off by the fairies, whereby she is invested with the supernatural power of foreseeing the afflictions of her friends, which she has sometimes tenderness enough to lament. When a child is a long time sickly, and is not thriving, it is in general considered by its parents to be supposititious, that the real child had been taken away, and this substituted by the good people. There are several instances of such children having been done away with privately. One of a most glaring description and revolting to humanity, came within my own knowledge, about twelve years ago, in the county of Limerick and parish of Fledamore. A boy, seven years old, who was looked upon by his parents as supposititious, was placed naked between three large fires in a field, the parents and several of the neighbours assisting. The mother addressed him to this effect: "You are not my child; go off to the good people whence you came, and restore my real child to me, or you shall be burned to death." The poor child being a cripple, and unable to move, cried out: "Oh! mother, dear, I am your child! Oh! mother, dear, I am your loving child! Save me, save me!" This affecting appeal in no way operated on these inhuman wretches, who looked on unmoved till dripping flowed from him. Perceiving that he would not run away as they expected, they at length removed him, but he died in a few hours after. I happened to be in the parish chapel the following Sunday, when the Rev. Mr. Ryan denounced them in severe terms from the altar, and ordered them to come bareheaded and barefoot, covered with white sheets, for three Sundays, to chapel, yet the civil authorities took no cognizance of it; there was not even a coroner's inquest, although there were five magistrates within a mile of the place, and the fact was as notorious in the neighbourhood as the noon-day. Let the reader draw a conclusion, for I have neither inclination nor abilities sufficient to undertake the defence of the Irish magistracy. As this occurrence may appear incredible, on account of its extravagance, to those who

are not well acquainted with Ireland, I have been particular in giving the time and place, in order to afford them an opportunity of ascertaining the fact.

I have thus far digressed from my subject, presuming that this detail of fairyism will not be unacceptable to the reader. To resume:—Reilly's story was believed in general, and several of the neighbours, whose friends had died suddenly, came to enquire of him if they were among the good people. His inventive genius was never at a loss for an appropriate answer. After having spent five months raising the wind in this manner, I, for the first time in my life, began to reflect, being hitherto guided solely by impulse. I felt compunction for the life I was leading, and saw that it was not the way to fortune or to fame; for though we had been successful in our schemes, "what is ill got is in general ill gone." We indulged freely in liquor, and lived as much above our finances as our credit enabled us. I therefore dissolved partnership with Reilly, and put on a resolution to reform. In consonance with this, I with much difficulty prevailed on myself to disburden my conscience of its accumulated guilt by going to confession. The reader can imagine what a mass of dirty work I had to wade through, and with what reluctance I undertook this Augean task, having to account for all my thoughts, words, and deeds, since I had left college. Before I could get absolution I was obliged to confess once every week for a month, and ultimately to go to the Bishop, on account of the sacerdotal functions which I had assumed in hearing confessions in the chapel.

Much as the system of auricular confession and absolution is censured and ridiculed, I deem it, (if not abused,) the most salutary and national ingredient in the religion. I speak from conviction, when I say, that it operates as a restraint on evil doings. Many refrain from bad acts, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of confessing them. I do not imagine that any person is induced to commit a crime from a prospect of being absolved from its moral guilt, for absolution will not be given unless where sincere repentance and a firm resolution of amendment shall appear to the priest; and it seldom happens that a person does an evil act with an intention to repent for it. When the mind is burdened with guilt, it feels little remorse in adding to the weight, and is less scrupulous in the commission of crimes than if it were at ease: whereas, when it is exonerated from an oppressive charge, its aversion to those acts that induced its past sufferings is increased, while the delight it experiences renders it more tenacious of its purity.

It was thus with me, when, having whitewashed my conscience, I steered my course towards Dublin, with a light heart and an empty pocket, in search of a tuition as before; and after having made several unsuccessful applications, I ultimately succeeded in engaging, for three months, on trial, with a magistrate in the county of Kildare, for two guineas, and board and lodgings, with a promise of an increase at the end of the quarter, should I give satisfaction.

This was a change from one extreme to another—from unbounded liberty to absolute slavery: and if the patience with which I bore it was not a proof of my resolution to amend, it at least entitled me to

credit for pliancy of temper. There were three pupils placed under my charge, the eldest was twelve, and the youngest eight years old. I was desired to call them Master Henry, Master John, and Master George. I was not to correct nor reprove them, nor make free with them: to do all the duties of a nursery-maid. Should I act contrary to these orders they were desired to complain of me. I was obliged to take my meals at a side-table in the parlour, while my pupils took theirs with the family. This was a most grievous restraint on me, for I was so very awkward, that I did not know how to use a knife or fork, and was therefore a constant subject of ridicule to them all: my language was a piebald compound of English and Irish, and whenever I spoke I was laughed at. I was so shy that I would rather starve than ask for more than I was served with first. The magistrate, who was very stingy, knew this well, and took advantage of it. He was too polite to help me plentifully, or to press me; he often complimented me on the smallness of my appetite, and I endeavoured to support the reputation at the expence of a lank belly. I was not even allowed the run of the kitchen, which was my proper element; nor to make free with the servants, though I was obliged to sleep in the same room with them. I verily believe that I should have starved were it not for the good-nature of a man servant who used to steal potatoes for me. The parents spoke of me in the presence of the children with contempt, and as one of the common people. Yet, after all this, it was expected that I should induce my pupils to attend to their business and behave with propriety, through sheer reverence for my power. To this treatment I submitted with perfect resignation, and gave such satisfaction that at the end of the quarter he made me his clerk, and allowed me the perquisites arising from writing summonses and informations, in addition to my former salary. This I turned to good advantage; for the presents I used to receive from litigants, for interposing on their behalf, were considerable; for the magistrate was partially inclined towards me. At this time of the tutorship and clerkship, I made about 20*l.* a year. After having continued in this situation for a year and a quarter, I entered Trinity College as sizar.

The average number of sizarships in Trinity College is about ten every year, and the number of candidates from eighty to one hundred, of various ages, from sixteen to forty years; the majority of whom have long experience in teaching. School merit alone, as far as it can be distinguished, succeeds; but, *ceteris paribus*, the preference is given to youth. The advantages attending a sizarship, are, first, an exemption from the college and tutor's fees, which amount to fourteen pounds a year; commons gratis for four years; besides some lucrative offices and chambers, which are conferred according to merit. Independent of these, a sizarship is a criterion of classical attainments; it is a strong recommendation to tuitions and situations in schools; so that, altogether, it is highly desirable. Though sizars are the lowest description of students in college, yet they are subject to nothing humiliating; formerly they were obliged to wait on the fellows at dinner; but much to the credit of the Board, that has been latterly dispensed with, so that they are liable to no servile duties, and

have a separate table to themselves. Some of the brightest ornaments of the Church, the Bar, and the Senate, have been of this class. As a proof of this, I need only mention a Curran, a Plunkett, a Magee, and a Yelverton. The encouragement and facilities for literary promotion held out by this university, polish and refine for sterling ornaments to the state and to society, several of those rich but rude minerals of the mind, with which Ireland abounds, and which otherwise would moulder away under the rust of ignorance and neglect. It admits as students, persons of all religious persuasions indiscriminately; but with the exception of sizarships, the beneficial places are conferred on members of the Established Church alone, whereby a strong inducement to proselytism is held out to the poorer class, the majority of whom are Catholics.

There were, in my time, in college, about twenty apostates who had been schoolfellows of mine, and who were originally intended for the priesthood. I think I may safely say, that one half of the scholarships (which average twelve every year) are conferred on converts from Catholicism. Among the facilities afforded by this university, it dispenses with attendance on lectures, and residence within the college, both of which are required at Oxford, and the former at Cambridge; so that a student may pursue his studies where he pleases, being required only to attend the quarterly examinations, and is not necessarily subject to any other expences than, as fellow commoner, 26*l.* a year, and as pensioner, 14*l.* After having gained a sizarship I became a convert to Protestantism, not from a conviction of the errors of Popery, but merely with a view of gaining a scholarship. I felt much compunction at first, but it wore away by degrees, yet the principles of Catholicism were so deeply imprinted in my mind, that I was still partial to it. When I became a little more enlightened, I perceived that there were many silly ceremonies connected with it; but though I deemed it less rational, I did not consider it less genuine on that account. In a short time after I had entered into college, my tutor procured me a private tuition with a gentleman of respectability and fortune in the Queen's County, who gave me a salary of fifty pounds a year, with board and lodgings. Rude and boorish as I was he admitted me to his own table, took great pains to refine my manners, and treated me with high respect. In my second year I succeeded in gaining a scholarship; whereupon my salary was raised to 60*l.* a year.

After having held this tuition for three years, in which time I prepared two of my pupils for college, (having four in all,) I became a Member of the Honourable Society of the King's Inns as a student, and took up my residence in college, where I enjoyed the benefits of my scholarship, which were chambers and commons gratis, with some other trivial perquisites; whereupon I got tuitions in Dublin, which brought me in about 120*l.* a year. I continued here for two years, at which period I had secured all my terms in the King's Inns, and taken out a bachelor's degree.

The forms necessary for the Irish Bar are to serve nine terms in the King's Inns, Dublin, and eight in some of the Inns of Court in London. The latter requisite is rather an unnecessary hardship on the Irish students, and does not seem to be founded on reason, it only tends to

throw difficulties in the way: it is not attended with any beneficial effect, for the majority of the students reside no longer in London than while they are eating their dinners.

In compliance with this unmeaning ceremony I came to London and entered Gray's Inn, it being mostly frequented by Irish students on account of the facility of keeping terms. In a few months after I got a reportership, with a salary of 2*l.* 10*s.* a week on the Morning Herald. Having continued on this establishment for one year, I was engaged on the Morning Chronicle for 4*l.* a week; I held this situation for three years, at which period I had realized about three hundred pounds (for I lived economically.) I then returned to Ireland, and was called to the Bar.

I have been often told that I deserved much credit for having raised myself from the lowest state in society to so respectable a profession, without any assistance or patronage, but I could never see what claim I have to merit; my abilities never exceeded mediocrity, and in all my struggles I never experienced more hardship or privation than I should if I had acquiesced in my original state, so that I owe all to ambition.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Nothing can be more uninteresting than the present state of theatrical affairs. Covent-garden (whose *head* is in Chancery) struggles to keep on its legs, but bears itself most unseemly; whilst Drury-lane (whose *head* is also in a precarious predicament) fights feebly in its distress. New operas, and plays, and farces, are produced in clusters, and die as regularly as they are produced. John Brown, the work of a Brown, has had only a few nights' immortality; and Mr. Charles Kemble has played Othello, and been well dressed on that occasion. Mr. Braham has taken a bout with the John Bull for calling him a Jew. And a piece called the French Libertine, originally translated, by way of exercise, out of the Spanish into the French, by Washington Irving, and rendered into English from Irving's copy, has alarmed the moralities of the play-going British public for several nights. Nothing really succeeds. The Olympic is going, going, going—And poor little benefit-building Knight is gone!—Liston is occasionally poorly—Macready is out of town—Young has descended from Tragedy's high trotting horse—Clown Sotheby's sprained ancle does not mend—and all is vexation and trouble of spirit!

Mr. Matthews is preparing his new Entertainment, we hear—or rather, others are preparing it as usual for him. Mr. Yates will also produce a budget of songs and anecdotes at the Adelphi about the same time. This sort of *cabriolet* entertainment, all drawn by one horse, is getting common now. Covent-garden should start Reeve, and Drury-lane Harley, and then we should have a diversity.

SKETCH OF THE REMARKABLE PERSONS WHO HAVE DIED IN
FRANCE DURING 1825.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Before I introduce you into the literary bazaar, already well stocked with new or furbished articles of this year's manufacture, I cannot refrain from throwing a parting glance over the past year, so rich in disappointments and absurdities of every kind, from the mining companies of England, to the three per cents of M. de Villele; from M. Sosthènes' pious reforms in our opera, to the Jesuits' abominable law against sacrilege. Let us begin by a brief review of the remarkable men who have been removed from the stage within the year 1825. As royalty is sure to attract attention enough, I shall pass over the King of Bavaria and the Emperor Alexander.

The French peerage has lost nine of its members, of whom only three are likely to have any reputation in England. Among these is M. de Lacepède, known from his continuation of Buffon. As a member of the imperial senate, he had always set speeches ready, in support of the harshest measures. One of his harangues, which obtained some celebrity, is a defence of the rigours of the conscription and of the levy of the Ban and Arrière-ban in 1812. He asserted that military manœuvres and excursions to the frontiers furnished agreeable recreation and salutary exercise for all classes and all ages. Napoleon said of him, "I don't know what that man does to himself; he is a head taller than I, and yet I am always obliged to stoop when I speak to him." When he published his continuation of Buffon, an epigram appeared, in which his treatise on reptiles was thus eulogized:

Traité complet, s'il eut parlé de lui.

He left many manuscript works behind him, written probably like his printed ones, in the style of a rhetor—never in that of a thinker. One posthumous historical work is going to be published, in which he affects to prove, *as a naturalist*, that rivers and mountains are the real and inevitable boundaries of nations. He will, of course, demonstrate to your satisfaction, that Scotland and Ireland *cannot* belong to England; that Italy is separated into two countries by the Appenines; that every island is, of right, an independent state; and that, notwithstanding roads, canals, and steam-boats, nations are divided by physical obstacles, and not by the difference of institutions, or even of languages. In proof of the latter position, he adduces the fact that, in France, German is spoken in Alsace; Basque in Bayonne and its neighbourhood; Provençal, or Languedocian, in the southern provinces; and Celtic in Brittany. I have said enough to give you an idea of this book, which will of course be praised to the skies by all our journals, which lavished their encomiums on the insipid work of Professor Villemain.

The second peer whom we have lost during the year is the Count Ferrand, author of a work of very small merit, entitled *Esprit de l'Histoire*. It was much puffed in its day, because it had a monarchical tendency, and appeared at the moment when Napoleon was

MARCH, 1826.

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endeavouring to re-establish monarchy and monarchical institutions. Count Ferrand was the man who suffered himself to be dislodged, like a blockhead, from his place of *Directeur des Postes*, and had the folly to ask his successor, Lavalette, (whose romantic deliverance is so celebrated,) for passports and post-horses before Napoleon had even entered Paris.

The third is M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troye, who had acquired some degree of reputation for pulpit eloquence.

The Chamber of Deputies has lost three of its members, among whom the most conspicuous, and the most lamented, is General Foy. His death has given occasion to a display of noble and generous feelings, which, for their disinterestedness and simplicity, are perfectly unexampled in France. General Foy was indeed the perfect representative of the French character, with all its brilliant excellencies and dazzling defects.

Nor have literature and the arts sustained less heavy losses. Painting has been robbed of two of the men who had contributed the most to its advancement among us. Girodet, remarkable for the richness of his imagination, rather than for the sobriety of his composition, has left several pictures, among which the most celebrated, the Deluge, will be the soonest forgotten. But his beautiful studies of heads; his Hippocrates refusing the gifts of the King of Persia; his Attala; his magnificent designs from Virgil; his sweet compositions from Anacreon, will be constantly perpetuated by the engraver, as models of the most fertile invention and the most refined taste. David, the founder of the French school, did not long survive Girodet. At the age of seventy-eight his imagination retained all its freshness; and his two last pictures, the dispute between Achilles and Agamemnon, and the parting of Eucharis and Telemachus, are full of indications of vigour and warmth of conception. Belgium afforded him an asylum in his exile, and the artists of that country paid him all the honours they could have bestowed upon a citizen.

Music has been deprived of Salieri, the learned composer of the Danaïdes; and Geveaux, a composer of a very inferior class, but distinguished for grace and lightness. Astronomy has lost Burckardt; geography, Buache and Barbier du Bocage; bibliography, the learned Barbier, author of the *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*, in which the new and amusing facts are, to say the least, as numerous as the blunders in the works of your Dibdin; sculpture, Du Paty, an excellent citizen, but a very moderate sculptor; and natural history, Le Vaillant. Among those who adorned the other branches of our literature, Denon, Desfontaines, (the comic writer,) Fabre D'Olivet, Henry de St. Simon, Antignac, Courier, Peltier, and La Saune, have been successively swept off. La Saune was a very elegant didactic poet, of Delille's school. Antignac was one of the founders of the epicurean school of the *Caveau moderne*, so celebrated at the time at which Cambacérès and Grimod de la Regnière flourished. Peltier was better known in England than in France, from his French paper, the *Ambigu*, published in London, and from Sir James Mackintosh's splendid defence of him. Denon was equally well known to foreigners and to his own countrymen, for the captivation of his address

and the exquisite tact of his conversation. It was he whom the Princess de Talleyrand mistook for Robinson Crusoe, and interrogated with such diverting naïveté as to the fate of his man Friday. She had heard that M. Denon was a great traveller and had written an account of his travels; and as her bookseller happened to send her Robinson Crusoe, she took for granted that must be the book. M. Henri de St. Simon was the founder of the school of *Industriels*, under whose auspices the *Producteur* comes out. He was worthy, by his eccentricities, to be a native of your free and happy shores. Only at his death was it known that he was a Marquis, a grand-nephew of the Duke de St. Simon, and a grandee of Spain of the first class. Fabre d'Olivet was a man of great learning. He was the author of a very curious work on the book of Genesis, in which he asserts that this curious piece of history has been hitherto misunderstood. He published the text in Hebrew, with a new translation, accompanied by a commentary whose claims to orthodoxy are not such as to make me venture to discuss its merits in your extremely biblical country.

Courier had, of late years, enjoyed a reputation popular beyond all example. Fifty thousand copies of his delightful anonymous pamphlets were sold within the first month of their appearance; at the expiration of that time it was impossible to procure one. If he had lived a few years longer, he would probably have produced something not less powerful and effective than the letters of your celebrated Junius. M. Courier's style is, however, so distinguished by pleasantry,—it is so tinged by local sentiments and allusions, that its success in any other country must be extremely inferior to that which it enjoys in France. He was assassinated in Touraine, just as he was preparing a work against the Jesuits. His murderer has not yet been discovered, and it requires no great skill in prophecy to predict that he never will.

We have also lost several very distinguished women. At their head I must place the celebrated Madame Krudener. She was the author of several works, among which is one of the most delightful novels in the French language;—Madame la Marechale de Coigny, a perfect model of conversational wit and talent;—Madame du Fresnoy, author of several elegies, which breathe great tenderness of heart;—and, lastly, the beautiful Paulina Bonaparte, Princess Borghese. It is needless to enlarge on the captivations of the lovely Princess Paulina. They must be well known to your countrymen, whom she invariably received with peculiar favour and distinction. As for Madame Krudener, the institution of the Holy Alliance, and the mysticism of the Emperor Alexander, are sufficiently striking proofs of her influence and ascendancy.

I much fear that, with very few exceptions, the works published during the year 1825 will leave as slight an impression on the public mind as the death of Marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufera, or of any other person whose celebrity is puffed in a funeral oration, and forgotten the next day. The historical work of Thierry, on the conquest of England by the Normans, is perhaps the only one which will survive: it possesses originality and learning.

I made a calculation the other day of the number of volumes

published in Paris daily, and I discovered, to a perfect certainty, that they amount to from forty-five to forty-seven thousand. Nothing can be more easy of proof. The *Journal de la Librairie* appears twice a-week; each number contains near three hundred articles, that is to say, rather more than eighty per day. Of these articles, some are printed in editions of five hundred, others of from one to six thousand, copies. Taking one thousand as the average, we shall have eighty thousand; but in this number will be included pamphlets, prospectuses, advocates' bills, literary journals, numbers of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other voluminous writers, three of which go to make a volume. For these I make an ample deduction, by reducing the number nearly by one half. Well, of these forty-five thousand volumes a-day, what will survive? If we judge by the past, we shall be alarmed—perhaps I ought to say consoled—at the immense number of works which the waters of oblivion will speedily and utterly overwhelm, leaving not even their titles. But what does it signify? they have amused a few of our idle hours; fresh authors will have their turn, and not a single really valuable or productive idea will perish. One poet dies, another succeeds him, and clothes in a new garb ideas which have been current for ages; while additions to the stock of real wisdom and intelligence are made by every succeeding generation.

Twenty new volumes are now lying on my table; let us open them at random, and see what we can find worthy to travel from one metropolis to another, and to divert our attention from the rumours of conspiracies at St. Petersburg, and the triumphant and sanguinary elevation of the new czar.

Almanach des Gourmands! What an alluring title! On opening it, I find it contains a very accurate gastronomic chart of France. It exhibits at one view the capons of Mans, the hams of Bayonne, the truffles of Perigueux, the mossy wine of Champagne, that, beloved of English lords, of Bourdeaux, the grapes of Fontainebleau, the *pâtés* of Strasbourg and of Limoges, the mutton of Pré-Salé, the oysters of Marennes. What riches! I beg to be excused from reading the kitchen style of the author, while I feast my eyes on the wonders displayed in his chart. I should be afraid of some disagreeable interruption to the course of my ideas.

But a professor of the gastronomic science next summons me to attend to his instructions. His title is vast and sublime—*Physiologie du Gout, ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; ouvrage théorique, historique, et à l'ordre du jour*. Following the example of M. de Monteclos, that severe mathematician, who compiled a *Dictionnaire de Géographie Gourmande*, the author of the *Physiologie du Gout*, who is said to be a venerable and excellent judge of the highest court of France,* has amused his leisure hours by teaching the gentlemen of the bar how judges eat their oysters. This work is written somewhat in the style of your celebrated Walton's Angler; there is something of every thing; anecdotes, good, bad, and in-

* M. Bryart de Savarin, Judge of the Court of Cassation—eighty years of age.

different; bits of history, chemistry, physiology; some serious, some jocose; like one of those *ambigus* (cold suppers) which are given after a ball in the winter.

The most odd and incongruous materials are huddled together in M. Bryart de Savarin's two volumes. It might, however, be sometimes wished that, like those who figure at the balls and *ambigus* just mentioned, he had taken a little more pains to conceal or to decorate certain defects, which he exhibits in all their nakedness. The book is greatly inferior to Walton's in every respect, but it is not tiresome.

If you have the courage to attack a tiresome book, we must turn to a volume by the dull academician Quatremère de Quincy, entitled *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Raphael*. M. Quatremère, who has taken upon himself the character of perpetual dictator of the fine arts, would think his dignity compromised by attempting any thing so light as to amuse his readers. He is a worthy disciple of the Austrian school; the firm advocate of repose,—or rather sleep,—in politics, in literature, and in civilization. Sleep he regards as the benefactor of the world; and he does his best to shed darkness over the land, and to extend the empire of his favourite divinity.

M. Moreau de Jeunes is not as yet an academician in form, and has the only rank of correspondent; notwithstanding which he assumes the privilege of being as soporific as a real academician, and to prove to the satisfaction of every body his right to be admitted to the sanctuary, he multiplies his publications, and exhibits himself in every direction and in every aspect. I must, however, make one exception in favour of a work he has just published *Sur le Commerce du Dix-neuvième Siècle*. It is by no means remarkable for large or profound views, but it has the merit of containing a considerable number of interesting facts. Do not, however, trust to what the French papers say about it. All their encomiums are collusive, and those who frequent the pit of this great theatre find no difficulty in recognising the performers, in spite of their masks and disguises; but foreigners may be imposed upon, and may believe all they read to be genuine and sincere.

The approach of the opening of the Chambers now brings new actors on the stage. The hostile parties are measuring their weapons. The death of General Foy leaves a chasm in the left side which it is impossible to fill. The whole struggle this session will, therefore, lie between the opposing factions of the right side. Already has the head of the *absolutists*, M. de la Boudonnaye, asked an audience of the King, to lay before his Majesty the course which his party intends to pursue, in case M. de Villèle continues at the head of administration. He told him that the ultra party, discontented at being paid in three per cents for measures antecedently taken, had determined to refuse the minister their votes. "Well," said the King, "you mean then to vote with the Jacobins."—"We shall do," replied M. de la Boudonnaye, "as we did five years ago, when, by your Majesty's desire, we joined the Jacobins, for the purpose of overthrowing the Duke de Richelieu's administration." The King, who is not happy at replies, said nothing, and left M. de la Boudonnaye rather mortified at his reception. There is not a spring that the ultras have not set in motion to displace M. de Villèle; but the King, who believes that the French

Revolution would never have taken place had not Louis XVI., contrary to his advice, dismissed M. de Calonne, will not open the door to a fresh revolution by dismissing the man whom he calls his Calonne. Sosthenès himself, Sosthenès, so celebrated for his reforms in the morals of the opera house, and for his exploits against the independence of the public press, lost all his Demosthenian eloquence on this occasion. The Abbé Latil, Archbishop of Rheims, intimated to him, that a certain great personage desired the removal of M. de Villèle, and that he was selected to give the minister to understand that his resignation would be extremely well received. Thereupon, our delighted Sosthenès, in the full belief that this great personage was the King, went to Villèle, and announced to him, that, in his tour through his province, he had found him universally detested; that he had no support to hope from any party; that the court hated him as heartily as the city, the clergy as heartily as the court, and lastly, that the King himself was desirous of his removal from office. Villèle instantly went to the King, and declared, that if such were his Majesty's wishes, he would instantly resign his portfolio. The King could not conceive what he meant, and learned with astonishment that Sosthenès had led him into this blunder. He immediately sent for him. Sosthenès confessed that the Archbishop of Rheims was the person who had intrusted him with this commission. "For the future," said the King, "I beg you not to undertake such negotiations. I don't understand the people of my household (as a citizen says to his footman) meddling in political matters." Sosthenès retired, and the King said to M. de Villèle: "What can be the matter with poor Sosthenès? he seems to me quite altered."—"Indeed, sire," answered Villèle, "he is so altered, that I can hardly believe him to be the same man. He returned from his journey so strangely changed, that I really fear his brain is affected." "The devil!" said the King, "that may be dangerous." "He seems to me rather mad," added M. de Villèle, "from the language he held to me." "If that be the case," said the King, "he must be kept a little at a distance. Besides, he is not a minister; let him keep to his own functions. I shall always like him, but he must not meddle in politics; that would completely craze him."

Here, my friend, you have a little sketch of a late conversation. You may depend on the fact. I have still a great many things to tell you; among others, the scandal caused by some of our great ladies, two of whom have been forbidden to appear at court;—the appearance of Madame Fodor, whose failure was complete, and of Madame Pasta, whose success was most triumphant, successively, in the part of Semiramis;—the success, not dramatic but patriotic, of the tragedy of Leonidas, and other matters equally grave and important; but this letter is already too long, and the patience of your readers is probably tired before my hand.—Yours,

L'ANONYME LITTÉRAIRE.

WATERTON'S WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THE extracts from this work which appeared occasionally in the newspapers, conveyed to us a very erroneous idea of its character, and we took it up—we will not mince the matter—with the expectation of finding it somewhat in the Munchausen vein. There are certainly two or three surprising adventures in the book, and as they are recounted with a studied quaintness, in imitation of the style of the old travellers, they remind us very strongly of the various amusing little satires on invention which have been composed in the manner of those worthies. We were struck in these adventures by the free use of the first person, which is also so conspicuous in the histories of certain voyagers whom we do not care to name in the same page with Mr. Waterton; the first person is with them always first in every affair where danger is to be incurred, and honour and glory are to be acquired. So it is with Mr. Waterton in some two or three tustles with serpents, and therefore, with the rashness and infirmity of judgment by which London Magazine writers, as well as all the rest of mankind, are occasionally led astray, we ranked our author in our own minds with those historians who do not discriminate with sufficient nicety between their own faculties of memory and invention. It was a foolish and a wicked thing in us to come to this false conclusion on such insufficient evidence, but we repent it—and can we say more?

We had not read six pages of Mr. Waterton's book indeed before we discovered our error, and found that we had fallen into excellent hands (we trust that his book will return the compliment, and say as much of us.) In recording his wanderings in South America he affects the quaint old style it is true, but with the style he has caught the spirit of some of our ancient and amiable egotists, and that spirit is a very delightful one, for it is a spirit of goodness which leads the writer to view every living thing, however mean its place in the scale of the creation, not only with a tolerant, but a kindly feeling, and to discover some claim on our sympathies in the most repulsive and despised creatures. Mr. Waterton is a naturalist, and a fine critic he is on nature's works, for he finds beauties in all her productions, and not only finds them himself but makes us see and feel them too. He has also in perfection that attribute which should be inseperable from the critical capacity, the love of justice; and this sentiment has prompted him to vindicate from aspersion the characters of some creatures which have laboured under the unmerited ill report of man. He has put the characters of the woodpecker, the goat-sucker, and the sloth right with the world; and he has even given a good word to the vulture: he has done more, but these we name because we shall show how he has laboured in the cause of these traduced creatures; and if the reader can smile at the earnestness of his zeal without respecting the benevolent feeling whence it springs, and admiring the skill of the advocacy, he is not worthy of the treat which we are going to set before him. For our parts we are free to confess that, in our judgment, if Mr. Waterton's Wanderings in South America had produced nothing but his vindiction of the sloth, he

* Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles, &c. &c. By Charles Waterton, Esq. 4to. London, Mawman, 1826.

would on this score alone have deserved well of the universe, and merited a vote of thanks from nature for his labours in behalf of one of her belied creatures. Conceive, that for centuries man has been calumniating the sloth, and that now for the first time we are taught our error, and learn that this bye-word for indolence is in fact a most active animal—that is, after a sort. The sloth, indeed, in some respects may be resembled to an Irish peasant, for he lives on the rudest and the scantiest nourishment, is never easy in a smooth path, and never busy but in a breeze. We make no apology for plunging in *medias res*, and coming at once to Mr. Waterton's vindication of the sloth, because the natural history of South America is the staple of our author's book, and we cannot give a better specimen than that which we now subjoin of the delightful manner in which he communicates to us the results of his enquiries in this interesting province of science.

This is the native country of the sloth. His looks, his gestures, and his cries, all conspire to entreat you to take pity on him. These are the only weapons of defence which nature hath given him. While other animals assemble in herds, or in pairs, range through these boundless wilds, the sloth is solitary, and almost stationary; he cannot escape from you. It is said, his piteous moans make the tiger relent, and turn out of his way. Do not then level your gun at him, or pierce him with a poisoned arrow;—he has never hurt one living creature. A few leaves, and those of the commonest and coarsest kind, are all he asks for his support. On comparing him with other animals, you would say that you could perceive deficiency, deformity, and superabundance in his composition. He has no cutting teeth, and though four stomachs, he still wants the long intestines of ruminating animals. He has only one inferior aperture, as in birds. He has no soles to his feet, nor has he the power of moving his toes separately. His hair is flat, and puts you in mind of grass withered by the wintry blast. His legs are too short; they appear deformed by the manner in which they are joined to the body, and when he is on the ground, they seem as if only calculated to be of use in climbing trees. He has forty-six ribs, while the elephant only has forty; and his claws are disproportionably long. Were you to mark down upon a graduated scale, the different claims to superiority amongst the four footed animals, this poor, ill-formed creature's claim would be the last upon the lowest degree.—(P. 8.)

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Let us turn our attention to the sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain, that he is proverbially slow in his movements, that he is a prisoner in space, and that as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting on the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live and to die in the trees; and to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this his upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food, he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized man. Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist had actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature; for, as it has formerly been remarked, he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, "Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the sloth, and bring it to the white man : hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the sloth, have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extends far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported, by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted, that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp and long, and curved ; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary ; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the sloth, and he moves his fore legs in all directions in order to find something to lay hold of ; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation ; and as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house, and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore legs, at a pretty good pace, and he invariably shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress : his favourite abode was the back of a chair ; and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.*

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force or accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees : still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience : but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees ; and what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence, his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for ; and in lieu of the sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

It must be observed, that the sloth does not hang head downwards like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself on a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other ; and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch ; so that all four are in a line : he seems perfectly at rest in this position. Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it in this position : were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them ; and were he to let it hang down it would become the sport of the winds. Thus

* By this action the sloth signified, as plainly as a sloth can signify any thing, the manner of life which was agreeable to him.—*Rev.*

his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him ; it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length.

I observed when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one and then the other, and so on alternately. There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists ; his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as the finest spider's web. His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest.

The male of the three-toed sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder-blades ; on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine ; it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed. If we examine the anatomy of his fore legs, we shall immediately perceive by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of supporting the pendent weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest ; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

As the sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity ; indeed I would hazard a conjecture, that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries.

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows, the sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another ; but as soon as the wind rises, the branches of the neighbouring trees become interwoven, and then the sloth seizes hold of them, and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace ; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as I have done, you would never think of calling him a sloth.

Thus it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts : first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts ; and secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure, I mean on the ground. The sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather beds.

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed sloth on the ground upon the bank ; how he had got there nobody could tell : the Indian said he had never surprised a sloth in such a situation before ; he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place, the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it. Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore legs. " Come, poor fellow," said I to him, " if thou hast got into a hobble to-day thou shalt not suffer for it : I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune ; the forest is large enough both for thee and me to rove in : go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds ; it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man. So, fare thee well." On saying this, I took up a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree ; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest, I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us ; and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a sloth take to his heels in such earnest ; but the expression will not do, for the sloth has no heels.—(P. 161-169.)

Now, reader, confess that you are the wiser and the better, that you are informed more correctly, and think more justly of the sloth, and that you admire the ability of his advocate, who has so interested us in the economy of his hitherto contemned little client. Nothing can be more skilful than this defence. First the sloth is brought before us in a posture to touch our compassion, he is placed on the earth, the theatre of man's and sloth's sorrow, and his troubles are made to speak in his countenance, "have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow;" he is as much perplexed by the smoothness of his terrestrial path as we bipeds are by the roughness of our's; he is like an Irishman in London, he lacks congenial difficulties, and cannot make his way comfortably for want of rude encounters—there is nothing for him to struggle with; his parts are destined for rough places, and he pines in the plane; Nature did not fashion him for a polished state of things, she placed him in pathless forests, and, seeing how bad the travelling was, and the probability of a capsize, she ordained, with a view to the consistency of his carriage, that he should upset for a journey and scramble away from twig to twig belly upwards. When then he is shown to us on the earth back upwards, he is obviously in an unhappy false position, by no means suited to a sloth's abilities, and his awkward distress touches our compassion. It is then proved to us that we have given him a bad name merely because we have observed him out of his element; man has, with his accustomed rashness, belied him because he met with him out of his proper sphere of action. The author shows us how great the sloth is when in his proper station, the forest; and how actively he bestirs him, when the wind blows, in making a passage from one tree to another; as busy, as the sailors say, as the devil in a gale of wind, but more innocent. When we read these things we cannot choose but confess that the despised sloth has both parts and industry, and we conceive a sort of kindness for so grievously traduced, and so really enterprising a traveller. Honour to Mr. Waterton who has rescued one of God's creatures from the calumny of man's tongue!

But our author's successful labours in the behalf of the belied creation are not confined to our now respected friend, the sloth. The woodpecker is under weighty obligations to Mr. Waterton, who has written for him this powerful, argumentative, and eloquent appeal to man's reason and justice:—

It is said, if you once give a dog a bad name, whether innocent or guilty, he never looses it. It sticks close to him wherever he goes. He has many a kick, and many a blow to bear on account of it; and there is nobody to stand up for him. The woodpecker is little better off. The proprietors of woods in Europe have long accused him of injuring their timber, by boring holes in it and letting in the water, which soon rots it. The colonists in America have the same complaint against him. Had he the power of speech, which Ovid's birds possessed in days of yore, he could soon make a defence. "Mighty lord of the woods," he would say to man, "why do you wrongfully accuse me? Why do you hunt me up and down to death for an imaginary offence? I have never spoiled a leaf of your property, much less your wood. Your merciless shot strikes me at the very time I am doing you a service. But your short-sightedness will not let you see it, or your pride is above examining closely the actions of so insignificant a little bird as I am. If there be that spark of feeling in your breast, which they say man possesses, or ought to possess, above all other animals, do a poor injured creature a little kindness, and watch me in your woods only for one day. I never wound your healthy trees. I should perish for want in the attempt. The sound bark would easily resist the force of my bill, and were I even to pierce through it, there

would be nothing inside that I could fancy, or my stomach digest. I often visit them, it is true, but a knock or two convince me that I must go elsewhere for support; and were you to listen attentively to the sound which my bill causes, you would know whether I am upon a healthy or an unhealthy tree. Wood and bark are not my food. I live entirely upon the insects which have already formed a lodgment in the dis-tempered tree. When the sound informs me that my prey is there, I labour for hours together, till I get at it: and by consuming it for my own support, I prevent its further depredations in that part. Thus, I discover for you your hidden and unsuspected foe, which has been devouring your wood in such secrecy, that you had not the least suspicion it was there. The hole which I make, in order to get at the pernicious vermin, will be seen by you as you pass under the tree. I leave it as a signal, to tell you, that your tree has already stood too long. It is past its prime. Millions of insects, engendered by disease, are preying upon its vitals. Ere long it will fall a log in useless ruins. Warned by this loss, cut down the rest in time, and spare, O spare the unoffending woodpecker."—(P. 131-132.)

After this we grieve to say that in page 138 we find our author laming himself in pursuit of a red headed woodpecker, at which he had not been able (how shall we write it?) to get *a shot*. Alas! the scoffers will lay hold of this little inconsistency, and urge Mr. Waterton's practice against his pleadings. But let them observe that our author is a naturalist, and he kills for the love of stuffing—not *stuffing* in the aldermanic sense of the word, or in Mrs. Glasse's sense of crumbs of bread, egg, and sweet herbs, but stuffing for the British Museum—he shoots one bird for the honour and glory of its species.

We now cite the vindication of the goat-sucker:—

The harmless, unoffending goat-sucker, from the time of Aristotle down to the present day, has been in disgrace with man. Father has handed down to son, and author to author, that this nocturnal thief subsists by milking the flocks. Poor injured little bird of night, how sadly hast thou suffered, and how foul a stain has inattention to facts put upon thy character. Thou hast never robbed man of any part of his property, nor deprived the kid of a drop of milk.

When the moon shines bright, you may have a fair opportunity of examining the goat-sucker. You will see it close by the cows, goats, and sheep, jumping up every now and then under their bellies. Approach a little nearer—he is not shy, “he fears no danger, for he knows no sin.” See how the nocturnal flies are tormenting the herd, and with what dexterity he springs up and catches them as fast as they alight on the belly, legs, and udder of the animals. Observe how quiet they stand, and how sensible they seem of his good offices, for they neither strike at him, nor hit him with their tail, nor tread on him, nor try to drive him away as an uncivil intruder. Were you to dissect him, and inspect his stomach, you would find no milk there. It is full of the flies which have been annoying the herd.—(P. 139-140.)

If we were a goat-sucker, as the ell-and-a-quarter-long writer of huckaback in the Morning Herald would say*, we should not relish that challenge to dissection. It reminds one too much of the judgment of Bajazet. A woman having charged one of his officers with goat-sucking, or in other words, stealing her milk, Bajazet questioned the fellow as to the fact, which he stoutly denied, asserting that he had not tasted milk that day. “We will soon see that,” said Bajazet, “and ascertain your guilt or innocence beyond a shadow of doubt. Cut open his stomach, guards, and see what there is in it.” The experiment, as it happened, proved the justness of the accusation. This shows a very inquisitive turn of mind and searching spirit in Bajazet, but it must be confessed that he discovered more curiosity about the truth than concern for the justice of the case, for if the fellow had

* For, “If we were the House of Commons;” “If we were the King and Parliament;” “If we were Mr. Canning;” and such modes of speech, see the Morning Herald, *passim*.

been innocent, like Mr. Waterton's goat-suckers, the test would have been any thing but satisfactory to his personal feelings.

Our traveller made four journeys in South America. His first journey was through Demerara and Essequibo; and his objects, as he informs us, were to collect a quantity of the wourali poison, and to penetrate the inland frontier of Portuguese Guiana. A great and interesting part of the commencement of the book is filled with accounts of the extraordinary poison we have mentioned, which it seems is made in the most deadly perfection in the wilds where our author sought it. This poison has long been known to naturalists, and has been described in the various European systems of Toxicology under the name of the *woorara* poison. It appears to be a compound extract of several plants, but its activity probably depends upon one alone, which, according to Dr. Bancroft, belongs to a species of climbing shrub; and this is corroborated by the testimony of our traveller, who also confirms, in a very remarkable manner, the effects which the different writers on the subject have attributed to this deadly preparation. There are few subjects in natural history more interesting and extraordinary than the various modes by which life is destroyed by poisons; and we have been much struck with the luminous arrangement which Dr. Paris has given to these agents in the last edition of his Pharmacologia, a work abounding with information, and deservedly of the very highest authority. He divides all poisons into four classes, namely:—1st. Those which act primarily through the medium of the nerves, without being absorbed, or exciting any local inflammation. Of this class there are two orders; the one comprehending those poisons which so affect the nervous system as to paralyse the muscles of respiration and thus to kill by suffocation; the other, those which act on the heart and destroy by syncope. The second class contains those which act through the medium of the circulation; and to this division the woorara or wourali evidently belongs; it appears to enter the circulating current through the veins, and not as some have supposed, through the absorbents. This has been placed beyond a doubt by the experiments of Mr. Brodie, related in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1811. He tied the thoracic duct of a dog a little before its entrance into the veins; the woorara was then applied to a wound in the posterior extremities, and produced all the symptoms of poisoning. It was ascertained, on opening the body, that the communication had been completely interrupted in the thoracic duct. In another experiment the woorara was applied to the inferior extremity, and the limb was strongly tied above to prevent all communication by means of the blood vessels. The animal in this case did not experience any of the effects peculiar to this poison—it remained unharmed. It is evident, therefore, that the woorara is absorbed by the veins, and is thus brought into contact with the brain, which is thereby rendered incapable of affording the necessary supply of nervous influence to the muscles of respiration, in consequence of which, the animal dies from suffocation. The heart is not affected. It therefore follows, that if the action of the lungs can be supported by artificial means, until the brain can recover from the effects of the poison, the animal may be preserved. An experiment of M. Orfila, in which an animal was restored by the artificial inflation

of the lungs, has established this position. Our traveller appears to have been aware of this remedy, for he mentions inflation of the lungs under the head of antidotes; indeed, all his observations and experiments tend to confirm the opinions which have already obtained concerning the nature of this poison. In the third class of poisons Dr. Paris has included those which enter the circulation, and act exclusively upon the spinal marrow without directly affecting the functions of the brain. In this case the animal dies in a state of spasmodic convulsion. The celebrated poison of Java kills in this manner. His fourth class embraces all those corrosive substances which produce abrasion of the alimentary canal, and kill by exciting inflammation and gangrene.

We shall now proceed to extract a short history of the wourali (commonly called the woorara) poison, from the pages of Mr. Waterton; and it will be seen that the results of his experiments accord exactly, in all essential particulars, with those which have been made in Europe.

In the extreme wilds of Demarara and Essequibo, far away from any European settlement, there is a tribe of Indians who are known by the name of Macoushi.

Though the wourali poison is used by all the South American savages betwixt the Amazons and the Oronoque, still this tribe make it stronger than any of the rest. The Indians in the vicinity of the Rio Negro are aware of this, and come to the Macoushi country to purchase it.

Much has been said concerning this fatal and extraordinary poison. Some have affirmed that its effects are almost instantaneous, provided the minutest particle of it mixes with the blood; and others again, have maintained that it is not strong enough to kill an animal of the size and strength of a man. The first have erred by lending a too willing ear to the marvellous, and believing assertions without sufficient proof.—(P. 50.)

Mr. Waterton goes on to demonstrate, perhaps rather unnecessarily, that the Indians are not to be credited in all they say of the *virtues* of the poison; and he tells us, by way of example, the story of an Indian who assured him that he had seen a man killed in battle instantaneously, by the touch of an arrow poisoned with this preparation; but, on cross examination, it turned out that the slain man had been pierced completely through the heart! Others again, who have maintained that the poison is not of a strength to kill animals of the size of man, have, in Mr. Waterton's opinion, been misled by *disappointment*, (an odd word for the occasion, though the right one,) caused by their not having taken the proper care of the poisoned arrows, or by their trying the experiments with inferior poisons. With damp, for instance, the poison is said to lose its force, and to turn soft and mouldy, so that it will not enter the flesh with the arrow, but will remain at the mouth of the wound.

The composition is thus described; many of the ingredients are, we conceive, thrown in merely to mystify the chemical operation, and to give it the appearance of a sort of charm:

A day or two before the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he goes into the forest in quest of the ingredients. A vine grows in these wilds, which is called wourali. It is from this that the poison takes its name, and it is the principal ingredient. When he has procured enough of this, he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together, and then looks about for two kinds of bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. He fills a little quack, which he carries on his back, with the stalks of these; and lastly, ranges up and down till he finds two species of ants. One of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever; it is most commonly to be met with on the ground. The other is a little red ant, which

stings like a nettle, and generally has its nest under the leaf of a shrub. After obtaining these, he has no more need to range the forest.

A quantity of the strongest Indian pepper is used ; but this he has already planted round his hut. The pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, and those of the Counacouchi, are likewise added. These he commonly has in store, for when he kills a snake, he generally extracts the fangs, and keeps them by him.

Having thus found the necessary ingredients, he scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves ; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings ; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper, are bruised, and thrown into it. It is then placed on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf ; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrrop of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it, to try its strength. If it answer the expectations, it is poured out into a calabash, or little pot, of Indian manufacture, which is carefully covered with a couple of leaves, and over them a piece of deer's skin, tied round with a cord. They keep it in the most dry part of the hut ; and from time to time, suspend it over the fire, to counteract the effects of dampness.

We now come to the effects. Death, according to our author, is caused almost immediately by this poison, but it is a death without pain or struggle ; the stricken animal languishes into a sleep. "The wourali poison," says Mr. Waterton, "destroys life's action so gently that the victim appears to be in no pain whatever ; and probably, were the truth known, it feels none, saving the momentary smart at the time the arrow enters."

Its strength was proved on a middle-sized dog. He was wounded in the thigh, in order that there might be no possibility of touching a vital part. In three or four minutes he began to be affected, smelt at every little thing on the ground around him, and looked wistfully at the wounded part. Soon after this he staggered, laid himself down, and never rose more. He barked once, though not as if in pain. His voice was low and weak, and in a second attempt it quite failed him. He now put his head betwixt his fore-legs, and raising it slowly again, he fell over on his side. His eye immediately became fixed, and though his extremities every now and then shot convulsively, he never showed the least desire to raise up his head. His heart fluttered much from the time he laid down, and at intervals beat very strong, then stopped for a moment or two, and then beat again ; and continued faintly beating several minutes, after every other part of his body seemed dead.

In a former experiment upon the dog, some faint resistance on the part of nature was observed, as if existence struggled for superiority ; but in the following instance of the sloth, life sunk in death without the least apparent contention, without a cry, without a struggle, and without a groan. This was an ai, or three toed sloth. It was in the possession of a gentleman who was collecting curiosities. He wished to have it killed, in order to preserve the skin, and the wourali poison was resorted to as the easiest death.

Of all animals, not even the toad and tortoise excepted, this poor ill-formed creature is the most tenacious of life. It exists long after it has received wounds which would have destroyed any other animal ; and it may be said, on seeing a mortally wounded sloth, that life disputes with death every inch of flesh in its body.

The ai was wounded in the leg, and put down on the floor about two feet from the table ; it contrived to reach the leg of the table, and fastened itself on it, as if wishful to ascend. But this was its last advancing step ; life was ebbing fast, though imperceptibly ; nor could this singular production of nature, which has been formed of a texture to resist death in a thousand shapes, make any stand against the wourali poison.

First, one fore leg let go its hold, and dropped down motionless by its side ; the other gradually did the same. The fore legs having now lost their strength, the sloth slowly doubled its body, and placed its head betwixt its hind legs, which still adhered to the table ; but when the poison had affected these also, it sunk to the ground, but sunk so gently, that you could not distinguish the movement from an ordinary

motion; and had you been ignorant that it was wounded with a poisoned arrow, you would never have suspected that it was dying. Its mouth was shut, nor had any froth or saliva collected there. There was no subsultus tendinum, or any visible alteration in its breathing. During the tenth minute from the time that it was wounded, it stirred, and that was all; and the minute after, life's spark went out.

From the time the poison began to operate, you would have conjectured that sleep was overpowering it, and you would have exclaimed, "*Pressitque jacentem, dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti.*"

There are now two positive proofs of the effect of this fatal poison, viz. the death of the dog, and that of the sloth. But these animals were nothing remarkable for size; and the strength of the poison in large animals might yet be doubted, were it not for what follows.

A large well-fed ox, from nine hundred to a thousand pounds weight, was tied to a stake by a rope sufficiently long to allow him to move to and fro. Having no large concourite spikes at hand, it was necessary, on account of his superior size, to put three wild hog arrows into him; one was sent into each thigh, just above the hock, in order to avoid wounding a vital part, and the third was shot transversely into the extremity of the nostril.

The poison seemed to take effect in four minutes. Conscious as though he would fall, the ox set himself firmly on his legs, and remained quite still in the same place, till about the fourteenth minute, when he smelled the ground, and appeared as if inclined to walk. He advanced a pace or two, staggered and fell, and remained extended on his side, with his head on the ground. His eye, a few minutes ago so bright and lively, now became fixed and dim; and though you put your hand close to it as if to give him a blow, he never closed his eyelid.

His legs were convulsed, and his head, from time to time, started involuntarily; but he never showed the least desire to raise it from the ground; he breathed hard, and emitted foam from his mouth. The startings, or subsultus tendinum, now became gradually weaker and weaker; his hinder parts were fixed in death, and in a minute or two more his head and fore legs ceased to stir.

Nothing now remained to show that life was still within him, except that his heart faintly beat and fluttered at intervals. In five-and-twenty minutes from the time of his being wounded, he was quite dead. His flesh was very sweet and savoury at dinner.

By these experiments, Mr. Waterton argues that the power of the poison is established, and that the quantity of it being proportioned to the size and strength of the animal, the effect will be fatal. The Indians make use of it in small quantities to kill their game, and shoot birds with arrows poisoned with it, and discharged from their blow-pipes. This simple but curious engine of destruction is minutely described by our traveller; it is constructed of a hollow reed about ten feet long, the arrow which is blown from it is about as many inches long. The operations of the South American Indian sportsmen are thus painted:—

With a quiver of poisoned arrows slung over his shoulder, and with his blow-pipe in his hand, in the same position as a soldier carries his musket, see the Macoushi Indian advancing towards the forest in quest of powises, maroudis, waracabos, and other feathered game.

These generally sit high up in the tall and tufted trees, but still are not out of the Indian's reach; for his blow-pipe, at its greatest elevation, will send an arrow three hundred feet. Silent as midnight he steals under them, and so cautiously does he tread the ground, that the fallen leaves rustle not beneath his feet. His ears are open to the least sound, while his eye, keen as the lynx, is employed in finding out the game in the thickest shade. Often he imitates their cry, and decoys them from tree to tree, till they are within range of his tube. Then taking a poisoned arrow from his quiver, he puts it into the blow-pipe, and collects his breath for the fatal puff.

About two feet from the end through which he blows, there are fastened two teeth of the acouri, and these serve him for a sight. Silent and swift the arrow flies, and seldom fails to pierce the object at which it is sent. Sometimes the wounded bird remains in the same tree where it was shot, and in three minutes falls down at the

Indian's feet. Should he take wing, his flight is of short duration, and the Indian, following the direction he has gone, is sure to find him dead.

It is natural to imagine that, when a slight wound only is inflicted, the game will make its escape. Far otherwise; the wourali poison almost instantaneously mixes with blood or water, so that if you wet your finger and dash it along the poisoned arrow in the quickest manner possible, you are sure to carry off some of the poison.

Though three minutes generally elapse before the convulsions come on in the wounded bird, still a stupor evidently takes place sooner, and this stupor manifests itself by an apparent unwillingness in the bird to move. This was very visible in a dying fowl.

Having procured a healthy full-grown one, a short piece of a poisoned blow-pipe arrow was broken off, and run up into its thigh, as near as possible betwixt the skin and the flesh, in order that it might not be incommoded by the wound. For the first minute it walked about, but walked very slowly, and did not appear the least agitated. During the second minute it stood still, and began to peck the ground; and ere half another had elapsed, it frequently opened and shut its mouth. The tail had now dropped, and the wings almost touched the ground. By the termination of the third minute, it had sat down, scarce able to support its head, which nodded, and then recovered itself, and then nodded again, lower and lower every time, like that of a weary traveller slumbering in an erect position: the eyes alternately open and shut. The fourth minute brought on convulsions, and life and the fifth terminated together. —(PP. 60-62.)

We are rather afraid that these experiments will strike some of our readers as inconsistent with the character for humanity which we have given to our author, but they must remember that he is a naturalist, and the kindness which he bears to Nature's creatures is in some cases conquered by his curiosity to pry into Nature's secrets.

Having already made such frequent extracts from this book, and extended our notice of it beyond our customary limits, we must now close it, but not without returning our thanks to the author for the instruction and amusement we have derived from his pages, a sentiment in which, we are confident, all those who read the work will cordially concur. Some surprising affairs at close quarters with serpents there certainly are in it, but these adventures, though undoubtedly out of the common course of events, have really, after all, nothing in them which should throw discredit on the veracity of the traveller. De Retz tells us, that it is the peculiarity of a superior mind to distinguish between things difficult and things impossible; and certainly it is the peculiarity of vulgar minds, to consider every thing that is unusual as incredible, that is to say, where the agent is man, for nothing is with these folks incredible which is altogether out of the sphere of human action. Tell them that Mr. Waterton picked a quarrel with a Coulacanara snake ten feet long, by taking a liberty with his tail; and that when the snake vindicated his affronted honour, Mr. Waterton thrust his hat between his jaws, and marched off in triumph with him; and they will refuse to believe a word of the story, because they cannot conceive a man making so free with a creature which is an object of peculiar disgust and horror to their imaginations; but tell them in the same breath, that John Dobbs, a mariner on board the *Lovely Sally*, saw two armies fighting in the air in latitude $15^{\circ} 4'$ N. and longitude $4^{\circ} 14'$ E. and they will eagerly credit every syllable of the marvel.

THE COUNT DE ST. GERMAIN'S TALE.

From the Memoirs of the Court of Louis XV. By Madame du Hausset.

“AT the beginning of this century, the Marquis de St. Gilles was sent Ambassador from Spain to the Hague. In his youth, he had been particularly intimate with the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest nobles of that country. Some months after the Marquis's arrival at the Hague, he received a letter from the Count, entreating him, in the name of their former friendship, to render him the greatest possible service. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘my dear Marquis, the mortification I felt that the name of Moncade was likely to expire with me. At length, it pleased heaven to hear my prayers, and to grant me a son; he gave early promise of dispositions worthy of his birth, but he, some time since, formed an unfortunate and disgraceful attachment to the most celebrated actress of the company of Toledo. I shut my eyes to this imprudence on the part of a young man whose conduct had, till then, caused me unmingled satisfaction. But, having learnt that he was so blinded by passion, as to intend to marry this girl, and that he had even bound himself by a written promise to that effect, I solicited the King to have her placed in confinement. My son, having got information of the steps I had taken, defeated my intentions, by escaping with the object of his passion. For more than six months, I have vainly endeavoured to discover where he has concealed himself, but I have now some reason to think he is at the Hague.’ The Count earnestly conjured the Marquis to make the most rigid search, in order to discover his son's retreat, and to endeavour to prevail upon him to return to his home. ‘It is an act of justice,’ continued he, ‘to provide for the girl, if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage which she has received, and I leave it to your discretion to do what is right for her, as well as to determine the sum necessary to bring my son to Madrid, in a manner suitable to his condition. I know not,’ continued he, ‘whether you are a father; if you are, you will be able to sympathise in my anxieties.’ The Count subjoined to this letter an exact description of his son, and the young woman by whom he was accompanied. On the receipt of this letter, the Marquis lost not a moment in sending to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, but in vain—he could find no trace of them. He began to despair of success, when the idea struck him, that a young French page of his, remarkable for his quickness and intelligence, might be employed with advantage. He promised to reward him handsomely if he succeeded in finding the young woman, who was the cause of so much anxiety, and gave him the description of her person. The page visited all the public places for many days, without success; at length, one evening, at the play, he saw a young man and woman, in a box, who attracted his attention. When he saw that they perceived he was looking at them, and withdrew to the back of the box to avoid his observation, he felt confident that they were the objects of his search. He did not take his eyes from the box, and watched every movement in it. The instant the performance ended, he was in the passage leading from the boxes to the door, and he remarked, that the young man, who, doubtless, observed the dress he

wore, tried to conceal himself as he passed him, by putting his handkerchief before his face. He followed him, at a distance, to the inn called the *Vicomte de Turenne*, which he saw him and the woman enter; and being now certain of success, he ran to inform the Ambassador. The Marquis de St. Gilles immediately repaired to the inn, wrapped in a cloak, and followed by his page and two servants. He desired the landlord to show him to the room of a young man and woman, who had lodged for some time in his house. The landlord, for some time, refused to do so, unless the Marquis would give their name. The page told him to take notice, that he was speaking to the Spanish Ambassador, who had strong reasons for wishing to see the persons in question. The innkeeper said, they wished not to be known, and that they had absolutely forbidden him to admit any body into their apartment, who did not ask for them by name, but that since the Ambassador desired it, he would show him their room. He then conducted them up to a dirty, miserable garret. He knocked at the door, and waited for some time; he then knocked again pretty loudly, upon which the door was half-opened. At the sight of the Ambassador and his suite, the person who opened it immediately closed it again, exclaiming, that they had made a mistake. The Ambassador pushed hard against him, forced his way in, made a sign to his people to wait outside, and remained in the room. He saw before him a very handsome young man, whose appearance perfectly corresponded with the description, and a young woman, of great beauty, and remarkably fine person, whose countenance, form, colour of the hair, &c., were also precisely those described by the Count de Moncade. The young man spoke first. He complained of the violence used in breaking into the apartment of a stranger, living in a free country, and under the protection of its laws. The Ambassador stepped forward to embrace him, and said, 'It is useless to feign, my dear Count; I know you, and I do not come here to give pain to you or to this lady, whose appearance interests me extremely.' The young man replied, that he was totally mistaken; that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant of Cadiz; that the lady was his wife; and, that they were travelling for pleasure. The Ambassador, casting his eyes round the miserably-furnished room, which contained but one bed, and some packages of the shabbiest kind, lying in disorder about the room, 'Is this, my dear child (allow me to address you by a title, which is warranted by my tender regard for your father), is this a fit residence for the son of the Count de Moncade?' The young man still protested against the use of any such language, as addressed to him. At length, overcome by the entreaties of the Ambassador, he confessed, weeping, that he was the son of the Count de Moncade, but declared, that nothing should induce him to return to his father, if he must abandon a woman he adored. The young woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the feet of the Ambassador, telling him, that she would not be the cause of the ruin of the young Count; and that generosity, or rather, love, would enable her to disregard her own happiness, and, for his sake, to separate herself from him. The Ambassador admired her noble disinterestedness. The young man, on the contrary, received her declaration with the most desperate grief. He reproached his mistress, and declared, that he would never abandon so estimable a

creature, nor suffer the sublime generosity of her heart to be turned against herself. The Ambassador told him, that the Count de Moncade was far from wishing to render her miserable, and that he was commissioned to provide her with a sum sufficient to enable her to return into Spain, or to live where she liked. Her noble sentiments, and genuine tenderness, he said, inspired him with the greatest interest for her, and would induce him to go to the utmost limits of his powers, in the sum he was to give her; that he, therefore, promised her ten thousand florins, that is to say, about twelve hundred pounds, which would be given her the moment she surrendered the promise of marriage she had received, and the Count de Moncade took up his abode in the Ambassador's house, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman seemed perfectly indifferent to the sum proposed, and wholly absorbed in her love, and in the grief of leaving him. She seemed insensible to every thing but the cruel sacrifice which her reason, and her love itself, demanded. At length, drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage, signed by the Count, 'I know his heart too well,' said she, 'to need it.' Then she kissed it again and again, with a sort of transport, and delivered it to the Ambassador, who stood by, astonished at the grandeur of soul he witnessed. He promised her, that he would never cease to take the liveliest interest in her fate, and assured the Count of his father's forgiveness. 'He will receive with open arms,' said he, 'the prodigal son, returning to the bosom of his distressed family; the heart of a father is an exhaustless mine of tenderness. How great will be the felicity of my friend on the receipt of these tidings, after his long anxiety and affliction; how happy do I esteem myself, at being the instrument of that felicity.' Such was, in part, the language of the Ambassador, which appeared to produce a strong impression on the young man. But, fearing lest, during the night, love should regain all his power, and should triumph over the generous resolution of the lady, the Marquis pressed the young Count to accompany him to his hôtel. The tears, the cries of anguish, which marked this cruel separation, cannot be described; they deeply touched the heart of the Ambassador, who promised to watch over the young lady. The Count's little baggage was not difficult to remove, and, that very evening, he was installed in the finest apartments in the Ambassador's house. The Marquis was overjoyed in having restored to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its greatness, and of its magnificent domains. On the following morning, as soon as the young Count was up, he found tailors, dealers in cloth, lace, stuff, &c., out of which he had only to choose. Two valets de chambre, and three laquais, chosen by the Ambassador for their intelligence and good conduct, were in waiting in his anti-chamber, and presented themselves, to receive his orders. The Ambassador showed the young Count the letter he had just written to his father, in which he congratulated him on possessing a son, whose noble sentiments and striking qualities were worthy of his illustrious blood, and announced his speedy return. The young lady was not forgotten; he confessed, that to her generosity he was partly indebted for the submission of her lover, and expressed his conviction that the Count would not disapprove the gift he had made her, of ten thousand florins. That sum was remitted, on the same day, to this noble and

interesting girl, who left the Hague without delay. The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a splendid wardrobe, and an excellent carriage, were embarked at Rotterdam, in a ship bound for France, on board which a passage was secured for the Count, who was to proceed from that country to Spain. A considerable sum of money, and letters of credit on Paris, were given him at his departure; and the parting between the Ambassador and the young Count was most touching. The Marquis de St. Gilles awaited with impatience the Count's answer, and enjoyed his friend's delight by anticipation. At the expiration of four months, he received this long-expected letter. It would be utterly impossible to describe his surprise on reading the following words. 'Heaven, my dear Marquis, never granted me the happiness of becoming a father, and, in the midst of abundant wealth and honours, the grief of having no heirs, and seeing an illustrious race end in my person, has shed the greatest bitterness over my whole existence. I see, with extreme regret, that you have been imposed upon by a young adventurer, who has taken advantage of the knowledge he had, by some means, obtained, of our old friendship. But your Excellency must not be the sufferer. The Count de Moncade is, most assuredly, the person whom you wished to serve; he is bound to repay what your generous friendship hastened to advance, in order to procure him a happiness which he would have felt most deeply. I hope, therefore, Marquis, that your Excellency will have no hesitation in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand louis of France, of the disbursal of which you sent me an account.'

The manner in which the Count de St. Germain spoke, (says Madame du Hausset,) in the characters of the young adventurer, his mistress, and the Ambassador, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every particular, and the adventure surpasses Gusman d'Alfarache in address, according to the report of some persons present. Madame de Pompadour thought of having a play written, founded on this story; and the Count sent it to her in writing, from which I transcribed it.

THE TIMES AND THE MEDICAL ADVISER, *VERSUS* SNUFF.

[THE following letter appears to be written by an enraged snuff-taker, whom certain observations in the Medical Adviser, copied, as we suppose, for we never saw them, into the Times newspaper, have inflamed into a passion of wordy eloquence. Mr. Dustington's style is peculiar to himself, unless, indeed, it bears some resemblance to that of the worthy Solicitor-General; or, among ancient writers, that of the wonderful Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromartie, Knight, the real admirable Crichton.—ED.]

"THE evils of snuff-taking," forsooth—the blessings of snuff-taking, sir. A Medical Adviser! what does he mean by a Medical Adviser? Does he mean that he is an apothecary, and is giving advice, that he is giving it for nothing? That, sir, I shall never believe as long as I live; I know the gentlemen too well. Or does he mean that his advice is of a medical quality and nature. A

medical adviser—a legal adviser—a chimney-sweeping adviser—Sir, I do not understand his lingo and his grammar. Sir, I thought the Times, the good Old Times, had more sense than to intercolumniate the Medical Adviser among its reminiscences of the past. But his fingers, sir, are black with his oil and his ink; he is so employed in picking his dirty types out of his under case, and his upper case, that he has not a claw left to pinch with; there is not a spare claw, sir, among his whole army of devils. The noses of his pandæmonium, sir, are so full of blacking and train oil, that there is not an olfactory nerve left in the whole printing-house. A blind man, sir, shall better write Medical Advisers about colours, and extract polarized light out of glass chandeliers with the new philosophical society of haberdashers, that he may learn to suit the complexions of Miss Julia Carolina Sidebottom, and Miss Frederica Leopoldina Wilhelmina Snuggs.

Sir, I shall give up the Times, he has no nose, or else, sir, he should have smelt out this Medical Adviser and his medical advice. I tell you, sir, the man wants a bribe; I smell him. But I desire the Times to repent with all becoming speed; and, moved by compassion to this numerical deficiency in his seven senses, I shall now, sir, extend my humanity to him, willing to receive him again into favour, when he shall have duly meditated on his crimes. I shall pass to his friend; to this radical apothecary.

Listen to his comminatory denunciations, sir, and admire. Admire, sir, the energy, the force, the vigour, the definitiveness, the beauty, the rhetoric, the oratory, the figures, and tropes, and graces, and flowers of his peroration, his argumentation, his conclusion, sir; he is a Demosthenes, an Æschines, an Isocrates, an Himerius, a Cicero, a Clodius, a Longinus, a Quintilian, an Antony, a Plato, an Alcibiades, a Pericles, a Wyndham, a Burke, a Henley, and a Charles Phillips. Cobbett is nothing to him, sir, no sir, nor even Jack Fuller himself.

Mark, sir,—“The practice of snuff-taking is perhaps the most baneful that popular custom and familiarity have sanctioned as innoxious and gratifying.” What an inception? How beautiful is that tender obscurity which reigns about it! And what do you think, sir? nay, think with all your vigour, and yet you shall never conceive in yourself, “to what an extent of misapprehension and fallacy an authorized and an unsuspected habit may lead.” Dreadful reflection! to take snuff without suspecting that we are taking it. Well, indeed, does it merit denouncement; but imagine, sir, for a moment, the subversion of the whole organization of society, which would follow, from performing actions and not suspecting it. To commit murder without suspecting it—rape, robbery; and then, to lead “to fallacy and misapprehension;” it is absolutely horrific.

Perhaps, sir, you did not know that snuff “was the comminuted division of tobacco.” “The comminuted division”—yes, sir, and minced veal is the comminuted division of a calf. But, sir, “it never entered into the imagination of the most adventurous,” not even of the most adventurous, sir, “to use the comminuted division of henbane, aconite, blue monkshood, or wolf’s-bane, deadly nightshade, dog’s-mercury, thorn-apple, common hemlock, bug-agaric, pepper-agaric, hemlock,

hemlock-dropwort, water-hemlock, laurel, &c. in the form and manner of snuff." Not even in the form and manner, sir; not even the wolves, the dogs, nor the bugs, sir, ever comminute the division of their respective banes, mercuries, and agarics, into the form and manner of snuff, although, Sir, "they fulfil curative indications of extraordinary difficulty."

You see now, sir, the vain boasts of weak human reason. The very wolves turn up their noses at their own banes; that unpleasant animal, sir, the bug, never thought of comminuting the division of an agaric in his life, much less of "adverting to the route into which the noxious article is forced by the act of strong inhalation through the nostrils." Sir, I have examined the nostrils of a bug with the most minute attention, and I can vouch for him. But the snuff-taker, sir, has less wit than a bug; for he does not know that the comminuted division of this deleterious narcotic, disastrous, pentandrian plant, designated by the name of *Nicotiana Tabacum*, tobacco, or tabac, first discovered by Monsieur Nicot, (a marrain with him!) "is neither supposed nor intended to pass through the anterior cavities of the nose; instead of which it is carried through its posterior openings, commonly into the gullet; from thence it finds its way into the stomach, and occasionally a portion will be apt to escape under the epiglottis into the lungs; and in either case, immediate and distant mischief of a very afflicting nature is likely to ensue."

Most afflicting consideration! Well may the snuff-taking gentlemen not advert to this route, as it is not laid down in the common map of the roads to the stomach; and as to the epiglottis, I never heard, for my part, that I had such a thing before; so that this must be one of the kind Adviser's "unsuspected actions." Only imagine, sir, under the epiglottis and into the lungs! No wonder, sir, that we die of consumption, when we comminute the division of tobacco, and then allow it to escape us in this manner; and under the epiglottis! It is really dreadful to reflect on. And "immediate and distant mischief," both; "how, indeed, should we be alive" that take it?—the present and the future, mischief here, mischief there, mischief every where; in the anterior cavities, in the posterior openings, "commonly" in the gullet, always in the stomach, under the epiglottis, into the lungs.

"The stomach can no more decompose powdered tobacco, so as to render it comparatively harmless"—comparatively harmless—"than it can deadly nightshade, hemlock, or any other vegetable poison." How shocking! and yet we remember a sailor who decomposed fourteen clasp knives, though they had not been treated by the method of comminuted division. Now, sir, besides, though I am not a medical adviser, but a mere snuff-taking gentleman, who amuse myself occasionally with performing the act of a strong inhalation of the atmospheric air into the anterior cavities of the nose, applying, between the end of my fore-finger or indicator digit, and my thumb, a specified number of the parts of the comminuted division of that deleterious plant called tobacco, and then suffering it to proceed into the posterior openings, and commonly into the gullet, and down into the stomach, and under the epiglottis into the lungs, I have read, sir, in Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire, and in Mr. Dallaway, and in Dr. Clarke; and, sir, I have read my Cocker, can cast up the longest sum in addition, and say the multiplication table with any man.

And, as opium is a poison of the same deleterious, narcotic, and mischievous properties, as wolf's-bane, dog's-mercury, bug-agaric, water-hemlock, hemlock dropwort, and tobacco, and as it is not "decomposed and rendered comparatively harmless," by and in the stomach, and as a Turk swallows a dram every day, it will follow, that, in a year, he will swallow three hundred and sixty-five drams, which, computed by the weights of the Medical Adviser, commonly called apothecaries' weight, produces just two pounds thirteen ounces five drams; and as a Turk will eat opium for twenty years, before his "vital functions have been" exterminated by such "overwhelming affections of gastric excitability," we shall suppose, in round numbers to save trouble, that he will have eaten in his lifetime, sixty pounds of opium, which, not having been decomposed and robbed of its deleterious qualities by the power of the stomach, it is plain that he was dead and buried somewhere about the end of April, in the first year of his life and consumption, supposing that he began to eat in January.

Sir, I should have been puzzled overmuch by the anatomical and physiological, and pharmaceutical, and chemical, and medical knowledge and advice of the Medical Adviser, if I had not read somewhat about these matters in the books which his fraternity send out into the world once a-week. And I have read there, sir, that these gentlemen are given to swallowing the poison of the plague and the small-pox, and all sorts of poisons; and that there was a famous Turk, Suliman, who swallowed an ounce of corrosive sublimate every day; and that the stomach will decompose and destroy, and render comparatively harmless, the very devil himself, if you could get him into the anterior openings, and down the posterior cavities, and along the gullet, and into the stomach. And besides, sir, does not every body know that the elephant at Exeter 'Change will decompose trees in his stomach? and that an ostrich will digest a horse-shoe? I suspect that the Medical Adviser wants a little advice himself; and I advise my friend, The Times, not to trust him again, till he has taken counsel learned in these matters.

But listen, sir, and learn: horrify yourself, erect your locks like the fretful porcupine, tremble before the Medical Adviser, throw your comminuted division into the fire, melt your snuff-box into shillings, and buy his book.

I know that you take this comminuted division, Mr. Editor: I have seen you do it, I have seen you inhale the air with a strong inspiration into the anterior openings, and I have no doubt that there is comminuted tobacco under your epiglottis, for your face is pale, and your "healthy functions are disordered;" and you have "dyspeptic ailment," and morbid sensibility, and of course, an endless train of "distempered nervous feelings!!" Can you deny it? I defy you. And now, mark your end; see what you will come to. Why, the Times will be flourishing in amaranthine youth when you are dead and gone; and what will become of your Magazine? I should like to know this, sir. The comminution of your tobacco will comminute your coat of your stomach and your villous covering, and your epigastric mucus, and your gastric juice, and your lungs will become incapable of making strong inhalations through the anterior orifices, and the hinge of your epiglottis will become stiff, sir, from the comminuted division of the powder which will be lodged in it, just, sir, as if there were a piece of

comminuted dust in the balance of your watch, and you will stop, and your Magazine will stop, and you will be buried under a stone in the Strand, and the hackney coaches will drive over your carcase.

And will you go on inhaling with strong inhalations? when this pulverulent dust, comminuted and pulverized by means of division, actually comminuted and divided, sir, into particles, powder, dust, snuff, into snuff, sir, snuff of tobacco, of tobacco, sir, of that poisonous weed, that weed, sir, which resembles bug-agaric, pepper-agaric, dog's-mercury, wolf's-bane, water-hemlock, common-hemlock, hemlock-dropwort, deadly nightshade, blue monkshood, aconite, henbane, thorn-apple, laurel, &c. is "in a high degree enervating," by which, sir, "that organ," the stomach, sir, and the epiglottis, and the lungs, and the gullet, are "incapacitated for a healthy exertion of the gastric fluid, and for the exerting the vital energy which is requisite for performing its digestive function." Do you know what a function is, Mr. Editor? it is a function; and you shall eat beef-steaks, and they shall not be comminuted by division in the epigastric juice; and the calipash of your turtle-soup shall turn into horn, sir, into turtle-shell, and your claret will become small beer in your gullet, and your posterior orifice, and you cannot foresee or anticipate what will happen to your colon and your cœcum, and your epiglottis. Sir, I tremble to think of the consequences of your functions, and of your gastric juice.

Will you not reflect, sir, will you not pause in your rash and destructive career? Sir, if you are wise, if you have any sense of justice to yourself, of morals, of suicide, I call on you to pause, to suspend your strong inhalations, to stop up your anterior orifices without delay. The day is at hand, sir: "loss of appetite, distressing sickness, gastric oppression, præcordial anxiety, acetous fermentation, flatulent distension and deadly languor;" these, sir, "are among the direst effects of admitting snuff into the stomach." Admit it not into the stomach, Mr. Editor; keep watch over the anterior orifices, place a guard upon the posterior orifices, let the comminuted division of tobacco not escape by the gullet, let it not lodge under the epiglottis.

Your "disordered stomach will awaken various sympathetic disturbances throughout your whole system." Your sympathies will be awakened, mark that: they will be in a state of disturbance; perpend it well. "What vital function can preserve its healthy state amidst such overwhelming affections of gastric excitability?"

While I write, while the words drop from my pen, my own gastric excitability is overwhelmed. And what, sir, will be your fate? You will lose your appetite; and adieu then all pride and circumstance of dinner; farewell, farewell, the big-plumed turkey, and the loud squeaking—pig, Kitchener's occupation's gone. You will undergo the acetous fermentation and become vinous; your Magazine, sir, will be unendurable and crabbed, you will explode in flatulent distension, a deadly languor will possess your pages, Mr. Colburn will triumph in the anxiety of your præcordia, and the devil himself will take possession of you and yours. Cast to the winds your comminuted division of dust, renounce Mrs. Hardham, and repent, repent, while you may.

My friendship for you, Mr. Editor, has hurried me into an apostrophe, which has been luckily checked by an atom of comminuted dust entangled under my epiglottis; for I see, by a slender retrospect, that

it has transgressed the prudent bounds of rhetorical energy. But my præcordia were anxious for you, and must plead my pardon.

Sir, I take another pinch of snuff, and proceed.

Poor dear tobacco ! I love and I respect thee, and I could almost weep over this, ungracious usage of thy innocent green leaves, thy flowers of lovely pink, rivalling the bloom on the cheek of my mistress, the fragrance of thy odours, the grateful incense of thy sweetly curling and tender vapours. To be taxed, excised, transported ; was it not enough ? but thou must be comminuted into a minute division, attenuated and stimulated by rasps, graters, and millstones, and other attenuating and stimulating ingredients, tormented into the condition of pulverulence, crushed into very dust, from the dust of the earth created to be returned to the dust whence thou didst come ; and as if the cup of thy bitterness was not yet full, thou must fall into the savage hands of a Medical Adviser, be resurrected from oblivion, and again impaled in the Times, and then, cruelly, falsely, accused of polypus, flatulence, acetification, languor, insidiousness, titillation, anxiety, prostration, cancer, threatening, agitation, sympathies, all, all, and crimes far more, far more terrible, all irrestrainable, morbid, irreparable, disorganizing, inextricable, and never to be released.

Still there was hope ; hitherto the Medical Adviser shook his darts over us, but delayed to strike ; now, of a sudden, he increases his terrors, his stature expands ; he is magnified ; dark as ten furies he stands, terrible as night ; he is multiplied ; he acquires multitude ; his functional integrity assumes plurality ; sentence is passed, judgment is pronounced. Tremble ye who inhale the comminuted division through your anterior orifices, for your fate is sealed ; dusty death is at your heels ; he is in your epiglottis already.

“ Many instances have fallen under OUR notice. and more occur to OUR reflection, of but little short of MORTAL INJURY having accrued from a profuse and an incautiously violent mode of forcing the snuff through the nostrils into the gullet and stomach.” Of man’s disobedience and the cause which thus brought death into the gullet and stomach, thus does the Medical Adviser predicate. Mortal injury, comminuted division of pulverulence ; poison for the King, poison for the Dauphin ; dust unto dust ; death, undertaking, and burial. Incautiously violent indeed ; dangerous force ! why, why, did nature make the posterior passage into the gullet and stomach ?

Sir : Napoleon Bonaparte died of the comminuted division of that deleterious narcotic tobacco, *Nicotiana Tabacum* ; he snuffed out his life, sir, just as you snuff out a candle. No wonder, sir, that snuff is deleterious to life, when light and life are the same thing ; when they were both brought to light at the same time, and when snuffing is deleterious to light. If it extinguishes light, sir, it must needs extinguish life. Life itself is a snuff, sir, the snuff of a candle. Does not Othello confirm it, sir ? does not Shakspeare pronounce it, the great Shakspeare ? “ Snuff out the light, and then snuff out thy light.” No wonder, sir, that a man snuffs out his light, and his life too, with the comminuted division. Snuff ! snuff ! the very idea is exterminative ; it is a put-outing idea, an extinguishingness, a termination, an end, a tenebrification of life. Snuff and die. Thus says philosophy ; thus says chemistry, analogy, logic ; thus says the Medical Adviser.

Promethean fire; life; "Vital spark of heavenly flame." Know we not, sir, that life hovers over the pallid brow of the dying sinner, like the lambent flame that glimmers in fitful intervals in the socket. Why, the very epigrams, the catch, sir, would have taught us that—

Here lies Old Brydges, that's enough,
His candle's out, and here's the snuff.

Would you have proof more demonstrative? The life went out, and the snuff remained behind; snuffed out; and nothing but the snuff remained to tell the melancholy tale of Old Brydges.

Thus died Napoleon, and there he lies; "that's enough;" rather too much, perhaps, as he was not snuffed soon enough. Snuffed out he was, that is certain, thank God; so says the Medical Adviser, and the Times confirms it. The Times were hard with poor Napoleon, it must be owned; but then they were paid for it. And the snuff remained behind; when the light which had dazzled the nations and set fire to Moscow, that burning and shining light which had shone upon the Legions of Honour and the Royal Institute, unluckily, burning up the Gentiles and making a Quemadero of Spain, was extinguished for ever; as vouches Antommarchi, as vouches the Medical Adviser; just as the snuff alone remained behind, when Old Brydges went out.

"There is much reason for believing that the ever-memorable Napoleon Bonaparte derived the cause of his protracted sufferings and eventual death from the large quantities of snuff which he lavishly but unconsciously carried into the stomach through the nostrils, by the habit of strong and unmeasured inspiration with which he used that destructive agent. The diseased appearances of the stomach, on inspection after death, termed cancerous, were those of an highly inflamed, much thickened, and extensively ulcerated surface, such as were very likely to have been induced by the noxious influence of tobacco almost incessantly supplied by the frequent, abundant, and forcible manner, in which that illustrious personage was notoriously known to take that powdered article."

Good heavens! of what is human life, the life of an emperor, that it should be destroyed by an article, by a powdered article! The "*divinæ particula auræ*," the particle to be extinguished by an article, by a powdered article, by an article in particles; it is a fearful thought.

Ever-memorable man! couldst thou not have paused in thy headlong career, thou "notoriously known and illustrious personage?" Hadst thou paused under the primary imposition of the iron crown; hadst thou even paused in the embraces of Josephine Beauharnais; hadst thou paused at Moscow; before thou gottest to Moscow, at Leipsic—after Leipsic, at Elba; hadst thou not been given to "strong and unmeasured inspirations," or aspirations, (misprinted, I presume, by the Medical Adviser;) hadst thou not turned up thy anterior orifices, thy nostrils, "*adunco naso*," at the whole world; hadst thou not carried, carried, sire, "into the stomach through thy nostrils," that destructive agent the particles of the article, thou mightest still have been digging cabbages in St. Helena, and the comminuted division might still have been trembling with anxiety in the posterior fauces of Charles the Tenth. But thy life, sire, thy light, thy flame, has been extinguished, exterminated, snuffed out by thy

“frequent, abundant, and forcible manner of carrying” a pulverized article into thy epigastric juice, just as by thy abundant, frequent, and forcible manner of carrying that deleterious comminution of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, of carrying about Europe, sire, the particles of that destructive article called gunpowder—that morbidic disorganizer of functions and distemperer of structural integrity, thou hast disfunctioned, unstructured, extinguished, snuffed out, nations, towns, houses, people, bullocks, and Russians without measure; exciting enormous anxiety about the præcordia, producing deadly languor, inflating carcasses innumerable, stopping up a vast number of œsophaguses, paralysing, with disabilities, nerves without number, prostrating strengths and people, causing obstructions in all the passages, anterior and posterior; nay, in the very fauces, the epiglottis, the lungs, putting a total stop to strong inhalations and inspirations, and actually leaving thy kingdom of Italy in such a languid narcotic state, such a variously distempered condition, that it cannot “be extricated and released from its paralysed disabilities,” even by Austria, even by the Pope.

Just and right it is that he who slays by the sword shall perish by the sword. Thou—thou—Napoleon—Napoleon the Great, the notorious, known, illustrious personage; thou hast slain the nations with a comminuted division, thou hast paralysed them with pulverulence, with powder, with the particles of an article, a most deleterious, a narcotic article; and by the comminuted divisions of the particles of an article thou hast thyself been slain. Thou art dead, buried, killed by snuff; thou art snuffed out: and thou; now—what art thou? Dust: snuff. Powder was thy god; powder was thy bane: by dust thou wast dusted to death, and to dust thou hast returned, as from dust thou didst spring, as by dust thou diedst, as dust thou liest.

Thus far the Medical Adviser is minatory, denunciatory, and impeaching; thus far extends this procœmium, the out fit, the whereas, the preamble, of his oratio in Nicotianam. Thus far, moreover, is his vituperation, deleterious, and irrestrainable, flatulent with inflation, corrosively acetous, prophetic, death-denouncing, and objurgatory. Thus too is he evidential, probatory, instantial; and, now he arrives at the ratiocinating division of his oration, becoming argumentative, hortative, and narcotic.

“There can be no more valid reasons assigned for persisting in the undeniably hurtful custom of taking snuff, than there could be for that of any other poison; and whoever will inconsiderately incur the imminent risk of occasioning irremediable and destructive mischief by so baneful a practice, will find no admissible excuse, either in the prevalence of the custom, in its unobjected currency, or in the transient gratification and national benefit attending its use.”

Can argument be more impressive, hortation more tender? can they be more narcotic, Mr. Editor? Will you, sir, will the Times, assign a valid reason why any man should comminute a division of wolf’s-bane, henbane, dog’s-mercury, and bug-agaric, and then unconsciously, inconsiderately, by frequent, unmeasured, and forcible aspirations, carry them through the anterior passages, in an unobjected currency? No, sir, there is not an admissible excuse for swallowing poison in this pulverulent comminution; not a shadow of apology, sir, for a pow-

dered article or an irremediable mischief; and that article deleterious, that practice baneful; the gratification transient, the currency unobjected, the risk inconsiderate, the benefit national.

Sir, the man of strong inspirations is suicidal, *felo de se*: he self-murders himself; and, to add to his crime, he does it unconsciously and inconsiderately. He cannot even assign a reason: a line of conduct, sir, most unworthy of a reasoning and a reasonable being. And what does he gain by the way, in the course and progress of carrying the comminuted division of that deleterious powdered article through the anterior passages, and down the gullet and into the stomach, in a frequent, abundant, and forcible manner? Sir, on one hand, a titillation of the nasal cavity, a national benefit, a transient gratification, a compliance with an unobjected currency: on the other, acetification, inflation, prostration, agitation, paralyzation, and many other terminations in ation; the final termination being in death, dusty death, and inhumation.

Thus, sir, we have followed the Medical Adviser through his arguments, his threatenings, his logic, his reasoning, and his advices; and now, sir, we arrive at his prescriptions, at that which belongs to his character, his profession, his trade. It is not unusual to form presumptions; and it was to be presumed that the Medical Adviser was what is called a medical man. Was he a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, a man-midwife, or a druggist? There, sir, was the difficulty; how to choose in this quinquupartite division of the trade, profession, and office of a Medical Adviser.

In pursuing this critical investigation, we can be guided only by internal evidence. The Medical Adviser is invisible: we must decide from his language first; we must attempt it at last. I think, sir, that he is not a man-midwife; but the reasons would be long to assign. Is he a physician; an M. D.? That is possible; as I have observed, sir, that the gentlemen of this department deal largely in altisonant words, in an extensive deficiency of ideas, in a profound lack of thought, in a complication of structural grandiloquism, and in what I shall call, sir, the critical law of substitution; that process, grammatical, lexicographical, onomatoprietical, neological, tautological, sup-peditive, and transtultifying, by which the minuter and more doubtful shadows of the uncertain, attenuated, filiform, simulacra, images, of presumed ideas, are, by processes of prolongation, enlargement, inflation, envelopement, and so forth, filified, intertexted, divaricated, superficified, and vesicated, until they assume to themselves forms, shapes, magnitudes of vast portent, replete "with sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Sir, the Medical Adviser speaks of polypus, cancer, ulceration, and mesenteric glands. May he be a surgeon? the point must be mooted in chancery; and as that will require some years, we can proceed in the mean time. Besides, he cannot be an anatomist; for reasons on which I shall not enter. Sir, he is either a druggist or an apothecary: which of the two is the doubt; as they are but varieties of one species. I think nevertheless that he is a druggist; partly, sir, from his propensity to the comminution of a division, and principally from the "powdered article."

This evidence seemed satisfactory, in itself alone; but stronger remains behind. He does not choose that any man should sell powdered articles but himself: he would have a monopoly of comminuted division.

He is at war with the tobacconists, the snuff-shops, the snuff-grinders ; he disapproves of the stimulating and attenuating ingredients by which that narcotic poison tobacco is ground into a powdered article ; he impeaches a favourite indulgence ; he has even impeached the “ ever-memorable Napolcon Buonaparte.”

But, sir, he would indulge us in “ Henbane, aconite, blue monkshood or wolf’s-bane, deadly nightshade, dog’s-mercury, thorn-apple, common hemlock, bug-agaric, pepper-agaric, hemlock, dropwort, water-hemlock, laurel, &c. ;” he would stop “ our anterior orifices, and that tube œsophagus,” with his own powdered articles, that he may have all the trade in comminuted divison to himself. Sir, I smell a rat ; I smell Rat’s-bane himself.

Hear him. Gentlemen, if you are determined to poison yourselves, unconsciously, without showing a reason for your conduct, “ there can be no more valid reason for persisting in snuff of tobacco, than in any other poison :” quite the contrary, gentlemen. Here is variety for you ; renounce Mrs. Hardham, abandon Mr. Fribourg, and flock to my shop. I will titillate your nasal cavities, your national benefits shall be multiplied. I will sell you “ unobjected currency,” you shall have snuff made of bug-agaric, henbane, dog’s-mercury, and wolf’s-bane ; and if you die, your death will no longer be unconscious, you will assign a reason, and your heirs shall be satisfied that you had died in a legitimate manner, for your death-dust shall have been comminuted in my big mortar, in my shop.

Humane beyond the excellence of Medical Advisers, kind, kind, comminator of pulverized articles ! Behold again, gentlest of readers, if you *will* persist in making unmeasured inspirations, if you must carry powders in an abundant and forcible manner into your epiglottis, if you will “ inconsiderately find an admissible excuse in the prevalence of fashion,” the Medical Adviser will sell you snuffs interminable, comminuted divisions without measure, variety without hazard, titillation without acetification, inflation, or death. Listen !

“ If strongly exciting the mucous membrane of the nostrils can be supposed, from its proximity to the brain, to produce a beneficial effect on that organ, the purpose may be answered by substances not less pungent than tobacco, and without any of its deleterious qualities.”

Open your ears, open your snuff-boxes, open your anterior orifices, but shut your epiglottises and perpend. Hasten away to the shop of the Medical Adviser, and you shall have bureau gros, etrenne, canaster, Masulipatam, blackguard, Strasburg : “ what rhubarb, senna, or what purgatives drugs shall you not have, which shall moderately irritate without excoriating your nasal membranes ;” comminuted divisions of a “ harmless agency, powdered articles with a secure exemption from its pernicious influence.” A secure exemption ; think of that. Yes, gentlemen, you shall have “ errhines for sternutatory intentions, for the purpose of exciting the minutely ramified expansion of the olfactory nerves, and the mucous membrane of the nostrils.” You shall sternutate without acetification, your errhines shall not disintegrate your function, your structural integrity shall survive the “ concussive action of sneezing ;” you shall not die, as Uncle Toby says, by —.

“ Yes, gentlemen, and your snuffs shall be the comminuted division, not of henbane, wolf’s-bane, dog’s-mercury, and bug-agaric, but of

“ amonia either in a solid or liquid form ; the aroma of pepper, ginger, or any other simple stimulant, mixed with either powdered chalk, liquorice, or cinnamon.” O true apothecary ! Pepper and chalk, cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, and will you not have a jolly red nose ? Pepper, ginger, and cinnamon snuffs ; Sabeian odours, incense-breathing snuff-boxes, Ternate and Tidore. Pepper which shall not “ excoriate the minutely ramified expansion of the olfactory nerves on the mucous membrane,” cinnamon sternutatories, ginger errhines. And can you doubt the virtue of ginger in your anterior orifices, when you behold its active and stimulating powers in the posterior orifices of your horses ? You will be embalmed, embalmed alive ; you will never acetify ; inflation will become unknown ; for who knows not the anti-flatulential power of cinnamon and ginger, pepper and cloves ?

Yet, alas ! after all, we are but imperfect creatures, and imperfect are all our best-laid schemes ; for “ it is not probable that the local excitement of the nostrils can ever prove salutary or advantageous beyond the momentary gratification connected with the established habit of the practice ; and as all unnecessary usages are rather nuisances than benefits, it would seem to be indispensably advisable to abstain from a custom that is unsightly in its appearance, preposterous in its observance, and in every conceivable view that can be taken of its effect, much more likely to become eventually injurious than useful.” Preposterous in its observance, unsightly in its appearance, pepper and ginger, cinnamon and chalk—well-a-day ! And the “ established habit of the practice ” is not to be established after all : it is “ indispensably advisable ; ” and thus vanish our short-lived hopes, our momentary gratification ; our unnecessary usages. Bug-agaric and wolf’s-bane are baneful, and pepper and chalk are preposterous. Unhappy event ! killing reflection !

Still, the shadow of hope remains at the bottom of the box. For, “ in cases of unyielding lethargy and comatose stupor,” (listen ye readers of the Medical Adviser, listen Honourable House,) “ nasal stimulants may beneficially co-operate with suitable depletion in restoring nervous depression ; by powerfully provoking the concussive action of sneezing.” Now, therefore, ye lethargic readers, ye comatose listeners, ye who letharge over Southey and comatise before Lethbridge, rouse yourselves, and you shall irritate the minutely ramified expansion, with “ *asarum europæum*, *teucrium marum*, *helleborus albus*, and *subsulphas hydrargyri flavus* ; ” and “ without furnishing any warrantry for that fashionable but reprehensible and unhealthy practice of inspirating the snuff of tobacco.” And if you shall be salivated by the yellow sulphate of mercury, the *subsulphas hydrargyri flavus*, it will form “ a suitable depletion,” and you will become a patient of the Medical Adviser ; and what shall happen then, the Medical Adviser only knows. It is dog’s-mercury alone which is impeached, as tobacco is proscribed ; but you shall fill your anterior orifices with man’s-mercury, which shall not lodge under the epiglottis, nor be transmitted to the gullet and œsophagus, where alone the danger lies. “ It is the transmission of the exciting substance to the gullet and stomach, that is denounced as mischievous and reprobated as inadmissible.”

Reader ! the Medical Adviser has advised, the advice is done, finished : the transmission is inadmissible.

Shall I criticise the Medical Adviser, Mr. Editor, as critics use? Butubatas, Butubatas—No, sir, my candour will not allow me to act the “part of a base assassin,” as your reviewers do, “to scatter about my anonymous poison like a wretched hireling, to stab in the dark.” No, sir, the spirit of magnanimity is high in my breast, I have detailed the facts in candour: let them speak for themselves. Let the public judge between us, sir, between the Medical Adviser and the tobacconist.

His language, sir, is ferocious, impeaching, deleterious, excoriating, flatulent, narcotic, irritating, lethargic, and acetifying. Sir, he writes poison, bug-agaric, henbane, wolf’s-bane, and water-hemlock; he speaks scalpels and pestles, corrosive sublimate and subsulphas hydrargyri flavus: the bitterness of aloes is in his anterior orifices, his posterior ones breathe aquafortis, his gastric juice is vitriol, his pen is a trocar, and his ink cantharides and prussic acid. Sir, he has lavished all the venom of his dispensatory, all the virulence of his nosology, and all the acrimony of his phraseology, on tobacco, my darling tobacco, the sweet, the odoriferous, the fragrant, the virtuous weed. Yet will I not answer him in his own language, lest I should be like unto him.

Sir, I have studied that most learned and profound treatise of Solomon the Second, I have perused the Counterblast; but the royal critic wrote like a man, like a Scotchman: the Medical Adviser writes like a druggist, like an apothecary, like a compounder of six draughts every three hours, like a folder of powdered articles, like a Cockney. His circumvoluting circumlocutionness is bred of the gallipot, his linguaggio is hatched of the big mortar, his pia mater is in a state of excited excitability, he requires depletion, he wants the tonsure upon his sagittary suture: his pericranium, sir, his dura mater, must be vesicated with an emplastrum of that verdant and lustrous insect which physicians designate and name lytta; the vulgar, cantharides it call. In plain English, sir, the man is mad, fou, insane, matto, crazy.

But I will answer him as if he was sane and in his senses: the Times at least has betrayed no demonstrations of insanity hitherto. Let *him* attend. I advocate the cause of tobacco, yes, sir, of pulverized, of comminuted tobacco; I advocate the cause of Messrs. Fribourg and Co., and of Pontet and Fribourg; of Lord Petersham and of the Revenue, sir; the Exchequer, the Excise, the Customs; of Virginia, of our ships, our British seamen, the defence of the empire, of our ships, colonies, and commerce; sir, I advocate the cause of my own nose, I am engaged in the general cause of suffering humanity; I advocate, sir, the great nasal cause. A more important cause, *mi lud*, I will venture to say, never came before this court. Mr. Editor, I am agitated, I had almost forgotten that I was pleading in my own chambers with a pen and ink: I shall take a pencil and proceed more quietly. Nay, I will proceed philosophically, medically, morally, and politico-economically. But I find, sir, that I must put it off till to-morrow: the Medical Adviser has acetified my gastric juice; I feel that my nervous function is in a state of agitated debility. I am not cool: I shall be cool to-morrow.

Ever yours,

T. L. DUBINGTON.

DIARY OF "A CONSTANT READER,"

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

Feb. 1st.—Now that the Representative is universally admitted to be a complete failure, it is amusing to remember the extravagant stories which were industriously propagated about it. The story was, that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs had undertaken the office of Editor-in-chief, and that all the articles were to be submitted to him, and approved by him, previous to publication. This ridiculous report was gravely spread about town, by persons who pretended to *the best information*, and who, I believe, implicitly credited the idle tale they circulated. The first few numbers must, however, I think, have staggered the faith of these good believers. Setting aside the nothingness of the paper in point of matter, the slip-slop, and vulgarity of the style,* must have convinced them that Mr. Canning had not given his imprimatur to the composition; that is to say, if persons who could for a moment suppose that the Minister for Foreign Affairs had turned Editor to Murray were open to any sort of conviction, which I am inclined to doubt.

I noticed in my Diary of last month, that Murray talked of giving Sir James Mackintosh (by an unlucky misprint, which extremely distressed me, the name appeared Quackingtosh) an inconceivable number of guineas for a leading article. This was a delightful piece of humbug, perfectly in Murray's way. He put a legal question to a number of persons thus: "Suppose I give Sir James Mackintosh one thousand guineas for a leading article, will the Courier in that case have a right to copy it, or will it not be liable to an action?" One man replied, that he conceived there were no grounds for such an apprehension, for he thought that the Courier would not copy such a treasure for a thousand guineas.

— Our countrywomen delight in upbraiding us with want of gallantry, and are never weary of referring us to the French, as the true models of politeness. If we are to believe Madame de Genlis, (and if she can be trusted in any thing, which is rather questionable, it is in her view of manners,) our he-neighbours have not much the advantage of us in point of what the ladies call, *par excellence*, good breeding.

* The superfine scribes of the Representative, who promised to delight us with the thoughts which sparkled with their champagne, and who boast their Opera-boxes, have enriched our written language with some new graces in, we must presume, *the very last style of elegance*. Every thing is with them "*a bundle*." Rousseau is called "*a bundle of affectation*;" and I read the other day of "*a bundle of sour malignants*." These beauties are from the pen of a worthy who signs himself A. D., for A Duncce, I suppose. The writer of the leading articles says, that the police-officers of Mexico, "*ride occasionally on the top of their commission*." The grammar is about on a level with the phraseology. These are blemishes which one would never think of noticing in a paper that possessed any one substantial merit, but when we see great pretension and infinite emptiness, we are provoked to descend to minute criticism, which is indeed the only criticism under which a publication of this kind comes, for there is nothing in it with which reason can grapple. One would as soon think of arguing with a new-born babe of Murray's; and all that we look to is, that it is decently dressed, and clean and wholesome, so as not to give offence. This is not the case; it is a slovenly brat, perfectly innocent it is true, but by no means pleasant to the eye, and smelling disagreeably of pap.

It is impossible, I think, to read this dismal lamentation without a smile. It consolatorily shows that *beasts, brutes, and savages,** are not confined to this country: we have, I fear, corrupted the French by our examples, and made them as rude as ourselves.

“Towards the end of June, (1821,) I dined with thirteen persons, amongst whom were four peers, two marshals of France, and three generals; amongst the peers there were two dukes. Before dinner I remained three-quarters of an hour in the drawing-room with the whole of this party, who were in their own way very polite to me, while I received their attentions with great good-will. I was seated betwixt two peers at dinner; I had no trouble in taking my share in the conversation, for they spoke of nothing but politics, and addressed their conversation to their friends at the other end of the table. We returned to the drawing-room after dinner, and at the moment I was sitting down, *I saw with surprise, that all the dukes and peers had escaped from me*; each of them took hold of an arm-chair, dragged it after him, approached his neighbour, and thus formed a circle in the middle of the room. I was thus left quite alone, with a semicircle of backs turned towards me; to be sure, I saw the faces of the other half of the party. I thought at first they had seated themselves so to play at those little games that require such an arrangement, and found it very natural and proper, but it was no such thing; it was solely for the purpose of discussing the most difficult questions of state policy. Every one became a noisy orator, bawled out his opinions, interrupted his neighbour, quarrelled and talked till he got hoarse; *they must all have been in a precious state of perspiration*. It was a correct picture of the Chamber of Deputies; in fact, it was a great deal worse, for there was no president. I had a great mind to play the part of one, and to call them to order, but I had no bell, *and my feeble voice could not have been heard*. [Diffidence, diffidence, mere diffidence.] This clamour and confusion lasted more than an hour and a half, when I left the drawing-room, delighted with having received the first lesson of the new customs of society, and the new code of French gallantry—of that politeness which has rendered us celebrated throughout Europe. I confess, that down to this moment, I had very inadequate notions of all these things.”—Vol. vii. p. 2.

We must receive this picture with some allowance, because there is too much reason to imagine that Madame de Genlis, though very amusing on paper, is rather a bore in society; for, by her own confession, she importunes honest men to fast on Fridays and Saturdays, and to do a thousand and one other disagreeable things not to be named, except in homilies; and doubtless, by some attempts of these kinds, she caused all those dukes and peers to escape from her; each dragging his arm-chair after him. There is no question, however, of the fact, that her complaint of the altered style of society is generally well founded. The French now give parties in the English fashion, for any purpose but conversation, which is impossible; they fill their rooms instead of seeing their friends. This arrangement, which puts talent hors de combat, is of course grievously deplored by Madame de

* These are the titles by which fine ladies do not scruple to describe he-animals, that fail in the little attentions.

Genlis, and the perhaps consequent decline in the powers of pleasing of the men, inspires her with the greatest alarms; indeed, to such an extent are her fears aroused by this portrait, for as such she regards it, that she says: "When they (Frenchmen) are without gracefulness and gaiety, it is so much against nature, that it seems to me that *the country should be declared in danger*." Here, in England, on the other hand, were we grave sinners to discover any symptoms of gracefulness and gaiety, the prodigy would infallibly provoke a similar apprehension and outcry; nay, we question whether the prophets, in such a case, would stop short of threatening us with the end of the world.

2nd.—This advertisement appears in the Representative of to-day: "THE LADY who sat in a box near the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, is assured of the service, admiration, and eternal devotion; of the gentleman in black, whom she did the honour to distinguish for a moment. As he has been unsuccessful in all his anxious enquiries to ascertain her residence, he entreats, with the greatest respect, that she will go to the masquerade at the Argyll Rooms, next Monday; and if the lady be kind enough to wear a pink domino and Spanish hat, with white feathers, he cannot fail to recognise her."

Murray promised us an immaculate paper, and see how he keeps his word. Why, this advertisement is downright paw-paw; and the spotless journal is, after all, no better than a go-between for affairs of gallantry, a convenient medium for the contrivance of filthy assignations. I blush like a blue dog when I write these words. And this abomination is wrought, this scandal is brought on the land, by the most orthodox of God's booksellers! An advertisement for a LADY appears in the columns of the scrupulous Mr. Murray's paper! All Titchfield-street, Thornhaugh-street, and the purlieus of Fitzroy-square, will go thronging in pink domino and Spanish hat, with white feathers, to a naughty masquerade, at the particular request of The Representative—the journal that was to represent all the innocence of the land!

— I don't know any place from which a sneer at humanity comes with so ill a grace as from the Bench. Our laws are in themselves sufficiently barbarous, and it shocks one to discover the slightest indication of a corresponding spirit in the administrators of them. In giving effect to the law, a judge may often be compelled to disregard humanity, but I know of no duty that can oblige him to scoff at it. Every body is perfectly aware, that humanity has lately been made a cant, and it has consequently become the bad fashion and bad logic of the day to treat all humanity as cant, but we don't look for fashions in the ermine, nor do we expect to hear the slang sneer of the club proceeding from the judgment seat.

An application was made the other day to the Court of Exchequer for the enlargement of the time for the return of a writ, (*capias ad satisfaciendum*), on the ground that the defendant was confined to his bed. The application was made by the bail, who contended that the defendant was not in a state to be surrendered. Mr. Baron Garrow said, that "the case was something similar to one which he had experienced when first he came to the bar. There it became necessary to surrender a very respectable merchant, who, from an extraordinary press of misfortunes, had become unable to meet his

demands. He was extremely ill, and was obliged to be brought into Court on a litter. It was remarked at the time, that it was only to be equalled by the case of the Merchant of Venice, but under the circumstances it became indispensably necessary that he should be rendered." This I quote only to show Mr. Baron Garrow's opinion of the circumstances of the case. Yesterday the matter (*Doyle v. Rose*) came on again, and the Court held, that the application for time must be refused. The conclusion was doubtless just, but my quarrel is with the sentiments which accompanied it. Mr. Baron Graham on this occasion resembled Solomon, at least in one particular; like the wisest of men he had a fling at those who go bail for their neighbours.* This really humane and kind-hearted gentleman wound up his judgment with this *uncharacteristic* remark:—

"If there were any circumstances of cruelty or hardship in requiring this surrender of the defendant's person, it must rest with the bail. *They thought proper to arrest the course of common law by the INOPORTUNE interference*, to the injury of the plaintiffs claims, &c." "Inopportune interference!" Solomon has condemned bail in various ways, but never in such felicitous words. It is *inopportune interference*, according to Mr. Baron Graham, to stay for one moment the desirable consummation of consigning a man to a prison, and in this particular case the interference was the more inopportune as it was exerted in favour of a sick man.

Mr. Baron Garrow had his sneer at the *tenderness* and *humanity* of the bail. It is always good now to sneer at *tenderness* and *humanity*. He declared, justly, no doubt, that no inhumanity could be laid to the charge of the plaintiff. He merely pressed for the performance of one of the alternatives—the surrender of the body, or the payment of costs. If the former shocked the humanity of the bail, they might perform the latter, and thus avoid any outrage on their tenderness." These sneers at the humanity and tenderness of the bail, seem to me perfectly unnecessary to the exposition of the law, and also extremely impolitic. The frequent demand for bail is one of the greatest evils of the English law, and it is most mischievous to discourage men by scoffs and sarcasms from becoming bail, when on every insignificant occasion a man in this country is required to give bail. In this case two individuals bail a sick friend, arrested on *mesne* process—a process on which there should be no arrest; and on which there is no arrest in countries that do not boast so much as ours of the liberty of the subject. One judge reprehends their inopportune interference, and another taunts them for not paying the debt. What is the consequence? That these persons, and many others who have seen how they have been treated, make a resolution never again to expose themselves to such observation, by becoming bail for a friend.

5th.—The John Bull of this day has a howl on its favourite subject of alarm and lamentation—the instruction of the lower classes. It

* Solomon loses no opportunity of having a fling at men who go bail, which he manifestly regards as an extreme and dangerous foolishness: "Take his garment," says he, "who is surety for a stranger."—Prov. c. 20, v. 16. Again: "Be not thou one of them that are sureties for debts."—Prov. c. 22, v. 25. Solomon's advice would make a *good man*, in the City sense of the phrase.

promises to give instances of the melancholy effects of “converting cobblers into controversial politicians,” (a fine alliteration,) and it begins by citing the frightful example of an advertising chimney-sweeper, who talks of his *profession*, and invites ladies and gentlemen *to call on him at his residence*. This is very dreadful, but not quite sufficient to unhinge society. The writer then quotes a speech made at a late meeting of labourers at Manchester, and jeers the orator for having complained of *taxation*. “Why,” says the sapient critic, “the spouting booby, in all probability, never paid one sixpenny worth of taxes in the whole course of his existence.” Really it would not be amiss if the loyal formalist were to acquire a little of that knowledge, the diffusion of which so naturally alarms him. He has obviously to learn that the consumer pays taxes in every article which he purchases. The beggar, when he buys his two-penny loaf, pays taxes. The John Bull ridicules the title of *honourable gentleman*, which the labourers of the Manchester meeting bestowed on each other. I am sorry that they exposed themselves to this ridicule, which is too applicable. They are labourers, and they might as well call themselves noble lords, and dukes, as *honourable gentlemen*. There is the appearance of a mean ambition in this, and they should remark that all unallowed assumptions render the parties ridiculous. For this reason titles above the conditions of men are bestowed in derision, and by none more commonly than by the lower classes, who do not want perception of the ludicrous. Let our labourers call, at their future meetings, themselves what they are, labourers, and let them be assured that their proudest distinction will consist in the intelligence which they display in that humble but respectable character. Their reported speeches, printed as coming from *Mister* this, and *Mister* that, have not the interest in the reader’s eye which they would have if they purported to proceed from John Dobson, a weaver, and Timothy Hodges, a ploughman. The lower, indeed, the speakers are in station, the more striking will be the effect of their arguments. Foppery and affectation will only keep out of sight their true importance, and render them the subjects of ridicule.

6th.—Read the last Blackwood. There is in this number an article on Moore’s Life of Sheridan, in which I find this impudent assertion. The Reviewer is speaking of Mr. Moore in his biographical capacity: “Every body sees what his (Mr. M.’s) own opinions and sentiments are; and while he has deceived no one, *he has*, as a biographer, *endeavoured to present the subject of his memoir in as favourable a light as possible*.” p. 121. This glaring misrepresentation is a fair specimen of the manner in which this article is executed. The writer sat down with the resolution of praising Moore’s Life of Sheridan, because all the rational and well-informed world has agreed to condemn it, and he has performed his task with an honesty and modesty worthy of Mr. Thomas Moore himself, and with a dulness which is admirably calculated to protect his absurd misrepresentations from detection, for I question whether any but a “constant reader” like myself could win his way through these prosy pages. Every body knows very well that Mr. Moore, instead of having “endeavoured to present the subject of his memoirs in as favourable a light as possible,” has lost no opportunity of disparaging the talents of Sheridan, and

defaming his character ; he has described him as a liar,* as a treacherous friend,† as a patient, if not a contented cuckold,‡ as a coarse buffoon, delighting in practical jokes, such as lacerating a man's face with broken crockery for sport, and terrifying two ladies, unprotected foreigners, for the fun of the thing, and as an expedient for gallantry ! as all this, and much more, (which I have not leisure to instance,) that is contemptible as well as bad, has Mr. Moore painted Sheridan, and yet this Blackwood, with all the sobriety and gravity of dulness, tells its patient readers that Mr. Thomas Moore " has endeavoured to present the subject of his memoir in as favourable a light as possible ;" the truth being that the greater part of the ill which Moore affirms or insinuates of Sheridan, rests entirely on his own gratuitous assertions, or on his malicious conjectures and injurious suspicions. But why should I dwell on such notorious truths ? Is not Mr. Moore currently called the calumniator of Sheridan ? My only object in noticing the notoriously false character given to the Memoirs by Blackwood, is to show what egregious fools he must suppose his readers to be, when he can venture to take such liberties with their understandings as to palm on them these monstrous absurdities.

I cannot resist copying a tid-bit of twaddle, which occurs in this paper. The writer asks, how did the Prince in the end treat Sheridan ? and answers the query thus, in the exact language of the accomplished Mrs. Slipslop : " We will state at once our own opinion, JUST AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AS A GENTLEMAN, OUGHT TO HAVE DONE." (*Sic in orig.*) p. 117.

The author of *The Naval Sketch Book* has observed on the ridiculous blunders which landsmen commit, when they meddle with nautical matters. There is an amusing example in point, in an article called the *Country Curate*, in Blackwood. The spectator describes a storm, on the Kentish Coast ; a vessel is seen in the direction of Dungeness, under the contradictory circumstances thus elaborately detailed : " She had succeeded, apparently, in working out before the storm had reached its height ; and now *having secured sea-room*, was endeavouring to *scud*, either for the Downs or the River. Her top-gallant masts were all struck ; the only sail hoisted was the fore-top sail, and that close reefed ; under which she made way, rapidly indeed, but not without falling every moment faster and faster to

* " My friend, Mr. Rogers, has heard him (Sheridan) on two different occasions, declare, that he had written every word of the *Stranger* from beginning to end, and as his vanity could not be much interested in such a claim, it is possible that there was at least some virtual foundation for it." These are the words of Mr. Moore ; and this is " presenting the subject of his memoirs in as favourable a light as possible" with a vengeance !

† " It was suspected, indeed I know not with what justice, that in advising Mr. Fox, as he (Sheridan) is said to have done, about the year 1800, to recede from public life altogether, he was actuated by a wish to succeed him in the representation of Westminster, and had already set on foot some private negotiations towards that object." *Moore's Life of Sheridan.*

‡ " Some months before her (Mrs. Sheridan's) death, when Sheridan had been describing to her and Lord Edward a beautiful French girl whom he had lately seen, and added, that she put him strongly in mind of what his own wife had been in the first bloom of youth and beauty ; Mrs. Sheridan turned to Lord Edward and said, with a melancholy smile : ' I should like you to marry that girl ! ' " *Moore's Life of Sheridan.*

leeward, [observe that she is described as *scudding*.*] It was, in truth, manifest that if she persisted in going on, she must run ashore several miles on this side of Deal; [observe that she has, three lines above, secured sea-room enough to allow of her scudding for the Downs or the River!] and of that her crew appeared to be as fully convinced as those who watched her from the land," [and yet they *scudded*.]

"She was now abreast of Folkstone, with a hurricane right on shore, and herself not above a mile and a half from the breakers [again, note that she has secured sea-room to scud.].....An attempt was now made to bear, but it failed. [So, their scudding has come to this then, they were scudding, it seems, ram-stam on shore!] The ship *reeled* [what is that?] round, and drove towards the shore with a velocity which caused me to shut my eyes, that I might escape at least the horror of seeing her strike. But she did not strike. Two anchors were let go at once from the bow. By little short of a miracle, they held;" [capital ground tackle they must have had, and precious holding ground; the vessel, right before the wind, was under her fore-top sail all this time, with the gale blowing on the shore.] After a lull, the gale increases to a tremendous hurricane, the curate goes out to see how the ship fares, and beholds her wrecked in the breakers; but notwithstanding that she is a mile and a half from the shore, that the wind is howling and the sea roaring, he *hears* a sort of rending noise from the wreck, when she breaks up. This almost equals Munchausen, who says that when he was a few miles above the earth, the world looked no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it not much larger than a common-sized hazel nut. To hear the breaking up of a wreck, at a mile and a half distance, amidst the deafening roar of a tempest, was a feat in acoustics parallel to that of the great traveller in optics. Any body who has the slightest idea of nautical matters, will perceive that the whole of the description which I have copied, is a tissue of contradictions. The ship is said to have secured sea-room to scud, whereas it turns out that she is close on a lee shore, and that instead of scudding she must have been [supposing that she was not manned by Edinburgh Cocknies] close hauled, and endeavouring to claw off under her top-sail.

10th.—When at the bar, Garrow was much more famed for his skill in cross-examination, than for his legal knowledge. Many ludicrous stories are told of his deficiencies in the latter particular, among which the following is not the least droll.—Once upon a time, having occasion to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, upon a question requiring some rather difficult research, Garrow requested a learned friend to furnish him with authorities upon the subject. This his friend did, but, unluckily for Garrow, instead of referring to the reporters and writers by their names at length, he referred to them, as is usual in writing, by their abbreviations; so that when the learned barrister, who was not conversant with either, had to quote learned customs—1st. Cowper's Reports (written 1 Cow.;) for example, he desired the House to look to one Cow for the law; for the 2nd.

* To *scud* is to sail right before the wind, consequently a vessel on a lee shore never scuds, unless indeed her port is to leeward, which is not the case supposed here.

Bulstrode, (written 2 Bulls.) he triumphantly cited, two Bulls for one Cow; he spoke of a Crow, and he adduced two Kids (for 2 Kid.) in support of his argument. The noble Lords stared, and marvelled exceedingly what had given so bucolic a turn to the Attorney General's discourse; while the lawyers, who perceived his mistake, laughed at the blunder; but Garrow never suspected what was the cause of the astonishment of one half of the audience, and of the mirth of the other. He rested perfectly assured that his cows and bulls, and crows and kids, were the names of excellent authorities, and seemed well satisfied with himself for the learning and research he had displayed.

11th.—The newspapers, which deal in any thing but *news*, and are always raking up some threadbare story or other, have lately been treating their readers with examples of the ambiguities of punctuation, and of course the “Ibis redibis” has turned up among the illustrations. There is one example not so trite, and almost as good. Adam, Bishop of Westminster, being consulted on the expediency of putting Edward the Second to death, answered, “Edwardum regem occidere nolite timere bonum est.” With a comma after *nolite* it would be dissuasive; with one after *occidere*, and another after *timere*, it is persuasive. The priest knew where to stop, the regicides did not; instead of the commas after *nolite* and *timere*, they put a period or full stop to the King's existence.

13th.—The John Bull, which has very ably and honourably to itself, resisted the persecution of Kean, on the principle that the public have nothing to do with the morals of performers, has now carried the inquisition it has justly condemned, a step farther, and taken cognizance in its holy office of the faith of singers. Yesterday it attacked Mr. Braham for singing, that “he knows his Redeemer lives,” “when, in fact,” says the consistent scribe, “if he have any religion at all, he believes no such thing,” by which the writer means to say that Mr. Braham is of the Jewish faith, if of any faith at all. Mr. Braham writes a letter in the papers of this day, asserting that he is a Christian and a member of the Protestant Church; but, supposing him to be a Jew, the attack of the John Bull was sheer nonsense. In the first place, the scribe shows that he knows nothing about the subject on which he is writing, for Mr. Braham never does sing “that he knows that his Redeemer liveth,” as the song is a woman's song; and if he did sing it, there is no inconsistency in a Jew's expressing this sentiment, for the words are from Job, and were uttered before the advent of our Saviour: a Jew may, therefore, consistently with his religion, adopt them, and breathe them with as much sincerity of faith, as the pattern Christian who pours forth weekly calumny in the John Bull. Mr. Braham, in his letter, instead of observing on the blunders of his enemy, simply corrects the misrepresentation as to his religion, and gratifies the vanity of his assailant by speaking of him as a *talented* writer, and acknowledging his superior prowess in mischief. Mr. Braham was touched in a tender point, and he complains with more nature than policy. To compliment these gentlemen on their powers of wounding is not the way to check their assaults. There is nothing so gratifying to them as the cry of the stricken party, which announces the success of the blow. This is so well understood by people in general, that, when attacked even by the keenest and

justest ridicule, they loudly condemn the wit under which they secretly writhe, as vulgar and contemptible ribaldry; if the stricture be in a serious vein it is styled coarse abuse. A confession of power in the assailant is in every case avoided, and *vulgar ribaldry* and *coarse abuse* are the shields against all attacks, just or unjust. Few persons could have made use of this now-established defensive vituperative vocabulary with more propriety than Mr. Braham on this occasion, for it would have really applied to the language of the attack. He has, however, defended himself in a different manner, and has been ably seconded by a comment which the *New Times* appended to his letter—a comment thoroughly according with the gentlemanly spirit in which that paper is conducted when its able editor is free from the bitter and blinding influence of political hostility, which is now, thank Heaven, every where dying away.

16th.—I see in the *Obituary* the announcement of the decease of a gentleman, aged 72, who died of a fall on the ice, whilst sliding! Boys will be boys!

— It is well known that our Foreign Secretary never, for any consideration in the world, foregoes a jest. If there is an opportunity for a pun, a sarcasm, or a sneer, out it comes; no matter what the occasion is, or who the party. This is doubtless all very pleasant, but not very politic. The time is perhaps not far distant when Mr. Canning will want friends, and when he will find hosts of enemies. Of his skill in making the latter, many stories are told; in one of which a grave and dignified personage appears in the character of the sufferer. Our merry Minister actually had the audacity in this instance to make a Bishop the butt of his wit. When Mr. Canning was laid up with the gout some time ago, Doctor Legge, the then Bishop of Oxford, called, and sent up a message, urgently requesting to see him. Mr. Canning, much annoyed by a visit at such a season, exclaimed, petulantly, “Legge, Bishop of Oxford, insists on seeing me, does he? Oh, I can’t be troubled with *calves of Legges* now.” The joke got wind, and the offence was inexpiable, for there was an unlucky truth in it.

19th.—Murray is determined to put a good face on his house if he cannot put one on his paper. He is facing the Representative Office, in George Street, in a most magnificent style. The wags say, that he is whitening it and ornamenting it as a mausoleum for the deceased journal, and that a *Sacred to the Memory*, is to be inscribed on the tablet in front. Certain it is that the design is very grand, and also strikingly emblematical. This is the place of beds; it is here that Murray’s writers lie, and accordingly the portico, or tester, as it were, of the fabric, is supported by four pillars (not pillows) to represent the characteristic article of the bed-ridden establishment; it is a four-post house.

Every thing in this office is done in the Dormitory style. It is a Hummums of a newspaper. The Editors do nothing but turn in and turn out. There is a new one every night, who is turned off again the next morning. Absolute John is something like the Sultan in the *Arabian Nights*, who had a fresh wife every night, and cashiered her in the morning. Thus he treats Editors: they are made one night and broken the next morning; and this smashing will not cease until, like

the Sultan, he meets with some one who has a genius for a thousand-and-one stories, whereas the scribe on whom he had chiefly counted, stopped exhausted after one, but that, it must be confessed, was *a good one*—the famous Russian rap; he was but a single bouncer, however, and Murray looked out for a cracker of more parts, but without success; he can find no one to make a noise.

It is confidently said that the gentleman of literary celebrity who has been so often named as the Editor of this abortion, really contributed the greater part of the stuff which appeared in its first number. The Table-talk, with the promise of “the thought which sparkles with our champagne” was his, if we may believe those who ought to be correctly informed, and there is certainly something of the Blackwood brag in this boast, in which the writer undoubtedly elevates himself by his liquor. It is perfectly well known that Mr. Tindall, the first editor, was engaged merely to edit the paper, and not to write in it, consequently he had no more part in its failure than the compositor who set the types. He could only edit such matter as was put into his hands, and we all have seen what that matter was—as the immortal bard beautifully expresses it, “you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.” Murray, however, made Mr. Tindall the scape-goat, hoping that the public would suppose that the fault was with the editor, and that a change of measures would follow a change of the man. He then engaged an ex-editor of the British Traveller: the present editor of that paper has done much, very much, to improve it, but Murray procured the *ex*-editor, desiring, of course, that his Representative should be conducted in the happy style of the British Traveller under its old management. In this wish he succeeded most completely for a season, but only for a season; for, undeniably, the follies of Murray’s editors are only the follies of a day. This editor gave place to another, and another, and another. I cannot run over the names of the illustrious unknown, which are as many as the days and number of the paper. Tommy Moore may indeed hit off these little affairs of the head in a—“Come tell me,” says Lockhart, “while penning a squib,” &c. One thing is droll enough in this droll business, and that is, that D’Israeli has been the organizer of the whole concern, and the informing mind (a sinecure to be sure) of the journal.

— A Dr. Lyall, the author of an unreadable book on Russia, has long been endeavouring to bring himself into notoriety,* and has at length completely succeeded, by sending a challenge to Murray, the bookseller, for some remarks published in a Review on the Doctor’s book in the Quarterly. The whole affair is very fairly and pleasantly stated in the John Bull of to-day, and the pacific tone of the hostile

* The Doctor contrived to bring his name and labours before the public by a very original device. He wrote letters in the newspapers calling upon the whole world to correct errata in certain performances of his in a magazine. It was unspeakably ridiculous to see a letter in the Morning Chronicle inviting one to read Paliowateckhsgatcksky for Paliowateckhsgatckary, or some such matter, in the 17th line, 314th page of the ——— Magazine, printed and published by Mr. ———, at 8, Old ——— Street, six doors from the corner of Regent Street. Of course no creature except the author had ever read, or thought of reading, the article whose errata was corrected with this emphasis, and the Doctor might have said, without any danger of discovery and contradiction, that George the Fourth had acceded to the Empire of all the Russias, and been crowned at Moscow.

message is archly pointed out by the writer. With a thousand faults this John Bull has one merit, which finds great favour in my eyes, and that is—a happy turn for demolishing humbugs. When I see him worrying a humbug, throwing him on his back, shaking him in the dust, and tumbling and routing him about, exhibiting him in every possible attitude of absurdity, I forgive the rogue half his sins.

— I wonder that it has never struck the discoverers of “curious coincidences,” (a pestilent class by the way,) that most of the things in which men chiefly delight begin with a W. There are women, wit, wine, and wisdom; an alliteration of good things not to be surpassed. Again, observe how the ladies have got the *w* among them in their various relations, woman, wife, widow; they escape it only in the estate of maid, but a cockney would reach them here by giving the *w* to virgin.

22nd.—Some discussion took place in the House last night on Mr. Martin’s motion to prohibit bear-beating. The Member for Galway, as usual, entertained the House with some fee-fa-fum, cock-and-a-bull stories, which no one but Mr. William Smith believed. That gentleman credited them, as he sapiently explained, “because they had been published in the newspapers, and remained uncontradicted.” What a belief this good gentleman must have, if it is of a capacity to receive every uncontradicted tarra-diddle that appears in the newspapers! Sir Henry Parnell, a member of the Collective Wisdom, carried his respect for print a step further, when he made the heroine of his ingenious novel choose a Cavalier at the Court of Spain for her husband, as she distinctly explained, for no other reason than that she had seen his name in a book.

Mr. Kenrick followed the bulls, and the House seemed pretty generally agreed that he was *omni exceptione major*. This conclusion only adds something to the disgust with which one regards that assembly. Mr. Denman was the only opposition member who opened his mouth on the subject. The administration of justice is a matter utterly beneath the notice of Mr. Brougham and the other great champions of the popular cause. They never condescend to the discussion of any subject of immediate concern to the community. Nothing but fighting in the air suits their sublime parts—a tirade against the Holy Alliance, or a speech on the Catholic claims, or, in fact, any rhetorical exhibition that can lead to no result, is the thing in which these first-rate declaimers delight to indulge. They are not chargeable with having even degraded their high faculties by applying them to any humble object of immediate utility. What is the oppression of a peasant, a labourer, in the County of Surrey to them? Why, Brougham will talk, and most eloquently too, for six hours, of the oppression of many thousand peasants in Austrian Italy. He is none of your petty chapmen, but a dealer in wholesale tyranny; and it must be foreign too, for what great orator can make anything of home grievances, which are mixed up with mean details and shabby names, that are inconsistent with the dignity of eloquence? What orator can make much of the case of a man who bears the shockingly familiar name of Franks? and how can he talk of slabs value twelve-pence, a ram’s fleece, and such odious, low particulars?

Mr. Kenrick, who has made so much noise of late, was formerly

Clerk of the Kitchen; from this office he was appointed (as is calumniously said, by virtue of the proprietorship of a borough) to a Welch judgeship. The profession took great offence at this sudden metamorphosis, and observed, that the *Clerk of the Kitchen* was much more fit to make a *Welch rabbit* than a Welch judge.

— In the course of the discussion on the Navy Estimates last night, Mr. Hume complained that “no promotion occurred in which a great number of young men of family and fortune were not promoted over the heads of officers of long and meritorious services.” To this Sir G. Cockburn replied, that “it was not true that no officers were promoted but those who possessed rank and influence,” (nothing of the kind having been affirmed.) “Such a charge was most unjust. He had always acted on the principle of bringing forward persons on account of their services and merits; but when such persons were promoted, he had generally taken care, *and he thought it was for the good of the service, to promote with them young men of rank and fortune.*”

This was a particularly silly avowal of a manifestly bad and absurd practice, but it passed unnoticed and unpunished in the House of Commons, for any notice of such jargon would have been punishment to the speaker. It is certain that *all* the meritorious officers who are not recommended by rank and fortune, are not promoted, and if, when some few of them are promoted, others of the latter class are promoted also, many meritorious officers are excluded from promotion by the promotion of these gentlemen of rank and fortune. And what are the reasons why men of rank and fortune should be promoted together with men of merit? Simply that, Sir G. Cockburn opines, that such a system is for the good of the service! Will rank and fortune fight our ships? Is not merit rather preferable for all nautical purposes in the action and the gale? But Sir George has, perhaps, a notion of balances; he possibly apprehends mischief from too much merit in the Navy, and the rank-and-fortune men are to act as checks to the men of merit. There are, of course, many men of rank and fortune in the Navy who are also men of merit; but Sir G. Cockburn, it must be observed, grounds the claims of his men of rank and fortune on their rank and fortune only. No matter what their qualifications may be, it is, according to him, for the good of the service to promote them if they bear noble names and have money in their purses.

23rd.—Some prodigiously fine critics in the Representative have been disputing about what allows of no dispute, the place of the *rari* in the line.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Ridiculously enough, while these learned pundits were disputing about the *rari*, each of them committed a rare blunder in the line, for which they ought to be whipped. In *both* letters, *nautes* appears for *nantes*. The naughty dunces who were guilty of this offence, most richly deserve the birch; and it would not be amiss if the Editor who granted his imprimatur to such a reading, were to receive a small touch of the flagellation too.

It is perfectly vexatious to see the miserable trash of this paper set in so fair a type. It is the best printed paper in London, that is,

in the world; and one is tempted to say of it what the fox in the fable said of the mask,

O quanta species, cerebrum non habet !

— The prospectus of a work called the Debtor's Manual, sold in Newgate Street, was the other day left at my door; such a book is certainly particularly well-timed at this "*pecuniary crisis*," when all the world is in debt. The pecuniary crisis is the influenza of the day; every body is sick with it, and no one is ashamed of confessing to a complaint which bears so genteel and euphonous a name. Had his Majesty's Ministers done nothing else for us, they would have deserved immortal honour for the coinage of this phrase, which has done every thing but paid our debts. The Debtor's Manual is a humbug; the whole business of it may be summed up in one word—the *pecuniary crisis*—which is an answer to every application. You are politely requested to settle a small account, which has been long standing; you shake your head, and with a grave simper, sigh out: "The pecuniary crisis! my good sir, the pecuniary crisis!" The creditor is choked; he is at his wit's end; the pecuniary crisis is unanswerable; but feeling the virtue of the phrase, he adopts it himself, and meets his creditor, in turn, with the pecuniary crisis, and thus the pecuniary crisis settles all money affairs. Some years ago, the Bog of Allan took it into its head to see the world, and jaunted about the country, to the great derangement of the neighbouring acres. At this, all the Irishmen in the world were suddenly ruined, and more particularly those who have, for the last twelve years, lived at Boulogne, waiting the settlement of law-suits, or the receipt of their quarter's rents, (which are, I am inclined to suspect, payable at the quarter of the century.) Go where one might, one heard nothing but execrations on that moving bog, for it turned out that all Irishmen had large and elegant estates in the immediate neighbourhood of it, fine, arable, and pasture, which the bog had bogged by its intrusive visitations. "Och! the devil take that cursed bog, my dear sir. By the Lord, it has walked over my istete, the most elegant thing in all Ireland, and clane ruined every acre of it. Divil a rap can I git of my tiniments now, and so here I must live on Lady Anne's pin-money till things come round again." This was the story one heard every where. Our *pecuniary crisis* serves in the same stead as the moving bog. Many of us that have been ruined any time these twenty years, did not know what had happened to us till we got hold of this happy phrase, but now it is a clear case of pecuniary crisis. The Bourgeois Gentilhomme was proud to learn that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, and we are proud to learn that the supposed beggarly complaint, which has cleaved to us from our cradles, was, in fact, nothing less than a *pecuniary crisis*, which has had the honour of a mention in his gracious Majesty's speech to his affectionate Lords and Commons.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES AND THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

[We have received the following communication from Sir Egerton Brydges, and as we subscribe, in a great measure, to its justice, we readily give it circulation.—ED.]

EXPOSURE OF THE UNQUALIFIED NONSENSE AND CONTRADICTIONS, AND IGNORANCE OF COLBURN'S CRITICISMS, AS EXHIBITED IN THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY 1826.

18th January, 1826.

The quack critic in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for January 1826*, mocks the Edinburgh style of piquancy, as *Joco* in the farce mocks the fiddler, or the stroke of the clock; or as the *Valet* in *High Life below Stairs*, mocks my *Lord Duke*; or as the *Beggar* at the ale-house at night, in *Pompey the Little*, in imitation of his betters, will not eat his fillet of veal without lemon sauce! His likeness to the originals, whom he apes, is not at all less awkward. He lays about him without the smallest regard to truth of statement; and when he attempts to be very pungent and very wise, writes unintelligible and absolute nonsense! The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviews are not guilty of stating facts inaccurately; nor from them, nor from the principles they assume, do they ever venture to reason illogically. They may not be sufficiently comprehensive in the facts they state; and they may assume principles which will not be conceded to them. But this mock critic never states a single fact accurately; nor is by any chance borne out in the conclusion which he draws from his premises. Yet he is as conceited and triumphant as if he had crushed the person whom he attacks; and echos all the terms of raillery and insulting superiority in which it is the practice of those better-authorized fashion-leaders to indulge. For instance, this scribbler asserts that "the sale of a book is proof of its talent and merit, because," he says, "sale follows fashion; and fashion is generated by what pleases the greatest number of readers!" Where is the logic of this? In the first place, fashion is no proof that the mass of the readers who are guided by it, are *pleased*: they follow merely in imitation; and under the influence of some whimsical and usurped power: but if it *were* a proof of their being actually pleased, how does this prove talent and merit, before it be proved that their taste is *enlightened* and *just*? Taste is the result of great sensibility, great knowledge, great experience, and great cultivation; and, therefore, cannot be possessed by the multitude.

All the charges which this absurd critic makes against Sir Egerton Brydges, for inconsistency in his assertions regarding the operation of Reviews, are founded on similar mis-statements of passages and false reasonings. He assumes that, Sir Egerton Brydges contradicts himself in saying, that Reviews *influence* popular opinion, after having said that they *follow* popular opinion. But Sir Egerton Brydges's complaint is, that they influence by *sanctioning* and *confirming* popular errors. And then as to their ending in *unsettling* all opinions, that they do so by divisions into strong *parties*, whose champions carry their allegations and arguments to such contrary extremes, that in the conflict all is brought into doubt, and at last, people have no opinions at all!

When, with all this blundering and dishonest sophistry, the critic cannot find any thing on which he can build even such ridiculous inferences as these, he boldly and impudently alleges that Sir Egerton Brydges has made assertions directly the contrary to his express words. He accuses Sir Egerton Brydges of a desire to shut out all wealth in the elevation to the peerage; and to regard nothing but descent and historic lustre. Sir Egerton Brydges's words (p. 46,) are the reverse: "the dispensation of these honours should be frugal, incorrupt, impartial, intelligent, yet generous; not to suffer a candidate to found pretensions on mere descent, however distinguished; nor to be awed and influenced by mere riches, however threatening or powerful!"

The instances which this mock critic exhibits, *of arguing in a circle*, abound from beginning to end of his article. Against the charge that Reviews are often partial and unjust, and therefore mischievous, he first assumes that they are written by the united power of all the men of talent of the kingdom; then takes it as a necessary consequence that they must be impartial and just; then assumes again that they are popular, because they are impartial and just; and then again infers that they are impartial and just, because they are popular. Such is the huddled mixture of questions begged, and false conclusions. But he is not content with this; he cannot lose the opportunity which this blunder of reasoning gives him to be scurrilous; having first assumed that the Reviews monopolise all the talent of the nation, he assumes, that the person whom he attacks is not connected with these Reviews, and *therefore has no talent!*

The critic charges Sir Egerton Brydges with inveighing against Reviewers, as a *coterie* combined into one body to vent their spleen against all other authors. Sir Egerton does no such thing; but, if he did, the critic's answer to it is sufficiently absurd: "If" says he, "these authors *do* combine, it is for the purpose of *praising*, not *damning each other!*" But contradictions go for nothing with him; a little before he had said, that their own interest is a sufficient security against partiality; for partiality would effectually disgrace them with that public on which they depend!!!

We next come to the answer to the charge, that anonymous criticism is tempted, by the mask it wears, "to commit wrongs, it would not dare to do if the mask were removed." The critic says, that this mask has the benefit of making the opinions delivered, "frank and fearless," instead of being "dull panegyric." Yet, as if it was impossible for him to advance one step without contradicting himself; he adds, that the identity of the author is, notwithstanding, as well known as if he signed his name!

Sir Egerton had said, (p. 8,) that "the opinion formed of a book, when it is first published, is very seldom the opinion entertained of it after a lapse of twenty or thirty years." The critic answers, that the reputation which can be sustained for *thirty* years, will then be fixed and unchangeable. Here is another false assumption. This passage does not speak of a reputation of thirty years' endurance; but of an opinion entertained on *first publication*, which instead of thirty years, does not embrace thirty months!

All the gabble which the critic vomits out, in answer to Sir Egerton's complaints, that the profuse exercise of the prerogative in augmenting the peerage, was abused by Mr. Pitt, is so incredibly ignorant, vulgar,

contradictory, so falsely cited, so full of false assumptions, and false conclusions, so wilfully perverted; sometimes accusing Sir Egerton of blindly omitting what is the very *gist* of his complaint; that it would be tedious to unravel and confute what is literally base, lying, or nonsensical, in every sentence.

The critic having here attempted a justification of the influence of wealth, proceeds, in conformity to his own habit of self-contradiction, (the only conformity by which he ever abides,) to prove that wealth by itself has very little influence; and his instance is surely a most *happy* one! He asks if all the riches of the *Rothschilds* can bring them into high society? Rothschild, who is actually admitted even to all the cabinet-dinners of the French ministry: and then, like a vulgar ideot, he talks of *Almack's*, as if the dandyism of Almack's was the test of high society!

It seems, by this critic, that the proper habits of a man of genius are not meditation and lonely study; but a constant mixture with the fools and triflers of the crowded walks of life!

But where are this critic's absurdities to end? He justifies an author being an hireling, and working for money by assimilating this payment to that of those who receive rents or interests for their capital! Is it asked why authors are less respectable by working for money? Because their object ought to be the pure, disinterested fame, which results from the propagation of *truth*!

Fame is the spur, that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days!

Bacon was convicted of receiving money from the parties whose causes he adjudged. The defence was, that it never influenced his judgment. It was replied, that his judgment ought not to have been subjected even to the *temptation*; and ought, like Cæsar's wife, to have been placed above suspicion!

The charge, that Sir Egerton Brydges's NOTE from p. 57 to p. 70, contains double the abuse of Lord Byron to be found in any other publication since the poet's death, requires no confutation, because it is nothing less than a direct and unqualified falsehood.

Then comes another assertion, after the critic's usual manner, that no one would take the trouble to abuse Sir Egerton; followed by this curious reason for the critic's doing so *now*, that it is to save himself the trouble of doing so *hereafter*! If not worth abuse, why will it be necessary to abuse him *hereafter*! And if not *hereafter*, still less is it necessary to do it by *anticipation*!

Lastly come reasons why Sir Egerton's critical opinions are not to be trusted, and these very reasons, so assigned, are unqualified proofs that Sir Egerton's critical opinions and taste are *sound*! For which Irish reason, he presses Sir Egerton to make a *bonfire* of them!

No notice has been here taken of the consummate ignorance of this critic, who never heard of Lord Surry, the poet, nor of the *personæ dramatis* of Shakspeare's Richard III., nor Flodden field, nor Bosworth battle, nor of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head for his intrigues with Mary, Queen of Scots.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Jan 17, 1826.

SIR,—If the two articles in your 9th and 13th Numbers, *New Series**, on Italian Literature, had appeared either in a less respectable journal, or in some anonymous book of travels, or with the name of some one of those “che non fur mai vivi,” I should not have attached any importance to it; being accustomed to treat with merited contempt the numerous productions every day published on Italy, for the mere purpose of getting money from those who are weak enough to form their opinions from such polluted sources, and who swallow as gospel the most stupid and malignant libels on that unhappy country. The literary intercourse with Italy being so shackled, and the circulation of the English periodicals there being so limited, the most erroneous notions are disseminated, and all answer rendered impossible. There was a time when books of this stamp used truly to grieve me: for loving my native land above all things, every thing said against it is a subject of inexpressible grief to me, and I feel it even more than if directed personally against myself. I was a long time at a loss how to account for the strange appetite on the part of some English scribblers, for retailing so many spiteful falsehoods, instead of telling the simple and honest truth: but my eyes were soon opened, when I perceived that the object of the mercenary garreteers was to feed that appetite for detraction which is unfortunately so prevalent; and I ceased to read their works, or only vouchsafed them a passing glance. With these feelings I should have viewed the two articles above mentioned, had they been inserted in any journal less respectable than your’s; but finding them there, I could not but read them, and was stung to the quick from my affection for my dear Italy, both because, circulated and read with eagerness as your journal is in the educated classes of the community, the shallow and crude lucubrations of your Correspondent, L. D. C. or D. C. will be widely disseminated; and because from the single circumstance of their appearing in your pages, they will be the more readily believed, as bearing the sanction of your respectable name. The love of truth, the moderation and the judgment which distinguish your labours, placed it beyond doubt that no sordid motives could have induced you to give currency to what you could not believe, against

. A country hardly used,
At random censured—wantonly abused.

And I am so satisfied that mere haste, and your not having minutely considered the subject, may have led you to insert the two obnoxious articles, that I address myself to you to beg you to repair the wrong done, by admitting into your next Number this letter from me, in order

* The two letters, here alluded to, were written by a foreigner, who has enjoyed excellent opportunities of knowing Italy, and whose literary reputation on the Continent stands deservedly high. This is our exculpation. The Editor of a Magazine is differently circumstanced from the Editor of a Review. The former is a collector of miscellaneous papers; the latter is the speaker or secretary of a tribunal sitting in judgment, and deciding according to certain principles and opinions. In a Magazine the Editor may admit the advocacy of a partisan, for there is liberty of reply—in a Review he must preserve the consistency of a judge, and is responsible for his decision.—ED.

that the wound may be healed by the same hand that inflicted it, and that all may know that the pursuit of truth, and not the spirit of party, is the great object of your journal. As you have admitted the two articles to give an idea of modern Italian Literature, and as they abound in the grossest misconceptions, I flatter myself that you will insert my observations, as you would an *Erratum* of a word that changed the whole meaning.

I shall take some of your Correspondent's statements, and answer them one by one, in order that his errors may be more palpably seen; for to go about to refute them all would be a tedious task:—

“Not only did Italy make no progress during these 266 years, (from 1530 down to 1796.) She would be positively a gainer, if she would revert to the state in which she was in 1530. . . . The chief occupation of the nation during these 266 years has been to write sonnets in imitation of Petrarch.”—(No. 13, p. 21.) “All that appeared during these 266 years is, with the exception of a very small number of celebrated books, worth absolutely nothing.”—(ib. p. 22.) “Since the tyranny of Phillip II. Italy has had neither life, nor motion, nor voice, but in the fine arts.”—(ib. p. 23.)

The following great characters flourished after 1530:—

Poets:—Alfieri, Berni, Bracciolini, Caro, Cesarotti, Chiabrera, Filicaja, Fortiguerra, Guidi, Labindo, Maffei, Marini, Mazza, Metastasio, Monti, Parini, Pindemonti Ippolito, Pindemonti Giovanni, Redi, Salviali, Tasso, Tassoni, Tessi, Varano, &c. &c.

Mathematics:—Boscovich, Cavalieri, Cassini, Conti, Galileo, Grandi, Lagrangia, &c.

Natural Philosophy, History, Medicine, &c.:—Acquapendente, Borsieri, Cirillo, Faloppio, Galvani, Magalotti, Malpighi, Morgagni, Mascagni, Redi, Scarpa, Spallanzani, Vallisnieri, Viviani, Volta, Torricelli, &c.

Laws and Politics:—Beccaria, Filangeri, Galiani, Genovesi, Paruta, Pagano, Verri, (the three brothers,) Vico.

History:—Ammirato, Bentivoglio, Crescimbeni, Davila, Dutti, Denina, Giannone, Pallavicini, Quadrio, Sarpi, Vasari, Tiraboschi.

Profound Scholars:—Baroni, Carli, Conforti, Facciolati, Forcellini, Gravina, Lanei, Maffei, Morcelli, Morelli, Muratori, Noris, Sigonio, Ughelli, &c.*

These are some of the great men that flourished and wrote between 1530 and 1796. Every one conversant with literary history knows how many I omit. I leave it to you, sir, to judge whether it be just to say that the works left by these illustrious names are *absolutely good for nothing*; I wait to be told that Farnese, Montecucoli, Alberoni, and Mazzarini, spent their time *in the imitation of Petrarca*; and I wait to be told of an equal number of men, in an equal number of years, that wrote better, or more usefully for mankind, than some of those I have enumerated did in their respective classes.†

* Lagrangia, or Lagrange, was born, educated, and afterwards Professor of Mathematics at Turin, whence he went to Berlin at the invitation of the great Frederick, and afterwards to Paris, where he died, a circumstance which has led many erroneously to believe him a Frenchman. *Fra Paolo Sarpi*, author of the History of the Council of Trent, is for this reason registered among the historians; but he was besides a profound and distinguished divine, civilian, anatomist, and mathematician. As a practical statesman he ranked high, although his political principles were not over good; but he was a counsellor of the Republic of Venice, and, what is worse, he was a friar.

† Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, was the famous rival of Henry the Fourth of

The Italian with which you are acquainted—the Italian of the Bassvigliano and the Gerusalemme Liberata, (No. 9, p. 45,) the Italian of Ariosto and of Alfieri, is spoken at Florence, Rome, and Siena, (No. 13, p. 23.) It is true, that in all the other cities of Italy, the newspapers, and advertisements of every kind are printed in what pretends to be Italian. But the pedants of Tuscany are perfectly right when they cry out that this Italian is not Italian. It is the *patois* of the place translated into Italian with the help of the dictionary, &c., as school-boys say, word by word. The words are translated, but not the turns of the expression, which retain their Piedmontese, Venetian, or Neapolitan character. Will you believe what I am now going to tell you? When I was at Leghorn a very well educated and rich Lucchese said, in my hearing, to a Florentine of the same class: *Our government it so bigoted that it obliged us to shut up our boxes (logge) on the eve of such a Saint.* The Florentine did not at first understand the word *logge* and took it to mean shops, (No. 13, p. 25.)

Most excellent critic! Neither Monti, nor Tasso, nor Alfieri, nor Ariosto, were either Florentines, or Romans, or Sienese. The facts are—1st, That at Florence, at Rome, at Siena, different dialects are spoken; so, that unless D. C. will say that there are three Italian languages, it cannot be said that the Italian of Ariosto, &c. is spoken in any one of those cities.—2nd, That there are books published in the Florentine, in the Roman, and in the Sienese dialects, which are not in one language, like that of Monti, &c.—3d, It is so far from being true that the newspapers, &c. throughout Italy, are but a translation of the different *patois*, that there is not a person who can tell, from the diction, where a well-written newspaper has been composed.—4th, The word *logge* is not Lucchese nor Italian, nor to be found in any dialect of the Peninsula, in that sense; it is there a Gallicism and inadmissible; throughout all Italy, in all dialects, boxes being called *palchi* or *palchetti*;* therefore——But I leave you, sir, to draw the inference.

What is most curious, is to see your Correspondent place Tasso and Monti among those who have written in this famous Florentine-Roman-Sienese language. Every one knows the war made by the Florentine pedants on the former poet in his day, to show that he had not written in Florentine. To see, then, Monti cited, among those who write the Florentine-Roman-Sienese, that very same Monti who has spent his life in declaring, both by mouth and pen, and particularly in the work so ill cited by D. C., “That the language is Italian, and is not either spoken or written better by the natives of one province of Italy than another, without study, but both spoken and written better, in every part, the more attentively its rules are studied.”† These are

France, whom he frequently defeated. Raimondo Montecucoli, of Modena, was the truly worthy rival of the great Turenne. The two cardinals, Alberoni and Mazzarini, (or Mazarin, as the French call him,) are too well known to require further mention. They were not, certainly, ignorant blockheads, although their characters were not the best in the world; but for ministers, and above all for cardinals that are ministers, some allowance must be made.

* I do not like to deny what is stated to be a fact, but here there must be necessarily some error, for it is impossible that any one should say that an order has been given to close the *palchi*, or *palchetti*, or *logge*, or boxes. To close the THEATRE is a general form of expression in all languages; but that of to close the BOXES is, I believe, admitted in none; most certainly not in Italian, or in any of its dialects. And if I were inclined to be incredulous, I should be disposed to doubt the arguments which D. C. puts into the mouth of Tamburini with respect to the Jesuits and the infallibility of the Pope. (See N. 9 p. 43.) The argument itself is inconclusive, and therefore it is improbable that it emanated from so great a theologian.

† See *Proposta di correzioni ad Aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca*, and not *Proposta di Emendazioni*, as D. C. calls it.

things so ridiculous that they do not deserve the honour of the slightest answer; and yet more so when it is seen that your Correspondent not only praises Monti for his doctrines and his principles, but treats as *pedants* those Florentines who maintain exactly his own views. But your surprise at these contradictions will cease when I show you—1st, That he contradicts himself in other parts more openly; and 2ndly, That he does not understand Italian or any of the dialects which he mentions—an assertion which, I regret to make, as I must compel him to confess that he has not such a facility in learning languages as he modestly lays claim to. (No. 13, p. 24.)

But to his contradictions—and I will select one so palpable that it will speak for a thousand; and I the more willingly select it, as it is directed against a journal which I esteem, and which is supported by the contributions of many highly-gifted men. “He (the Editor of the *Antologia di Firenze*) always praises stupid books, for he is completely the dupe of the learned pedants who abound in Italy. Notwithstanding all this, the *Antologia* is a very useful work.”—(No. 13, p. 20.) Now, that in a country abounding in men of talent, genius, and intelligence, (No. 9, p. 45,) in a journal supported by *many* writers of the highest merit, (No. 13, p. 20,) stupid books should *always* be praised is most extraordinary; how is it that the Editor is *completely* the dupe of learned pedants, and that men of distinguished merit write for such an Editor? how can such a journal, published by such an Editor, who *always* praises stupid books, be a *very useful* work;—this is a mode of reasoning so obscure to me, a *poor Italian*,* that when I first read it—

Jo non morii a non rimasi vivo

as Dante when he saw *Dite*, not with fear, but with pity for the writer, for the reader, and for you, sir, who could insert such *stupidities*.

I proceed to show that D. C. understands neither Italian nor its dialects. The few words he has printed, in either, are all errors. He says, “in Paris you must be what we call *un espece* (uno spiantato,) if,” &c.—(No. 13, p. 20.) “We call,” might lead one to suspect the writer to be a Frenchman, but his speaking so ill of French literature,† and his writing *un espece* instead of *une espèce*, induces me to believe him an Englishman, who does not know even the meaning of *we*. But, be he who he may, he knows nothing about Italian; this is clear, because *une espèce* does not signify the same as *uno spiantato*: one may be a *spiantato*, without being *une espèce*.

He says that the Milanese is, in Italy, called the “*Lingua della minga*.”—(No. 13, p. 24.) Now this neither is nor can be the case, for in Italian and in all its dialects, they say, *un miga*, *un nulla*, *un sipa*,‡ and not *una mella*, *una sipa*, &c.; and if Mr. D. C. had understood Italian and the dialects, he would have discovered his blunder. He adds, that *minga* in Milanese, means *nothing at all*, which shows his ignorance of that dialect; for *minga*, like the Italian *miga* or *mica*, is nothing more than a particle that accompanies the negatives *no*,

* So the richly gifted, all-wise, and all-knowing D. C. very self-sufficiently styles us repeatedly.

† This blunder must be considered a typographical error; the writer in question could not fall into such a mistake.—ED.

‡ So Tassoni, “Tra quei *del Sipa* - - - Il popolo *del Sipa*.”

non, or *nè*, as *già*, *punto*, &c., and corresponds in that case with "not at all," or the "*non quidem*" of the Latins. If he had understood Italian, he would have perceived that the Milanese *minga* is nothing more than the thoroughly Italian *miga*, with a trifling alteration in the pronunciation, of which there are an hundred instances in the Italian classics, beginning from Boccaccio.* To confirm still more his ignorance, Mr. D. C. has been good enough to put into print, that the Brescian dialect resembles the Venetian, which is as much as to say that a Brescian boor resembles a Venetian beauty.† Yet, not to dwell further on this point, and to show you that D. C. does not know what he says, and speaks of books he has never read or even seen; to show you that you are bound in fairness to insert this letter to correct his blunders; I give you a list from which it will appear that he writes more blunders than words.

1. More than a century ago, a ridiculous Jesuit, named Saverio Bettinelli, undertook to turn Dante into ridicule.—(No. 9, p. 36.)

2. Bettinelli Vignotti, Frugoni Algarotti, now unread, even in Italy, in spite of the efforts of the French pedant Ginguéné, in his very common-place history of Italian literature, to recall them to life.—(No. 9, p. 37.) I shall pass over all the works that appeared previous to the year 1770, as their merits are discussed and decided upon in his (Ginguéné's) *Histoire de la Littérature Italienne*, and in the *Littérature du midi de l'Europe*, by the learned Sismondi.—(No. 13, p. 22.)

3. Monti, though inferior to Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, the three founders of Italian poetry, has yet been more *useful* than any of them.—(No. 9, p. 40.)

4. The grand book on the Jansenist side, is that of the energetic Abbé Tamburini, called *Vera idea della Santa Sede*, 2 vols. He has written forty octavo volumes against the pretended infallibility of the Pope.—(No. 9, p. 43.)

1. Bettinelli was born the 18th July, 1718, and died the 13th Sept. 1808.

2. Ginguéné did not attempt to recall these writers to life, *for he never speaks of them*; nor indeed could he, for he died before he brought down his history to 1600. Sismondi writes down to our days.

3. Petrarca then did nothing towards the foundation of Italian poetry? Monti has been more *useful* than Dante, who founded our poetry and our language? Poor Mr. D. C.!!!

4. The *Vera idea della Santa Sede*, is a single small vol. 8vo. That it is the grand book of the Jansenists is an idle story, it being one of the latest productions of Tamburini, who had already distinguished himself as leader of the *Sinodo di Pistoja*, which is the real great book of the Jansenists. It is another silly story that Tamburini has written forty octavos against the pretended infallibility of the Pope.

* If Mr. D. C. had understood Italian, he would have discovered that the Genoese *Sha sa*, about which he makes so much noise, is not so strange as he fancies. *Sha* is the pronoun *sua* ill pronounced, and thus *Sua sa* is an ellipsis of *Sua Signoria sa*, used instead of *Vostra Signoria sa*, and perhaps, strictly, the more correct mode when speaking in the third person. As to the pronoun *sua*, pronounced *sha*, it will cause no wonder to those who bear in mind, that even in Italian the pronoun *vostra* is mutilated in the same phrase when they say *Vossignoria*. *Sa* for *sua*, *to* for *tuo*, &c. are used in Lombardy, at Venice, and in many other parts of Italy: they are used at Florence even: nay, they are so completely Italian, that Dante, *Jaf.* 29. 77. said, "*Da ragazzo aspettato da signorso*," instead of "*Signor suo*."

† Maffei, Muratori, Carli, &c. are at a loss to comprehend, in their discussions upon this very subject, how so great a difference could arise between the Brescian and Venetian dialects, and more particularly as Brescia has for so long a period belonged to Venice.

5. Ariosto lived 200 years ago.—(No. 13, p. 20.) During this period (from 1530 to 1796) Ariosto threw a glory over Italy.—(Ibid, p. 22.)

6. The *Italiano* continues, I believe, to be published at Turin.—(Ibid. p. 21.)

7. At Florence the liberty of the press is perfect.—(No. 13, p. 22.)

8. Giannone died in 1738, in the citadel of Turin, into which the King of Sardinia threw him, to do a pleasure to his royal brother of Naples.—(Ibid. p. 22.)

9. Botta, in 1815, published at Paris, a History of the United States of America.—(No. 9, p. 44.)

5. Ariosto was born the 8th Sept. 1474 published the first edition of the *Furioso* in 1515, and died the 6th June, 1533.*

6. No journal, called the *Italiano*, was ever published, either at Turin or elsewhere in Italy.

7. At Florence there is a less severe censorship of the press than in other parts of Italy, but this would not be the case were any thing unpalatable to Austria published.

8. Giannone died in the citadel of Turin, in 1748, in his seventy-second year, after a long imprisonment, which he suffered through the cruel and treacherous intrigues of the Jesuits and the Court of Rome, with the weak King of Sardinia. He was persecuted by the Jesuits for supporting the rights of sovereigns against the pretensions of the Papal court, and for denying the power of the Popes to absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and to give or take away thrones, &c. And for these simple reasons, Giannone's History of Naples was put into the Index and still remains there. Whoever wants a specimen of Jesuitical and Papal atrocity, should read the Life of Giannone.

9. Botta published this history in 1809.†

I refrain from prolonging this tedious list, because I think it has been sufficiently proved that Mr. D. C. not only does not understand the Italian language, or know its history, but speaks of books he has never seen. From another passage, I infer (it being impossible to suppose him capable of forging facts) that he has never read any Italian publications. If he had read any, he would not have ventured to say, "that the Italians call each other asses, beasts, scoundrels, and such like polite names," (No. 9, p. 44,) for, and I am sorry to be obliged to say it, it is not true, and I challenge either Mr. D. C. or any one else to produce me a book, of any respectable author, at least, that is disgraced by such foul language. Besides, if the Italians ever

* In the list of names appended to the second article, Ariosto is stated to have been a native of Ferrara. This is a mistake. He was born at Reggio of Modena, the birth-place of his mother, Daria Malaguzzi, and the house in which he came into the world is now shown there in the *Piazza Maggiore*, and at a short distance out of the city, his relation's villa, *San Maurizio*, which he celebrates in his Satires, and which still belongs to the Malaguzzi family. Besides, to the list of poets that were not Tuscans, may be added the following, all eminent for the purity and elegance of their Italian style. Baldi, Bembo, Caro, Gargallo, Mazza, Molza, Perticari, Zota, Testi, Varano, Zeno, &c. not to speak of many of the best prose-writers, such as Castiglione, Davila, &c. Among the poets may be ranked Petrarca, who was neither a Florentine, nor a Roman, nor a Sianese, and left Tuscany quite a child, and never after resided there.

† I allude to these errors with respect to the dates, because from their being so numerous and so frequently repeated, I am induced to believe that D. C. has neither seen books which he mentions, nor any work upon Italian history. I must add, that Botta did not write the *History of the United States*, but the *History of the War of the Independence*, down to the peace in 1783.

fell into such low habits, they certainly would not have to learn politeness from the writer of the two articles, who so unceremoniously treats Botta as a *liar*, and Acerbi as a *spy*. These are two most cruel imputations, and such as neither Botta nor Acerbi would endure, if they knew them or the author. I am neither the partisan, nor the friend of either Botta or Acerbi; quite the contrary—but I would not, on this account, dare to say they were beings so base, as your Correspondent describes them. It is in vain for Mr. D. C. to say that he called them so because he had heard that So-and-So was believed; for a writer ought not only to state what he knows to be true, but he should do it decently; not to all that are asses are we to say so flatly, alleging in excuse, that such is the plain matter of the fact.

From what has been thus far said, it will be seen what reliance is to be placed upon such a writer, when he gives such a pitiful character, always without reasons, of two of the finest poetical compositions of modern Italy—the *Nabucco* of *Niccolini*, and the *Ildegonda* of *Grossi*; and one might wonder, if it were possible to wonder, how he could speak in such a manner of the works of two authors whom he calls men of genius; and of whom the latter owes all his reputation, and deservedly, to his *Ildegonda*, the only Italian piece that he has published. It was received with transport through all Italy, as well as the *Nabucco*; and Italy will always read with delight, whatever comes from the pen of either of these poets. The Tuscan *Niccolini* is sufficient to show that the Tuscans have still Italian fire and soul, notwithstanding all scribbling to the contrary.*

With respect to the charge, D. C. brings against the Italians, as having “some traces of the savage,” (No. 9, p. 38,) and to the other, of being tremendously long in answering a question, (No. 13, p. 18,) I fully understand how the writer may have been led into error. From the two articles throughout, it is plain enough that he was not over-scrupulous in the society he kept in Italy, and he must have lived with dock-porters at Genoa, at Naples amongst the Lazzaroni, and in the like company elsewhere: classes in which there is no wonder, if some traces of the savage are to be found, and which I would fain hope will speedily disappear, if Mr. D. C. will undertake to civilize them, by keeping up a more intimate acquaintance with them. As to the second charge, no wonder that the Italians with whom he had to do were rather *lengthy*, as the American phrase is, for it is an act of charity to use many words to a man who cannot understand *a few*, so that I am not disposed to find fault with my countrymen for having used an extra number to him.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A POOR ITALIAN.

* I myself am a native of one of those provinces in which D. C. discovers that “incipient madness” (No. 13, p. 25) to exist, which indicates a poetic mind; consequently I have no partiality towards the Florentine or the Milanese.

CITY SONNETS.

No. 1.

DAY-BREAK.

THE chimes are going of Saint Clement's church,
 Proclaiming three o'clock to those who sleep ill,
 Or any straggling, rather latish, people,
 Whom prudence probably left in the lurch :
 Now Day-break winks one eye upon her perch,
 Like a grey owl upon a parish steeple ;
 And the o'erwearied watchman, who can keep ill
 His eyes from closing, takes his searchless search :
 Now cabbage-carts come rumbling into town,
 And droves of doubtful characters diverge,
 Like clouds, through Temple-bar and Fleet-street down ;
 While, haply, some lean specimens emerge
 From court or narrow lane, and wend their way
 To Blackfriars Bridge's stairs, to wait returning day.

No. 2.

MORNING.

The sun has risen o'er a world of life,
 Darting his beams through many a half-closed shutter ;
 And with an undistinguishable mutter,
 Brown starts from slumber first, and wakes his wife ;
 Now is all sort of smaller commerce rife,
 The woman with salop, and bread and butter,
 Opens her stall, and round her, in the gutter,
 A circle of small sweeps in hungry strife.
 The spruce apprentice of the night before,
 Now in the matin with his matted hair,
 Stands half asleep and yawning at the door,
 'Till mindful weightier duties wait his care,
 He brushes off, to brush his master's boots,
 And then, per se, pursues his many vile pursuits.

No. 3.

NOON.

The tide of human folly spreads amain ;—
 Carts, hackney-coaches, carriages are striving,
 Driving men mad with noise, while they are driving
 At pleasure, profitable, precious, vain.
 The dabbler in the stocks now dreams of gain,
 While some are waddling off, and others hiving
 Their chance-gained store, ere foreign news arriving,
 Turn first the market, then the dabbler's brain,
 The ever-wandering banker's clerk is out
 Presenting bills ; deaf to the voice of pity,
 —Not paid ; will be protested without doubt.
 The sleeping partner dreams about the city,
 Contrives his soup at Birch's to get through,
 And wonders what the clerks have got to do !—

No. 4.

AFTERNOON.

The day is drawing in,—and drawing out
 His watch, the anxious merchant finds it four;
 And now 'Change, with its myriads covered o'er,
 Seems one smooth "sea of heads" *waiving* about;
 There, hovers Certainty,—here, sneaking Doubt;
 Now, some half-drowning sentence reaches shore,
 The price that indigo, wool, cotton bore—
 A bad debt—some one's *gone*—who's *in*, who's *out*?—
 And now the clang of milk-pail, and the *mieu*
 Of milkwoman, and doughty cat foretell;—
 Th' half-famished steak-devouring broker too,—
 The muffin-maker's bellow, and his bell—
 The breathless lamplighter, puffing and blowing;—
 That Day has made his mind up to be going.

No. 5.

EVENING.

The coach is waiting,—in steps Mrs. Jones,
 And all the little Jones's and their father,
 Who'd rather stop at home, he said, much rather—
 Go to the play with achings in his bones!
 The patrol most monotonously groans,
 The little boys, where there are none to mar their
 Small speculations, build up grottos; are there
 ("It is but once a year") no hearts not stones?—
 And now the prowling, reckless libertine,
 Replete with flattery, smooth-tongued deceit,
 One mutton-chop, and half-a-pint of wine,
 Gazes down every area in the street;
 Kicking the bars with a strange husky cough,
 Till some suspecting master cry—"Be off!"

No. 6.

MIDNIGHT.

The play is done, the opera, the farce,—
 And family men have gone to sup at home;
 While some possess of the street-door key, roam
 To Offleys, or the Rainbow, just to pass
 An hour,—and while they tipple off their glass,
 Heedless of health, that never mute De Lolme,*
 Which says more in two words than many a tome,
 "Go home, thou supper-eating, drunken ass!"
 Now do the streets possess, or are possess
 With noise and uproar; there a watch-house charge,—
 Here Vice and easy Virtue stand confest,—
 And Poverty glides by, while Theft's at large;
 And, ever and anon, to light the crew,—
 Inebriated sparks their winding course pursue.

* De Lolme on the Constitution.

CHATEAUBRIANT'S SKETCH OF ROMAN HISTORY, FROM
JULIUS CÆSAR TO AUGUSTULUS.

[WE present our readers with a curious specimen of the affectation of popular opinions, by the help of which one division of the *côté droit*, in the French Chamber, is trying to oust the other. The liberal sentiments contained in the following piece of admirable declamation are valuable, not as coming from M. de Chateaubriant, from whom any other would come with just the same force and consistency, but as one of the straws which show how the wind sits—one of the many indications, that the tools and champions of despotism are compelled to do unwilling homage to the increasing power of public opinion.]

ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.

Sitting of the 9th of February.

THE first part of this sitting was devoted to the reception of the Duke de Montmorency. His speech on this occasion, and the reply of M. Daru, director of the Académie, were warmly applauded.

M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriant read the first part of the Introduction to the History of France, upon which he has been so long engaged. The following sketch of Roman History from Julius Cæsar to Augustulus, was particularly admired:—

“Republican Rome had long repudiated liberty to become the concubine of tyrants. Her degradation was almost forgotten in the grandeur of her first choice. History presents us with nothing so complete, so accomplished, as the character of Cæsar. He united the three-fold genius of the statesman, the historian, and the warrior. Unhappily, Cæsar partook of the corruption of his times. Had he been born in the age of pure morality he would have been the rival of Cincinnatus and Fabricius, for nature had endowed him with every kind of strength; but when he appeared in Rome, virtue had fled—there was nothing left but glory—he had no alternative—no better career was open to him.

“Augustus, the heir of Cæsar, was not one of that highest order of men who occasion revolutions in the affairs of nations; he was of that secondary class who profit by them, and who build the superstructure upon foundations dug and laid by a stronger hand. The terror which Augustus inspired in the beginning of his reign, was advantageous to him in the sequel; the trembling factions were hushed, and a long peace reconciled them to their chains. The crafty Emperor affected republican forms; he consulted Agrippa, Mæcenæ, and perhaps Virgil, on the re-establishment of liberty, at the very time that he instituted the Prætorian guards; he employed the muse to silence, or to disarm history, and the world has looked with indulgence on the vices of the friend of Horace.

“Tiberius, the successor to Augustus, did not, like him, give himself the trouble to deceive or seduce the Roman people; he oppressed them openly:—he did not try to conceal their chains; he forced them to drink the very dregs of slavery. In his person began that line of monsters, born of the corruption of Rome. He invented the crime of high treason, which became a source of revenue, and gave birth to the

race of informers, a new order in the magistracy, which Domitian declared inviolable.

“Tiberius sacrificed the remaining rights of the people to the Senators, and the persons of the Senators to the people; because the people, poor and ignorant, had no other strength but in their common rights, while the Senators, rich and enlightened, derived all their power from their personal worth. The tyranny of Tiberius was characterised by the vices of little souls; hatred in return for the services he received, and jealousy of every kind of merit. Talent is always formidable to despots. When they are weak, they dread it as a rival in power, when strong, as a declaration of liberty.

“His private morals were worthy of his political crimes, but they were passed over in silence, for he called his atrocity in support of his debauchery, and sheltered himself under the terror he inspired.

“At this period the model of all his virtues fulfilled his mission upon earth. He brought back among men, religion, morality, and liberty, just as they appeared to be expiring for ever. Two worlds now presented themselves before the eyes of men:—Jesus Christ on the cross—Tiberius at Capreæ.

“After Tiberius—Caligula and Claudius—a madman and an idiot—were raised to the command of the empire, which then went on of itself, as it were, moved by those springs of baseness and of tyranny which Tiberius had put in action. We must do justice to Claudius. The crown was placed upon his head in his own despite. A soldier discovered him concealed behind a door, during the tumult which succeeded the assassination of Caius, and saluted him Emperor. The terrified Claudius begged only for life, he received not only life, but empire, and he wept at the gift.

“In like manner as all conquerors are Alexanders, all tyrants are Neros. But it is not easy to understand why this prince deserves so remarkable a distinction; for he was neither more cruel than Tiberius, nor more frantic than Caligula, nor more debauched than Heliogabalus; probably it is because he killed his mother, and because he was the first persecutor of the Christians.

“The Senators who condemned Nero to death, proved to him “*that an artist cannot live every where*,” as he was used to say when he sang to his lute. But these slaves, who sat in judgment on their fallen master, did not dare to attack him in his power. They let the tyrant live; they put to death only the historian.

“The death of Nero caused a revolution in the empire. The election of the Emperors passed into the hands of the legions, and the constitution of the state became purely military. The barbarians, who were gradually admitted into the army, grew familiar with the creation of Emperors; and when they were tired of giving away the world, they kept it for themselves. Galba, who for a moment filled the place of Nero, was the last of an ancient race; after him arose a new order of Princes, chosen from the lowest ranks; they had ruder manners and more capacity for governing. When nations are in their decay, it is in the lower classes alone that any strength or energy is to be found, as iron must be sought in the bowels of the earth. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius soon passed away. We might rather say that they were invested with the purple, than that they really possessed the imperial power.

"Surrounded by rebels, Galba, at the age of seventy-three, stretched out his neck to his murderers, and exclaimed: 'Strike, if my death can benefit the Roman people.' His head fell; it was bald; a soldier was obliged to wrap it in a cloth to carry it.* This bald head might have counselled Galba better. Was it worth while to place a crown upon a head which time had stripped of all the marks of youth and vigour?

"Otho wished for the empire; but he wished for it without delay; he wished for it not as a means of exercising power, but of procuring pleasure. Too voluptuous to earn it by labour, too feeble to know how to live, he had only strength enough to die. When he had determined to stab himself, he lay down, slept soundly, and, on waking, he gave himself the mortal blow and quietly departed, without reading Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, and without tearing his own vitals. But when Cato expired, liberty died also. Otho had nothing to leave but power.

"Vitellius sat down to the empire as to a banquet. His armed guests forced him to finish the feast at Gemonia. His death suspended the course of these ignominious reverses. Twenty-eight years of happiness, interrupted only by the fifteen during which Domitian reigned, began from the elevation of Vespasian to the empire. It has been said that this was the period during which mankind enjoyed the greatest felicity; this is true, if the dignity and the independence of nations are to go for nothing.

"Every imaginable kind of merit appeared at the head of the empire. Those who possessed these qualities were free to undertake any thing they pleased; they were shackled by no restraints; they inherited Nero's absolute power; they could employ for good, the arbitrary authority which had hitherto been used only as an instrument of evil. What, however, did this despotism of virtue produce? Did it reform manners, did it re-establish liberty, did it preserve the empire from its approaching fall? No; the human race was neither altered nor improved. Firmness reigned with Vespasian; mildness with Titus; generosity with Nerva; grandeur with Trajan; the arts with Adrian; the piety of polytheism with Antonine; and lastly, with Marcus Aurelius, philosophy ascended the throne—yet the fulfilment of this dream of sages, was productive of no solid results to the world. No ameliorations are durable, none, indeed, are possible, when any act of government proceeds from the will of individuals, and not from laws and institutions: and the Pagan religion, no longer supported or corrected by austerity of manners, transformed men into old children, destitute alike of reason and of innocence.

"There were at this period some Christians in the empire; they were obscure, and were persecuted by Marcus Aurelius; yet, with their despised religion, they accomplished what philosophy upon the throne could not achieve. They instituted laws, corrected manners, and founded a society which exists to this day.

"With Marcus Aurelius terminated the era of Roman happiness under absolute power. From the reign of Commodus we may date those fearful times for which there was no remedy but the dismemberment of the empire and the remodelling of society. The virtues of

* He might have taken it up by the ear—or was the nose too short?—*French Paper.*

Marcus Aurelius, useless to the public, were unavailing also in private—they were powerless even on his own hearth. Commodus was an execrable sovereign; yet the Romans plunged anew into abject servility, with such ardour, that they seemed like men who had just regained their liberty;—they were delivered only from the virtues of their late rulers.

“Two effects of absolute power on the human heart are here to be remarked. It never entered the minds of the great and virtuous princes who governed the empire, to doubt the legality of their power, or to restore to the people their usurped rights; the same absolute power which thus obscured the reason of the good, destroyed that of the bad. Nero, Caligula, Domitian, and Commodus, were frequently perfect maniacs. Heaven, to render the spectacle of their crimes less terrific to mortals, gave them madness as a sort of apology. Commodus, meeting a man of extraordinary corpulence, cut him in two to show his own strength, and to enjoy the pleasure of the butchery. He called himself Hercules—he made Rome change her name to assume his, and shameful medals have perpetuated the remembrance of his caprice. Commodus perished by the indiscretion of a child who was one of the instruments of his debaucheries, by poison administered by one of his concubines, and by the hand of an athlete, who finished, by strangling, the work begun by poison.

“Pertinax succeeded to Commodus. As soon as his ambition was satisfied, he showed himself worthy of the dignity to which he had attained. There is one sort of ambition which springs from the consciousness of virtues which want a field for their display or for their exercise; there is another sort which arises from envy of the virtues we cannot reach. Pertinax, an austere soldier, was massacred by the Prætorian guards. The empire was put up to auction, and two bidders contended for the rags of the imperial garment bequeathed by Tiberius. Didius Julinus won it from his competitor; he outbid him by five thousand sester tia. The senate delivered up eighty millions of men, like a flock of sheep, to Didius. He could not ratify his bargain, and paid his debt with his life.

“Severus succeeded to Didius. Born at Leptis, on the coast of Africa, the native tongue of the master of the Romans was the language of Hannibal. He had puny cruelty and puny faith; yet he was not wanting in a certain kind of grandeur. When he was taken ill at York, being conscious that he was dying, he said: “*I was every thing—now nothing remains to me.*” The officer of the guard having approached his bed-side, he gave him, as the watch-word of the day—“*Let us work,*”—and sank into eternal repose.

“Caracalla, the son and successor of Severus, reigned for a while with Geta, his brother, whom he soon caused to be murdered in the arms of his mother. He went into Asia, and visited the ruins of Troy. To honour and imitate Achilles, Caracalla wished to show his grief at the death of a friend; he therefore ordered Festus, a freed slave whom he tenderly loved, to be poisoned, and then raised a funeral pile to him.

“As Achilles, the most beautiful of the Greeks, cut off his fine hair upon the bier of Patroclus, Caracalla, ugly and deformed, tore off the few locks which debauchery had left him, exciting the laughter of

the soldiers, who saw that he could scarcely find the material for this sacrifice to the remains of the friend he had poisoned.

“Caracalla's excesses had destroyed his health; his mind was as much diseased as his body. He thought himself pursued by the ghosts of his father and of his brother; his crimes arose before his eyes. He consulted Æsculapius, Apollo, Serapis, and that Jupiter Olympus whose immortality resided only in his statue. Caracalla was not tranquillized; there is no cure for remorse.

“Macrinus, prefect of the pratorium, being threatened with death by Caracalla, caused him to be assassinated before he could execute his menace. This Macrinus, proclaimed Emperor by the legions, was a man of a character ordinary in every respect. He wished for empire; he obtained it; and was embarrassed by the power he had acquired. He had the instinct of wickedness, but he had not the requisite genius to turn it to advantage. He knew not how to give fertility and effect to his crimes. When he had committed one, he was at a loss to what purpose to turn it. This is the case whenever ambition outstrips capacity—when a lofty destiny befalls a feeble and narrow soul, instead of receiving its fulfilment from an elevated genius and a noble heart. After a reign of fourteen years, the legions took the empire from Macrinus.

“A young Syrian, a priest of the sun, with eyelids painted, with cheeks tinged with vermillion, wearing a train, a necklace, bracelets, a tunic of cloth of gold, a robe of Phœnician silk, and sandals ornamented with gems; surrounded by eunuchs, courtezans, buffoons, singers, and dwarfs, was soon called to reign in the birth-place of Horatius, to rekindle the chaste fire of Vesta, to bear the sacred shield of Numa, and to touch the venerable emblems of the sanctity of Rome.

“The peculiar kind of vice which ruled the world under Heliogabulus was obscene brutality. Political power was vested in the hands of consummate and beastly depravity. None were called to the exercise of authority who could not attest their pretensions by a course of every variety of debauchery. Heliogabalus submitted himself by turns to be governed by a charioteer of the Circus, and by the son of a cook. Had he devoted himself to the service of Cybele, as he at one time intended, he would not have been less impure. He had prepared as instruments of death, in case of need, a silken cord, a golden poignard, poisons enclosed in crystal vases, and an inner court paved with precious stones, into which he might throw himself from the summit of a tower. All these resources failed him; he died as he had lived, in a receptacle of uncleanness. His head was cut off; his body was dragged along by the populace, who tried to throw it into a sewer, but the mouth of the sewer was too narrow, and to this accident Heliogabalus owed the honours of the Tiber.

“Alexander Severus, cousin of Heliogabalus, succeeded. This economical and rational prince reigned thirteen years. The legions, weary of an Emperor who permitted his subjects to live, were impatient for the tribute which the army claimed at every new election. The empire was a farm, which every succeeding Emperor took on lease at a stipulated sum, but with a tacit clause, by which he bound himself to die.

“Maximinus excited the legions to revolt, and Alexander Severus

fell under the blows of assassins commissioned by him. Maximinus seized the reins of government. Thus was the throne first filled by a barbarian; a barbarian of that very tribe from which sprang the first destroyer of Rome. He was born in Thrace, and drew his origin from the Goths. We now behold a new race of men who had an excess of those qualities which were nearly extinct in the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the world. This one generation of Romans, in less than a quarter of a century, had as masters, an African, an Assyrian, and a Goth; we shall presently see an Arab on the throne. The Romans, recovering from their surprise, revolted; they could not endure the idea of being governed by a Goth;—as if slaves like them could pretend to any dignity or pride.

“Gordianus Pius and his son perished in Africa, where they had been proclaimed emperors; but Maximinus was killed by his soldiers at the siege of Aquileia. The Prætorian guard massacred Macrinus and Balbinus, who succeeded him, and the purple mantle was at length thrown to the third Gordian, grandson of Gordianus Pius. Gordian obtained great advantages over that Sapor, who was destined to be fatal to the empire. These advantages he owed in great part to his father-in-law, Mysoteus, who has been called the Guardian of the Republic. Gordian had the candour to confess this; the man who can ascribe his glory to him to whom he owes it, gives the best proof of deserving it: but Rome could no longer support a great man. If by chance she produced one, like an exhausted mother, she had no longer strength to nourish him. Mysoteus died, probably poisoned by Philip, who succeeded him in the important office of Prefect of the Prætorium.

“Philip was an Arab, and the son of a captain of robbers. His ambition could only be satisfied by obtaining at once supreme power, and the death of the prince to whom he owed his fortune. Nobody was shocked at this; crimes had ceased to attract any attention. Betrayed in his turn by Decius, his lieutenant, Philip was killed on the fields of Verona, and the Senate confirmed the military election of Decius.

“As soon as the Prætorian guard learnt the defeat and the death of Philip, they hastened to slaughter his son. It is related of this unfortunate young man, that from the age of five he had never been seen to laugh. He did not reach the throne, and he lost the pleasures of infancy. These at least he would have enjoyed if he had remained in an Arab tent. In these times an emperor never died alone. His children were generally massacred with him. This lesson, though incessantly repeated, produced no effect. There were a thousand competitors for the empire; there was not a single father.

“Such was the state of men and of things at the accession of Decius to the throne. Every thing tended to hurry on the dissolution of the Roman Empire; every thing was prepared for the invasion, and for the victory of the barbarians. Nothing was opposed to their progress except Christianity, which awaited them to take possession of their minds, and to render them capable of founding a new state of society, by blessing their swords.

“The terrible Goths are now about to appear: the other barbarians encamped on the frontier will soon follow them, and the Capitol already seems to tremble before the shouts of these hordes. Then

will follow desolation without example; three nations will be beheld at once—the Pagans at the Circus; the Christians amid the tombs; the Barbarians every where. They will proclaim themselves the scourge of God, and they will earn the title. Some, a race of giants, with grey eyes, with flaxen hair, naked, or covered with skins of beasts, will combat on foot with clubs, or with two-edged axes; others mounted on small horses, swift as eagles, will sling on their saddle-bow the skulls of their conquered enemies. The Romans, in terror at the black and flattened countenances, the shrill voices, and the savage gestures of these frightful horsemen, will ascribe their origin to the union of Scythian witches with infernal spirits.

“Here Picts, or Caledonians, will eat the flesh of their prisoners; there Arabs will drink the blood of their enemies, wounded by their darts. Gengeric will wish his ships to bear him wherever God visits the nations in his wrath. Alaric will exclaim: “I cannot stop; I feel within me something which urges me on, and drags me to the walls of Rome.” Atala will follow a mysterious sword, found in the bosom of the earth. “The grass grows no more,” he will cry, “where the horse of Atala has trodden,” and his king of the Huns will hesitate which prey to seize. He will not know which arm to extend; whether to take possession of the eastern or of the western empire; to raze Rome or Constantinople from the face of the earth.

“In these days there will be no shelter from death or from slavery. All the charioteers of the Circus; all the populace of the Amphitheatre; all the prostitutes of the Temple of Cybele, who made the world blush at their hideous excesses; all the senators, those successors of Cato, who could not support the heat of day, who travelled in the night, enclosed between curtains of silk, and borne on the backs of their slaves; all this race,—judged and condemned,—will be scattered by the blast of the divine wrath. To escape from the barbarians, the Romans will take refuge in Carthage, in Cyrene, in Alexandria, in Jerusalem, and in all the cities of Asia; but in the most remote places they will find other barbarians. Driven from the centre of the empire to its extremities, thrown back again from the frontiers to the centre, they will be entrapped like beasts in a park, surrounded by hunters: there will be no retreat, neither under the walls of the crumbling capitol, nor in the solitude of the desert.

“Plague and famine will carry off those whom the sword had spared; the antique race of men will be extirpated; fields, strewed with the bones of the dead, will be clothed with forests; the desert borne along, as it were, by the barbarians, and shifting as they shift, will cover the face of provinces formerly the most populous; and in countries which had been enanimated by countless inhabitants, nothing will remain but the sky and the earth. After so many calamities, when the dust raised by the march of the armies of nations shall have subsided; when the clouds of smoke arising from the conflagration of cities shall be dissipated; when death shall have silenced the groans of multitudes; when the fall of the Roman colossus shall have ceased to resound; then will be beheld a cross,—and at the foot of this cross a new universe. All will be changed; men, religion, manners, language—a few apostles with a gospel in their hands, sitting upon the ruins, will resuscitate society from the midst of the tombs, as for-

merly their master restored to life those who believed in him. Pause at the aspect of this new world, to recognise, if you can, two men—the one is the son of a secretary of Atala, who quitted Rome for ever, with the empire; he lives in exile, in a country-house formerly belonging to Lucullus, without thinking of all that is associated with his name, indifferent to the lessons, ignorant of the recollections, which are given or recalled by the place he inhabits—the other personage has an axe for his sceptre, his long hair for a crown; he has conquered a little town called Lutetia.

“This son of the secretary of Atala is Augustulus: this barbarian king is Clovis.”

The noble Vicomte finished this speech amidst the same applauses which were heard at its commencement.

CHARACTERS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

AN USURER

Keeps his money in prison, and never lets it out but upon bail and good security, as Oliver Cromwell did the Cavaliers, to appear again upon warning. Lords and courtiers are apocryphal with him, but aldermen and country squires canonical; but above all, statute and mortgage—though he is often cheated with a buttered bun, and lays out his money a day after the fair; when land security proves under age; and elder mortgage goes away with all. He abhors a member of parliament as a malefactor, that takes sanctuary in the temple, and lurks in his Ram-alley privilege, against which varlets and bum-bailiffs are void and of none effect. He undoes men by laying obligations upon them, and ruins them for being bound to them. He knows no virtue but that of an obligation, nor vice but that of failing to pay use. He makes the same use of men's seals as witches do of images in wax, to make the owners waste and consume to nothing. A man had better be bound to his good behaviour than to him; for he that is bound to him is bound prentice to a prison, and when he is out of his time is sure to be in. He curses the bones of those that made the act against extortion, as too great an imposition upon liberty of conscience. He ventures to break it out of zeal, and though he lose his principal, is contented, like a fanatic, to “suffer persecution for righteousness.” He delights most of all to deal with a rich prodigal, who maintains his avarice as he does others' luxury. These two vices, like male and female vipers, keep together until the one has spent all, and then the other devours it, until the one bites off the other's head.

A CATCHPOLE

Is a journeyman sheriff, a minister of justice and injustice, right or wrong. He is a man of quick apprehension and very great judgment, for it seldom begins or ends without him. His business is to have and to hold the bodies of all those he has in his warrant. These are his tenements, no more in their own occupation, but his, till he delivers them over to Satan, that is, the jailer. He lays his authority, like a knighthood, on the shoulder, and it presently possesses the whole body, till bail and mainprize bring deliverance. He fears

nothing like a rescue, with which he is sometimes grievously afflicted, and beaten like a setting dog that springs the game. This never falls so heavy upon him as when he does his business too near home, (like an unskilful cur that runs at sheep,) for then the lawyers that set him at work pump and shave him for his pains. His greatest security is in his knavery, when he takes money of both sides, and is paid for not seeing, when he has no mind to it. His whole life is a kind of pickeering, and like an Indian cannibal, he feeds on those he takes prisoners. His first business is to convey their bodies to a tavern or an ale-house, where he eats and drinks their heads out. He is a greater enemy to liberty than Mr. Hobbes, and would reduce all men, if he could, to necessity. He eats his bread, not with the sweat, but the blood of his brows; and keeps himself alive, like those that have issues, by having holes made in his skin; for it is part of his vocation to be beaten when it falls in his way, and sometimes killed if occasion serve.

A SAILOR

Leaves his native earth to become an inhabitant of the sea, and is but a kind of naturalized fish. He is of no place, though he is always said to be bound for one or other, but a mere citizen of the sea, as vagabonds are of the world. He lives within the dominions of the water, but has protection from the contrary element, fire, without which his wooden castle were not tenable. He is confined within a narrow prison, and yet travels further and faster than those that are at liberty can do by land. He makes his own way by putting a stop to the wind's, that drives his house before it like a wheelbarrow. The waves of the sea are both the road and the wheels of his carriage, and the horses that draw it, without all question, of the breed of the wind. He lives, like Jonas, in the belly of a wooden whale, and when he goes on shore, does not land, but is vomited out as a crudity that lay on the fish's stomach. How far soever he travels he is always at home, for he does not remove his dwelling, but his dwelling removes him. The boisterous ruggedness of the element he lives in alters his nature, and he becomes more rude and barbarous than a landsman, as water dogs are rougher than land spaniels. He is a very ill neighbour to the fishes he dwells among, and, like one that keeps a gaming house, never gives them a treat without a design to feed upon them, like a sea cannibal that devours his own kind; and they, when they catch him out of his quarters, use him after the same manner, and devour him in revenge. A storm and a calm equally annoy him, like those that cannot endure peace, and yet are unfit for war. He ploughs the sea, and reaps a richer crop than those that till the land. He is calked all over with pitch and tar like his hull, and his cloathes are but sheathings. A pirate is a devil's bird to him, that never appears but before a storm. He endures a horse's back worse than foul weather, and rides as if he rode at anchor in a rough sea, and complains the beast heaves and sets uneasily. The land appears very dry to him, having been used to a moister element, and therefore he is fain to keep himself wet, like a fish that is to be shown, and is drunk as oft as he can, as the founder of his order, Noah, was when he came ashore, and he believes himself bound to conform to the practice of his fore-grandfather.

THE MODISH MAN

Is an orthodox gallant, that does not vary in the least article of his life, conversation, apparel, and address, from the doctrine and the discipline of the newest and best-reformed modes of the time. He understands exactly to a day what times of the year the several and respective sorts of coloured ribands come to be in season, and when they go out again. He sees no plays, but only such as he finds most approved of by men of his own rank and quality; and those he is never absent from as often as they are acted; mounts his bench between the acts, pulls off his peruke, and keeps time with his comb and motion of his person, exactly to the music. He censures truly and faithfully, according to the best of his memory, as he has received it from the most modish opinions, without altering, or adding any thing of his own contriving, "So help him God." It costs him a great deal of study and practice to pull off his hat judiciously, and in form, according to the best precedents, and to hold it when it is off without committing the least oversight. All his salutes, motions, and addresses, are, like the French wine, right as they came over, without any mixture or sophistication of his own, "D—n him, upon his honour." His dancing-master does not teach, but manage him like a great horse; and he is not learnt, but broken to all the tricks and shows. He is as scrupulous as a Catholic of eating any meat that is not perfectly in season, that is, in fashion, and dressed according to the canon of the church, unless it be at a French house, where no sort of meat is at any time out of season, because the place is modish; and the more he pays for it, and is cheated, the better he believes he is treated. He is very punctual in his oaths, and will not swear any thing but what the general concurrence of the most accomplished persons of his knowledge will be ready to make good.

AN IMPOSTOR

Is a great undertaker, and as great an underperformer; for his business being only to profess, he believes he deals fairly with the world in having done that, and is not engaged to proceed any further; for he takes so much pains to get opinion and belief, that it is not to be expected he should be able, or at leisure to do anything else, as shopkeepers, that sell and put off their wares, and study how to get custom, have no time to work and labour themselves, and commonly understand nothing of the manufacture of that which they deal in; for to profess much, and perform too, is more than the business of one man. He is so prodigal of his promises, that of so many thousands which he has made, he was never known to keep one: for they are the only commodity he deals in, and he gets his living by putting them off; and the quicker trade he has, the better he thrives, for they drive no mean trade, and live by turnings and windings of their words. All the force of his art and knowledge lies in his face, as Sampson's strength did in his hair; for it is proof against any impression whatever; and though he finds himself detected by the wiser part of the world, he disdains that, and fortifies himself with the better judgment of the ignorant, which he is sure will never fail him. All his abilities consist in his own impudence; and the instrument, with which he does all his feats, like an elephant's proboscis, grows on his face; for he gets employment and credit by giving himself countenance, which he

esteems more honourable than to receive it from another. He never goes without some dull, easy believer, and under-cheat, whose office is to cry him up and lie for him, and with him he stalks as a fowler does with his horse. He will offer great advantages for such slight and trivial consideration, that the very cheapness of his undertakings argues that they are counterfeit, or that he never came honestly by them, otherwise he could not part with them upon such terms. He never shows his judgment more than in his choice of those he has to deal with ; for the impostor and gull, when they are fitly matched, draw in one another like the male and female screw, and the one contributes as much as the other to the business.

A GAMESTER

Is a merchant adventurer, that trades in the bottom of a dice-box. Three bales of Fulhams and a small stock in cash sets him. He seldom ventures but he insures before-hand. He is but a juggler of the better sort ; for the one's box and dice and the other's box and balls are not very unlike ; and the slight-of-hand in managing them is the mastery of both their arts. He throws dice for his living, as some condemned to be hanged do for their lives. He pays custom to the box for all he imports ; and an ordinary is his port. He shakes his dice like a rattle-snake, and he that he fastens on is sure to be bitten, and sometimes swells till he breaks. He takes infinite pains to render himself able in his calling, and with perpetual practice of his hand and tools, arrives at great perfection, if the hangman do not spoil his palming with an untimely hot iron. His box and dice are his horn-ring and knife, with which he will dissect an insufficient gamester's pocket alive, and finger his money before his face. He never cuts the cards, but he cuts a purse, and when he deals the cards he sells them. He never stakes any thing but his conscience, which is none of his own ; for the devil has the keeping of it, and he ticks with him for it upon reputation. He trusts his false dice to themselves, but never ventures a true one without a slur or topping. The rook is his affidavit-man, and he lets him go half-a-crown now and then, that he may swear it out upon occasion, and judge always upon his side, right or wrong. Besides this his business is to fancy for him, for he is superstitious that way, and will rather bar his own cast than go against the conscience of his fancy. He differs nothing from a common pickpocket, but that he does the same thing by another method, and so much a worse as he picks a man's reason and reputation as well as his pocket. After he has spent all his own time and a great deal of other men's money, he becomes known and so avoided : or else new tricks come in play, which he is too old to learn, and so dwindles to a rook, and at last leaves the world as poor as alms-ace. The cheat and gull with equal hope, for one another's money cope ; but the former being of confederacy with the dice, they and he easily run down the other.

A MERCHANT

Is a water-spaniel that fetches and carries from one country to another. Nature can hide nothing out of his reach, from the bottom of the deepest seas to the tops of the highest rocks, but he hunts it out and bears it away. He ransacks all seas and lands to feed his avarice, as the old Romans did their luxury ; and runs to the rainbow to find a bag of gold, as they persuade children. He calls all ships that are

laden, good ships, and all that are rich, good men. He forsakes the dry land, and betakes himself to wind and water, where he is made or marred, like a glass, either blown into a good fortune or broken in pieces. His trade being upon the sea, partakes of the nature of it; for he grows rich no way so soon as by devouring others of his own kind, as fishes use to do, and gains most by losing sometimes, to make others do so that are not able to bear it, and thereby leave the whole trade to him. He calls news advice, which he and his correspondents make by confederacy, to terrify with false alarms of ships lost or cast away that are safe and out of danger, those that have ventures upon them to insure at excessive rates, and pay 30 per cent for taking a commodity of his off his hand; for he always gains more by false news, as well as false wares, than by true, until he is discovered, and then he must think of new ones. The more ignorant and barbarous people are, the more he gets by dealing with them: glass beads and copper rings pass for jewels among the Indians, and they part with right gold for them. He studies nothing (besides his own books) but almanacks and weather-cocks, and takes every point of the compass into serious consideration. His hopes and fears turn perpetually with the wind, and he is sea-sick after a storm, as if he had been in it, and runs to a conjuror to know how the devil has dealt with him, and whether he may be confident and put his trust in him. His soul is so possessed with traffic, that if all churches had not made souls a commodity and religion a trade, he had never been of any; but if the Pope would but give him leave to farm purgatory, he would venture to give more than ever was made of it, and let no soul out, how mean soever, that did not pay double fees. One of the chiefest parts of his ability in his profession consists in understanding when to break judiciously and to the greatest advantage; for by that means, when he has compounded his debts at an easy rate, he is like a broken bone well set, stronger than he was before. As for his credit, if he has cheated sufficiently and to the purpose, he rather improves than lessens it; for men are trusted in the world for what they have, not what they are.

A PLAYER

Is a representative by his calling, a person of all qualities; and though his profession be to counterfeit, and he never means what he says, yet he endeavours to make his words and actions always agree. It is his labour to play, and his business to turn passion into action. The more he dissembles, the more he is in earnest, and the less he appears himself, the truer he is to his profession. The more he deceives men, the greater right he does them; and the plainer his dealing is, the less credit he deserves. He assumes a body like an apparition, and can turn himself into as many shapes as a witch. His business is to be somebody else, and he is never himself but when he has nothing to do. He gets all he speaks by heart, and yet never means what he says. He is said to enter when he comes out, and to go out when he goes in. When he is off the stage he acts a gentleman, and in that only makes his own part himself. When he plays love and honour in effigy, the ladies take him at his word, and fall in love with him in earnest; and, indeed, they may be truly said to fall in love, considering how much he is below them. This blows him up with so much vanity, that he forgets what he is, and as he deludes them, so

they do him. He is like a motion made by a clock-work, the poet winds him up, and he walks and moves till his part is run down, and then he is quiet. He is but a puppet in great, which the poet squeaks to and puts in what posture he pleases; and though his calling be but ministerial to his author, yet he assumes a magistracy over him, because he sets him on work, and he becomes subordinate accordingly. He represents many excellent virtues as they light in his part, but knows no more of them than a picture does whom it resembles; his profession is a kind of metamorphosis, to transform himself out of one shape into another, like a tailor's sheet of paper which he folds into.

It is not strange that the world is so delighted with figures, and so averse to truth, since the mere imitation of a thing is more pleasant than the thing itself, as a good picture of a bad face is a little better object than the face itself. All ornament and dress is but disguise, which plain and naked truth does never put on. W—— and cut-purses flock to him to ply for employment, and he is as useful to them as a mountebank is to an apple-woman. He is an operator of wit and dramatic poetry, and Jan Fricup [?] to the muses. His prime qualifications are the same with those of a liar—confidence and a good memory; as for wit he has it at second-hand, like his clothes. The ladies take his counterfeit passions in earnest, and accompany him with their devotions, as holy sisters do a gifted hypocrite at his holding forth; and when he gives the false alarm of a fright they are as much concerned as if he were in real danger, or the worst were not past already. They are more taken with his mock love and honour, than if it were real, and, like ignorant dealers, part with right love and honour for it. His applause and commendation is but a kind of manufacture formed by clapping of hands; and though it be no more than men set dogs together by the ears with, yet he takes as a testimony of his merit, and sets a value on himself accordingly. His harvest is the spring and winter, when he gets that which maintains him in the summer and autumn. A great plague is terrible to him, but a thorough reformation much more; in the one he is but suspended, but by the other abolished, root and branch.

FRASER'S JOURNEY TO KHORASAN.*

THERE is not a description of authors that comprehends, under the same name, characters more diametrically opposed to each other than the class of travellers. Whilst some merely defraud the public of its time, money, and patience, and, having been nuisances in the countries where they sojourned, indemnify themselves, on their return home, for the expences of their tour, by putting forth some distorted caricatures of the scenes and persons they have visited in the course of it; there are others that are entitled to rank high among the importers of knowledge and the benefactors of the community. To this latter division Mr. Fraser eminently belongs. Instead of earning cheaply the reputation of a traveller, by exploring some tract of country a thousand

* A Journey into Khorasan, &c. by J. B. Fraser, Esq. Author of a Tour to the Himalaya Mountains. London, 1826.

times before visited and described, he has chosen for the subject of his investigations a country little known to Europeans, where, of course, a diligent inquirer might hope to collect much new and useful information. At Tehran, which an ordinary traveller would have thought it some merit to have reached, and where he doubtless would have put an end to his journey, Mr. Fraser considered his as only commencing. The object he had in view, to explore the eastern parts of Khorasan and the adjacent countries, implied no inconsiderable portion of enterprise. The Shah, it appears, is jealous of allowing Europeans to deviate to the eastward of the high road from Shiraz to Tehran, either from some vague apprehensions for the safety of his desert dominions, or from a reluctance to expose to a stranger the nakedness of the land. Mr. Fraser had before his eyes the fate of Mr. Brown, the last traveller that had attempted this route, whose murder there is every reason to believe was perpetrated at the king's instigation. The natives themselves gave this out for fact, and stated that a gold chronometer, which Mr. Brown carried with him, found its way into the cabinet of his majesty. In addition to the apprehensions naturally arising from this source, the traveller's proposed route was full of difficulties and hazard. The Turkomans, though, like most other savage tribes, they be famed for hospitality, are by no means a safe people among whom to sojourn, and are in the habit of pouncing, like a hawk upon a sparrow, on the caravans that traverse the districts they infest, and at one fell swoop carrying off both the traveller and his goods. It is thus necessary for persons proposing to cross the desert to collect in considerable numbers, and even then, to watch their opportunity, as the mariners of old used to do the wind, and put out when the passage is understood to be clear. The country appears at this time to have been in a state of particular agitation. Mr. Fraser met a *chupper* (courier express) going with intelligence to the king, from the court at Mushed, that a body of troops whom the prince, governor of Khorasan, had dispatched to co-operate with Seyed Mahomed Khan, a chief of the country, against the Turkomans, had been surprised by their faithless ally, and made prisoners, with their general, guns, and baggage. In addition to which, whilst waiting at Sharood for the assembling of a *cafilah*, his *jeloodar* (equerry) came to him, with a face full of news, to relate how a caravan, on its way from Tursheez, had been *chappowed* by a party of Turkomans. The intelligence proved to be correct; and other information gave but an alarming picture of the district. The Turkomans, and sundry neighbouring chiefs, were *chappowing* in different directions; and it was said that the Shah "could call nothing in Khorasan his own beyond Mushed, Nishapore, and Subzawar, and that these were devoured by his servants." When, after waiting a day or two, the travellers had collected in what was thought sufficient strength, it was amusing, though at the same time vexatious, to observe the reluctance of the persons composing the caravan to set out, and how, on the most absurd pretences, the evil hour was deferred from this day to the next, and from one hour to another. "On the morning of the 9th all talked boldly; some were for loading at noon, others in the evening, but none spoke of exceeding *that*." At noon the word is given to load; the traveller swallows his breakfast in haste, every thing is packed up,

and some of the divisions are even filing out of the caravanserai, when, again, *evening* becomes the word. The traveller applies himself earnestly to counteract the demon of procrastination thus at work, and succeeds so far that the caravan is at length in motion. They had proceeded but two miles, when it was rumoured that a horseman of the governor's had arrived with orders to delay the departure of the cafilah, as the Turkomans were certainly in motion. The whole caravan was panic struck; but when the messenger of these evil tidings was inquired for, he was not to be found—come, nobody knew when, and vanished, nobody knew where! The consternation, however, was not the less general, and the question is then proposed, to proceed or return? The elders move that the decision shall be submitted to the will of God, to be declared by a mode of divination resembling the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, to which the Mahometans are addicted. It consists of opening the Koran, and deciding on the course to be pursued, in any emergency, by the meaning of the text which first presents itself to the eye of the opener. “This was instantly agreed to on all hands, the book was produced from the girdle of a moollah in company, and all *stood suspended* in anxiety for the event. The answer was pronounced by the moollahs to be unfavourable to proceeding; and, in an instant, the whole cafilah, of more than one hundred and fifty camels and an equal number of men, like a flock of pigeons at the sight of a hawk, had turned their faces, and were in full retreat towards the village, at a pace far more rapid than that with which they had advanced; the very camels seemed to have caught the panic of their owners, and moved swifter back to this haven of safety.”

Laudable as is the spirit of enterprise which Mr. Fraser has discovered, he united with it a quality yet more rare and more valuable. He seems, from the outset, to have proposed it to himself as a duty to observe all that could in any way interest or instruct the reader, and has related his observations with the most scrupulous attention to accuracy. From first to last, every item of his narrative bears upon it the stamp of the most perfect veracity; and, not only this, but conveys a most correct impression of the objects and persons described. In general, the value of his representations arises much more from their manifest correctness, than from any powers of picturesque delineation which they discover; and yet several passages might be cited as depicting in a very lively manner the scenes and objects described. Among these might be instanced, his account of the incidents on board the Indian vessel on its way to Muscat; of the approach to Shiraz, with several other views of the Persian landscape, and of a tribe of Eels whom he encountered in the act of migrating from one pasture to another, and whose general appearance as well as habits very much resemble those of a gipsy horde, in Scotland's olden time.

As for the composition of the work, the author disclaims all pretensions to elegance, and does, indeed, write somewhat carelessly. He is apt to use the word *never* for *not*, and to put the adverb *only*, invariably in the wrong place, and occasionally to abuse his figures of speech, by making people, as we have seen, “stand suspended,” and to employ terms that savour of pedantry. Yet these are trifling peccadilloes; and his narrative wants only to be corrected in some points, and pruned of some redundancies, to merit the praise of being tole-

rably well written. There is, moreover, a little self-importance occasionally manifested, particularly where the author, in consequence of the death of Dr. Jukes, undertakes the conduct of the mission, which he had accompanied from Bombay, and which was on its way to the Persian court. The reader will have more difficulty in pardoning some elaborately sentimental passages, and some loose political speculations about Mahometanism, &c. which occur in the course of this work; but even these are nothing, weighed against its substantial merits.

Khorasan, as has been said, was his destination. He succeeded in reaching Mushed, the capital of the province, but the reader has to regret the distractions of the country, and other circumstances, which cut short, at that place, his intended route to Bokhara and Samercand. Of the Turkoman tribes, their marauding excursions, and general mode of life, he has collected many interesting particulars. It is curious to remark, how exactly similar are the habits of men in all countries, when placed in like circumstances. The history of the Turkomans, their propensity to plunder, united with a kind of savage and dubious hospitality, the mutual hostility of their tribes to one another, and their never-ceasing chappows or forays upon the cultivated districts, is but a picture, on a grander scale, of the habits existing among the Celtic population of this island, so late as the earlier part of the last century. The inhabitants of the districts subject to their incursions, live in a state of continued alarm. As was the case, formerly, in the border-towns of Scotland, each village has its keep or fortalice; and as the inhabitants can never say when an attack will, or will not be made, they go armed to their labour, and plough their fields with their swords girded, and their matchlocks by their side. The Turkomans are admirable horsemen, and their steeds unrivalled over Asia for their powers of endurance. These are proved by the immense distance to which marauding parties often carry their incursions. The chappow made, while Mr. Fraser was in the country, upon Ghourian, only forty miles from Herat, must have marched at least five hundred miles, and a great part of that through, or upon the skirts of, an inhabited country. Nay, as the reader of Hadji Baba well knows, and the fact is confirmed by Mr. Fraser, their inroads have been known to extend to the vicinity of Ispahan, though this place, by the most direct route, cannot be less than six or seven hundred miles from their homes, in the desert, beyond the Attock.* Preparatory to a chappow, their steeds undergo a particular kind of training, which more resembles that of our pugilistic champions and pedestrians, than of our race-horses. Every particle of fat is sweated out, and when the muscles have become sufficiently firm and hard, they will say, in commendation of a horse, that his flesh is marble. Thus trained, their horses will carry their riders and provisions for seven or eight days successively, at the rate of about eighty or one hundred miles a day. The Turkoman tribes are either pastoral in their habits, and hospitable to strangers, or ferocious and predatory. The latter are chiefly found in the countries bordering on Khorasan; a circumstance, perhaps, to be attributed to its having been the debateable land of two or three great monarchies, and therefore

* A term which James I. might have used, when, speaking of the county of Fife, he said, that it was like a piece of coarse cloth with a *selvage* of silk.

particularly subject to wars and convulsions. Religious animosity inflames the lust of depredation, by which they are animated against the settled inhabitants of Khorasan. They are Mahometans of the sect of Soonies, the Persians are Sheahs, and therefore the Turkomans hold it meritorious to make war upon the "*Kuzzil-bashes*," as they call the Persians, to the knife.

The tribe of Tuckeh is one of the most numerous and powerful, but they are a treacherous race, who never suffer an opportunity of plundering, even though it be their friends, to escape them. They yield a nominal obedience to Mahomed Raheem Khan, Prince of Khyvah; but nothing, save a fear of consequences, withholds them from seizing the caravans that pass through their haunts, and from chapping the territories of Mahomed Khan himself. The Gocklans and Yamoots, the two other tribes to which Mr. Fraser's information chiefly relates, were formerly, like their ancestors the Parthians, celebrated for their skill in the use of the bow. An old Gocklan warrior mounted, and in possession of his weapons, was so adroit in the use of them, as not to mind, it is said, a dozen opponents. The decline of their skill in the use of the bow, is ascribed to the cruel expedient of Aga Mahomed Khan, the late King of Persia, who, enraged at the repeated aggressions of the Gocklans, sent out a powerful force, and after putting multitudes to death, ordered that every male captive should have the thumb of his right hand cut out by the socket, which has obliged them to take to the matchlock.

Money is not current among the Turkomans, their exchanges being chiefly effected by bartering their commodities one for another. Slaves constitute the principal branch of what may be called their foreign traffic. Captives are, therefore, a description of plunder as profitable as their goods and chattels. Though ferocious beyond measure in the onset, and slaughtering without scruple their prisoners, on any emergency, they are not accused of treating them ill, when they have them once safely in their possession. Merchants travel twice a year through the country of the Turkomans, to buy up their captives, either on the hope of obtaining from the latter money for their ransom, or merely with a view of selling them in the slave-markets at Bokhara or Khyvah. Their treatment, under servitude, at these latter places, is so far from being harsh, that many are known to have voluntarily remained there, after the period of their captivity was expired, and to have trafficked in the very line to which they owed their settlement in the place. Another article of traffic very prevalent among them will strike the reader as curious and unique. The Turkoman buys his wife, and, it is said, will give, in the proportion of ten to one, more for a widow than a maid. A lady that has been married, and acquired any degree of celebrity for skill in housewifery, will fetch from two to four thousand rupees. The average price of a maiden, unskilled in the economy of a household, is from two to four hundred only. The appearance of the Turkoman ladies did not make any very favourable impression upon our traveller. The elder women, in particular, he describes as ugly, haggard, and withered. Like the wild Highlanders, the Turkomans pique themselves upon their hospitality; but they are suspected of violating it in a way that discovers a highly civilized disregard of its sacred ties. The Turkoman ladies are reported to be free and easy in their deportment before strangers; and, "*they do say*" that they

have been known purposely to betray the unhappy guest into improper familiarities, in order to furnish his host with a decent excuse for making a prize of him and his chattels. Notwithstanding their pretensions to the *name*, in point of *fact*, says Mr. Frazer, none but a Mussulmaun and a Soonie, could with impunity trust himself freely among them.

The result of Mr. Fraser's journey was not so successful as his enterprising spirit, and thirst for original information, seemed to promise. He found his residence at Mushed, the capital of Khorasan, rendered not only unpleasant, but unsafe, by the intolerant spirit of the Mahometan religion, which in consequence of its being the "holy city," and a strong hold of the moollahs, is there found in full force. "The town began to talk loudly of the disgrace and even sacrilege of permitting an unbelieving European to go at large through its sacred streets." One of the more rigid moollahs was heard to exclaim: "What! are the skies not yet fallen, when a *Kaffer Feringhee* comes and makes his residence in the holy city, and a Mussulmaun, a moollah, and a Seyed, lives with him, serves him, and eats with him continually from the same dish?" The boys too—a very frequent trick of the youthful population of Mussulmaun towns—pelted him with stones, and insulted him with the vilest epithets, always concluding, by way of climax, with, "A Jew, a Jew! a Christian, a Christian!" To allay these hostile feelings towards him, he affected an inclination to become a Mussulmaun. "You need only repeat after me," said Meerza Abdool Jawat to him, "what I shall dictate, and which is the Mussulmaun confession of faith, and then you shall be our brother, and no one can call your conduct in question, go where you will." "He accordingly commenced dictating to me the Culmeh, which I repeated after him; after which he took me by both hands, and pronounced me to be a good Mussulmaun." But the more zealous religionists were scandalized, and thought his profession a mockery worse than open contempt. Upon the whole, his example does not offer any encouragement to travellers in Mussulmaun countries to resort to this expedient, as he appears to have found the difficulties in preserving his assumed character greater than those to which his avowed infidelity had exposed him. The incredulity of the moollahs was not to be satisfied without a more close examination of their proselyte's faith. On going to pay a visit, he finds assembled in the house a number of the more zealous Mussulmauns, bent upon sifting him to the uttermost. He was asked by one of them, "whether the happy news was true?" "Alhumdulillah!" replied the convert, in a solemn voice, bowing his head. "Mash Allah! Allumdulillah!" was the response, "I congratulate you on your good disposition, and doubt not all will be well with you; let me hear you repeat the Culmeh." The traveller would have declined; but, on being pressed, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his catechist. Many, notwithstanding, audibly declared their disbelief in his sincerity, but one of them silenced the incredulous, by saying, "God only knows the heart; he has repeatedly pronounced the Mussulmaun Culmeh before the priests and before ourselves; and he who does this, we are bound to look upon as a Mussulmaun." This charitable person, however, would not carry his acquiescence so far as to assent to a proposition, that the convert was qualified to visit the holy shrine.

"No, no," said he, "we must wait awhile for that;" and, in a word, poor Mr. Fraser derived, from his conversion to the Mahometan faith, no other advantage than that of being perplexed with cross examinations, and fatigued with Mussulmaun sermons.

Whilst his residence in the holy city was thus rendered unpleasant and hazardous, the state of affairs without was such as to cut off all hopes of being able to proceed onwards to Bokhara. The approach of spring had set the Turkomans in motion; and various tribes of them were reported to be plundering in different directions. No caravan, it was understood, would venture, or, indeed, be permitted to set out from Mushed; and without a caravan it was impossible to stir. The traveller was thus compelled to return upon his steps, and his journey took a direction to the north-west, to Astrabad, on the Caspian. He was enabled to bear this disappointment with Christian, or, more properly, Mussulmaun resignation, upon learning that a caravan had actually been cut to pieces by the Turkomans in the line of his intended march, and about the time when he was to have been upon the road. A few days afterwards word was brought, that "a band of Tuckeh Turkomans had made a dash from the desert beyond Merve, even to the neighbourhood of Ghourian, within two fursungs of Herat, where they plundered a village; and retreated, having put fifty persons to death, and carried off about as many prisoners."

Mushed, besides being celebrated for holiness, is the seat of the Persian University. Mr. Fraser enumerates sixteen medressas, or colleges, maintaining each a certain number of moollahs, on funds derived from landed property, or the rents of baths, shops, and caravan-serais. Of the moollahs some receive no pay from the medressas, and others, who cannot support themselves, enjoy a small allowance. It seems to be the practice there to *give instructions for the sake of the faith they profess*; or rather, with the view of gaining a name, by their zeal and learning, and rising thus to influence and wealth. Pecuniary remuneration for tuition is seldom expected; but when a moollah has educated the children of a rich or noble family, a provision of some sort is generally made him.

The subjects principally studied in the Persian colleges are, theology, logic, metaphysics, mathematics, and medicine. Their course of divinity comprises the Koran, the standard works of the Sheahs, and all points connected with the Mahometan faith. Their logic and metaphysics are but of a very low order, tending only to wild paradoxes and plausible hypotheses. They are acquainted with the geometry of Euclid, and their system of astronomy (a study valued chiefly from its subservience to astrology) is the Ptolemean, cked out with many strange additions of their own. In physic their practice is mere quackery, and their knowledge is confined to the qualities and effects of a few simples. Those moollahs who have succeeded in obtaining establishments, reside in their own houses, but the others have rooms in college, where they pursue their studies, and give instructions to the students that present themselves. Of the latter, the more advanced, and those who come from a distance, have chambers assigned in college, by the moolwullee, or superior. "Their hours of study are generally in the nights and mornings: during the day they repeat their lesson to their *maalims*, or masters, (the superior

moollahs,) who explain to them such things as they do not comprehend, and set them new tasks. At other hours, they meet together in each other's apartments, and amuse themselves in dispute on subjects connected with their literary pursuits. There are always certain poor students who perform for the richer, or more advanced, a variety of little domestic offices; such as cleaning out their chamber, fetching wood, water, and articles of food from the bazar, and even cooking their food. For the maalims and superior moollahs such offices are usually performed by some of their scholars; but the rest help themselves, each bringing from the bazar such articles as he requires, and cooking independently in his own room."

And thus much concerning the university of Mushed. We may add in conclusion, that few travellers have succeeded better than Mr. Fraser in making the reader acquainted with the countries through which their journey lay. When it is considered, what the line of Mr. Fraser's route was, its extent, and the obscurity, which hung over a considerable portion of it, it follows that few persons have travelled to better purpose.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT RELATIVE TO THE CURRENCY.

ON the subject of currency, parliament has as usual demonstrated how much the conservative powers of such an assembly exceed in value the deliberative. It looks as if men of talent in their individual capacities met together to "know this only that they nothing knew." The cause is easily traced to the imperfect knowledge with which men content themselves upon subjects where their individual responsibility is only to be fractional. Thus, when a celebrated advocate states, as if it was an ultimate fact, that all he knows is, that when paper and gold have existed together, the gold has always finally disappeared,—it is impossible to help believing, that if it had been alleged in a defence before a court of law, that all wines had run out of all barrels, he would have run rapidly to the conclusions, that if they ran out it was because there were leaks; that leaks might have been found, and being found, might have been stopped; and would never have rested in the assumption, that there was some abstract connexion between wine and leakage beyond which human penetration could make no advance.

One use of a deliberative assembly, even where it exists in the most imperfect form, is the constant evidence it holds forth, how much the knowledge of the community is a-head of that of the government, and consequently how much it would be for the benefit of all, that the government should represent the community to the greatest possible extent. Thus, in the British parliament, though far removed from the most imperfect of existing forms, it hardly yet appears to be recognised and understood, that the value of the circulating medium in any country must, for any period for which the wealth and business of the community may be considered as unaltered, be a constant quantity, which neither gods nor men can alter; and, therefore, if the volume or numerical amount be increased, the value of any given part must

be diminished in the exact proportion of the increase of the whole. All the steps by which this effect takes place, may be subjected to mathematical demonstration, in addition to the evidence of experience as to the general truth. Men without doors have known this long, because it was forced upon them, and they had no interest not to know it; but there is a long and dreary interval, between its being known without, and its being wrought into such general and operative knowledge as shall be effectual within.

The great deficiency in the proceedings of parliament has been, that they have overlooked all that it was most important to bring to the test of examination. They have busied themselves with accessories; and they have been successful in obtaining no important results. Where is the amount of what has been received by the government in return for the public paper, and how has it been accounted for? Why have private individuals been allowed to coin paper money, and carry off the public profits; and why are they allowed to do so still? Such are the questions which the public would gladly have seen examined; and they have not been examined. When a government issues notes upon a promise to pay upon demand, it is manifest that for every one of these notes that is retained in circulation and not returned either in discharge of taxes or demand of payment, the government has received and possessed the full amount of what was given to it in return for such note at the time of issue; and is, or ought to be, accountable for the same in like manner, as for any other monies or things coming into its hands in the course of its operations as a government. For example: if a government had in circulation notes to the amount of fifty millions of pounds, it would be accountable for something received to the amount of fifty millions; and two millions and a half (or whatever else may be the interest) ought to be deducted annually from the taxes levied on the community, or be otherwise accounted for to parliament on the same grounds and in the same manner as any other monies or things received. For to say that parliament has a right to inquire into other receipts and expenditure, but has not a right to inquire into this, is like saying it has a right to inquire when the wind is northerly, but has no authority or jurisdiction north-north-west. Whatever diversities of opinion there may be, as to whether parliament is constituted in the best manner that is abstractedly possible, it is clear that as it is, it is all we have now; and, therefore, by it we must stand or fall, in all matters connected with present expenditure.

If the government, instead of issuing this paper itself, and placing the proceeds to the credit of the community, allows private individuals to issue it for their own advantage, it then gives away to those individuals the property of the community; and it becomes a question, why the government does this, in the same manner as it would if the government were seen giving away the public lands or forests. And here men have had too long experience of the natural history of governments, to be at a loss for an answer. All governments have a propensity to giving, where influence can be procured in return, and they see a probability of having their wants supplied after all from the purses of the community; and if they cannot direct the stream of their bounty with all the precision that might be desired, they will do

it with less. A government which lets a certain number of millions run out annually will have just so many millions worth of influence at its command of a better kind or of a worse. It may not be of quite so good a kind as if the government had the opportunity of selecting its own bargains in the market; but it will be of a kind far too good to throw away, if there is an opportunity for getting this and not the other.

The essential point is to prove the reality of the wrong done by allowing the profit arising from the substitution of paper to be taken by individuals; for those individuals will maintain they do nothing but what they have a right to do. Where coins have been issued, (which under a sensible government takes place without any expence to the community,) every man who possesses one has given value for it. It is therefore *his* in the most unlimited sense of the word; and if a discovery should be thereafter made by which paper can be caused to perform the offices of coins, it is he, and he only, who has a right to the gain arising from substituting paper and restoring the coin to the common uses of metal. His right is as precise and clear, as that which a man who substitutes glass vessels for his silver ones has to pocket the difference of price. If the thing were practicable, every man who has a guinea ought to have a note for the same amount put into his pocket for nothing, and be told to go and sell his guinea to a goldsmith, or dispose of it in any other way he chooses. This, if it were practicable, would be the fair and just thing; and anything which produces the same effect is just, and anything which does not produce it is not just. But since it is not practicable in kind, the object must be to produce the same effect, or as near to it as possible. And this will be done, if the government, by issuing paper, takes to itself all the benefit of the substitution in the first instance, and then gives every man credit for a share, by reducing the taxes of the community by the amount. The paper will be gradually substituted without loss, the gold will quietly run out and return to its original uses for the benefit of the holders, and there will be an after credit given to the holders in the taxes besides. The effect on each individual may not be the same with complete exactness; but it will be very nearly the same, and so nearly that every man will be very glad to have it in preference to having nothing. It will be as near to exactness as the nature of things will permit; and it will at all events be perfectly clear that there is no designed wrong. But if, instead of this, private individuals are allowed to issue paper, the proceeds are taken by themselves, and no diminution of taxes nor other credit is given in consequence to the community. The community, therefore, loses precisely the sum taken; which is just what it would do in a case of forcible entry of the mint. There is no use in the private issuers alleging that what they do is with the consent of individuals. This may be quite true; but then the community is robbed in the result. The only shadow of criminality that can be attached to robbing the mint consists in the property of the community being taken away and applied to the benefit of individuals who are not the community. It would be useless to urge that ladders, crow-bars, and dark-lanterns are harmless commodities, and were procured in the market with the perfect consent of the parties concerned. It is not

there that the fault lies; it is in the result. So in the coining of paper-money by individuals, the question is not of that part of the act which consists in exchanging this paper-money against the gold of such as voluntarily give it, but of that other part which consists in taking away from the community what it ought to have received. It is not that the man's guinea, which he voluntarily gives for the private note, is taken away from him, but it is that the community loses that other guinea, or the value of the same, which indirectly, if not directly, should have been returned to them in the deduction made from the sums levied for the public service. It is necessary to be very precise in making out this part of the case; because the persons interested will be sure to throw all manner of delusion about the point.

The questions then with respect to private bank notes separate themselves into two:—Whether the community is to be injured by the existence of private notes at all;—and whether it is to be further injured by the want of security for their payment; which, to some persons, may appear like asking—whether a government should allow its subjects to be robbed, and whether it should further allow them to be murdered afterwards. That the first question should ever be satisfactorily got rid of, can only be expected to happen under circumstances which shall create a peculiar connexion between the representative and the constituents. But the other might be disposed of at any time, when the government should be inclined to take the same measures for preserving the property of the community that it does for its own. When the government allows its own money to be lodged in the hands of a private banker, it demands that he shall find security for the amount; and if it felt equally for the money of the community, it would take the same precaution. But it ought still to be borne in mind, that all this is only preventing the murder in addition to the robbery—is only stopping the adventitious and accumulated evil, while the primary one, which is the source of all, goes unrestrained.

If it is urged that the issuing of paper is a trade, and government ought not to trade, the answer is, that the coining of paper-money is not an act of trade, but of that power which, consistently with the good of the community, can only be exercised by the government. It might as well be urged that the receiving taxes was an act of trade, and individuals request to open private excise-offices and pocket the excise. The objection in both cases is the same; namely, that what ought to go to the credit of the community is taken by individuals. The just and proper trade of a banker is something quite distinct from the coining of paper-money; and consists in collecting the money of such persons as find it convenient to make deposits, and lending it to such as wish to borrow. Bills also the bankers may discount; but they should do it with their own money, and not with money taken from the public. Within their proper limits, they act as a most useful engine of communication between different parts of the community. But if we inquire what their right is to go further and issue paper-money as the means of lending, their right is none at all. Let them lend all the money they can of their own, and all that other people choose to trust them with; but let not the millions of the public be given them to lend.

Since the value of any given part of the currency depends upon the

quantity of the whole, it is clear, that, whenever the quantity is increased beyond a certain limit, whether the increase takes place in one species of currency or another, depreciation will ensue. But, as soon as the coin will purchase less gold than is contained in itself, coins will begin to run out or disappear; and the attendant demand for coins for the purposes of reduction or exportation will be a check to further issues, either of public or private paper, and, in fact, will cause the issuers to withdraw, or pay off, some portion of what they have already issued. And since there is no check to the issues till depreciation has taken place,—or, in other words, since nothing but an actual running out of coins will check the issues of paper, it follows, that if the issues are to be kept in continual check, there must be a continual running out of coins to do it; so that there can be no wonder the coins should disappear. As long, therefore, as there is no other check on the issue of paper than the demand for payment in coins, coins must disappear; but it ought always to be borne in mind, that it is because there is no other check. What portion of the paper retained in circulation under such a system, will be public, and what private, appears to depend on the momentary convenience of individuals. The coiners of private paper will call this a fair and honourable competition, and say it is just as it ought to be; while there is just the same distinction, in reality, that there would be between two shops selling in the same market and at the same prices, with the difference that one was selling for the benefit of those who were the rightful owners, and the other for those who were not. To a simple customer it might make no difference whether he went to one shop or to the other; but there would be all the difference in the world to those who were wronged by the result.

A payment in gold was the cure for the last great fraud inflicted on the community through the medium of its currency, which was the fraud of over-issues; and therefore men are naturally attached to it. But if bank-paper could be made to keep its value without it, and the expence of finding gold be saved to the community, no man need complain; and the question is only whether it can. And whether it can or not, light will be thrown on the nature of paper currency, by the discussion of the question. Strong reasons may be urged for the assertion, that the way to secure the community the greatest advantages of which the subject is capable would be by means of an *inconvertible* public paper, the proceeds of which should be faithfully placed to the credit of the public, and of which no new issues should take place but by consent of Parliament upon proof produced that the bank-note would purchase in the market a certain standard quantity of gold (as for instance, the quantity in what is called a sovereign), *and something more*; from which excess, the whole number in circulation being known, the quantity to be issued may be collected by simple proportion. The real measure of the value of a note or coin, is what it will buy, expressed in some kind of commodities that is least liable to great fluctuations; and that gold is a convenient commodity for measuring value has been agreed upon by all mankind. If it is asked why this would be better than a gold circulation, it is, because it saves the expense, as it may be two millions and a half annually to the public. If

it is asked why it is better than a paper currency payable upon demand, it is because it prevents the loss consequent upon gold being demanded in a time of public panic. When gold is demanded at such a season, as for instance, at a time of expected invasion, it is not because there is absolute diminution in the wealth and business of the community at that moment, but because individuals desire gold for the purpose of laying up a hoard against future contingencies, in the same manner as they might be tempted to lay in a stock of flannel garments. But there seems no reason why they should be indulged in this desire at the public expence in one case more than in the other. If they desire gold, let them buy gold in the market, as they would flannel. It is true that the price of gold may rise under such circumstances of increased demand, as would the price of flannel ; but this presents no new reason. The principle on which gold would be desired in such a case, separates itself from the principles peculiar to currency, and enters into those which are common to flannels. But notwithstanding this desire, the inconvertible currency would continue to perform the office of the instrument of exchange, even in the extreme case of a successful invasion. For it is clear that the enemy could not prevent its circulation in those parts of the country which had not fallen under his power. And in those which had, it would be his object not to destroy the paper currency, but to get as much of it as possible into his own hands. If indeed he could prevent its circulation in the places which he had not yet conquered, it would be a powerful engine towards the accomplishment of his designs. But since this is impossible, it would be of no use to attempt it afterwards. Either his occupation is permanent, or it is temporary. If it is permanent, there would be no reason why he should mulct every man in the amount of the paper currency found in his possession, with no benefit to himself ; if he has the common sense of an enemy, he will at least do an injury in a more profitable form. If it is temporary, the conquered, at the worst, have only to conceal ; and paper is more easily concealed than gold. Another point, too, that merits consideration, is, whether it would not be better to have a paper avowedly inconvertible from the beginning, than a paper which breaks down and *becomes inconvertible* at the moment of expected invasion ; as the Bank of England's paper has done before, and would probably do again in like circumstances. With the exception of the quality of inconvertibility, there is no difference between an inconvertible paper kept under popular control, and a paper that professes to be payable in gold upon demand ; and the question seems to be, whether the inconvertibility shall be avowed from the beginning, or whether it shall be treasured up to be avowed at the worst of all possible times, and when it can do nothing but add to the panic arising from other causes. Under a system of inconvertible paper, coins might be kept in circulation to any amount, by fixing the standard quantity of gold to be purchased by the note or coin, at a little more than is contained in the coin. At the same time it may be difficult to say why the community should be put to a loss of profit equal to the value of these coins ; unless it were to please elderly gentlemen, which is something.

The fact that an inconvertible public paper does not lose its value

even when the greatest possible panic is created by the change, was sufficiently established when the Bank of England refused payment. Men were astonished that the same consequences did not take place as in the case of the stopping of a private bank; never reflecting that the two cases had nothing in common but the word Bank. The truth is, that a public bank, in the proper sense of the word, *cannot* break. The Bank of England did all that men could do to break, and could not. The value of what the community requires to form for it an instrument of exchange, must always be there; though excessive issues may increase the number of claimants among whom this value is to be divided, so as to rob the public to any assignable amount. This truth is at the bottom of the paradox with which Adam Smith amuses himself, and which has been repeated in so many forms, where he says that "a tax on money is paid by nobody." If a piece of paper can be made to perform the office of an ounce of gold, a coin of three quarters of an ounce may be made to do so too; and instead of there being any wonder in this, the only wonder is, that the community which saves the quarter of an ounce, had not sense to save the other three. The reason why a quarter of an ounce can be spared out of the coin, is because the whole ounce might be spared also. A man might as well wonder that his bond for four talents could be engraven on a plate of gold which weighed only three; when the fact is that a piece of parchment might spare the whole. All this, however, supposes that the amount of the issues is kept under rigid restraint; for without it, the whole becomes only a machine for taking money from the subjects without consent of Parliament. How much the public did lose by the issues of the Bank of England after its paper was made inconvertible; what portion of this was taken from the stock-holders, and what from the holders of the currency at large; what share was left to the issuers of private paper; and how the reduction of the depreciation as well as the bringing it on might be made a profitable speculation, by the simple contrivance of altering the mode of laying taxes from imposts *ad valorem* to imposts fixed in nominal amount, may all be demonstrated with mathematical accuracy, by a little help from the higher species of arithmetic, provided the requisite *data* can be obtained. There is no more mystery in all this than in determining a bankrupt's dividend; provided always that he can be made to surrender facts.

A question that will occur, and to which the proceedings in Parliament have not produced a satisfactory answer, is: What is the Bank of England? Does any body know; or does any body know that will tell? Is it an office for the issuing of paper currency for the benefit and to the credit of the community, as a victualling office is an office for another specific purpose? If it is not, why is it not? Whence is it that the Bank of England talks of the absence of right to demand an explanation of its receipts and issues, when neither the Customs nor the Excise set up any similar claim in their respective departments? Is it that the government has made over the operations of the Bank by contract, with an understanding that the contractors are to make all they can by all means, and has not yet made over the Customs or the Excise? If so; what was the contract? Has what was received been accounted for to Parliament and to the

community? How much is taken off annually from what is levied on the community, in consequence of the said contract? Was the contract a fair one; or has the profit been left as a *bonus* among a class highly respectable for their wealth and parliamentary influence, as the profits of coining private paper have been left among another class? Did the government sell by this contract only what it had itself a right to; namely, the power of conducting the public paper in the manner most beneficial to the community,—or did it sell what it had itself no right to; namely, the power of conducting the public paper in the manner most beneficial to somebody else? All these are questions on which the public are greatly in want of satisfaction; and like the hungry congregation of a cathedral, they “look up and are not fed.”

Four millions of the pieces called sovereigns are proposed to be issued in the interval between the present period and 1829; while the self-same effect might have been produced by keeping in circulation four millions of the notes of a public bank, conducted upon just principles, and the whole difference of value, or four millions, be put into the pockets of the community. The fallacy is lodged in the confounding of public with private paper. The poorer classes suffer much by the one pound notes of *private* bankers being not paid upon demand; and, therefore, there shall be no one pound notes of the *public* bank;—such is the syllogism. There seems to be an unwillingness to comprehend the difference between public and private paper; because it would lead to the result, that private paper is a wrong. It is quite clear that these four millions must run out, as long as there is no check on the issue of public and private paper, but the demand for coins caused by coins running out with a profit; and so would a hundred millions more, if they were poured into the same hole. It is true that the whole value of these will not be lost; but all the expense of coining will be lost. And perhaps on the whole this is the least evil; for if the circulation were kept full of gold, it would only be ready for the first minister to lay his hands on, who should devise, it may be, an unjust war, and say the times required it.

That the evil of issuing private paper has existed with the permission of government, is certainly a reason why the removal of it should be conducted in the manner which will produce the least loss to the individuals concerned; but, as in other questions of removal, it forms no reason why the evil should not be done away. The life of man is a continued scene of choice between evils and their removal; and the process, which all experience proves to be the wisest, is that of resolutely removing the recurring and accumulating evil, with the least temporary suffering which it is practicable to inflict.

SIR THOMAS LETHBRIDGE AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE Speech of Sir Thomas Lethbridge, on the Address at the opening of Parliament, bears so striking a resemblance to MR. NOODLE'S ORATION in a late Number of the Edinburgh Review, that the coincidence can scarcely be considered accidental.

Noodle's Oration.—Ed. Rev. No. 84.

What would our ancestors say to this, sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in comparison with the wisdom of centuries? (Hear, hear.) Besides, sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask, is this a time for carrying it into execution? Whether in fact a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has chosen? If this were an ordinary measure, I should not oppose it with so much vehemence; but, sir, it calls in question the wisdom of an irrevocable law... The proposition is new; it is the first time it was ever heard in this house. I am not prepared, sir,—this house is not prepared, to receive it... If we pass this bill, what fresh concessions may he not require?... Was the hon. gentleman, let me ask him, always of this way of thinking? Do I not remember when he was the advocate, in this house, of very opposite opinions?... Besides, sir, the measure is unnecessary... The business was one of the greatest importance; there is need of the greatest caution and circumspection. Do not let us be precipitate, sir. It is impossible to foresee all consequences. Every thing should be gradual. The example of a neighbouring nation should fill us with alarm. The hon. gentleman has taxed me with illiberality, sir—I deny the charge—I hate innovation, but I love improvement. I dread reform, but I dread it only when it is intemperate... Nobody is more conscious than I am of the splendid abilities of the honourable mover, but I tell him at once his scheme is too good to be practicable—it savours of Utopia—it looks well in theory, but it won't do in practice—it will not do, I repeat, sir, in practice, and so the advocates of the measure will find, if unfortunately it should find its way through Parliament. (Cheers.)

Sir Thomas Lethbridge.—Feb. 2.

This would appear, from several petitions which he had to present from manufacturers and others, against the *principles of free trade*, on which the administration had acted. He would earnestly recommend these to the attention of the President of the Board of Trade, although he had no great hopes of making any impression on him after what he had heard last night; for it appeared that, notwithstanding the distresses of the country, ministers were still determined to adhere to their *new principles*. These were advocated both on the one side of the house and the other; and there was, besides, a sort of fashion in praising the system. To be sure it did appear rather *beautiful in theory*; but he extremely doubted whether these principles of free trade were properly applicable to the *state of this country*. For a country newly settled, and in which the people had to begin their civil and political institutions, this system might answer; but he conceived that it was not at all proper for an *old country* like this, whose regulations have long existed, and been blended together in infinite ramifications. He at least much doubted the wisdom of the policy of ministers, which led them to throw down at once all those barriers which were erected by *our ancestors*, and proceed to act upon *new and different principles*. Perhaps they might say that they had not attempted to throw down all the barriers at once. But he thought that he might at least say, with truth, that such was the bent of their minds. He still entertained some hope, however, that they would *pause in their career*, and not force such measures as these upon the country without being much more certain that the effects would be beneficial. He again entreated his Majesty's ministers not to be too *precipitate*, but to *pause* in their measures before they brought misfortunes on the country, which they could not afterwards so easily remove. The hon. member concluded by saying, that he had thought it necessary to make these general remarks, but that he could not help observing, that the manner in which ministers had faced the difficulties of the present crisis did them great credit.

MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS,

THE best advice we can give this month to purchasers of books is to keep their money in their pockets—supposing that they have got any there. In the present ‘pecuniary crisis,’ however, it is the fashion either not to have any, or to pretend to have none; in both cases, we doubt not, our advice will be deemed peculiarly seasonable. It is not only advice well-adapted to the times, but on every ground the best we can give. Few books have appeared, and these are almost without exception, as far as we know, trashy, both in kind and performance. Some trumpery novels, some twaddling autobiographies, a few volumes of unreadable *poetry*, and a host innumerable of political pamphlets, constitute the produce of the month. The last are out of our plan; if they were in it at the present moment, our Magazine would be crammed from one end to the other, with Corn Laws, Currency, Existing Distress, Silk Trade, Small Notes, and Mr. Kenrick, subjects sufficiently important, doubtless; but pamphlets are creatures of a day, and will not wait a month for judgment. As to the novels, Brambletye House will be found justly characterised in another part of this Number. The Last Man is an elaborate piece of gloomy folly—bad enough to read—horrible to write. The autobiographies of Cradock and Polwhele, are innocent publications. The few copies destined to escape the trunk-maker, will just deserve standing-room in a *very* extensive library. The verse will not bear a remark, unless we insert a saving clause for a little volume of Poems by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of which we may speak more at large in our next.

In our last Number we gave a pretty copious account of a little German book, prefaced and published by the celebrated Göthe, entitled *Der Junge Feldjäger*, or the Young Rifleman.* Immediately after, if not before, the publication of our Magazine, a translation of this very work was published in London as an original work. The preface of Göthe is garbled and served up as the preface of an English Editor, and in no part of the work does there appear the slightest intimation that it has ever appeared in another shape. The publisher is Mr. Colburn. The public will properly appreciate this attempt at deception; nevertheless, the book is worth reading, and in other times would be worth buying.

* The Adventures of a Young Rifleman in the French and English Armies during the war in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816. Written by Himself. 1 Vol.

TABLE TALK.

DIMINUTION OF MORTALITY.—ADVANTAGES OF CIVILIZATION.—In the last sitting of the French Academy, (30th January,) M. Fourrier, read a note by M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, on the changes which the laws of mortality have undergone within the last half century, from 1775 to 1825.

The result of these curious researches is, that, whereas formerly, out of every 100 children born, 50 died within the two first years, not more than $38\frac{1}{10}$ now perish. It cannot be doubted that this important difference in the mortality of infants is to be ascribed partly to vaccination, and partly to the improvement in the condition of the labouring classes. The comparison is equally in favour of the present time as it regards all the other periods of life. Thus, in every 100 children, $55\frac{1}{10}$ formerly died *under the age of ten*; now, the mortality does not exceed $43\frac{1}{10}$. In the same number

of men, only $21\frac{1}{10}$ reached the age of fifty; now $32\frac{1}{10}$ attain that age. Then, only 15 in 100 reached the age of sixty; now, the number is raised to 24.

Thus, it appears that the total number of deaths, compared with the population, is very sensibly diminished. Formerly, the annual deaths were as 1 to 30; now, they are only as 1 to 39.

The number of births is also found to have decreased. They are now only as 1 in 25, whilst formerly they amounted to 1 in 31.

A similar decrease is observable in the number of marriages; they formerly amounted to 1 in every 111 persons; now they are reduced to 1 in 135.

The fruitfulness of marriages has not undergone any alteration; they yield, on an average, four children to a marriage. The general result is this; marriages are less frequent, and fewer children are born than formerly, in proportion to the population. Nevertheless, the population is rapidly increasing; because, of the children born a much larger proportion attain to maturity, and to old age.

This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the diminution in the number of marriages. In fact, the greater is the mortality in a country, the greater is the number of marriages, because the vacancies must be filled up. On the other hand, in a country where the mortality is small, the inhabitants are less rich, and marriages less frequent, because the difficulty of finding employment and of obtaining the means of supporting a family is greater. From these facts we may draw the following conclusions; that if a more perfect civilization increases population by diminishing the causes of mortality, this increase of population becomes the cause of greater relaxation of morals, by presenting obstacles to marriages. Thus it appears that the number of foundlings in France have been tripled since the year 1780.—*French Globe*.

PERSIAN NOTIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKMANSHIP.—The Persians entertain very magnificent and mysterious ideas of the power imparted by Europeans to many of their mechanical inventions, as well as of their profound knowledge in preparing salutary or pernicious drugs; effects nothing less than magical are attributed to many of their inventions. Among other things it was believed that certain telescopes were constructed in Europe, capable of viewing all that should pass within the walls of a fortified place, even from a great distance; others by which, if the proprietor desired it, he could, by looking at the outside of an harem, see all the women within its walls; others again were supposed to be possessed of remarkable powers for observing the heavenly bodies. Our fire-arms, too, were often believed to have peculiar properties, that conferred formidable powers upon their possessors. The same idea prevailed regarding our cutlery. Meerza Abdool Javat one day showing me at least fifty very good English knives, which he had collected in a drawer, complained that there was not one of them worth a farthing. I looked at them, saw that they were all of excellent makers, but had all been ill used; and on enquiring the reason, "Ah!" said he, "they are all bad, all cheats, not one of them can cut iron as they should do." "Cut iron!" cried I, "who ever saw a knife that could cut iron?" "What!" demanded he, "and have you not among you knives that can cut iron?" "No, certainly," said I, "who could have told you so foolish a thing?" "Look, then," said he again, "what lies are told: hear the story that was retailed to us of you Feringhees. It was said that a certain man once came into the court before your king's *dewan khaneh*, and after saluting his majesty, he offered for sale a little penknife, which he said was of wonderful powers. The king asked the price of it, and was told by the owner that it was twenty thousand tomauns. 'How,' said the king, 'do you dare to impose on your sovereign in that way? let him be punished on the spot.' Upon that, the man went up to a large cannon that was lying in the court-yard, and, making a cut at it with his knife, almost divided it in two, exclaiming, 'See there, O king! mark if I told untruths regarding the value of this knife; but now it never shall be yours.' With that he broke the blade, and threw the pieces away, nor would he ever make another; but," added the meerza, "although knives of such uncommon powers are not to be had, I always believed that the good English penknives were calculated to cut steel or iron; and you quite astonish me when you inform me that this is not the case."—*Fraser's Khorasan*.

A HEARTY COCK.—A curious circumstance is related of the Colossus, at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely. In the heat of the action, one of the hen-coops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded; and, as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious conflict he witnessed, flapped his wings, and crowed lustily in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen; who, determining not to be outdone by the

gallant little biped, swore he was true game, and giving him three cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity.—*Naval Sketch Book.*

AMERICAN LADIES.—Nothing can surpass the appearance of the American ladies, when they take their morning walk, from twelve to three, in Broadway. The stranger will at once see that they have rejected the extravagant superfluities which appear in the London and Parisian fashions; and have only retained as much of those costumes, as is becoming to the female form. This, joined to their own just notions of dress, is what renders the New York ladies so elegant in their attire. The way they wear the Leghorn hats deserves a remark or two. With us, the formal hand of the milliner binds down the brim to one fixed shape, and that none of the handsomest. The wearer is obliged to turn her head full ninety degrees before she can see who is standing by her side. But in New York, the ladies have the brim of the hat not fettered with wire, or tape, or riband, but quite free and undulating; and by applying the hand to it, they conceal or expose as much of the face as circumstances require. This hiding and exposing of the face, by the by, is certainly a dangerous movement, and often fatal to the passing swain. I am convinced in my own mind, that many a determined and unsuspecting bachelor, has been shot down by this sudden manœuvre, before he was aware that he was within reach of the battery.

The American ladies seem to have an abhorrence, and a just one too, of wearing caps. When one considers for a moment, that women wear the hair long, which nature has given them both for an ornament and to keep the head warm, one is apt to wonder, by what perversions of good taste they can be induced to enclose it in a cap. A mob-cap, a lace-cap, a low-cap, a high-cap, a flat-cap, a cap with ribands dangling loose, a cap with ribands tied under the chin, a peak-cap, an angular-cap, a round-cap, and a pyramid-cap!! How would Canova's Venus look in a mob-cap? If there be any ornament to the head in wearing a cap, it must surely be a false ornament. The American ladies are persuaded that the head can be ornamented without a cap. A rosebud or two, a woodbine, a sprig of eglantine, look well in the braided hair; and if there be raven locks, a lily or a snowdrop may be interwoven with effect.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

THE TREE OF HAPPINESS.—The Mohammedans say Paradise is situate above the seven heavens, (or in the seventh heaven,) and next under the throne of God; and to express the amenity of the place, tell us that the earth of it is of the finest wheat flour or of the purest musk, or, as others will have it, of saffron; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its buildings enriched with gold and silver, and that the trunks of all its trees are of gold; among which the most remarkable is the tree called Tûba, or the tree of happiness. Concerning this tree, they fable that it stands in the palace of Mohammed, though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer; that it will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals; so that, if a man desire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented him; or, if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. They add, that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large, that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years.—*Sule's Koran.*

BOAR HUNT IN PERSIA.—Just before we arrived at Robaut-e-aishk, during a short space of clear weather, the horsemen in advance observed a parcel of wild hogs feeding in a marshy hollow upon our left; and half-a-dozen of them immediately spurring off towards them, succeeded in cutting off their retreat and driving them up the slope towards us: they selected one larger than the rest, in particular, and a grand chace commenced, every one who was mounted on an unloaded beast, setting off full tilt, pricking it with their spears and cutting at it with their swords, whilst the hog trotted sulkily on, seeking to join his companions, but churning his tusks, and now and then attempting to rip with them, such as ventured to approach him too near. But neither spears nor swords made much impression upon his well-defended hide, and he seemed in a fair way to escape; as he passed near me, I could not refrain from joining in the cry, and drawing a double-barrelled pistol, I rode alongside of, and fired both at him; one of the balls missed him, the other took place; but, although enfeebled by loss of blood, he still kept moving towards his morass, when an old man, mounted upon a powerful grey Toorkoman horse rode up, and wheeling rapidly round, gave his steed an opportunity, which it seemed fully to understand, of launching out its heels at the

hog; they struck it on the side of the head, and tumbled it over dead upon the spot. It is a common thing for these people, and still more so for the Toorkomans, to teach their horses thus to kick at, and bite their adversaries, by these means rendering them powerful auxiliaries in the day of battle.—*Fraser's Khorsan.*

INFERNAL MACHINE.—The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Buonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessières, the *Aid-de-camp* on duty, and Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Placenza, were all assembled in the saloon, while the First Consul was writing in his closet. Haydn's Oratorio was to be performed that evening; the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort picket was ordered out, and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented, his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessières and the *Aid-de-camp* on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. "Allow me to observe, madame," said I, "that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance." She good-humouredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation, we heard Napoleon depart. "Come, sister," said Madame Murat, who was impatient to get to the theatre, "Buonaparte is going." We stepped into the carriage; the First Consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the *Place Carrousel*. We drove after it, but we had scarcely entered the *Place* when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. Saint Regent, or his French servant, had stationed himself in the middle of the *Rue Nicot*. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre, and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report, the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted, and crossed the *Rue Nicot*, which was strewn with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the Consul nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre, Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through an opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. "Josephine," said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. "The rascals," said he, very coolly, "wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the Oratorio."—*Rapp's Memoirs.*

ALL IS LOST.—Brantôme thus relates the death of Mademoiselle de Limreuil, maid of honour to Queen Catharine of Medici. She had dishonoured her birth by her dissolute life. At the approach of death, she sent for a valet of her's named Julien, who played remarkably well on the violin. "Julien," said she, "take your violin, and play to me *The Defeat of the Turks*, play it as well as you can, and don't leave off till you see me dead, and when you come to the words *All is lost*, repeat that part four or five times in the most plaintive manner you can. The valet did as she desired, and she herself assisted him with her voice, and when they came to that part *All is lost*, she repeated it twice, and turning to the other side of her bed, she said to her companions, *All is lost, indeed, now*, and so she died.

INVITATION TO A PIC NIC.—A lieutenant of militia was condemned to death for the crime of forgery. This unhappy man had the insolence to send notes on the eve of his execution to several of the officers of the Middlesex militia, to this effect: "Lieutenant Campbell presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs him to take a cup of chocolate with him to-morrow morning, and to do him the honour to accompany him on foot to Tyburn, to witness the ceremony of his execution."—*Newspapers of 1762.*

MEMORY.—Moreover, sometimes a man's reputation rises or falls as his memory serves him in a performance, and yet there is nothing more fickle, slippery, and less under command than this faculty. So that many having used their utmost diligence to secure a faithful retention of the things or words committed to it, yet after all cannot certainly know where it will trip and fall them. Any sudden diversion of the spirits, or the jostling in of a transient thought, will displace these little images of things; and so breaking the train that was laid to leave a man in the lurch. And for the other part of memory, which is the retrieving of a thing, at present I have not much to say, for the mind to hunt over all its acquisitions is thus

busied, how accidentally oftentimes does the thing sought for offer itself to the mind ! and by what small petit hints, does the mind catch hold of, and recover a vanishing notion.—*South's Sermons.*

VIRTUE IN A NAME.—The great conqueror Mahomed Shah Khanaezmee, who was a rigid Soonnie, persecuted the heretic sect of Sheahs with great rigour, putting multitudes to death during his invasion of Khorasun, for that cause only. It is said that his cruelties and persecutions had already destroyed the greater part of the population of Subzawar, when the remainder came before him, and throwing themselves at his feet, begged for mercy, on the plea that many of them were in reality Soonnies. The King reproached them severely as liars, and insisted on various proofs in support of their assertions, which it was difficult or impossible for them to adduce. At last he told them, that if there was to be found, in the whole city, a single person named Abubekr, (a notorious Soonnie name) he would spare the city and remainder of its inhabitants for his sake. The people retreated in great despair, for they knew that such a name had not been given to any one of their children. They, however, set on foot an enquiry, and at last they found a wretched creature, cripple, blind, and stuttering, whom they required to go with them before the king. "How shall I go?" said the miserable creature, "I can neither see my way nor walk, nor, should the king ask my name, can I speak it plain." "Oh, never mind, you shall be carried; and if you can only satisfy the king, you shall be taken care of for life." The poor creature was accordingly carried before the monarch, and the effect of the natural defects in his person was ludicrously enough described by the Persian Moollah, who related the tradition. "What!" said the king at last, "is this the only Abubekr you have to produce? This will never do." "Then," replied the deputies, "your majesty must even use your pleasure with your servants, for they have not a better Abubekr to lay at your majesty's feet." The king, it is said, laughed, and consented to spare the remnant that still existed of the unfortunate Subzawarees.—*Fraser's Khurasan.*

MR. COBBETT'S OPINION OF AN OVERGROWN CAPITAL, (THE "WEN") CORROBORATED BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.—"It gives me the spleen to here the French and English disputing about the extent of their respective capitals. To me it appears like *glorifying in* [sic in Colburn] the king's evil, or in any contagious distemper. There is not a political measure, in my opinion, that would tend to aggrandize the kingdom of France or England, more than the splitting their capitals into several great towns. The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government, and the nobility infects the former with luxury and the love of show; the former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every grovelling vice.

DR. JOHNSON'S CONTEMPT FOR PLAYERS.—"Lord Macartney observed, that he wondered Dr. Johnson should suffer Mr. Davies, the bookseller, to print a Life of Garrick; Johnson replied, with great disdain, 'I think Mr. Davies, the bookseller, is quite equal to write the life of David Garrick.'"

PETER THE GREAT, AND LADY CASTLEMAINE, MISTRESS TO CHARLES II.—The Czar Peter, travelling through his dominions, halted at a certain town, where, it being Sunday, he went to church. There he was complimented with a seat at the right hand of the mayor, or chief magistrate of the place. The day was cold, the church damp, and the sermon long. Peter was somewhat bald in the head, and feeling uncomfortable, or afraid of catching cold, he quietly removed the perriwig that was on the head of the chief magistrate, and placed it upon his own. After divine service was concluded, he restored the wig to its owner, with a bend of the body, which said, "We thank you."

We were reminded of this old story by an incident recorded by Mr. Pepys, in his Diary, in which the non-chalance of high rank is exhibited in a manner almost as amusing. "May 1st. 1668.—Creed and I to the Duke of York's play-house, and there coming late, up to the balcony box, where we find Lady Castlemaine and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw the 'Impertinents.' My Lady C. pretty well pleased with it: but here I sat close to her fine woman Wilson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the king. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her lady had seen it, *I having a mind to say something to her.* One thing of familiarity I observed in my lady Castlemaine; she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, *for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose, she feeling a pimple rising there.*"

AN INGENUOUS ROGUE.—Perhaps for ingenuity, the following trick, played by a Russian in Moscow, would not be surpassed in London or Paris. A respectable-looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, “Oh! my master, my poor master!” He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman’s pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch; and then, with all the concern imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach-stand without stopping, the cheat was detected; but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.—*Holman’s Travels in Russia, &c.*

DOMESTIC LIFE IN PERSIA.—The ladies of Persia are very ignorant. It is not customary to teach them even to read, and still less to sew. The exceptions to this rule are extremely rare. I should be greatly puzzled to describe their occupation until they become mothers. I know of none but the toilet, on which, though less complex than that of our ladies, they manage to spend as much time. The remainder of the day they commonly spend seated on beautiful carpets opposite to a window overlooking a fountain or piece of water. Here they smoke cailleau, drink coffee, and pay or receive visits until the cool of evening, of which they immediately avail themselves to walk in the gardens without the town, where they frequently stay till night. The most mistaken notions prevail in Europe as to the degree of liberty enjoyed by the women of Persia; in no country with which I am acquainted are they more perfectly mistresses of their actions.

I must add, that when they become mothers few fulfil the maternal duties more sedulously; they never suffer their children to be suckled, attended, or educated by strangers; they keep them under their own immediate care and superintendence until the age of eleven or twelve, when the boys leave the harem to be circumcised, and the girls to be married, given away, or sold.

There are few countries in which infants undergo such tortures as in Persia, in spite of which deformity is very rare. The moment an infant of either sex sees the light, it is plunged repeatedly into cold water; it is then enveloped in swathings, which are bound so tight as nearly to stifle it. It is then laid on a cradle, without any sort of mattress, the bottom of which is formed of leather, stretched like a drum, and perforated in order that no wet may accumulate. The unhappy babe is fastened down to this cradle with bandages of cotton about eight inches wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet long, which are wound over the child and under the cradle. They are in such a state of compression, that it is marvellous to me that one survives. Nevertheless, in this state the unfortunate little creature remains twelve hours at a time. When it cries it is rocked, and the mother kneels before the cradle, which she draws towards her to give the child the breast. In this posture she remains till it falls asleep; but let what will happen, it is never freed from its bonds except morning and evening, and then only just long enough to change its linen.—*Voyage en Perse par M. Gaspard Drouville.*

SPECIMEN OF A LIBEL UPON GOVERNMENT.—THE STATE IN DANGER !—" I do hear that my lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libel, *the petition of the poor prostitutes* about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day, (by a religious mob,) I have got one of them ; and it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the king ; and I wonder how it durst be printed, and spread abroad ; which shows that the times are loose ; and come to a great disregard of the king, or court, or government." [Why not the church too?—]

MOHAMMEDAN PURGATORY.—When a corpse is laid in the grave, they say he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of the two examiners ; which are two black livid angels, of a terrible appearance, named Monker and Nakir. These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him concerning his faith, as to the unity of God and the mission of Mohammed. If he answer rightly, they suffer the body to rest in peace, and it is refreshed by the air of Paradise ; but, if not, they beat him on the temples with iron maces, till he roars out for anguish so loud, that he is heard by all from east to west, except men and genii. Then they press the earth on the corpse, which is gnawed and stung till the resurrection, by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each : or, as others say, their sins will become venomous beasts, the grievous ones stinging like dragons, the moderate like scorpions, and the others like serpents ; circumstances which excite the most horrible sense.—*Sale's Koran.*

SCHOOL FOR CIVILIAN MILITARY TRAINING. A great instance of some men, that the Government should have a more

furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than just to make him civil, and to command, in words of great obligation, to his officers and men, but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit."—*Diary of Pepys.*

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, on 'the Subject of their mutual Privileges, on being refused a reception at Court.—The State again in danger!

"My Lords—I trust, when you reflect, that in presenting the following facts to your Lordships, I have nothing but the justice due to your own prerogatives at heart, when I claim it for myself, *whose whole life must endear my name to my noble relations and every other Peer of England—(but ONE)*—I trust you will see I can have no motive for submitting the following facts to you, but the sincere wish that you may feel, as I do, that any attempt to *innovate upon or diminish our hereditary rights, from government or regal power, must prove detrimental to the interests of the crown, and the welfare of the people of England!*

THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE—HORNE TOOKE'S REPLY TO THURLLOW.—"Mr. Tooke," said Thurlow, "I have only *one* recollection that gives me pain."—"You are a fortunate man, my lord," replied Tooke, "*for you have been Attorney-General, and Lord Chuncellor, and Keeper of the King's Conscience.*"—*Margravine of Anspach.*

THE WIFE'S TREASURE.—A certain Israelite of Sidon, having been married above ten years without being blessed with offspring, determined to be divorced from his wife. With this view he brought her before Rabbi Simon, son of Jo-cho-e. The Rabbi, who was unfavourable to divorces, endeavoured at first to dissuade him from it. Seeing him, however, disinclined to accept his advice, he addressed him and his wife thus:—"My children, when you were first joined in the holy hands of wedlock, were ye not rejoiced? Did ye not make a feast, and entertain your friends? Now, since ye are resolved to be divorced, let your separation be like your union. Go home, make a feast, entertain your friends, and on the morrow come to me, and I will comply with your wishes." So reasonable a request, and coming from such authority, could not, with any degree of propriety, be rejected. They accordingly went home, prepared a sumptuous entertainment, to which they invited their several friends. During the hours of merriment, the husband being elated with wine, thus addressed his wife:—"My beloved, we have lived together happily these many, many years; it is only the want of children which makes me wish for a separation. To convince thee, however, that I bear thee no ill will, I give thee permission to take with thee out of my house any thing thou likest best." "Be it so," rejoined the woman. The cup went round, the people were merry, and having drunk rather freely, most of the guests fell asleep, and amongst them the master of the feast. The lady no sooner perceived it, than she ordered him to be carried to her father's house, and to be put into a bed prepared for the purpose. The fumes of the wine having gradually evaporated, the man awoke. Finding himself in a strange place, he wondered, and exclaimed, "Where am I? How came I here? What means all this?" His wife, who had waited to see the issue of her stratagem, stepped from behind a curtain, and begging him not to be alarmed, told him that he was now in her father's house. "In thy father's house!" exclaimed the still astonished husband; "How should I come in thy father's house?" "Be patient, my dear husband," replied the prudent woman, "be patient, and I will tell thee all. Recollect, didst thou not tell me last night, I might take out of thy house whatever I valued most? Now, believe me, my beloved, amongst all thy treasures there is not one I value so much as I do thee; nay, there is not a treasure in this world I esteem so much as I do thee." The husband, overcome by so much kindness, embraced her, was reconciled to her, and they lived henceforth very happily together.—*Hebrew Tales.*

SOURCES OF NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES.—"I once heard a Frenchman declare, that he hated the English, *parce qu'ils versent du beurre fondu sur leur veau roti.* Voltaire said of us, though he did not hate us on that account, that we had but one sauce, and that was melted butter to every thing."—*Margravine of Anspach.*

NINON DE L'ENCLOS, THE FOUNDER OF THE SECT OF ENLIGHTENED WOMEN.—"He (the Duke of Richmond) was descended from the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress to Charles the Second, who, like Ninon de l'Enclos, retained her charms to a very late period of life; for at eighty she was esteemed as having still some attractions left. Ninon was founder of that sect of *enlightened women, who afterwards became so numerous.* She trod a career, which none of her contemporaries ventured to traverse. [Sic in Colburn.] She was admired by the philosophers of the succeeding century for her *freedom of thought and independence.*"—*Margravine of Anspach.*

ROYAL WIT.—“April 21, 1666. I down to walk in the garden at Whitehall, it being a mighty hot pleasant day; and there was the King, who, among others, talked to us a little; and among other *pretty things*, he swore merrily, that he believed the *Ketch* that Sir W. Batten bought the last year at Colchester, *was of his own getting, it was so thick to its length.*”—Another *pleasant* thing he said of Christopher Pett, (a puritan,) commanding him that he will not alter his moulds of ships upon any man's advice; ‘For,’ says he, ‘he finds that God hath put him into the right, and so will keep him in it, while he is in.’—‘And,’ says the King, ‘I am sure it must be God put him in, for no art of his own ever could have done it;’ for it seems he cannot give a good account of what he do as an artist.”—*Diary of Pepys.*

FRENCH FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—An affecting scene, and worthy of ancient times, took place at Mulhausen, when I arrived there. A ball was given, the most distinguished persons of the town were met, the assembly was brilliant and numerous. Towards the close of the evening, war and invasion of the territory were talked of; every one communicated his advice, every one told his hopes and his fears.

The ladies were talking together, and conversed on the dangers of their country. On a sudden one of the youngest proposed to her companions, that they should swear never to marry any Frenchman who had not defended the frontiers. Cries of joy, clapping of hands, resounded from every part of the room. The looks of all present were directed towards the ladies; the rest of the company came up and crowded round them. I went with the throng, I applauded this generous proposal, I had the honour of administering the oath, which every one of the fair patriots came to receive at my hands.—*Rapp's Memoirs.*

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S REFLECTIONS UPON THE GROWTH OF LUXURY.—“I have often reflected how much luxury has increased in London of late years. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats are a species of luxury in which I have never indulged, because they tend to enervate the body, and render it unfit for fatigue. I always make use of hard mattresses, and accustom myself to the open air in all weather. I *literally* knew two young ladies of high quality, (sisters,) who employed a *servant with soft hands* to raise them *gently* out of bed in the morning! Nothing less than all-powerful vanity could make such persons submit to the fatigues of a toilette.”

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S REFLECTIONS UPON MARRIAGE.—“Rome was surprised when the great Scipio repudiated his wife, and more particularly, as she appeared to possess those qualifications which could render her husband happy. In justification of his conduct the noble Roman assembled his friends, to whom he showed his foot. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘how well this sandal is made, how proper it is—but none of you know *where it pinches!*’ Without disparagement to the Roman general, *there is rarely a shoe after marriage which fits well to the foot.* It is with marriage as with masonry, *it is only the brotherhood who know the secret.*”

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—“As soon as it (the infant) is conscious of any thing around it, its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a female is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper; and, in particular, to indulge no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connexion between the mind and the body, that the features of the face are moulded commonly into an expression of the internal disposition; and is it not natural to think that an infant, before it is born, may be affected by the temper of its mother?”

A PUBLIC ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—“It was curious, at that period, to hear the virulent declamation of Doctor Crowe, the public orator, in his speech, on the occasion, against the unfortunate Mr. Hastings, who was declared to be unworthy of the dignities (an university degree!) which he was ambitious of procuring. Every invective that could be devised, was made use of. But how was the language of the same orator altered, when, at the installation of Lord Grenville, Mr. Hastings was admitted to the degree of LL.B.! The hearers might have imagined that the whole character of the candidate had been changed, so great were the encomiums passed upon his merits. *Perhaps* the Doctor was influenced, *not by party,* but by a wish to show the versatility of his talents.” *Charitable Margravine!*

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN A GREATER TREASURE THAN COSTLY PEARLS.—Such a blessing had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one sabbath-day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law, died. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them on the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. Towards evening Rabbi Meir came

home. "Where are my beloved sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my two sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessings?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldest thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their bodies. "Ah! my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father, "my sons! the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was in our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name, for thy sake too! for well it is written, 'He that has found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness.'"—*Hebrew Tales*.

A KNOWING KHAN.—At this interview, the khan made all the enquiries which the interruption of the wuzeer prevented at the last; but he hurried them over, impatient for the show which he expected; nor did he appear to be disappointed. I showed him the sextant, placed the artificial horizon so as to let him see a star reflected in it, the altitude of which I took before him; then my thermometers, telescopes, &c. and afterwards I permitted him to look over my books of sketches, with figures of camels, horses, men, and women, with all of which he was hugely delighted. He kept constantly exclaiming, "Barick illah! Barick illah! (Bravo! bravo!) what strange things these Feringhees have got!" At last his dignity quite deserted him, and he absolutely shouted aloud, clapping his hands, like a child, with surprize and joy. Then came his own display of curiosities, which he made with considerable pride, chiefly consisting of scraps of English articles, among which was a small dressing-case, sent by some of his friends from Tehran, containing razors, tooth-brushes, knives and forks, spoons, boot-hooks, &c. the uses of which he was most profoundly ignorant of, but very desirous to learn; and I think his delight, when I did explain them, was hardly less than his former ecstasies, and lasted till the graver business of dinner put an end to the display and the mirth together. The conversation afterwards was common-place enough, turning chiefly on subjects relating to Europe, particularly its governments, armies, revenues, &c.; but his questions showed no great acuteness, and more than common ignorance. I was well satisfied with the visit on the whole, however; for though, as in all his countrymen, there was at first some disposition to act the great man, he could not long continue it, and soon became natural and easy enough.—*Fraser's Khorasan*.

THE VAMPIRE.—We will now take a view of the vampire. As there was a free entrance to the vampire in the loft where I slept, I had many a fine opportunity of paying attention to this nocturnal surgeon. He does not always live on blood. When the moon shone bright, and the fruit of the banana-tree was ripe, I could see him approach and eat it. He would also bring into the loft, from the forest, a green round fruit, something like the wild guava, and about the size of a nutmeg. There was something also in the blossom of the Sawarri nut-tree, which was grateful to him; for in coming up Waratilla creek, in a moonlight night, I saw several vampires fluttering round the top of the Sawarri tree, and every now and then the blossoms, which they had broken off, fell into the water. They certainly did not drop off naturally, for on examining several of them, they appeared fresh and blooming. So I concluded, the vampires pulled them from the tree, either to get at the incipient fruit, or to catch the insects which often take up their abode in flowers.

The vampire in general measures about twenty-six inches from wing to wing extended, though I once killed one which measured thirty-two inches. He frequents

old abandoned houses and hollow trees ; and sometimes a cluster of them may be seen in the forest, hanging head downwards from the branch of a tree.

The vampire has a curious membrane, which rises from the nose, and gives it a very singular appearance. It has been remarked before, that there are two species of vampire in Guiana, a larger and a smaller. The larger sucks men, and other animals ; the smaller seems to confine himself chiefly to birds. I learnt from a gentleman, high up in the river Demerara, that he was completely unsuccessful with his fowls, on account of the smaller vampire. He showed me some that had been sucked the night before, and they were scarcely able to walk.

Some years ago I went to the river Paumaron, with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. "What is the matter, sir?" said I, softly ; "is any thing amiss?" "What's the matter?" answered he, surlily ; "why the vampires have been sucking me to death." As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. "There," said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, "see how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood." On examining his foot, I found the vampire had tapped his great toe : there was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech ; the blood was still oozing from it ; I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have blooded him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word : I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity.—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

A LORD CHANCELLOR.

"Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases,
His tenures, and his tricks?"—

"Creed and I did stop, (the Duke of York being just going away from seeing it,) at St. Paul's, and in the Convocation-house yard did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died, 1404. He fell down in the tomb out of the great church into St. Fayth's, this late fire ; and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on ; but all tough and dry, like spongy leather, or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside.—*A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor, and now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others, many flocking to see it.*"—*Pepys.*

ONE MORE SPECIMEN OF DR. JOHNSON'S BRUTALITY.—"One evening, at a party at Lady Lucan's, when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments ; but he interrupted her by saying, 'Fiddle faddle, madam,' and turned his back upon her, and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room."—*Margravine of Anspach.*

THE AIM OF MARSHAL SAXE'S AMBITION.—"He proposed to have marched [sic in Colburn] at their head to attack the Turkish Empire, to conquer it, and to gain possession of Constantinople. Having become master of those immense territories—sovereign of an Empire which extended from Poland to the frontiers of Persia, and from Sweden to China, he proposed, at his death, to be interred in St. Sophia."—Saxe was not singular in his taste. A hero of our own evinced a similar passion for glory. Was it not Nelson who exclaimed before the battle of the Nile,—"Now for a coronet or Westminster Abbey!"—Verily, "honour is a scutcheon."—*Margravine of Anspach.*

A DAZZLING ARGUMENT.—"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is every where, and boast that he resides amongst your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed every where," replied Joshua, "but he cannot be seen ; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?" The Emperor consented. The Rabbi took him in the open air at noon-day, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate thee?"—*Hebrew Tales.*

A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.—During my residence at Southampton, in 1806, where I had a house pleasantly situated near the river, the

MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS,

THE best advice we can give this month to purchasers of books is to keep their money in their pockets—supposing that they have got any there. In the present ‘pecuniary crisis,’ however, it is the fashion either not to have any, or to pretend to have none; in both cases, we doubt not, our advice will be deemed peculiarly seasonable. It is not only advice well-adapted to the times, but on every ground the best we can give. Few books have appeared, and these are almost without exception, as far as we know, trashy, both in kind and performance. Some trumpery novels, some twaddling autobiographies, a few volumes of unreadable *poetry*, and a host innumerable of political pamphlets, constitute the produce of the month. The last are out of our plan; if they were in it at the present moment, our Magazine would be crammed from one end to the other, with Corn Laws, Currency, Existing Distress, Silk Trade, Small Notes, and Mr. Kenrick, subjects sufficiently important, doubtless; but pamphlets are creatures of a day, and will not wait a month for judgment. As to the novels, Brambletye House will be found justly characterised in another part of this Number. The Last Man is an elaborate piece of gloomy folly—bad enough to read—horrible to write. The autobiographies of Cradock and Polwhele, are innocent publications. The few copies destined to escape the trunk-maker, will just deserve standing-room in a *very* extensive library. The verse will not bear a remark, unless we insert a saving clause for a little volume of Poems by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of which we may speak more at large in our next.

In our last Number we gave a pretty copious account of a little German book, prefaced and published by the celebrated Göthe, entitled *Der Junge Feldjäger*, or the Young Rifleman.* Immediately after, if not before, the publication of our Magazine, a translation of this very work was published in London as an original work. The preface of Göthe is garbled and served up as the preface of an English Editor, and in no part of the work does there appear the slightest intimation that it has ever appeared in another shape. The publisher is Mr. Colburn. The public will properly appreciate this attempt at deception; nevertheless, the book is worth reading, and in other times would be worth buying.

* The Adventures of a Young Rifleman in the French and English Armies during the war in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816. Written by Himself. 1 Vol.

TABLE TALK.

DIMINUTION OF MORTALITY.—ADVANTAGES OF CIVILIZATION.—In the last sitting of the French Academy, (30th January,) M. Fourrier, read a note by M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, on the changes which the laws of mortality have undergone within the last half century, from 1775 to 1825.

The result of these curious researches is, that, whereas formerly, out of every 100 children born, 50 died within the two first years, not more than $38\frac{4}{10}$ now perish. It cannot be doubted that this important difference in the mortality of infants is to be ascribed partly to vaccination, and partly to the improvement in the condition of the labouring classes. The comparison is equally in favour of the present time as it regards all the other periods of life. Thus, in every 100 children, $55\frac{3}{10}$ formerly died under the age of ten; now, the mortality does not exceed $43\frac{7}{10}$. In the same number

of men, only $21\frac{1}{10}$ reached the age of fifty; now $32\frac{1}{10}$ attain that age. Then, only 15 in 100 reached the age of sixty; now, the number is raised to 24.

Thus, it appears that the total number of deaths, compared with the population, is very sensibly diminished. Formerly, the annual deaths were as 1 to 30; now, they are only as 1 to 39.

The number of births is also found to have decreased. They are now only as 1 in 25, whilst formerly they amounted to 1 in 31.

A similar decrease is observable in the number of marriages; they formerly amounted to 1 in every 111 persons; now they are reduced to 1 in 135.

The fruitfulness of marriages has not undergone any alteration; they yield, on an average, four children to a marriage. The general result is this; marriages are less frequent, and fewer children are born than formerly, in proportion to the population. Nevertheless, the population is rapidly increasing; because, of the children born a much larger proportion attain to maturity, and to old age.

This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the diminution in the number of marriages. In fact, the greater is the mortality in a country, the greater is the number of marriages, because the vacancies must be filled up. On the other hand, in a country where the mortality is small, the inhabitants are less rich, and marriages less frequent, because the difficulty of finding employment and of obtaining the means of supporting a family is greater. From these facts we may draw the following conclusions; that if a more perfect civilization increases population by diminishing the causes of mortality, this increase of population becomes the cause of greater relaxation of morals, by presenting obstacles to marriages. Thus it appears that the number of foundlings in France have been tripled since the year 1780.—*French Globe*.

PERSIAN NOTIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKMANSHIP.—The Persians entertain very magnificent and mysterious ideas of the power imparted by Europeans to many of their mechanical inventions, as well as of their profound knowledge in preparing salutary or pernicious drugs; effects nothing less than magical are attributed to many of their inventions. Among other things it was believed that certain telescopes were constructed in Europe, capable of viewing all that should pass within the walls of a fortified place, even from a great distance; others by which, if the proprietor desired it, he could, by looking at the outside of an harem, see all the women within its walls; others again were supposed to be possessed of remarkable powers for observing the heavenly bodies. Our fire-arms, too, were often believed to have peculiar properties, that conferred formidable powers upon their possessors. The same idea prevailed regarding our cutlery. Meerza Abdool Javat one day showing me at least fifty very good English knives, which he had collected in a drawer, complained that there was not one of them worth a farthing. I looked at them, saw that they were all of excellent makers, but had all been ill used; and on enquiring the reason, "Ah!" said he, "they are all bad, all cheats, not one of them can cut iron as they should do." "Cut iron!" cried I, "who ever saw a knife that could cut iron?" "What!" demanded he, "and have you not among you knives that can cut iron?" "No, certainly," said I, "who could have told you so foolish a thing?" "Look, then," said he again, "what lies are told: hear the story that was retailed to us of you Feringhees. It was said that a certain man once came into the court before your king's *dewan khaneh*, and after saluting his majesty, he offered for sale a little penknife, which he said was of wonderful powers. The king asked the price of it, and was told by the owner that it was twenty thousand tomauns. 'How,' said the king, 'do you dare to impose on your sovereign in that way? let him be punished on the spot.' Upon that, the man went up to a large cannon that was lying in the court-yard, and, making a cut at it with his knife, almost divided it in two, exclaiming, 'See there, O king! mark if I told untruths regarding the value of this knife; but now it never shall be yours.' With that he broke the blade, and threw the pieces away, nor would he ever make another; but," added the meerza, "although knives of such uncommon powers are not to be had, I always believed that the good English penknives were calculated to cut steel or iron; and you quite astonish me when you inform me that this is not the case."—*Fraser's Khorasan*.

A HEARTY COCK.—A curious circumstance is related of the Colossus, at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely. In the heat of the action, one of the hen-coops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded; and, as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious conflict he witnessed, flapped his wings, and crowed lustily in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen; who, determining not to be outdone by the

gallant little biped, swore he was true game, and giving him three cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity.—*Naval Sketch Book.*

AMERICAN LADIES.—Nothing can surpass the appearance of the American ladies, when they take their morning walk, from twelve to three, in Broadway. The stranger will at once see that they have rejected the extravagant superfluities which appear in the London and Parisian fashions; and have only retained as much of those costumes, as is becoming to the female form. This, joined to their own just notions of dress, is what renders the New York ladies so elegant in their attire. The way they wear the Leghorn hats deserves a remark or two. With us, the formal hand of the milliner binds down the brim to one fixed shape, and that none of the handsomest. The wearer is obliged to turn her head full ninety degrees before she can see who is standing by her side. But in New York, the ladies have the brim of the hat not fettered with wire, or tape, or riband, but quite free and undulating; and by applying the hand to it, they conceal or expose as much of the face as circumstances require. This hiding and exposing of the face, by the by, is certainly a dangerous movement, and often fatal to the passing swain. I am convinced in my own mind, that many a determined and unsuspecting bachelor, has been shot down by this sudden manœuvre, before he was aware that he was within reach of the battery.

The American ladies seem to have an abhorrence, and a just one too, of wearing caps. When one considers for a moment, that women wear the hair long, which nature has given them both for an ornament and to keep the head warm, one is apt to wonder, by what perversions of good taste they can be induced to enclose it in a cap. A mob-cap, a lace-cap, a low-cap, a high-cap, a flat-cap, a cap with ribands dangling loose, a cap with ribands tied under the chin, a peak-cap, an angular-cap, a round-cap, and a pyramid-cap!! How would Canova's Venus look in a mob-cap? If there be any ornament to the head in wearing a cap, it must surely be a false ornament. The American ladies are persuaded that the head can be ornamented without a cap. A rosebud or two, a woodbine, a sprig of eglantine, look well in the braided hair; and if there be raven locks, a lily or a snowdrop may be interwoven with effect.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

THE TREE OF HAPPINESS.—The Mohammedans say Paradise is situate above the seven heavens, (or in the seventh heaven,) and next under the throne of God; and to express the amenity of the place, tell us that the earth of it is of the finest wheat flour or of the purest musk, or, as others will have it, of saffron; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its buildings enriched with gold and silver, and that the trunks of all its trees are of gold; among which the most remarkable is the tree called Tûba, or the tree of happiness. Concerning this tree, they fable that it stands in the palace of Mohammed, though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer; that it will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals; so that, if a man desire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented him; or, if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. They add, that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large, that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years.—*Sale's Koran.*

BOAR HUNT IN PERSIA.—Just before we arrived at Robaut-e-aishk, during a short space of clear weather, the horsemen in advance observed a parcel of wild hogs feeding in a marshy hollow upon our left; and half-a-dozen of them immediately spurring off towards them, succeeded in cutting off their retreat and driving them up the slope towards us: they selected one larger than the rest, in particular, and a grand chace commenced, every one who was mounted on an unloaded beast, setting off full tilt, pricking it with their spears and cutting at it with their swords, whilst the hog trotted sulkily on, seeking to join his companions, but churning his tusks, and now and then attempting to rip with them, such as ventured to approach him too near. But neither spears nor swords made much impression upon his well-defended hide, and he seemed in a fair way to escape; as he passed near me, I could not refrain from joining in the cry, and drawing a double-barrelled pistol, I rode alongside of, and fired both at him; one of the balls missed him, the other took place; but, although enfeebled by loss of blood, he still kept moving towards his morass, when an old man, mounted upon a powerful grey Toorkoman horse rode up, and wheeling rapidly round, gave his steed an opportunity, which it seemed fully to understand, of launching out its heels at the

hog; they struck it on the side of the head, and tumbled it over dead upon the spot. It is a common thing for these people, and still more so for the Toorkomans, to teach their horses thus to kick at, and bite their adversaries, by these means rendering them powerful auxiliaries in the day of battle.—*Fraser's Khorasan.*

INFERNAL MACHINE.—The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Buonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessieres, the Aid-de-camp on duty, and Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Placenza, were all assembled in the saloon, while the First Consul was writing in his closet. Haydn's Oratorio was to be performed that evening: the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort picquet was ordered out, and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessières and the Aid-de-camp on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. "Allow me to observe, madame," said I, "that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance." She good-humouredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation, we heard Napoleon depart. "Come, sister," said Madame Murat, who was impatient to get to the theatre, "Buonaparte is going." We stepped into the carriage; the First Consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the *Place Carrousel*. We drove after it; but we had scarcely entered the *Place* when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. Saint Regent, or his French servant, had stationed himself in the middle of the *Rue Nicaise*. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre, and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report; the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted, and crossed the *Rue Nicaise*, which was strewn with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the Consul nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre, Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through an opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. "Josephine," said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. "The rascals," said he, very coolly, "wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the Oratorio."—*Rapp's Memoirs.*

ALL IS LOST.—Brantome thus relates the death of Mademoiselle de Limeuil, maid of honour to Queen Catharine of Medicis. She had dishonoured her birth by her dissolute life. At the approach of death, she sent for a valet of her's named Julien, who played remarkably well on the violin. "Julien," said she, "take your violin, and play to me *The Defeat of the Swiss*, play it as well as you can, and don't leave off till you see me dead; and when you come to the words *All is lost*, repeat that part four or five times in the most plaintive manner you can. The valet did as she desired, and she herself assisted him with her voice; and when they came to that part *All is lost*, she repeated it twice, and turning to the other side of her bed, she said to her companions, *All is lost, indeed, now*, and so she died.

INVITATION TO A PIC NIC.—A lieutenant of militia was condemned to death for the crime of forgery. This unhappy man had the insolence to send notes on the eve of his execution to several of the officers of the Middlesex militia, to this effect: "Lieutenant Campbell presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs him to take a cup of chocolate with him to-morrow morning, and to do him the honour to accompany him on foot to Tyburn, to witness the ceremony of his execution."—*Newspapers of 1762.*

MEMORY.—Moreover, sometimes a man's reputation rises or falls as his memory serves him in a performance; and yet there is nothing more fickle, slippery, and less under command than this faculty. So that many having used their utmost diligence to secure a faithful retention of the things or words committed to it, yet after all cannot certainly know where it will trip and fail them. Any sudden diversion of the spirits, or the justling in of a transient thought is able to deface those little images of things; and so breaking the train that was laid in the mind, to leave a man in the lurch. And for the other part of memory, called reminiscence, which is the retrieving of a thing, at present forgot, or but confusedly remembered, by setting the mind to hunt over all its notions, and to ransack every little cell of the brain, while it is thus

busied, how accidentally oftentimes does the thing sought for offer itself to the mind ! and by what small petit hints, does the mind catch hold of, and recover a vanishing notion.—*South's Sermons.*

VIRTUE IN A NAME.—The great conqueror Mahomed Shañ Khanaezmee, who was a rigid Soonnie, persecuted the heretic sect of Sheahs with great rigour, putting multitudes to death during his invasion of Khorasān, for that cause only. It is said that his cruelties and persecutions had already destroyed the greater part of the population of Subzawār, when the remainder came before him, and throwing themselves at his feet, begged for mercy, on the plea that many of them were in reality Soonnies. The King reproached them severely as liars, and insisted on various proofs in support of their assertions, which it was difficult or impossible for them to adduce. At last he told them, that if there was to be found, in the whole city, a single person named Abubekr, (a notorious Soonnie name) he would spare the city and remainder of its inhabitants for his sake. The people retreated in great despair, for they knew that such a name had not been given to any one of their children. They, however, set on foot an enquiry, and at last they found a wretched creature, cripple, blind, and stuttering, whom they required to go with them before the king. "How shall I go?" said the miserable creature, "I can neither see my way nor walk, nor, should the king ask my name, can I speak it plain." "Oh, never mind, you shall be carried; and if you can only satisfy the king, you shall be taken care of for life." The poor creature was accordingly carried before the monarch, and the effect of the natural defects in his person was ludicrously enough described by the Persian Moollah, who related the tradition. "What!" said the king at last, "is this the only Abubekr you have to produce? This will never do." "Then," replied the deputies, "your majesty must even use your pleasure with your servants, for they have not a better Abubekr to lay at your majesty's feet." The king, it is said, laughed, and consented to spare the remnant that still existed of the unfortunate Subzawārees.—*Fraser's Khurasan.*

MR. COBBETT'S OPINION OF AN OVERGROWN CAPITAL, (THE "WEN") CORROBORATED BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.—"It gives me the spleen to here the French and English disputing about the extent of their respective capitals. To me it appears like *glorifying in* [sic in Colburn] the king's evil, or *in* any contagious distemper. There is not a political measure, in *my* opinion, that would tend to aggrandize the kingdom of France or England, more than the splitting their capitals into several great towns. The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government, and the *nobility* infects the former with luxury and the love of show; the former, the seat of commerce, *infects the latter with love of gain.* The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every grovelling vice.

DR. JOHNSON'S CONTEMPT FOR PLAYERS.—"Lord Macartney observed, that he wondered Dr. Johnson should suffer Mr. Davies, *the bookseller*, to print a Life of Garrick; Johnson replied, with great disdain, 'I think Mr. Davies, *the bookseller*, is quite equal to write the life of David Garrick.' "

PETER THE GREAT, AND LADY CASTLEMAINE, MISTRESS TO CHARLES II.—The Czar Peter, travelling through his dominions, halted at a certain town, where, it being Sunday, he went to church. There he was complimented with a seat at the right hand of the mayor, or chief magistrate of the place. The day was cold, the church damp, and the sermon long. Peter was somewhat bald in the head, and feeling uncomfortable, or afraid of catching cold, he quietly removed the perriwig that was on the head of the chief magistrate, and placed it upon his own. After divine service was concluded, he restored the wig to its owner, with a bend of the body, which said, "We thank you."

We were reminded of this old story by an incident recorded by Mr. Pepys, in his Diary, in which the non-chalance of high rank is exhibited in a manner almost as amusing. "May 1st. 1668.—Creed and I to the Duke of York's play-house, and there coming late, up to the balcony box, where we find Lady Castlemaine and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw the 'Impertinents.' My Lady C. pretty well pleased with it: but here I sat close to her fine woman Wilson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the king. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her lady had seen it, *I having a mind to say something to her.* One thing of familiarity I observed in my lady Castlemaine; she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, *for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose, she feeling a pimple rising there.*"

AN INGENIOUS ROGUE.—Perhaps for ingenuity, the following trick, played by a Russian in Moscow, would not be surpassed in London or Paris. A respectable-looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, “Oh! my master, my poor master!” He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman’s pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch; and then, with all the concern imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach-stand without stopping, the cheat was detected; but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.—*Holman’s Travels in Russia, &c.*

DOMESTIC LIFE IN PERSIA.—The ladies of Persia are very ignorant. It is not customary to teach them even to read, and still less to sew. The exceptions to this rule are extremely rare. I should be greatly puzzled to describe their occupation until they become mothers. I know of none but the toilet, on which, though less complex than that of our ladies, they manage to spend as much time. The remainder of the day they commonly spend seated on beautiful carpets opposite to a window overlooking a fountain or piece of water. Here they smoke cailleau, drink coffee, and pay or receive visits until the cool of evening, of which they immediately avail themselves to walk in the gardens without the town, where they frequently stay till night. The most mistaken notions prevail in Europe as to the degree of liberty enjoyed by the women of Persia; in no country with which I am acquainted are they more perfectly mistresses of their actions.

I must add, that when they become mothers few fulfil the maternal duties more sedulously; they never suffer their children to be suckled, attended, or educated by strangers; they keep them under their own immediate care and superintendence until the age of eleven or twelve, when the boys leave the harem to be circumcised, and the girls to be married, given away, or sold.

There are few countries in which infants undergo such tortures as in Persia, in spite of which deformity is very rare. The moment an infant of either sex sees the light, it is plunged repeatedly into cold water; it is then enveloped in swathings, which are bound so tight as nearly to stifle it. It is then laid on a cradle, without any sort of mattress, the bottom of which is formed of leather, stretched like a drum, and perforated in order that no wet may accumulate. The unhappy babe is fastened down to this cradle with bandages of cotton about eight inches wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet long, which are wound over the child and under the cradle. They are in such a state of compression, that it is marvellous to me that one survives. Nevertheless, in this state the unfortunate little creature remains twelve hours at a time. When it cries it is rocked, and the mother kneels before the cradle, which she draws towards her to give the child the breast. In this posture she remains till it falls asleep; but let what will happen, it is never freed from its bonds except morning and evening, and then only just long enough to change its linen.—*Voyage en Perse par M. Gaspard Drouville.*

SPECIMEN OF A LIBEL UPON GOVERNMENT.—THE STATE IN DANGER !—“I do hear that my lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libel, *the petition of the poor prostitutes* about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day, (by a religious mob,) I have got one of them; and it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the king; and I wonder how it durst be printed, and spread abroad; which shows that the times are loose; and come to a great disregard of the king, or court, or government.” [Why not the church too?—]

MOHAMMEDAN PURGATORY.—When a corpse is laid in the grave, they say he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of the two examiners; which are two black livid angels, of a terrible appearance, named Monker and Nakîr. These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him concerning his faith, as to the unity of God and the mission of Mohammed. If he answer rightly, they suffer the body to rest in peace, and it is refreshed by the air of Paradise; but, if not, they beat him on the temples with iron maces, till he roars out for anguish so loud, that he is heard by all from east to west, except men and genii. Then they press the earth on the corpse, which is gnawed and stung till the resurrection, by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each: or, as others say, their sins will become venomous beasts, the grievous ones stinging like dragons, the smaller like scorpions, and the others like serpents; circumstances which some understand in a figurative sense.—*Sale’s Koran.*

SCHOOL FOR CIVILITY.—THE GREAT CONDE.—“He told me also, as a great instance of somemen, that the Prince of Condé’s excellence is, that there not being a more

furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than *just to make him civil*, and to command, in words of *great obligation*, to his officers and men, but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit."—*Diary of Pepys*.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, on 'the Subject of their mutual Privileges, on being refused a reception at Court.—The State again in danger!

"My Lords—I trust, when you reflect, that in presenting the following facts to your Lordships, I have nothing but the justice due to your own prerogatives at heart, when I claim it for myself, *whose whole life must endear my name to my noble relations and every other Peer of England—(but ONE)*—I trust you will see I can have *no motive* for submitting the following facts to you, but the sincere wish that you may feel, as I do, that any attempt to *innovate upon or diminish our hereditary rights, from government or regal power, must prove detrimental to the interests of the crown, and the welfare of the people of England!*

THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE—HORNE TOOKE'S REPLY TO THURLOW.—"Mr. Tooke," said Thurlow, "I have only *one* recollection that gives me pain."—"You are a fortunate man, my lord," replied Tooke, "*for you have been Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the King's Conscience.*"—*Margravine of Anspach*.

THE WIFE'S TREASURE.—A certain Israelite of Sidon, having been married above ten years without being blessed with offspring, determined to be divorced from his wife. With this view he brought her before Rabbi Simon, son of Jo-cho-e. The Rabbi, who was unfavourable to divorces, endeavoured at first to dissuade him from it. Seeing him, however, disinclined to accept his advice, he addressed him and his wife thus:—"My children, when you were first joined in the holy bands of wedlock, were ye not rejoiced? Did ye not make a feast, and entertain your friends? Now, since ye are resolved to be divorced, let your separation be like your union. Go home, make a feast, entertain your friends, and on the morrow come to me, and I will comply with your wishes." So reasonable a request, and coming from such authority, could not, with any degree of propriety, be rejected. They accordingly went home, prepared a sumptuous entertainment, to which they invited their several friends. During the hours of merriment, the husband being elated with wine, thus addressed his wife:—"My beloved, we have lived together happily these many, many years; it is only the want of children which makes me wish for a separation. To convince thee, however, that I bear thee no ill will, I give thee permission to take with thee out of my house any thing thou likest best." "Be it so," rejoined the woman. The cup went round, the people were merry, and having drunk rather freely, most of the guests fell asleep, and amongst them the master of the feast. The lady no sooner perceived it, than she ordered him to be carried to her father's house, and to be put into a bed prepared for the purpose. The fumes of the wine having gradually evaporated, the man awoke. Finding himself in a strange place, he wondered, and exclaimed, "Where am I? How came I here? What means all this?" His wife, who had waited to see the issue of her stratagem, stepped from behind a curtain, and begging him not to be alarmed, told him that he was now in her father's house. "In thy father's house!" exclaimed the still astonished husband; "How should I come in thy father's house?" "Be patient, my dear husband," replied the prudent woman, "be patient, and I will tell thee all. Recollect, didst thou not tell me last night, I might take out of thy house whatever I valued most? Now, believe me, my beloved, amongst all thy treasures there is not one I value so much as I do thee; nay, there is not a treasure in this world I esteem so much as I do thee." The husband, overcome by so much kindness, embraced her, was reconciled to her, and they lived henceforth very ~~happily~~ together.—*Hebrew Tales*.

SOURCES OF NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES.—"I once heard a Frenchman declare, that he hated the English, *parce qu'ils versent du beurre fondu sur leur veau roti*. Voltaire said of us, though he did not hate us on that account, that we had but one sauce, and that was melted butter to every thing."—*Margravine of Anspach*.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS, THE FOUNDER OF THE SECT OF ENLIGHTENED WOMEN.—"He (the Duke of Richmond) was descended from the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress to Charles the Second, who, like Ninon de l'Enclos, retained her charms to a very late period of life; for at eighty she was esteemed as having still some attractions left. Ninon was founder of that sect of *enlightened women, who afterwards became so numerous*. She trod a career, which none of her contemporaries ventured to *traverse*. [Sic in Colburn.] She was admired by the philosophers of the succeeding century for *her freedom of thought and independence*."—*Margravine of Anspach*.

ROYAL WIT.—“ April 21, 1666. I down to walk in the garden at Whitehall, it being a mighty hot pleasant day; and there was the King, who, among others, talked to us a little; and among other *pretty things*, he swore merrily, that he believed the *Ketch* that Sir W. Batten bought the last year at Colchester, *was of his own getting*, it *was so thick to its length*.”—Another *pleasant* thing he said of Christopher Pett, (a puritan,) commanding him that he will not alter his moulds of ships upon any man’s advice; ‘For,’ says he, ‘he finds that God hath put him into the right, and so will keep him in it, while he is in.’—‘And,’ says the King, ‘I am sure it must be God put him in, for no art of his own ever could have done it;’ for it seems he cannot give a good account of what he do as an artist.”—*Diary of Pepys*.

FRENCH FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—An affecting scene, and worthy of ancient times, took place at Mulhausen, when I arrived there. A ball was given, the most distinguished persons of the town were met, the assembly was brilliant and numerous. Towards the close of the evening, war and invasion of the territory were talked of; every one communicated his advice, every one told his hopes and his fears.

The ladies were talking together, and conversed on the dangers of their country. On a sudden one of the youngest proposed to her companions, that they should swear never to marry any Frenchman who had not defended the frontiers. Cries of joy, clapping of hands, resounded from every part of the room. The looks of all present were directed towards the ladies; the rest of the company came up and crowded round them. I went with the throng, I applauded this generous proposal, I had the honour of administering the oath, which every one of the fair patriots came to receive at my hands.—*Rapp’s Memoirs*.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH’S REFLECTIONS UPON THE GROWTH OF LUXURY.—“ I have often reflected how much luxury has increased in London of late years. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats are a species of luxury in which I have never indulged, because they tend to enervate the body, and render it unfit for fatigue. I always make use of hard mattresses, and accustom myself to the open air in all weather. I literally knew two young ladies of high quality, (sisters,) who employed a *servant with soft hands* to raise them *gently* out of bed in the morning! Nothing less than all-powerful vanity could make such persons submit to the fatigues of a toilette.”

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH’S REFLECTIONS UPON MARRIAGE.—“ Rome was surprised when the great Scipio repudiated his wife, and more particularly, as she appeared to possess those qualifications which could render her husband happy. In justification of his conduct the noble Roman assembled his friends, to whom he showed his foot. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘how well this sandal is made, how proper it is—but none of you know *where it pinches!*’ Without disparagement to the Roman general, *there is rarely a shoe after marriage which fits well to the foot*. It is with marriage as with masonry, *it is only the brotherhood who know the secret*.”

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH’S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—“ As soon as it (the infant) is conscious of any thing around it, its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a female is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper; and, in particular, to indulge no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connexion between the mind and the body, that the features of the face are moulded commonly into an expression of the internal disposition; and is it not natural to think that an infant, before it is born, may be affected by the temper of its mother?”

A PUBLIC ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—“ It was curious, at that period, to hear the virulent declamation of Doctor Crowe, the public orator, in his speech, on the occasion, against the unfortunate Mr. Hastings, who was declared to be unworthy of the dignities (an university degree!) which he was ambitious of procuring. Every invective that could be devised, was made use of. But how was the language of the same orator altered, when, at the installation of Lord Grenville, Mr. Hastings was admitted to the degree of LL.B.! The hearers might have imagined that the whole character of the candidate had been changed, so great were the encomiums passed upon his merits. *Perhaps* the Doctor was influenced, *not by party*, but by a wish to show the versatility of his talents.” *Charitable Margravine!*

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN A GREATER TREASURE THAN COSTLY PEARLS.—Such a blessing had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one sabbath-day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law, died. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them on the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. Towards evening Rabbi Meir came

home. "Where are my beloved sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my two sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessings?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldest thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their bodies. "Ah! my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father, "my sons! the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was in our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name, for thy sake too! for well it is written, 'He that has found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness.'"—*Hebrew Tales*.

A KNOWING KHAN.—At this interview, the khan made all the enquiries which the interruption of the wuzeer prevented at the last; but he hurried them over, impatient for the show which he expected; nor did he appear to be disappointed. I showed him the sextant, placed the artificial horizon so as to let him see a star reflected in it, the altitude of which I took before him; then my thermometers, telescopes, &c. and afterwards I permitted him to look over my books of sketches, with figures of camels, horses, men, and women, with all of which he was hugely delighted. He kept constantly exclaiming, "Barick illah! Barick illah! (Bravo! bravo!) what strange things these Feringhees have got!" At last his dignity quite deserted him, and he absolutely shouted aloud, clapping his hands, like a child, with surprize and joy. Then came his own display of curiosities, which he made with considerable pride, chiefly consisting of scraps of English articles, among which was a small dressing-case, sent by some of his friends from Tehran, containing razors, tooth-brushes, knives and forks, spoons, boot-hooks, &c. the uses of which he was most profoundly ignorant of, but very desirous to learn; and I think his delight, when I did explain them, was hardly less than his former ecstasies, and lasted till the graver business of dinner put an end to the display and the mirth together. The conversation afterwards was common-place enough, turning chiefly on subjects relating to Europe, particularly its governments, armies, revenues, &c.; but his questions showed no great acuteness, and more than common ignorance. I was well satisfied with the visit on the whole, however; for though, as in all his countrymen, there was at first some disposition to act the great man, he could not long continue it, and soon became natural and easy enough.—*Fraser's Khorasan*.

THE VAMPIRE.—We will now take a view of the vampire. As there was a free entrance to the vampire in the loft where I slept, I had many a fine opportunity of paying attention to this nocturnal surgeon. He does not always live on blood. When the moon shone bright, and the fruit of the banana-tree was ripe, I could see him approach and eat it. He would also bring into the loft, from the forest, a green round fruit, something like the wild guava, and about the size of a nutmeg. There was something also in the blossom of the Sawarri nut-tree, which was grateful to him; for in coming up Waratilla creek, in a moonlight night, I saw several vampires fluttering round the top of the Sawarri tree, and every now and then the blossoms, which they had broken off, fell into the water. They certainly did not drop off naturally, for on examining several of them, they appeared fresh and blooming. So I concluded, the vampires pulled them from the tree, either to get at the incipient fruit, or to catch the insects which often take up their abode in flowers.

The vampire in general measures about twenty-six inches from wing to wing extended, though I once killed one which measured thirty-two inches. He frequents

old abandoned houses and hollow trees ; and sometimes a cluster of them may be seen in the forest, hanging head downwards from the branch of a tree.

The vampire has a curious membrane, which rises from the nose, and gives it a very singular appearance. It has been remarked before, that there are two species of vampire in Guiana, a larger and a smaller. The larger sucks men, and other animals ; the smaller seems to confine himself chiefly to birds. I learnt from a gentleman, high up in the river Demerara, that he was completely unsuccessful with his fowls, on account of the smaller vampire. He showed me some that had been sucked the night before, and they were scarcely able to walk.

Some years ago I went to the river Paumaron, with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. "What is the matter, sir?" said I, softly ; "is any thing amiss?" "What's the matter?" answered he, surlily ; "why the vampires have been sucking me to death." As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. "There," said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, "see how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood." On examining his foot, I found the vampire had tapped his great toe : there was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech ; the blood was still oozing from it ; I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have blooded him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word : I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity.—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

A LORD CHANCELLOR.

"Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases,
His tenures, and his tricks?"—

"Creed and I did stop, (the Duke of York being just going away from seeing it,) at St. Paul's, and in the Convocation-house yard did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died, 1404. He fell down in the tomb out of the great church into St. Fayth's, this late fire ; and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on ; but all tough and dry, like spongy leather, or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside.—*A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor*, and now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others, many flocking to see it."—*Pepys.*

ONE MORE SPECIMEN OF DR. JOHNSON'S BRUTALITY.—"One evening, at a party at Lady Lucan's, when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments ; but he interrupted her by saying, 'Fiddle faddle, madam,' and turned his back upon her, and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room."—*Margravine of Anspach.*

THE AIM OF MARSHAL SAXE'S AMBITION.—"He proposed to have marched [sic in Colburn] at their head to attack the Turkish Empire, to conquer it, and to gain possession of Constantinople. Having become master of those immense territories—sovereign of an Empire which extended from Poland to the frontiers of Persia, and from Sweden to China, he proposed, at his death, to be interred in St. Sophia."—Saxe was not singular in his taste. A hero of our own evinced a similar passion for glory. Was it not Nelson who exclaimed before the battle of the Nile,—"Now for a coronet or Westminster Abbey!"—Verily, "honour is a scutcheon."—*Margravine of Anspach.*

A DAZZLING ARGUMENT.—"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is every where, and boast that he resides amongst your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed every where," replied Joshua, "but he cannot be seen ; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?" The Emperor consented. The Rabbi took him in the open air at noon-day, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate thee?"—*Hebrew Tales.*

A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.—During my residence at Southampton, in 1806, where I had a house pleasantly situated near the river, the

Marquis of Lansdowne, who was extremely fond of aquatic excursions and delighted in nautical experiments, had prepared a vessel, which he had built at Southampton, under the superintendence of a skilful engineer. It was in the month of November; and Captain Haywood, of the Navy, requested permission to attend his lordship, *who wished to try how the vessel would sail without ballast*; it being double bottomed. The captain having approved the experiment, they agreed to leave the quay at twelve o'clock; the tide then running up, and it being nearly high water, with a gale blowing hard. In a few minutes, they had proceeded from the quay about a mile, and the vessel being schooner-rigged, by the time the head-sails were set, in running up the main-sail, she overset. Lord Lansdowne was the only person thrown out, as he was standing inattentively upon the deck; the rest of the party, seven in number, clung to the side of the vessel; fortunately his lordship caught hold of the mast-head, and thus preserved himself from destruction.—*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach.*

A COSSACK COMPLIMENT.—The novelty of our entertainment was, however, yet to come. A dozen strapping Cossacks now entered the room, and began to entertain us with a variety of their national songs, the whole singing together, but each taking separate parts. After this had proceeded for a time, all on a sudden, they caught up one of our party, laid him out on their arms, and began tossing him into the air, thus making him dance to the tune of their song; this was repeated in succession to each individual, and considered a great compliment, which was returned by a present of money. It was practised upon the general himself, as well as his visitors. A single individual of our party alone escaped this dance in the air; he was one of the Imperial chamberlains, and so bulky, that the don amateurs were actually shy of amusing themselves with this person.—*Holman's Travels in Russia, &c.*

EXCUSES FOR SPENDTHRIFT NOBLEMEN AND GENTRY.—Fuller says that the lands in Berkshire are very *skittish, and apt to cast their owners*. “I (the Margravine of Anspach) must observe, that this language is not the language of *truth*: it is the gentry who have voluntarily quitted their saddles—and not the *lands that cast their owners*. For some, many excuses may be found: accumulated taxes, and the *exorbitant price of all the first necessities of life*, together with the many *ingenious ways tradespeople have of cheating*, make it impossible for a gentleman to live at his seat; or, indeed, hardly any where; so that one half of our nobility and gentry are poorer than the poor, or owe a wretched existence to places or pensions, unworthy of their birth or sentiments, [poor men!] and we see the finest and prettiest places in England possessed by nabobs, bankers, or merchants.” Every great person has his or her star. “It was reserved for my bright star—that noble star which presided at my birth, to save Benham from this humiliation.”

TAKING TEA IN PERSIA.—After dinner, the ameerzadeh, who knew that I usually took tea, asked me if I chose to have it with or without cream; on my requesting to have it in the former way, a dish was brought me covered with the most beautiful cream; but to my surprise, upon tasting it, I discovered that it had been seasoned with salt instead of sugar. I expressed my surprise at this, and was informed that it was the Oosbeck custom to sweeten only the tea which is drunk plain, but that if milk or cream be added, salt is used instead of sugar. I drank my saline beverage, nor was it very disagreeable, but I bargained for a dish with both cream and sugar, after it.

Tea is much used by the Oosbecks in various shapes; boiled with water, with a great deal of fine sugar, it is drunk in the forenoon, and presented to guests; boiled with salt and thickened with its own leaves, and bread and butter broken among it, sometimes with the bread and butter alone, it forms a common article of diet, particularly for breakfast; and made with cream and salt, as above, it is taken as a wholesome and refreshing restorative.—*Fraser's Khorasan.*

PERSIAN CHARACTER.—One amusing instance of this unblushing beggary and want of candour came to our notice when just quitting Sheerauz. A person, formerly a slight acquaintance of Dr. Jukes, came to our quarters; he had once been governor of a district, and became rich, but was ruined by the usual process;—the sponge, when well saturated, had been squeezed dry and thrown aside. This man had been observed hanging about, and assiduous in his offers of service, until he attracted notice, and was asked what he wanted: he said he was poor and unemployed, and wanted service. This, the envoy told him, was impossible; the establishment was full: still he hung on, and the next day, contriving once more to attract the envoy's notice, he told him that he possessed a right to a house in town, of which he had been unjustly

deprived by the Sheerauz government ; but that, if he could obtain permission to accompany the mission to Tehrān, he had no doubt the respectability this would give him, would render his petition at court, for its restoration, effectual. "Very well," said Dr. Jukes, "you shall have that degree of countenance, and may accompany me." "Ah!" said he, "but I am so poor, that I have not the means of maintaining myself on the journey." "Well," said Dr. Jukes, "we shall manage that too ; you shall eat and live with my people free of all expence." He expressed great gratitude, and went his way ; but returned next day, saying he was very much distressed, for not having a beast of any sort, he should not be able to keep up unless he could be furnished with the means of so doing. "Ah!" said Dr. Jukes, "that is impossible ; I have no spare cattle, and cannot purchase a horse for you." An arrangement was however made, by which the man was to be provided with the use of a horse ; and the next day Dr. Jukes told him this, adding, "you must, however, be ready to-night, as I start from hence this night without fail. Are you not yet content?" "No," said the man, "not quite." "What's the matter?" "Why, I am much distressed ; I am a very poor fellow ; I have been obliged to pawn all my clothes, and have not wherewithal to keep me decent in your company." "Why, how much do you require to relieve them? What may be the amount of your debt upon them?" "Twenty or twenty-five tomauns," said he. "O, ho! my friend ; and do you really expect me to pay your debts, and carry you free to Tehrān into the bargain?" "By the favour of my Lord, who is all goodness." "No, no! my friend, this is too much ; you must now really shift for yourself." Had this money been advanced, fresh debts would have appeared ; and the more that was done, the more would have appeared to do, until the case became hopeless. It is a perfect specimen of the encroaching character of a Persian.—*Fraser's Khorasan.*

DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.—The conspirators finding themselves undone, attempted to escape the blows of their enemies by dispatching themselves. Robespierre broke his jaw with a pistol-shot ; Lebas followed his example, but with better success ; he killed himself. The younger Robespierre threw himself from the third story, but survived his fall ; Couthon gave himself many strokes with a hesitating hand ; Saint Just awaited his fate ; Coffinhal accused Henriot of cowardice, and threw him from a window into the common sewer, and fled. The conventionalists, however, effected an entrance into the Hôtel de Ville, traversed its deserted apartments, seized the conspirators, and conveyed them in triumph to the assembly. Bourdon entered the hall, exclaiming, *Victory! Victory! the traitors no longer exist!* "The cowardly Robespierre is there," said the president ; "they are carrying him upon a litter ; of course you do not wish him to be brought in?" "No, no," cried they, "it is to the *place de la Révolution* that he must be carried." He was placed for some time at the committee of general safety before he was transferred to the Conciergerie. There, extended upon a table, with a bloody and disfigured countenance, subjected to the view, to the invectives and curses of the spectators, he beheld the different parties rejoicing over his fall, and upbraiding him with all the crimes he had committed. He displayed great insensibility to the excessive pain which he experienced. He was conducted to the Conciergerie, and was afterwards brought before the revolutionary tribunal, which, on proof of his identity, and that of his accomplices, sent them to the scaffold. On the 28th July, about five o'clock in the evening, he ascended the death-cart, placed between Henriot and Couthon, who were as much mutilated as himself. His head was bound up in a bloody cloth, his face was livid, and his eye almost lifeless. An immense crowd pressed round the cart, giving the strongest and most noisy demonstrations of joy. They congratulated and embraced one another, they came near to obtain a better view of him, and load him with imprecations. The gens-d'armes pointed him out with their swords. As for himself, he appeared to regard the crowd with pity ; Saint Just surveyed it with an unmoved eye ; the rest, to the number of twenty-two, were more cast down. Robespierre was the last who ascended the scaffold : the instant his head fell, the multitude applauded, and the applause lasted for several minutes.—*Mignet's History of the French Revolution.*

MARSHAL SAXE'S MODE OF MAKING LOVE, AND THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH'S MODE OF DESCRIBING IT.

"Exitus ergo quis est?—O Gloria!"—

"Mademoiselle Chantilly, a favourite actress, was the Marshal's chère amie ; she had great personal attractions, and much theatrical merit ; but as she was married, she rejected the Marshal's proposal, not that *such a circumstance was a general*

cause for refusal. Foiled in this attempt, a *letter de cachet* was obtained, and consent or imprisonment were the only remedies. [Sic in Colburn.] She preferred the former. From whatever cause it arose, no sooner had he obtained the object of his desires, than he found that nature had deserted him: he resorted to expedients; the remedies proved too powerful, and produced his death, at fifty-four years of age."—"What a pity," exclaimed the Queen, "that a *De profundis* could not be sung for one who had caused so many *Te Deums* to be sung!"

THE PLAGUE.—A GALLANT PROPERLY PUNISHED FOR RUDENESS.—They were conveying a poor girl, who had fallen ill of the plague, to a pest-house, in one of the pest-coaches. "And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stank mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's, carried away sick of the plague, which put the young gentleman into a fright, and almost cost him his life."—*Diary of Pepys.*

MAGNIFICENT COPY OF THE KORAN.—Returning from my ride, I went to see an imaumzadeh, the only piece of antiquity in Cochoon; and, in truth, it would not merit notice at all, except upon one account. There are still preserved there, though in a very careless manner, some leaves that belonged to a koran of the most magnificent dimensions, perhaps, of any in the world, the history of which is not less remarkable than its size is extraordinary. It was written by Boi Sanghor Meerza, the son of Shah Rokh, and grandson of the great Timoor, and laid by him upon the grave of that mighty conqueror at Samarkand; from whence it was most sacrilegiously taken by the soldiery of Mahomed Khan, grandfather of the present Eelkhaneh, who accompanied Nadir Shah in his expedition to Toorkistan: the soldiers broke it up, and each took what leaves he chose to carry, as tokens of his triumph, back to his own country. Meer Goonah Khan, the son, collected about sixty of them, and placed them in this imaumzadeh, where they lie upon a shelf quite neglected and covered with dust. These leaves are formed of a thick wire wove paper, evidently made for the purpose, and when opened out, measure from ten to twelve feet long, by seven or eight broad; the letters are beautifully formed, as if they had each been made by a single stroke of a gigantic pen. The nooktas, or vowel points, as well as the marginal and other ornaments, are emblazoned in azure and gold; but few of the leaves are perfect, having been mutilated for the sake of the ornaments, or the blank paper of the immense margin.—*Fraser's Khorasan.*

SMELFUNGUS'S OPINION OF THE COUNTRY AROUND PARIS.—"When Lord Thurlow was at Paris, I was one day praising the country around; to which he narrowly replied, that it was all a great stone-quarry. I might have told him, that this great stone-quarry was covered with fine hills, trees, and buildings; but I remained silent." He was so very an Englishman, that she apprehended his partiality for her would be diminished by any favour bestowed upon Paris. "I really believe he preferred tough English salt beef to a pâté de Périgueux, and London porter to the wine of Paris!"

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS, AND THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.—Thucydides has recorded several instances of the unusual laxity of principle at Athens, occasioned by the plague, particularly the fact, that when any persons had erected a pile for burning their dead, other persons would come and set fire to it for the purpose of burning their dead; or, if they found it already lighted, would fling the corpse, which they were bearing, upon the pile, and away. The annals of the plague of London furnish examples of a kind of atrocious hardihood, equally characteristic of the people and the age, and yet more flagitious than any mentioned by Thucydides. "Feb. 12, 1666. Comes Mr. Cæsar, my boy's late master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while very well; and tells me, in the height of it, how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite, too, ill people would breathe in the faces (out of their windows) of well people going by."—*Diary of Pepys.*—[Bad as the democratic Athenians were rendered by their disasters, they must yield the palm of iniquity to our own dear monarchical ancestors, when exposed to a similar trial.]

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid	Per share.
Ashton	100	210
Birmingham	17 10	320
Ceconomy	100	1150
Ellesmere and Chester	133	120
Grand Junction	100	265
Huddersfield	57	84
Kennet & Avon	40	25
Lancaster	47	40
Leeds and Liverpool	100	400
Oxford	100	800
Regent's	40	37
Rochester	85	100
Stafford and Worcester	140	800
Trent and Mersey	100	2000
Warwick and Birmingham	100	265
Worcester and Ditto	78	51

DOCKS.	Amt. paid	Per share.
Commercial	100	69
East India	100	100
London	100	85
St. Catherine's	100	5
West India	100	178

WATER WORKS.	Amt. paid	Per share.
East London	100	120
Grand Junction	50	77
Kent	100	37
South London	100	100
West Middlesex	45	67

GAS COMPANIES.	Amt. paid	Per share.
City of London	100	160
Ditto, New	100	90
Edinburgh	100	1 10
Imperial	50	30
United, General	50	11
Westminster	50	50

INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid	Per share.
Albion	500	50
Alliance	100	10
Ditto Marine	100	5 10
Atlas	50	5
Globe	100	132
Guardian	100	17
Hope	50	5
Imperial	500	105
Ditto Life	100	12
London	25	12 10
Protector	20	1 5
Rock	20	3 15
Royal Exchange	100	260

MINES.	Amt. paid	Per share.
Anglo-Mexican	100	35
Ditto Chili	100	2 10
Bolton	400	100
Brazilian	100	9
Castello	100	2 10
Chilian	100	6
Columbian	100	5
Mexican	100	2
Real Del Monte	400	400
United Mexican	40	22
New Ditto	40	12 10

MISCELLANEOUS.	Amt. paid	Per share.
Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	6
Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	21
Columbian Ditto	100	4
Rio de la Plata Ditto	100	1 10
British Iron Ditto	100	14
General Steam Navigation ..	100	3
Irish Provincial Bank	100	4
Van Diemen's Land Ditto ..	100	3 10
West India Company	100	2 10

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LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Mr. John H. Brady, Son of the Author of "Clavis Calendaria," has announced his intention of completing the subject of the Names of Places, in a Work to be entitled, "The Derivation of the Names of the Cities, Principal Market Towns, and Remarkable Villages, in Every County in England; with Notices of their Antiquities, Peculiar Customs and Amusements, and Historical and Local Anecdotes." From the best Authorities.

Mr. Curtis is preparing for the Press a fourth and enlarged edition of his *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*. In this edition much useful information is collated on what regards that obscure part of Acoustic Surgery, Nervous Deafness, and Cases of Deaf and Dumb.

Ornithologia, or the Birds; a Poem, in two Parts, with an Introduction to their Natural History, and copious Notes. By James Jennings.

Annals of the House of Brunswick. By Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D. In Two Volumes octavo, illustrated with an Engraving from Mr. Chantry's Bust of His present Majesty, by Reynolds, and thirteen beautifully engraved Portraits of the most distinguished Heroes of the Brunswick race, from effigies and paintings by some of the great Masters of the early ages.

Richelieu, or the Broken Heart, an Historical Tale. In one volume, 8vo.

In the Press, *The Narrative of a Tour around Hawaii, (or Owhyhee.)* By the Rev. W. Ellis, Missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands. 1 vol. 8vo. with several Illustrative Engravings, and a Map of Hawaii.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

- An Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution. By W. M. Leake, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Hours at Home. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson. 18mo.
 De Clifford, a Romance of the Red Rose. 8vo.
 Records of Patriotism and Love of Country. By William Bailey. 8vo.
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PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS

(From January 24, to February 21, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	215½	193	208½
3 per Cent. Consols	80½	74	78½
3 per Cent. Reduced	81½	74½	79½
3½ per Cent. Reduced	89½	82½	77
New 4 per Cents.	98½	90½	96½
Long Annuities, expire 1860	20½	18½	19½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	236½	195½	230
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	10s. pm. ..	30s. dis.	5s. dis.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	4s. pm.	22s. dis.	1s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	92½	85	88
Brazil ditto, ditto	65	49½	57
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	70½	57½	58
Chilian ditto, ditto	59	45	46
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	61½	40½	48
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	60	39	46½
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	60½	51	53½
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	98½	94	97½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cents.	68½	61½	65½
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	19½	14	17½
Mexican ditto	62	43½	55
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	67½	49	60½
Neapolitan ditto, 5 per Cent	74½	68	70
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	43	30	35
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent	74½	68	70
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	94	88	92½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	92½	86½	91
Russian ditto, ditto	85½	73	79½
Spanish ditto, ditto	13	8½	10½

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NEW SERIES. No. XVI.

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1, 1826.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Draw, archers ! draw your arrows to the head !

THE incidents and opinions described in this paper are not fictitious; they are the genuine production of a "Genuine Yankee," who for more than two years (the greater part of which time he lived in the very heart of the British metropolis, occupied there in the study of British character, but going forth on every side in search of truth, and pursuing it with zeal whenever it appeared with a new shape) contrived to keep a record of his peculiar notions about all that he saw, and all that he heard of there—all that was new to *him*, or much out of the common way, that is.

He may have been deceived—he may be deceived now; but he persuaded himself that he was impartial; for he had no prejudice (none that he knew of) against the people of this country, when he arrived here, whatever he might have against the people of other countries; no bad idea of British character; and he spared neither trouble nor cost in what he has the courage to say was, indeed, a search after truth; and yet, were he to publish now what he believed then, of this people and of their character, it would be a mischievous libel on both; and were he to publish now, a work which he began to prepare for the press of America, about a twelvemonth after his arrival here, (at a period when he was charged by his countrymen with partiality to whatever was British,) it would appear to be little better than a tissue of absurdity and mistake.

Before the writer left America, that is, before *I* left America, for I have no idea of mincing the matter now, I had the reputation there of being well acquainted with England, with English History, with English habits, and with English men, as they are now, and as they have been hitherto, up from the period when their poetry, the language of the heart, began to wear a positive shape, and their law, the language of the head, perhaps any thing but a positive shape; when poetry began to be understood every where, and law became a puzzle and a mystery. Such, indeed, was the notion that other people had of me, and of my acquaintance with all the chief writers of, and the best books about England, that I was continually asked what more I could hope to know of this country and of this people by coming here to see for myself, as I termed it. And such was the notion that I had of

myself, (to speak with due modesty, while I speak the plain truth,) and such the idea that I had of my knowledge, that whenever the inquiry was made, I was quite unable to answer it, even to my own satisfaction; for, having read so much and heard so much about this country and the people thereof, I had no idea that I had anything of great value to learn of either by coming here. Nevertheless, I could not be easy till I came.

Yet more—most of my friends in America were English, or, as one of them would say, if he were at my side, no better than English; while most of the books that I had ever met with, and all that I ever cared much for (except a few of my own) were English, or purported so to be. English books made here by English, or Scotch, or Irish, or Welsh, or Swiss writers; or American books, the materials of which were born here, and bred here, if they did not grow here: bred here, that is, where they had any breeding at all. Whatever I knew was of English growth, or connected in some way or other, above or below, with what was of English growth: if the flowers were in this country, the fruitage was in that; if the branches overshadowed America, the roots were among the old foundations of England. My prejudices were English, my partialities were English, my very thoughts were English, and so, indeed, was all that I knew, and all that I cared for in this world or the next. And why? Because all that I knew had been taught me by English writers; and all that I cared for was, in some way or other, interwoven with the literature of England. Before I came over the seas, I had the reputation not only of being thoroughly acquainted with this people, of this country, with their literature, laws, and history; but I was also accused of being partial to them, for I belonged to the Federal party of America, a party who are English to a proverb there. After my arrival in this country, I spared no trouble, no cost, in the search after truth; and yet, after all my care, and after all my preparation, with all my deep-rooted partiality for whatever was English, (a partiality which made me look with favour upon that which in America I should have been ashamed of or sorry for,) and after I had been occupied a twelvemonth here, in the study of English character, with capital opportunities for the study, I discovered—just when my work was ready for publication too—that I was deplorably ignorant of the very things with which I thought myself best acquainted—of the very things which I was reputed to have a good knowledge of before I left America; that I knew little or nothing of the true character of the people here—as a people, I mean—and how could I? for it requires more than a twelvemonth to know the true character of a single individual; that my book, instead of being what I had really set my heart on making it, (if I lived long enough,) a book of authority on both sides of the water, a serious and a useful book, fitted for allaying hostility and prejudice, both in America and Great Britain—a sort of peace-offering, to say the whole truth, prepared with a feeling of brotherhood for the people of two great empires, who, to love each other, only require to know each other, was likely to be anything but what it was intended to be. What was to be done? I gave up the idea of a national portrait in despair. It was a job for the Wandering Jew.

But still I had facts enough, I thought, for two or three good

books, and a score of sketches—a volume of truth, a multitude of precious memoranda, about a multitude of transactions, which, as they occurred under my own eyes, were to be depended upon, by myself, at least, if by nobody else. To a great many of them I was able to swear. So, when I had made up my mind that my book, as a book, if it were published, would not be worth a fig, I set myself to recast the materials. I thought a deal of the matter before I began; looked about me on every side, aware that I had no time to lose; tried for a whole month to persuade myself that I had nothing to fear, that I had been careful enough to justify me in doing what I was going to do; that, in a word, my facts *were* facts. Nevertheless, to make all sure, I began a process of deliberate verification. I spared no labour, I ransacked authorities; I counted for myself, and I measured for myself. I took nobody's word for anything, where it was possible for me to get anything better. Judge of my surprise——. Not a paragraph that I had written was true, altogether true, that is, faithful and fair as a portraiture, I do not say of national, but of individual character; I do not say of states, or empires, but of little neighbourhoods and petty watering places. I had been guilty of mistake after mistake—some of the most laughable nature. I had collected a multitude of amusing stories, for example, about A. and B.; but, somehow or other, I had put the name of A. for that of B., and the name of B. for that of A. I had given a beautiful fact, I remember, on the best authority, about the present Lord Chancellor—the story was true, perfectly true, I am sure of that; for it was told me, as I said before, on the best authority; but, as the devil would have it, in the hurry of writing, I had substituted the name of Ellenborough for that of Eldon. A pretty kettle of fish there would have been! The book would have passed for a lie; I should have passed for a liar, and might have been prosecuted for a libel into the bargain. So, too, in a particular case, where, as I knew very little of the parties, I had been cautious to a degree, I related a fine story about an affair which took place at the table of a Scotch Duke—the Duke of Argyle, said I. On further inquiry, I found that it had taken place at the table of another person—a Duke, to be sure, and a Scotch Duke, I believe; but then it was the Duke of Athol, not of Argyle. There was nothing in the story of itself, so far as the nobleman appeared; but if the mistake had not been discovered, my story would have passed for a stupid affair—a lie on the face of it. So with a multitude more. Not a paragraph that I had written was correct or true. I had been guilty of mistake, where mistake would appear impossible, where it would have been charity, perhaps, to charge me with wilful untruth. I had been guilty of much, that I myself, had I seen it in the book of another, should have called a misrepresentation, a deliberate misrepresentation, or a wilful and malicious misrepresentation. I had been guilty of broad caricature; I had taken a multitude of cases upon trust, and a multitude of stories from hearing. Was I to blame? I did no more than every such traveller does: I did no more than you do every day of your life. How many things do you repeat which you have no good authority for believing? How many more do you believe without knowing wherefore? How know you that your King is all that you are told he is? Have you ever seen him? have

you ever heard him speak? Upon what authority do you believe that he is fat in the face? that nobody was ever so well bred, or so much of a gentleman? that his coats are stitched on his back? that he eats fish with a knife? picks bones with his cuffs rolled up, and does—whatever he does at all—with an air of majesty? Nay, if you live at the west end of the town, how know you that the other side of Temple Bar is inhabited? How know you, indeed, that there is anything, anything at all, on the other side of it? or, that there is any such place on earth as Russell Square? I do not ask you if you know where to find such a place, for that were absurd; but I ask, upon what authority you believe that there is any such place? If it were laid down in the map, and you believed in it, because it was laid down in the map, you would be doing just what I have been doing here: just what every traveller does: you have been trusting to hearsay and report. You have been a believer on less authority, perhaps, than satisfied me. But enough.—I soon discovered that my materials were of no great worth; and that I had collected a heap of reports, which, though they were collected with a good feeling, after much inquiry, and with a hope of their being useful, would have been productive, I am sure, of little or no good, much error, and great mischief, had I suffered them to appear in their natural shape. And yet I could not bear to throw them aside for ever, without making any use of them—bad as they were. If they would not do for a history, they might for a novel, you know, and facts are facts, where you have a book to write, or a paper for a magazine, or an essay for a Quarterly Review, or a newspaper. Other people know this; and as for me, I am sure of it, so far as *my* facts are concerned; for a part of them were very true, after all—very true—though not so true as they might have been made, perhaps, with a little more care. Some had full truth enough in them, perhaps, to make them palatable; and of the rest, a goodly portion, I dare say, might have been made very true—very true indeed, as the world goes. I considered with myself again, what if I were to go over the whole matter once more, weed it thoroughly, and preserve so much, and no more, as would serve to show the daily growth of my thought here, from the first hour of my arrival—the *first impressions that I received in every case*, where I met with any thing which was new to me—altogether new—or of which I had formed an opinion before I came here, either from books or from hearsay? What if I were to add here and there a few of the corrections which, in the progress of another whole year, had occurred to me? If I did all this, or even a part of this, might I not be able to make a very amusing book, and a very instructive book? amusing to all who desire to know, without prevarication or disguise, without fear and without favour, just how matters and things would appear in this country to a native Yankee, on his first coming ashore—a visitor from another world; instructive in a variety of ways, not only to readers but to writers—the readers and writers of travels, I mean, or voyages, or of any other books, in whatever shape they may happen to appear, professing to describe the character of large communities; instructive, not merely to the multitudes of Americans, who, say what you will, have no opportunity of knowing the truth—not even so much truth as might be embodied, I believe, in such a book, about the people of this country, their elder brethren, (so to speak in the household of

empires;) but, instructive to the multitudes of Great Britain, who, whatever they may suppose, do not know, and have had no opportunity of knowing, hitherto, what is thought of them by the people of the United States, nor what would be thought of them, or of their habits and behaviour, of their cities and their villages, of their princes and their palaces, of their paupers and poets, of their statesmen, their legislators, and their actors, by a *native* on his first arrival here, before the surprise and agitation of his heart were well over—a native American that is, (if tautology may be excused,)—and whether he thought sagely or not, whether his opinions were correct or otherwise, would be a matter of little or no consequence, I dare say, to the people here, provided they were sure that the opinions which he gave out for his, whether correct or not, whether foolish or wise, were, indeed, his real opinions of what he saw; instructive to readers, for it would teach them to be charitable to authors, who, whatever may be their honesty and research, and whatever their ability, are pretty sure to fall into some egregious error, if not in every paragraph, at least in every other paragraph, when writing about strange habits, while they are strange, or about a strange people, before they have ceased to be a strange people; very instructive to writers, for they would be taught especial caution by it—every mistake, in every page, would be a warning to the traveller; for every mistake would go to show, that, even two years are not enough to qualify one for putting forth a decided national portrait, or even a decided national sketch, and that, cautious preparation, great care, and real esteem, are not a sure guarantee against hurtful misrepresentation, where the character of a people, and the habits of a people, are to be described. Who will deny that such a book would be well received here, and well received in America, were faith put in the pledge of the writer—were it believed that he was what I declare myself to be—a *na-tivé* New-Englander, a thorough bred Yankee, or, as your Mr. Mathews would have it, a *ginooine* Yankee—a *na-tivé* who was never beyond the jurisdiction of the United States of North America for more than a few days, till a ship carried him over the invisible boundary, about two years and a half ago, on her passage to this country; that, in every case, whatever he might have said in such a book, whether true or not in reality, was true to the extent of his knowledge, understanding, and belief, and that he had given, what I now undertake to give, a faithful account of the *first impressions* received here, by such native Yankee, at every step of his pilgrimage through the land of his forefathers?

So much for the preface. Having prepared the reader, I hope, in some measure, for what he is to meet with, I proceed now to give him a brief account of myself, so that he may the better understand my motives, hopes, and views in coming here, and the nature of my experience; after which, I propose to give my Yankee notions—in other words, whatever I may have to say of this country and people, of their great men and their little men (if there be any such thing as a little man here) in the shape of papers, copied, with no material change, with no change whatever, indeed, except in the phraseology, from a sort of journal, or every-day-book, or diary, kept by me with great care, from the first hour of my arrival in this country; a book, or diary, which is full of nothing but my *first impressions* of whatever I saw;

a journal, to say the truth of it, which began with the very beginning of the voyage in America, and has been faithfully continued up to this very day, in spite of the discoveries made by me at the end of the first year; discoveries, not over gratifying to the pride of authorship, as to the authenticity and exactness of a large part of the material which I had gathered for it, and which, as I have said before, I had already begun to verify and work into a shape for the public, when I arrived at a knowledge of its true value.

Now for a sketch of myself. I was born (if I may believe what is reported of me by my good mother) on the twenty-fifth of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, a year, and a day, famous over all the earth for prodigies—(vide the almanacks for that year.) The date I have written, as you see, not in figures, but in words, at full length, because I would make it secure for posterity; not as the uncharitable might be wicked enough to say, because we are paid by the page; and I give my dear good mother's account of the affair, because, in the part of the country where I was made, (we are twitted with saying *raised* there; but, upon my soul, the charge is untrue,) we have no better authority for any such case. Our mothers, and our family bibles, with a sort of a private record, (for it is any thing but a public one, where a child is born to a quaker, as I was,) a sort of a record in the book, which is kept by the clerk of the meeting, are the substitutes for a parish register. So, I was born, as I have told you, on the ——. A writer with less regard for the honour of his lofty profession, would be sure to repeat the words here, but I am above such unworthy artifices, I hope, and shall therefore content myself with repeating the figures. To make it clear, though, I must begin the phrase anew—I was born, as I have told you, on the 25th day of August, in the year 1793, in a part of Massachusetts then called the district of Maine. It is now a state, and the northernmost of the whole confederacy; my native town is the capital, a sweet place to be sure. Ergo, we are a little too far north for the rest of the people in America.

At about the age of twelve I was put behind the counter of a retail shop, where I cut a very pretty figure, considering the nature of my education—that which I had picked up while running the gauntlet, barefooted, from one school to another; from this private school, where I was whipped three times a-day, to that public one where I was whipped every half hour, and kicked and cuffed between whiles; from a sort of academy, where I studied novels under the eye of the preceptor, a devotee, who was working his way up to a place of authority in the church, and is now little better than a Bishop, a sort of Presbyterian Bishop too, in that part of the world; from his guardianship to that of a teacher, full six feet four, who spent a large part of his time, to the best of my knowledge, in drawing flowers, purple roses and blue pinks, borders for penmanship, which might have passed for carpet or coverlid patterns, with an occasional picture, of God knows what, which, after it was thoroughly finished, I took the first opportunity of stealing. By the by though, I had a way of my own for acquiring such property. I would fly paper darts in school, manage to be caught by the master, get a nice flogging, be ordered to stay in while the rest of the scholars went away to dinner, wait till the master's back was turned, search out

his key, open his huge desk, and secure the prize by way of a parenthesis while getting my task.

Well, considering the nature of my education, I say, I cut a very pretty figure in a retail shop; a quaker, and but some twelve years of age, or thereabouts, with white hair, a glib tongue, and a faculty, which, had I lived here, would have brought me to the gallows, I dare say, long and long ago. My aptitude was wonderful; I say it now with perfect seriousness, wonderful considering my age. I was very soon able to cheat, lie, and steal, with the best of our trade. I was even able to cheat my master, who cheated every body else, and I lost no opportunity of doing so. He taught me to pass counterfeit money, to *put off* counterfeit money I should say, for he was much too honourable a man, too good a man by half, to *deal* in counterfeit money, or to pass off a dollar more than he received in the way of trade. He taught me to pull back my thumb when I measured for people who were mean enough to insist upon extra measure, and to slip the yardstick, *a few*, when I was waiting on the liberal, who scorn to regard such matters. He taught me never to lose my temper, to put up with any thing and every thing from a customer, who, if he did not purchase one day might another, and could be punished accordingly for whatever he might have said or done before; such was the retaliation of a true shopkeeper he would say, such the revenge of a noble heart in the retail trade. "If you are insulted," quoth my master, "if you are insulted, never insult again, (he was not a quaker, by the way:) what do you gain by it? If you lose your temper, of what avail is that?" said he. "Are you ready to choke with rage? down with it; smother it, swallow it, swallow your bitterness, and make the rascal pay for it." I did so for a long while, did so for many years, did so till I grew tired of the plan. Yet more, he taught me never to let a customer escape without buying, if any profit could be got by him, either in price or measure, weight or change; to sell things of which every body knew the value, as needles, pins, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. at any price, and make it up in matters of which the value was not so well known, as cloth, silks, linen, &c.; it gave character to the *store*, made every thing cheap, you know, to the fair, who always judge by the lump. In other words, he taught me to sell *bait* very cheap, at prime cost indeed, or at half price, where nothing better was to be done, to sell cheap to A. and dear to B.; cheap to the wise, dear to the ignorant; cheap to the child, or the woman, or the stranger; dear to the rest of the world; cheap to the troublesome, dirty, stingy, higgling purchaser; dear, very dear, as dear as I could, by any sort of contrivance, to the liberal purchaser, the off-hand free purchaser. He taught me that a yard stick has five quarters; that a shawl, one yard and a half square, or one yard and a half the longest way, is an eight-fourth shawl; blankets in proportion; to keep the counter full and the shop crowded, for women will go where they see other women go, be that where it may, and every woman, whether she purchase or not, is a capital decoy at the counter of a retail shop; to sell one sort of cloth and roll up another; to cheat in the price where I could, in the reckoning where I could, in the measure where I could, little or much, according to my discretion, which, to say the truth, was regulated by the opportunity, always observing that everybody is liable to mistake, and that

if the change were not enough by just one dollar, or the measure too short by just one yard, there would be little or no risk if it were discovered, while if the change fell short a few odd pence, or the cloth a few odd thumbs, it would look suspicious, and would be, or might be, hard to explain. He taught me, moreover, to keep chattering, "chatter, chatter, chatter," as Wordsworth has it in a shopkeeping ballad of his, to give a customer no time to calculate, or think, or see, or hear; to darken the shop, or store, as we call it there; (for in our part of the world a stone is a rock, a shop a store, and a stick a pole;) to darken the windows with every sort of shining trash, ditto the doors; to tumble new goods of different qualities together, and swear that they were bought by the heap at auction; to wet other new goods with dirty water, and pile them up outside of the door on the broad platform; to do this whenever a ship had been wrecked within forty leagues of the store, knowing that they would pass for great bargains, that a variety of shop stuffs look finer while they are wet than at any other time, and that the ladies, God help them, are so fond of what is cheap, that they will buy any thing, any thing under the sky, whether it be of any use or not, if it appears to be cheap, or if they are so crowded and jostled together that they cannot see whether it is cheap or not. In a word, he taught me a multitude of things, of a piece with what I have related, in much less time, I dare say, than would be thought possible to the uninitiated. But I will do myself the justice to say that I was not entirely satisfied with my master; nor with my small share of the profit which my tricks brought into the till. I was paid, or properly speaking, my mother was paid about 4s. 6d. a week for my board out of the shop, and I was clothed as the Irish beggars are, after a fashion—that is, about a year or so after a fashion was over. Wherefore, it began to be a trouble to me that I was doing such ungodly work for such poor pay; and after thinking over the matter, I concluded that as my sins, if they were sins at all, were great in proportion as my reward or profit, or temptation thereto was little, it would be expedient for me to increase the temptation, or in other words to increase the pay; I did so, and every night before I laid my head upon the pillow, I took very good care to settle the matter with my conscience, by drawing on the till of the shop.

But why trouble the reader with what occurred to me at this early age, when I was a cheat, and a thief, and a liar by trade; when I was applauded for doing what, if I were to see another do it now, I should think worthy of transportation, or the tread-mill, or the whipping-post? Why say more of that period when I was a poor boy, beset on every side, in every possible way, with every possible temptation?—I will not. I will pass on to the day of my power, the day of my pride, when, after having been successively a shop-boy, a writing-master, a clerk in a store, a drawing-master, "a retail merchant," a wholesale merchant, with large property, and almost unbounded credit; a lawyer, a student of law I should say, without friends and without money, obliged to write while other men were asleep, to avoid starvation; a writer for a journal, which paid nothing to its contributors; a novel-writer; a co-editor of a periodical, which appeared by fits and starts, now monthly, now quarterly; a poet —; a politician; a newspaper editor; a critic; a dramatist; a literary drudge, for I compiled an index, in

the heat of my poetical fervour, to a work which has no parallel on God's earth, I hope; a sort of historian, for I made my share of a history, which purports to be the history of the American Revolution, by Paul Allen, who never wrote a word of it, and my share was about one-third part of the whole; a thorough-paced novel-writer, having made up somewhere about a score of good-sized volumes, of which a word or two more in a future paragraph; I came to be a counsellor at law in the Supreme Court of the United States of North America.

Having now come to the period when, weary of the sluggish life that I was leading at Baltimore, Maryland, where my practice had become a genteel support for me, and where, over and above my trade as a lawyer, which kept me occupied, now as an attorney and now as a barrister, now as a proctor, now as a solicitor, and now as a conveyancer—one day in the county court, another in the criminal court, a third, perhaps, in the chancery court,* a fourth in the district court of the United States, a fifth in the orphan's court of Baltimore, a sixth in the high court of appeals for the State of Maryland, a seventh in the circuit court of the United States, an eighth in the Lord knows where, I was in the habit of producing well nigh three duodecimo volumes a month, of matter which had nothing to do with law, and very little, I fear, with any thing else. Having now come to that period when, with all the above-enumerated occupations to keep me busy night and day, I felt as if I were leading a sluggish life, and made up my mind all at once, while I was leaning my head on the mantel-piece one day after dinner, to throw aside my law books, give up my profession for a while, jump on board a ship, and be off to Europe with the first wind; having now come to that period, I say, it behoves me to be a little more particular.

A word or two more of myself, therefore, in a very particular shape. I am so constituted that I cannot be happy for a day—no, not for an hour, a single hour, unless my faculties are on the stretch. Occupied I must be, either to a good or an evil purpose, wherever I am, or I get weary and sick—I neither eat nor sleep. I cannot bear to be stationary, and I would a little rather die than go back—back forever from a spot in which I had once fairly set my foot, or give up any thing which I had once heartily and seriously undertaken before it was altogether accomplished. I never did yet, and I never will—right or wrong, I was ready to say; for I never undertake a matter now without looking steadfastly to the consequences, however terrible they may appear, nor without leaving to myself some latitude of choice for the future. My character is not of the north—for the northern people of America are much more phlegmatic, and much more cautious than I ever was or ever hope to be; nor is it of the south, for the southern people of America—those of the extreme south are a nation of mad caps, with not half so much method as I have, and I, to the reproach of New England be it recorded, have been thought here by those who were

* Chancery courts and chancellors of one sort or another abound in America. The common law courts have equity jurisdiction pretty generally there; and in the State of Maryland, a State with a population about one-third as large as that of London, besides the chancellor, they have somewhere about sixteen or eighteen judges, who have each the same power; in all, therefore, about nineteen chancellors for one State of the twenty-four.

pretty well acquainted with *our* character, to be a little touched or so. But if I may be allowed to speak for myself, or to judge by what I hear in a matter of this kind, I should say that my character is a compound of the native Yankee, and the native southern. People say so, and it may be so. Born at the north and educated at the north—educated, so far as I had any education at all, that is, before I withdrew from society, locked myself up in my room, and pursued a course of solitary study, such as few men ever had the courage or health to pursue, for a period of nearly eight years—a bitter apprenticeship indeed, for one who had never been quiet for a day in all his life before, I should be naturally imbued with much of the northern character; yet living as I have in the south for a good number of years, the *best* part of my life, at any rate, be the time little or much, I should wear a somewhat of the southern character; and after a while might offer, what I am said now to offer, a compound of contradictory properties which have neutralized each other already, and appear to be in a fair way of destroying each other. It may be so—but, whether it be or not, I shall abide the issue. Oil and water have been mixed heretofore; and why may not fire and water be mixed—or snow and fire, poetry and mathematics, literature and law, truth and falsehood, great wisdom with great folly?

I had occasion to say, two or three pages ago (pages of letter-paper I mean) that I was a novel-writer, on a large scale—no, a thorough-paced novel-writer and a dramatist; a dramatist, however, only so far as writing a play, one play which was never acted, although it was published, and two other plays which have neither been acted nor published, nor heard of, except by myself, would go to make me a dramatist.

Among the multitude of books which I had written, two novels, one in four volumes, the other in three, had been re-published in this country, within a short period of each other; and I was quite prepared, I confess, to hear that two others which followed in America would be republished here, as soon as they appeared. But no—I was not so well acquainted then, as a writer for the British public should be, nor as I am now, with the true nature of magazine puffs, and newspaper puffs, nor with the mighty difference which may be made in the value of a work, by putting the name of A. B. publisher, in the title-page, instead of the name of C. D. I was weary of the law—wearied as death, although I had no wish to give up the profession; weary of it, because, at every step, and at every turn, I met with subterfuge, wickedness, and absurdity. For many years I had been at war, open war, with the whole tribe of lawyers in America, from the highest to the lowest—I saw evil, and mischief, and bad power, rising up on every side of our Federal institutions, because of the law in America—judicial prerogative, lawyer craft, and judge-made law, to borrow Bentham's phraseology, coming in like the sea, on every side of our political association. I saw this—and I would have sacrificed myself to avert the issue; but I knew of no way of averting it: where should I go for council—where should we look for a Joshua to guide us? where for one qualified to reform the mighty abuse—to check the army of lawyers, even while they were crowding up to all the high places, and all the seats of power in America? Alas! I had no hope; and therefore,

much as I hated the tricks of the law, and much as I desired the overthrow of its million of nightmares, I should have continued the practice of the law, and perhaps have gone to my grave a lawyer, but for the accidental republication here of the two paltry books above mentioned; aye, aye—lived and died a lawyer—in spite of my detestation of lawyers and law-subterfuge, and in spite of a gnawing desire which I had to see this country, I hardly knew why, as I have said before, but for the republication of two crazy novels, and a pair of newspaper puffs, written by a pair of exquisite blockheads, about one or both of the said novels. But here, to prove that I speak the truth, and to make it probable that my story is altogether true, I shall add a few names, titles, and facts, whereby it will be seen whether I am serious or not: Wherever I speak of myself or of what I have said or done, I speak with the proof before me; and where I speak of what others have said or done, I speak with a belief that whatever I say is true, and I hold myself answerable for it, once for all, now and hereafter. I dwell upon these facts the more in the early part of my story, because I shall have occasion to allude to them, perhaps, in every chapter, when I come to relate my adventures here in the trade of authorship; and I shall relate them before I have done precisely as they have occurred. They will be a treasure to the uninitiated; for I am not of a temper to qualify what I have to say—where I have undertaken to say the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as I have in the following letters.

Early in the year 1822, *LOGAN*, a story which has been attributed to five or six persons, the greater part of whom were crazy, or thought to be so, but a story of which I am the true author, was published in America. Not long after, it was re-published here by Newman—or *the Newmans*, who live somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ludgate-hill, or Leadenhall-street, or some other characteristic place—people who manufacture a certain species of literary ware by ship-loads. Well, it was very soon told abroad in America; for, in the pride of my heart, I could not keep the good news a secret, nor could any of my friends, nor any of the patriots of America, that another American novel was in the way of re-publication here—if not actually re-published here. I was rather shy, I remember at first, fearing that there might be some mistake, when my publisher, who had not sold copies enough to pay for the paper, I dare say, told me I was to re-appear in the shop of a London publisher. A London publisher!—think of that. I knew nothing of London publishers. They were all one to me—all of a piece. Even Mr. Murray, for aught that I knew, was but one of a multitude, who, if genius fell in their way, would be ready to snap at it; and if it did not come in their way, to break their necks after it.—Alas! but I know better now: and I know very well now, that if I had known three years ago, what I know while I am writing this paragraph, I should not have been quite so much gratified, I rather guess, on hearing that a body of London publishers, Messrs. A. K. Newman and Co. had re-published a book of mine.

Well, soon after this, appeared another novel by me, called *SEVENTY-SIX*, from the Preface to which (as the Preface I find was omitted in the re-publication here) I now beg leave to extract a

passage. It will show the character of the work. Nay, it is but a paragraph or so ; and I may as well give the whole of it, therefore :

“ PREFACE.

“ I wrote LOGAN for an experiment. My object was, to do what nobody else had done, or would have the impudence to attempt.

“ I succeeded—but perhaps, it would have been better for me if I had failed.

“ I have written SEVENTY-SIX for another and a better reason. I have written it in the hope, that they who have been bothered and frightened with the rambling incoherency, passion, and extravagance of LOGAN, may have an opportunity of getting into a better humour with the author, and, if possible, with themselves.

“ LOGAN, I find, has been attributed to several persons, most of whom are remarkable for nothing but belles-lettres foppery, and pretension ; while the rest are mad—stark, staring mad ; nay, one of them, I believe, is actually under confinement in the Pennsylvania Hospital, while I am writing.

“ I feel the compliment. It is highly creditable to the good sense of the public ; and I do not despair of hearing SEVENTY-SIX attributed to some other ninnyhammer quite as foolish, if not quite so outrageous.

“ But whatever may be the reception of SEVENTY-SIX, I shall feel neither gratitude nor resentment toward the public. I have lived long enough to know that they are never right, where it is possible to be wrong ; that popularity is no proof of merit ; and that sudden popularity is *never* the reward of great talent ; and I have come to the conclusion, that whatever may be the neglect of the public, it is more comfortable for the author to attribute it to bad printing—bad paper—want of zeal in the publishers—stupidity, obstinacy, bad taste, prejudice, degeneracy, or infatuation, if you please, in the literary world :—nay, to any thing and every thing, rather than to incompetency in himself. Such is my rule ; and I have found great comfort in the application of it.

“ On the other hand, however successful an author may be, he must be a hypocrite or a fool, if he pretend to feel any gratitude to the public for their favour. Would they buy his book unless they had their money’s worth—would they?——” Pho—pho—I cannot copy my own writing ; but here is enough, I hope, of the Preface, to give you an idea of the book, whoever you are.

Well, SEVENTY-SIX too was re-published here, and by the Whit-takers. Enough to turn the head of a writer who knew as little of re-publishing, as I did then. A *critique* appeared—a very favourable critique too—but where ? In the La Belle Assemblée. I was the happiest creature alive—my fortune was made, I thought—for I was able to write, I knew, one such novel a month. I was ready to run out into the highway and shake hands with every body that I saw—for the honour of our native literature. I even heard from another quarter, and believed it—God forgive me!—that another magazine here had popped in a short notice about my book, a paragraph, the substance of which was, that the critic regarded the novel as another of the Lake School—that, soberly speaking, it was full of horror, torn flesh, &c. &c.—and that he never could tell whether I was praying or swearing, &c. &c. Indeed, indeed, I was very happy ; I tried to

wear a natural expression of the face for a day or two, but I could not—I was too, *too* happy for such a thing, and whenever anybody looked at me, though it were in church, I smiled in spite of my teeth. By and by it was reported, that both books were translated into French and German, &c. &c. and that I was getting to be thought well of throughout Europe. N. B.—Nobody knew that the *La Belle Assemblée*, in which one critique appeared, was a trifling affair, the property of the Whittakers, who, it will be remembered, were the publishers of the book; and that the other, if I do not mistake, was the opinion of Sir Richard Phillips, or some other grave writer, thoroughly versed in the prodigies of North American literature; nor that the Whittakers were—only the Whittakers.

In a word, such was the effect of these idle reports, and idler puffs, that I went to work forthwith, and knocked off three other novels:—one, *RANDOLPH*, which appeared in July, 1823; another, *ERRATA*, which appeared in November, 1823; and another, called the *YANKEE*, at first, I believe, and *BROTHER JONATHAN* afterwards—which having been wrought up and up, and over and over again, was published here by Blackwood some six or eight months ago. More of all these hereafter.

Just now, I have only to say what led me directly to the determination which brought me here:—I was anxious to see the people of Europe at home. I knew very well, that great as the sacrifice would be to throw up my profession, just when it had come to be a sure and genteel support for me, and go abroad without any means of support, save such as I might carry with me, and which could not possibly keep me above six months or so, it would be greater and greater, the longer I should delay it. I had hopes too, that if I were able to write a book a month, a book of three or four volumes, I should not be permitted to starve in a place where books that I had written at much greater speed, (for one I wrote in less than a month, while I was occupied a greater part of the day with professional duties,) while such books of mine were published and puffed, one after another, the last in spite of the cold reception which the first probably met with. I persuaded myself too, that if *SEVENTY-SIX* were well received, *RANDOLPH* and *ERRATA* would be much better received, for they were bolder, and, if possible, yet more out of the common way.—It never entered my head, I confess, that, peradventure, *Randolph* and *Errata* might never be heard of in Great Britain till I should come to speak of them myself, as I do now. On the contrary, I took it for granted that the former would be re-published, without loss of time, and that whenever it appeared, it would excite a stir in the literary world. N. B.—I think so still.

Now for the catastrophe. I had written a play. I felt persuaded that I could write another, and a better one. I fell to work—I dashed off a plot (a thing which I had omitted in my first play) and a few capital scenes. I made a discovery—it was indeed a discovery; and so, having satisfied myself, I went to eat a family dinner with a friend. I talked over the affair with him—he was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, worthy fellow. We agreed, that if I could only get to London, I should cut a figure in the literary world. He went so far indeed as to say, that I never should return to America; for my value

would be known here ; and after it was known, would the people of this country ever think of parting with such a prize ? I got up from the table—I went to the fire—I stood leaning my forehead on the mantel-piece. “ By the Lord then,” said I, “ by the Lord, Harry, (his name was Harry,) I will go.” “ Go—go where ?” said he, starting up ; for he had hardly thought me serious before, and my eagerness terrified him : “ go where ?” “ To England,” said I.

It was done. I made all my arrangements before the sun set on that very day ; and before three weeks were over, I had closed my affairs, got my letters ready, transferred my clients to a successor and a friend, put a young lawyer into my office, borrowed cash enough, added to the little that I had, to pay my passage and support me for a few months here—and set sail for England, satisfied of three things:—First. That, happen what would, if people gave any thing for books here, they would not be able to starve me, since I could live upon air, and write faster than any man that ever yet lived.—Secondly. That by the time I arrived here, RANDOLPH would be out ; and that of course, I should have little to fear after that.—And thirdly. That should all my other hopes and resources fail, I had a copy of ERRATA with me, the property of which I might secure by law, so that no body should pilfer it and publish it, as SEVENTY-SIX and LOGAN were published, without my approbation or knowledge, and without a penny of profit for me ; that I had also a manuscript of another novel, the best that I had ever written by far ; and that, if the worst came to the worst, I would write half a score tragedies, and reform the British drama, without more ado.

Particulars in our next.

N.

DESTRUCTION OF AN ELEPHANT AT GENEVA, IN MAY, 1820.

[WE have been induced to give this narrative from the interest which was excited during this month, by a similar occurrence in this metropolis.—Ed.]

FOR about a fortnight a fine Bengal elephant* had been exhibited at Geneva. The elephants of this species are taller than those of Africa. They have an elevated cranium, which has two protuberances on its summit ; the frontal bone is rather concave, and the head proportionably longer ; their tusks are smaller than those of the African elephant. The animal in question had but one ; he had lost the other by some accident. He was nine feet high, and of a dark-brown colour. He was ten years old, and was bought in London six years ago. Mademoiselle Garnier, (the niece of his proprietor,) to whom he was much attached, always travelled with him. This lady was the proprietor of the elephant which broke loose at Venice a few years ago, and which was killed by a cannon-shot, after it had committed considerable ravages in the city.

The one in question was of a much gentler character, and had excited a general interest during its stay in Geneva, by its docility and

* *Elephas Indicus* (Cuvier) ; *Elephas Maximus* (Linn.)

intelligence; it performed, at the command of its keeper, all the usual tricks which are taught these animals, with a promptitude of obedience, a dexterity, and one might almost say, a grace, which were quite remarkable. Whenever Mademoiselle Garnier witnessed his exercises, which was frequently the case, her presence seemed to call forth all these qualities to an extraordinary degree.

We learnt from this lady that he was so familiar and social that he had more than once appeared on the stage in large towns, as for instance at Lille, Antwerp, &c. playing the principal part in a procession, and seeming proud to carry the lady who acted the princess, before whom he would kneel to take her on his back. So far from being frightened at the lights, the music, and the noise of the house, he seemed delighted to take a part in the ceremony.

Accustomed as he was to liberty, and much as he loved it, he yet endured confinement with great patience, and when his keeper came to fasten him up for the night, he used to stretch out his foot to receive the iron ring by which he was chained till morning, to a post deeply fixed in the earth.

He did not travel in a cage; he was led from one town to another by night; he had three drivers, his keeper, properly so called, and two others, one of whom had always inspired him with more fear than attachment.

During the latter part of his stay at Geneva he had exhibited some symptoms of excitement and restlessness, arising from two causes—the one the frequent discharges of musketry from the soldiers who were exercised near his habitation, at which he was greatly irritated; the other the paroxysms to which these animals are subject for several weeks in the spring. Nevertheless, he had never disobeyed nor menaced his keepers.

His departure from Lausanne was fixed for the 31st of May. He left Geneva at midnight, the gates and drawbridges having been opened for that purpose by permission of the magistrate at the head of the military police.*

He was driven by his keeper and his two assistants, who carried a lantern. Mademoiselle Garnier was to follow in the morning. He made no difficulty in crossing the drawbridge, and took the road to Switzerland, apparently in high spirits. But before he had got more than a quarter of a league from the town, and from some cause which has never been discovered, he appeared out of humour with the keeper, and disposed to attack him. The keeper ran away towards the city; the elephant pursued him up to the gate, which the officer on guard opened, on his own responsibility, wisely calculating that it would be more easy to secure him within the town than without it, and that he might do immense mischief on the high roads.† He re-entered the town without any hesitation, pursuing, rather than following his keeper and guides, between whom and himself all influence, whether of attachment or of fear, seemed at an end. From this moment he was his own master.

He walked for some time in the place de Saint Gervais, appearing

* The syndic of the guard.

† The 31st of May was Wednesday—market-day at Geneva.

to enjoy his liberty and the beauty of the night. He lay down for a few minutes on a heap of sand, which had been prepared for some repairs in the pavement, and played with the stones collected for the same purpose. Perceiving one of his guides, who was watching him at the entrance of one of the bridges over the Rhône, he ran at him, and would have attacked him, and probably done him some serious injury, if he had not escaped just in time.

Mademoiselle Garnier being informed of what had passed, immediately hastened to him, and trusting to the attachment he had always showed for her, she ventured to try her influence in leading him to some place of safety; she went up to him with great courage, and having furnished herself with some dainties, of which he was particularly fond, and speaking to him with gentleness and confidence, she led him into a place enclosed with walls near the barrack he had inhabited, into which he could not be induced to return. This place, called the Bastion d'Hollande, adjoined a shed containing caissons, waggons, and gun-carriages; there were also cannon-balls piled up in an adjoining yard. The animal being left alone, and the gate shut upon him, he amused himself with trying his strength and skill upon every thing within his reach; he raised several caissons and threw them on their sides, and seemed pleased at turning the wheels; he took up the balls with his trunk, and tossed them up in the air, and ran about with a vivacity which might have been ascribed either to gaiety or to irritation.

At two in the morning, the syndic of the guard being informed of the circumstance, went to the spot to consult on the measures to be taken. He found Mademoiselle Garnier in a state of the utmost distress and agitation, entreating that the elephant might be killed in the most speedy and certain way possible. The magistrate, who shared in the general feeling of interest this noble and gentle creature had excited in the town, at first opposed this resolution. He represented to his mistress that he was now in a place of security against all danger, whether to the public or himself; that his present state of irritation was, in its very nature, transient, and would soon yield to a proper regimen. These representations were ineffectual, Mademoiselle Garnier having still present to her mind the occurrences at Venice, and feeling the whole weight and responsibility of the management of the animal thrown on herself alone, (for the keeper and guides had decidedly refused to attend upon him again, and it was not easy to find successors who would undertake the task, or whom the elephant would suffer to approach him,) persisted in her demand. The magistrate would not give his consent until it was put in writing and signed.

From that moment arrangements were made for putting him to the most sure and speedy death, either by poison or fire-arms. On the one hand the chemists were laid under contribution for the necessary drugs, while, on the other, two breaches were made in the wall, at each of which a four-pounder was placed, which was to be the *ratio ultima* if the poison failed in its effect.

M. Mayor, an eminent surgeon, a learned lover of natural history, and one of the Directors of the Museum, had taken great delight in visiting the elephant during the whole time of his stay, and the animal had evinced a particular affection for him. This fact, which was

known to the magistrate, induced him to request M. Mayor to administer the poison. M. Mayor felt an extreme repugnance to an action which seemed to him almost treacherous; but the supreme law, the *salus populi*, was imperative, and silenced every other consideration. M. Mayor at first made choice of prussic acid; after mixing about three ounces of it, with about ten ounces of brandy, which was the animal's favourite liquor, he called him by his name to one of the breaches. The elephant came immediately at the sound of a well-known and beloved voice, seized the bottle containing the fatal beverage with his trunk, and swallowed it at one draught, as if it had been his usual drink. But this poison, the operation of which, even in the smallest doses, is usually tremendously rapid, did not appear to produce any sensible effect on him; he began to walk backwards, but with a firm step, to the middle of the enclosure, where he lay down for some moments. It was now thought that the poison was beginning to act, but he soon rose again, and began to play with the caissons, and to walk about in the court-yard of the arsenal. M. Mayor, presuming that the prussic acid which had been kept some time, had lost its strength, prepared three boluses of an ounce of arsenic each, mixed with honey and sugar. The elephant came again at his call, and took them all from his hand. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he did not appear at all affected by them. A fresh dose was then offered him; he took it, smelt at it for some minutes, then threw it to a distance, and began again to play all sorts of tricks. Sometimes he came to the breach, and, twining his trunk round the mouth of the cannon, pushed it back as if he had some indistinct notion of the danger which threatened him.

It was five in the morning when the first dose of poison was administered; an hour had now elapsed, and no symptom of its internal action appeared. Meanwhile the time at which the market is held drew near, the space around the walls was rapidly filling, and would soon be blocked up by inquisitive spectators. The order was therefore given to fire. The gunner dexterously seized the moment in which the elephant, who had just advanced to the breach, was retiring, and presented his side. The mouth of the cannon almost touched him. The ball entered near the ear behind the right eye, and came out behind the left ear; it had still strength enough to go through a thick partition on the opposite side of the enclosure, and at length spent itself against a wall. The animal stood still for two or three seconds, then tottered, and fell on its side without any convulsion or movement whatever.

The event circulated through the town with the rapidity of lightening; the people, led by a feeling stronger than mere curiosity, rushed in crowds to the spot; grief and regret were painted on every face. "They have killed the elephant!" "What had the noble creature done? he was so good, so gentle, so amiable!" "What a pity!" And then they ran with one accord to the spot, to satisfy themselves with a nearer view. The eagerness was so great that the authorities were obliged to take steps for keeping order in the crowd, and a small sum of money was demanded from each for the benefit of the proprietor. The same evening, in consequence of an arrangement

entered into with Mademoiselle Garnier, for securing the remains of the animal for the Museum, the surgeons proceeded to open the body, which they continued to dissect for several successive days. The operations were very skilfully directed, and almost entirely executed by M. Mayor, the Chevalier Bourdet,* and M. Vichet.† Their courage and perseverance in braving for whole days, and in hot weather, the inconvenience inseparable from such a task, can only be appreciated by those who, like ourselves, were constant and grateful witnesses of them. In the course of these operations, and even before they were begun, they took an exact measurement of the animal's dimensions, that its form might be perfectly preserved in the artificial carcase. They traced its silhouette with the greatest accuracy on the opposite wall, which had been previously covered with a coat of very smooth plaster; they also took separate casts of its head, and the two feet of one side. All the principal viscera, except the liver, which decomposed too rapidly, and the brain, which was shattered by the ball, were carefully removed and preserved in a solution of oxygenated muriate of mercury. Their enormous dimensions render them precious to the observant and studious anatomist. The spleen was six feet long. As for the muscular or fleshy parts, as the season would not allow of their slow dissection, they were taken away rather by the hatchet than the bistoury; and there was no difficulty in disposing of them; they were given to the public, who were extremely eager and anxious to eat elephant's flesh, and much tempted by its excellent appearance, dressed as it was with every variety of sauce. They seemed perfectly regardless of the poison, which indeed had not time to develope itself in the muscular system. Three or four hundred persons ate of it, and no one was, to our knowledge, the worse, except one or two individuals, who brought on a fit of indigestion by eating to excess. The osseous carcase has been the object of peculiar care and attention, and was put into a state of maceration previous to re-composing the skeleton, which is to be deposited in the Museum of Natural History. The interest taken in this establishment is so strong, that the large sum required to secure possession of the entire carcase of the elephant, was raised by subscription in a few days. The skin was found too thick to be tanned by the ordinary process, and as the epidermis began to detach itself naturally, it was carefully separated from the dermis, which it was not essential to preserve entire. The epidermis retains its proper consistency, and will be rendered supple by a well-known process, when it is wanted to cover the artificial carcase which is constructing by several able mechanics, under the direction of Messrs. Mayor and Bourdet.

The event which happened at Venice, and that of which we have now given the principal details, seem to prove that the owners of elephants ought not to be permitted to travel with them on foot, and at liberty. In India, where these animals are in some sort domesticated, when one of them is attacked by the paroxysm to which this fell a victim, two old and well-trained elephants are sent after him; they

* A naturalist and traveller.

† An eminent pupil of the Veterinary Surgeon of Alfort.

seize him with their trunks, and drag him to a place of safety, where he is subjected to a regimen. If he struggles violently, a third elephant is set to push him behind with the points of his tusks, so that he is compelled to yield. As precautions of this sort cannot be taken in Europe, it is incumbent on the police to supply the want of them by adequate provisions against a danger which cannot be denied. A very little more and our elephant would have been perfectly at large in broad daylight, and in a populous city, on market-day. The possible, and even probable consequences, cannot be thought of without shuddering.

KLAPROTH'S ASIATIC MAGAZINE.

Magasin Asiatique, ou Revue Géographique et Historique de l'Asie Centrale et Septentrionale.
 Publiée par M. J. KLAPROTH, Membre des Sociétés Asiatiques, de Paris et de Londres.
 —Tome Premier.

WE cannot give a more clear and concise account of the object of this interesting Journal, than is contained in the prospectus prefixed to the first number,

The want of a periodical work (says the author) which might lay before Europe the geographical discoveries which are now making in the least known parts of Asia, has been generally felt. For many years the Russians have been peculiarly impressed with the importance of exploring the countries bordering on their vast empire, and have already produced several very curious works on the expeditions undertaken by them into the interior of Asia.

It will be sufficient for us to mention M. Mouraviev's journey to Khiva, across the Caspian Sea; that of M. Timkovski by way of Mongolia to Pekin; and the account of the Russian Embassy to Boukhara, described with great talent by Baron de Meyendorff.

Besides these important works, detached papers daily appear in Russia in miscellaneous collections, published in the language of the country. As this language is very little known to the rest of Europe, and as it is very difficult in France and England to obtain books and periodicals published on the other side the Dwina, M. J. Klaproth, author of the proposed Review, thinks he shall render a service to the public in giving translations and extracts from the most curious geographical and historical pieces which have appeared or may appear in the works we have mentioned.

Besides these translations, which will occupy a part of each number, it will also contain original papers and enquiries on various geographical and historical questions concerning Central and Northern Asia; lastly, the author will occasionally insert vocabularies of languages, which are, as yet, unknown in Europe. He will not, however, enter into any philological discussions, which he reserves for other works.

The work opens with the Narrative of a Journey to Khokand, undertaken in the years 1813 and 1814, by Philip Nazarov, interpreter in the service of the Russian government. Of himself and his mission M. Nazarov speaks thus:

The nations of Central Asia are as yet very little known. Being sent on a mission into Khokand, and detained for a year and a half in the country, I employed myself in observing the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the situation and fortifications of the towns. As I spoke the language of the country as easily as my native tongue, I enjoyed great facilities of acquiring information on many subjects, of which, but for this advantage, I should have remained in as great ignorance as other travellers who have been compelled to have recourse to interpreters. I publish the result of my observations with the hope of throwing some light on these interesting countries, the

birth-place of tribes which were long the scourge of the Russian empire. These details, which I submit to the judgment of enlightened readers, would have remained in obscurity but for the munificence of the Count de Romanzov. This illustrious patron of letters receives, and generously undertakes to publish, at his own expense, whatever can contribute to throw light on the history and geography of his country.

In consequence of some misunderstanding arising from the accidental death of two deputies who had been sent from Khokand to the court of Russia in 1812, the government of that country determined to send an envoy to remove the unfavourable impression which the affair had produced. M. Nazarov offered his services, and was accepted. He was charged with a letter and presents from the Emperor Alexander to the Prince of Khokand. He set out with a detachment of Cossacks, sent as escort to the surviving Khokandian envoys, and to a caravan of merchants, who were to endeavour to form commercial relations with Khokand.

The caravan (says he) consisted of a hundred camels laden with merchandise to the amount of two hundred thousand roubles. I was instructed to keep an attentive eye on the presents, to treat the envoys with all possible attention, and, without exciting their suspicion, to take secret and effectual precautions to prevent their quitting the caravan. On my arrival on the frontier of Khokand I was to dismiss the Cossacks, and to proceed to the capital of that country with the envoys and the caravan, to deliver the presents into the prince's hands, and to request an answer for the Emperor. I was also to use all my efforts to prevent the Kirghises from plundering the caravan, and in case of need to send a courier to the line* to demand assistance. I bade adieu to my wife and children, and recommending myself to Providence, I set out from Omsk (71° 2' E. long. 54° 57' N. lat.) with the caravan and my escort; we passed through Petropavlovsk, and reached the steppe of the Kirghis-Kaissaks.

The surface of this vast region is a sandy plain, intersected by dry and naked ravines and salt tracts. There is very little land susceptible of culture, and still less fit for planting. The climate is moist, and the year nearly equally divided into summer and winter. The pastures are excellent. The inhabitants are generally of middling stature, and tawny complexion; as their climate is not fickle they live almost entirely in the open air, and their health is unalterable. Their diet is simple and rude; in summer it consists of *kumyz* and milk, in winter of horse-flesh dressed with flour. Their principal occupation is rearing cattle—they neglect the cultivation of the soil. They are excellent horsemen; as soon as a child has reached the age of four it is placed on horseback. They are slaves to their word, but violent, vindictive, *thieves by nature*, and ungoverned in their passions. The Kirghis nation is divided into three hordes, the *greater*, the *middle*, and the *lesser*. Each horde is divided into several tribes, which are usually composed of from three to five thousand *iourtes* (tents made of felt.) Each horde is under the command of a sultan. The tribes are subdivided into *aouls*, or villages, of from thirty to seventy *iourtes* each. The chiefs of the latter are called *bi*.

Their *natural* disposition to theft may perhaps be thought to be sufficiently accounted for, without the aid of Dr. Spurzheim, by what follows:—

The Kirghises pay no tribute, they are entirely independent; the right of the strongest prevails among them in the fullest sense of the term. This monstrous state of things, so incompatible with social life, causes continual quarrels between the several tribes. Marauding parties, to carry off cattle, are very frequent, and give rise to furious

* The Asiatic frontiers of the Russian empire are marked by *military lines*, which take their name, either from the principal town, or the country they traverse. Towards Caucasus there is the Caucasian line; the lines of Astrachan and Orenburg separate those governments from the steppe of the Kirghises. All these lines are protected by fortresses, redoubts, and guards. The fortifications, though insignificant, are sufficiently strong to resist the attacks of these wandering tribes. The line alluded to in the text is that of Ichim. Its chief town is Petropavlovsk.

battles. The women, who ride as well as the men, fight with long stakes and lances. They scarcely yield in ferocity to the men. The arms of the Kirghises are the matchlock, the javelin, the lance, the sabre, and the bow and arrows. They profess the Mussulman religion—every man has consequently as many wives as he can maintain. The women are tall and handsome, and enjoy robust health. The children are married at a very tender age. A father sends mediators to propose his son in marriage; he promises to give a suitable *kaly*m, or portion, which consists of kalmic slaves, horses, and oxen. If the father of the girl consents, he sends the mediator every year to receive a part of the stipulated *kaly*m; as soon as the young people are marriageable they are permitted to see each other; after which the intended husband goes to spend a week or two with his betrothed. The father-in-law then pitches a separate habitation for his son-in-law, at about a hundred toises from his own iourte. Every night he is conducted by the women to his future bride, and left alone with her; but the innate modesty of these wandering people forbids the least indiscretion towards his companion. On the day fixed for the marriage, the relations assemble, and the young girl passes her hand through a trellice placed before the iourte, and stretches it out to the young man who remains without. The *moulla* asks them separately whether they consent to be married, and on their answering in the affirmative, unites their hands and pronounces prayers. The ceremony of marriage is then terminated. They have no other laws than the Koran and the laws of nature.

The following day the party continued their route through other kirghis tribes, some of whom they saw seated quietly around fires, talking over former times; others, stretched on the slope of a hill, feeding their flocks and playing plaintive airs on the *syvyzga*, a sort of flute; the women were tanning hides, weaving, and beating felt.

In the evening they assembled in crowds on the banks of the river Tchaglinka; they wrestled, ran races, and shot at a mark; some played the *dombra*, an instrument like a large spoon, with strings; the young girls, sitting near the trellice of the iourtes, accompanied the instruments with their voices. The music was not very harmonious, but the scene altogether was agreeable: it was very characteristic of their contented and careless state.

Their road, next day, lay through a canton abounding in forests, called Tchoubar Aigr, where we find a curious trait of resemblance to early European manners.

The inhabitants go to the chace, accompanied by dogs and large eagles, called *berkout*; they take the latter before them on the saddle, with their heads covered. As soon as they see a hare, a fox, or a wild goat, they take off the bird's hood, when it instantly pounces upon its prey, seizes it in its talons, and holds it till its master comes up. The Kirghises hold these *berkouts* in such high estimation that they give several horses, and even Kalmuc prisoners, for one of them.

They pursued their journey through a mountain district, where they met not a human creature. M. Nazarov describes the effect of this profound and awful solitude, when the rising moon projected the shadows of the lofty mountains across their silent path, as almost terrific. These mountains contain lead, which the chief of the tribe of Atagassi, inhabiting this district, has forbidden his subjects to show to the Russians, under pain of death. They passed through Gour-Aigr, near a lake, on whose banks is a Kirghis cemetery; the tombs are of wood, and of a square form.

We remarked (says he) upon several of the graves, lances stuck in the earth, or eagles carved in wood. We were told that the lances marked the tombs of renowned horsemen, and the eagles those who were distinguished for dexterity in the sport we have described. Near this lake are the winter-quarters of two tribes, who exchange horses, camels, and sheep, for the merchandise of the caravans which pass. We arrived just at the moment when one of these people had been tried and condemned. The oldest *Bis*, assembled by order of the Khan, were seated in a solemn manner on carpets stretched on the grass. The criminal was condemned to death; the sentence

was executed in the twinkling of an eye ; a cord was thrown around his neck, and he was tied to the tail of a horse, which was put into a hard gallop till he expired. I was astonished to find that his crime was stealing two sheep from a man of his tribe, since these same Kirghises drive away whole herds of cattle and horses from their neighbours ; they are restored on payment of a ransom stipulated by the *Bis*, appointed by both parties. But these *forays* are not regarded as theft.

We beg pardon for borrowing from our northern brethren, but so analagous a state of society suggested a word which has been rendered familiar to us by the ample descriptions we have had of the *heroic* times of Scotland. In the following passage the resemblance is very striking.

Two days before our arrival (at Koutchak) one of the chief *Bis* had been buried. The relations, who were opulent people, had invited the most distinguished persons of the neighbouring tribes, to a feast given in honour of the deceased ; they had erected fifteen large iourtes for the reception of their guests ; the company drank kumyz ; the wives of the deceased wept, tore their hair, and rent their faces with their nails, while they celebrated the valour, the kindness, and the fidelity of the object of their regrets. They mentioned instances of his generosity ; of his care for the preservation of his herds of horses ; of his valour in fighting for prisoners ; they recited the number of the cattle he had *driven*, &c. Four-and-twenty horses and sixty sheep had been killed for the funeral feast. In the afternoon, when the great heat had subsided, the horse-races began. The goal was at a distance of forty versts. There were several kirghises on horseback, at some versts in advance of the starting post, and as soon as they saw that a horse was fatigued by the great distance, and was losing his strength, they rode up to him, and, taking his rider under both arms, raised him from his horse, and thus bore him along between them for several versts, fastening themselves with nooses to his reins and stirrups. Through the clouds of dust we saw horses fall down at the moment they tried to cross the line of their adversaries. Several worn out with the length of the course, expired before the end, others were stretched out on the course with their legs broken and their riders thrown.

The first prize consisted of seventy-five horses and seven Kalmucs ; the second of forty horses and twenty-five cows ; the third of thirty cows and twenty sheep, and so on. The lowest prize was a mare's-head. After the races, they ate, made a noise, and diverted themselves in various ways. The entertainment lasted till the following morning ; every guest at his departure received a fragment of the clothes of the deceased, (which had been all piled up together,) as a token of remembrance.

The caravan now proceeded, not without considerable difficulty and danger, through many other Kirghis tribes, some of whom manifested hostile intentions. M. Nazarov, therefore, found it necessary to dispatch an ouriednik (subaltern officer) to the line to ask for a reinforcement. He was obliged continually to shift his position, yet, if possible, without getting farther from the frontier, towards which this forlorn little party daily turned the most anxious looks. They carved words in Russian, indicating the direction they had taken, on trees and on the ruined pyramids they passed. At night they threw up firebrands and rockets. At length, after twenty-nine days of eager expectation, during which their danger from the hordes by which they were surrounded became daily more pressing, they were joined by a part of the detachment sent to their relief, consisting of a hundred Cossacks. They halted three days on the banks of the Iasnan-koun, to wait for the arrival of the rest of the detachment, and to obtain an interview with the Sultan Khoundai Meuda. The Sultan appointed the meeting at a place twenty versts from the Russian camp, and on condition that M. Nazarov should bring but very few attendants.

Trusting to his word (says he) for my personal safety, I went to the place he appointed, accompanied only by three officers and two ouriedniks. The Sultan had pitched ten tents for our reception, each of which would contain forty persons. He was surrounded by three hundred kirghises, habited in coats of mail and cuirasses. He was a man of sixty, good looking, and of middling stature. The *Bis*, chiefs of the tribes who wanted to attack us, were in his tent. The Sultan declared in their presence, that he had dissuaded the kirghises from plundering us, on condition that the detachment of Cossacks should immediately be sent back to Russia. Tea was handed to us, after which he presented to me the written promise of the *Bis* not to do us any harm; after a visit of two hours he granted us permission to cross the Koun near his territory, to go into the Canton of Air-tau (bi-partite mountain.) He came in person to see the caravan defile. The captain of the Cossacks, to awe the Kirghises, made his detachment deploy over a distance of about half a verst. Koundai Menda gave us as guides his son, the Sultan Koungour-oulja, aged sixteen, and his nephew, the Sultan Koun Balkhair, with a guard of Telengoutes*; and charged me to dismiss the detachment in twelve days, which time, he said, would be sufficient to carry us through the dangerous parts."

We must pass over the description of their route from this place to Turkestan, though it contains many very interesting details. Turkestan was formerly governed by an independent prince, but is now subject to the Khan of Khokand, who conquered it in 1814. It is bounded on the north by the sandy steppes of the Kirghises, on the west by Boukhara on the south by the black ultra-montane Kirghises, and on the east by the river Tchoui.

As we advanced into the country, (says M. Nazarov,) we found more marks of civilization; we saw cultivated fields, villages, and even handsome towns, with a vast number of remains of antiquity, and tombs, containing the remains of saints revered by the inhabitants and by musulmans in general, who resort thither to pray. The rich transport the bodies of their deceased relations to be buried near these saints. The climate of Turkestan is mild; the soil produces various kinds of fruit-trees, and abounds in rich pastures, enamelled with odoriferous flowers. The execution of the laws is almost entirely in the hands of the priests; they try causes, and judge offenders. The inhabitant of Turkestan is not an independent man like the Kirghis of the Steppes; he is oppressed, reserved, and haughty; he is acquainted with the arts of fraud, which unhappily follow too closely on those of civilization. The prevailing religion is that of Mahomet. The Turkestâni generally choose their wives from among the neighbouring Kirghises; each wife inhabits a separate dwelling.

On the last day of September the caravan arrived at Souzak.

The chief, or governor, (says our author,) sent to invite me and my officers and the sultans; he regaled us with tea, grapes, and melons, offered us tobacco to smoke, and gave us leave to walk in the town. Souzak contains about five hundred houses, built of stone; they are so close to each other that they look like a long line of walls; the windows look into the courts, and the whole city consists of a single street, which describes a circular line. It stands high, and is surrounded with a stone wall, within which are abundant springs. The garrison consists of two hundred men. In the suburbs we remarked cultivated fields, and the scattered iourtes of some poor Kirghises. The Turkestâni are very active; they employ themselves in agriculture, and carry on a barter-trade with the Kirghises, who live on the banks of the Sary-sou and the Tchoui. Their women are animated by the desire of pleasing, and are so little shy that many of them came to see our caravan. The caravan was obliged to pay the governor the fortieth part of the value of its merchandises as duty.

The next town of any importance they arrive at is Tchimket, another town of Turkestan. They were politely received by the Governor,

* Teleoutes or Telengouts, a Turkish tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of Lake Teletskoi. The Russians, when they conquered Siberia, called them the White Kalmucks.

who granted them an escort of two hundred soldiers as far as Tachkend. The houses of Tchimket are built of bricks, dried in the sun; they have no windows, so that the street-door stands open to admit light. There are mills turned by the water of the river. The women are pretty and agreeable, and do not conceal themselves from men.

After halting three days near this town, they continued their route to Tachkend, passing the mountain of Kozygourt, where the inhabitants point out the stocks upon which Noah's ark was built. M. Nazarov's description of Tachkend is so inviting, that when we emigrate we shall certainly turn our steps thither, and not to that vulgar part of the world where one must work to live. We strongly recommend this country to the consideration of Mr. M'Culloch and such *speculators*; they cannot fail, we think, to be struck with admiration at a people who are *content to enjoy* the produce of the earth, thus foregoing all the advantages of hard labour. This moderation in their desires, is certainly a proof of a very backward state of civilization, and will not fail to excite the pity of our worthy and industrious countrymen, who very wisely consider industry as the *end* for which man was created. How it is that a country so thickly peopled as M. Nazarov describes Tachkend to be, can suffer its inhabitants to remain in so primitive a state of ignorance of the end of existence as to be *satisfied to enjoy*, we leave it to Mr. M. and his disciples to explain. Perhaps they may ask for more evidence of the fact. We wish the Political Economy Club would send us on a mission to clear up this matter. But hear M. Nazarov:—

Tachkend was formerly an independent state; it now forms part of Khokand. The climate is delightful; it is a perpetual summer. This country produces whatever can satisfy the eye or the taste of the most fastidious epicure; the face of the country is covered with vineyards, and orchards planted with pomegranate, orange, peach, and fig-trees, bending under the load of their fruit. At every step we meet with springs, rivulets, and canals; they are bordered with poplars of a pyramidal form, which invite the traveller to repose under their cool shade. The inhabitants are vigorous in their form, and polished in their appearance; but indolent, sensual, and addicted to pleasure; they are very fond of music, and have several wives. The city is full of life; the streets are crowded; the people dance before the doors of the houses, others have music in their gardens; one imagines oneself in a continual fête. The number of artisans is small; most of the inhabitants live an idle life; they *content themselves with enjoying the abundant produce of their gardens*; they pay no tax, and only perform military service when they like. The continual passage of caravans through their city makes it a place of meeting for people from all parts of Asia. They profess Islamism. It is forbidden, under heavy punishment, to look upon a woman; a man is not even permitted to enter the apartments of his female relations. Every house has rooms destined for the reception of visitors. I never met any women except at the bazaar; they were completely veiled; they are well made, and very richly dressed; their dress consists of a *khalat* (a very ample robe) and a turban. They cover their faces with a horsehair net attached to the *khalat*.

We lament to add any thing that may detract from the charms of Tachkend, but such is this hotch-potch of a world. The governor invited M. Nazarov, and received him with a politeness worthy of a French diplomatist, and with intentions no less pure and disinterested. Poor M. Nazarov made the discovery that the governor kindly permitted him to bring his caravan within the walls of the town, only that he might the more conveniently detain it, which he did. He very pru-

dently, however, deferred the declaration of this his intention till *after* he had received the usual dues for letting it pass through his dominions. So that M. Nazarov was compelled to go on without his caravan, and the Khokandian envoys without the khalats presented to them by the emperor Alexander, which this accomplished governor had signified his willingness to accept in a manner not to be misunderstood. Their road now lay through a most romantic region, which we must not stay to describe.

At short intervals, (he says,) scattered between these mountains, we saw villages inhabited by the eastern Persians, called Goltchi. These mountaineers employ themselves chiefly in cultivating fruit-gardens; they have no horses, and use camels; they have rustic manners, and received us in a rude and simple style; they are not jealous of their women, and, contrary to the practice of the neighbouring tribes, permit them to appear unveiled.

They passed near the town of Khodjand, through a country exhibiting considerable marks of cultivation, and arrived at the great passage of the Syr-daria, which is here a hundred and fifty toises (900 feet) wide. It is crossed in large boats, capable of containing seventy camels: the river is too shallow to allow these to approach the bank, so that the camels forded up to the place of embarkation. It is said to have been curious to see the loaded camels walking in the water. The horses always swim over. The Khokandians tie five horses together by the manes and the haunches, two before and two behind, and one which acts as a sort of rudder: these animals served instead of oars, and towed the boat along. Every horse was guided by a man, who held him by the bridle, and thus all followed the same direction. When the travellers reached the opposite shore the horses were untied, and in spite of the rapidity of the current, and the great weight they had drawn, they did not seem at all fatigued. There is a guard of twenty men stationed at the passage.

After travelling over sandy and naked mountains, they arrived at Karapoli. The inhabitants of this village cultivate wheat, pot-herbs, and cotton; they also breed silkworms. It consists of about a thousand houses, built of earth, without floors or windows, but with chimnies. In the villages of Khokand the women do not conceal their faces. The peasants are well off; they pay no taxes, and are only bound to feed and lodge the officers of government who pass through their villages; they know nothing of levies of troops, but serve when they think fit. The soil, though clayey and sometimes salt, produces wheat in abundance.

The next day we passed through a continual succession of villages. At five in the evening, at sunset, we arrived before the capital city of Khokand. This state, before its aggrandizement by the union of the provinces of Turkestan and Tachkend, was bounded on the north by the black ultra-montane Kirghises, on the west by the country of the wandering Arabs and the Turkmans, subject to the Khan of Boukhara, on the south by the oriental mountain Persians, called Goltchi or Karatieghin, on the east by the territory of Kachghar. These are the countries known in Europe under the name of independent Tartary, whence issued the hordes which shook Europe and Asia, and whose descendants still rule over a great part of the latter portion of the globe. Most of the border nations, on the east and south-east of Khokand, are now tributary to China, which conquered them within the period of time from 1789 to 1791. Among the frontier cities of Khokand, the most remarkable are Samarkand, formerly the residence of the celebrated Tamerlan; Balkh and Boukhara, well known for their rigorous and almost unexampled fate in the time of Tchingiz Khan; Otrar, where Tamerlan died; and Tonkat, where Tchingiz Khan convoked a general diet, com-

posed of all the khans, governors of provinces, and military chiefs of his empire. Five hundred ambassadors of conquered countries attended this meeting to do homage to the conqueror. One of his sons, on this occasion, made him a present of a hundred thousand horses. The climate of Khokand is intensely hot; the inhabitants resemble those of Tachkend in most points, but are distinguished from them by excessive haughtiness, inspired by their victories. Taste for luxury, indolence, and sensual pleasure, is the groundwork of their character and the spring of their actions.

Having reached the gates of Khokand, the cossacks armed themselves completely and drew up in the best order. We entered, and were made to pass before the prince's palace to the other extremity of the city, where a lodging was assigned us. It was a single room in a garden; two iourtes were pitched for the cossacks, and the horses were put in the garden with their feet tied. A guard of fifteen men and an officer were set over us, and we were forbidden to quit the garden.

In the evening, M. Nazarov was visited by the old visir, who asked him the motive of his journey, and inquired particularly as to the fate of the two Khokandian envoys who had died in Russia. These questions being answered, the visir asked where the caravan was, to which M. Nazarov replied, that it had been detained by the governor of Tachkend, and added, that he came to Khokand, agreeably to his instructions, to escort the surviving envoys back, to establish commercial relations, and to deliver the letter and presents with which he was charged. After this the visir left him. This was the first time any Russian had been seen at Khokand, and the curiosity our author and his suite excited, seems to have been more flattering than agreeable. They had not a moment's rest, and were obliged to keep off the multitude that besieged them by force. The officers of the highest rank begged to be allowed to see the infantry and cavalry exercises of the Cossacks; they complied with this request; and nothing could equal the astonishment of the spectators.

They then begged to be allowed to examine the Cossacks' equipments. Three of them were accordingly mounted on horses, with a brace of pistols at the saddle bow, and another brace at their girdle, beside the lance, the sabre, and the gun. The Khokandian officers took notes of the arms borne by each man, and exclaimed, that a Russian thus accoutred, might defend himself against a hundred enemies, and that he might be compared to an impregnable fortress. They asked me if it was true that the sentinel I had placed in my tent to watch over the Emperor's letter, must not leave his post, and that he was not allowed to sleep day or night. When I told them that not only the sentinel was answerable with his life for the things committed to his charge, but that he would be shot if he left his post for a moment, they could not recover from their astonishment.

After eleven days' waiting, they were permitted to see the Amir Vali Miami (*prince protector of the Middle*) Sovereign of Khokand. We have no room for all the curious details of this presentation. The discipline of the Cossacks seems still to have been the thing which attracted most admiration. The people were astonished to see them preserve perfect order in riding through the streams which flow through the streets, and which wetted them up to the knee; they called them "the immortal Russian troops." Khokandians seem, however, to be no strangers to a manœuvre which is in frequent use in the battles and other military movements of Covent Garden and Drury Lane:—

We remarked (says M. Nazarov) that as the soldiers were not sufficiently numerous to occupy so long an extent of street, they ran through the back streets, and placed themselves again on the route through which we were to pass.

After an abundance of those ceremonies and salutations in which monarchs delight, they were at length conducted to the foot of the throne.

The Prince appeared about five-and-twenty; he was dressed in a shawl decorated with golden fringes and acorns. Two visers led me by the arms up to the throne, a third opened the door. I was then desired to kneel down, the Amir Vali Miami took the letters which I held in my hand, and gave them to the visir next him; he then rose from the throne, and stretched out his hand, which I pressed gently between mine, as is the custom.

All this passed in the most profound silence, and it was not till M. Nazarov had reached the door, by backward steps, that the prince asked after the Emperor's health, &c.—There were present at this audience, Ambassadors from China, Khiva, Boukhara, Sarsaous, and the mountain Persians.

I remarked (says M. Nazarov) that when the eight lords, who carried the chest of presents, passed the place where these ambassadors sat, they affected to totter under the weight.

On our return from the audience (continues he) through the double line of soldiers, several horsemen amused themselves with whipping our Cossacks; this singular piece of politeness was very disagreeable to one of them, who turned round and gave the aggressor such a violent blow on the chest that he knocked him off his horse. Instead of being angry, his comrades laughed heartily, and praised the valour of the Cossack. We learnt afterwards that in this country the surest way for an officer to acquire reputation as a warrior, is to affront everybody he meets.

Two days after this, the Cossacks received an intimation that they were to depart in three days, but that M. Nazarov was to stay till spring, when he could return with the caravan. Having retained four Cossacks and an ouriednik, M. Nazarov took a melancholy farewell of his companions. As soon as it was known that the detachment had passed the territory of Khokand, he was summoned to the presence of the governor, who asked him what satisfaction he meant to give to the parents of the envoy who was killed in Russia? He then gave him his choice between payment of the sum they demanded from the caravan, change of religion, or a gallows. The second condition was accompanied by a promise of three of the most beautiful women, and three argamaks.* Still farther to induce him to choose this alternative, the governor showed him a most beautiful girl of fifteen, unveiled. He, however, replied, that he could not pay the money, because the goods in the caravan were not his; that he would not betray his religion and his sovereign; and that he did not fear death, which he knew would soon be amply avenged by the Emperor. Finding him proof against either threats or temptations, the government resolved to send him still farther from all reach of succour, and took measures to transport him to the frontiers of China. The first step towards this, was the inviting him on a hunting party to Marghilân, where the Prince annually goes to enjoy the pleasures of the chace. Although M. Nazarov knew this was only a pretext, he dared not refuse. After two days' march, he reached Marghilân, of which he says:—

Throughout this sandy steppe we saw very populous villages; the inhabitants appeared to be extremely well off, and to want nothing that can make their existence happy; their countenances have an expression of the most perfect content; they quietly cultivate their vineyards and fields, weave cotton, and breed silk-worms.

* The finest breed of striped horses of Turkestan, for which the Boukharians frequently pay 150 or 200 *tilla* or ducats. They sell them in India at a considerable profit.

Nothing is more striking than the author's continued representations of a very thick population, combined with abundance of the means of subsistence and even of enjoyment. We wish he had been able to furnish us with more exact data ; but this was hardly to be expected.

Of the city of Marghilân, he says :—

This city is about thirty versts in circumference ; it is not fortified, except on the frontier of the Oriental Mountain Persians. The houses are built of earth, and have no windows. The streets are narrow, and contain a great number of antique remains and porticos, many of which are in a very fine style of architecture. In the centre of the city is an open temple, in the interior of which is planted a flag of red silk, traditionally reported to have belonged to the Padichâh Iskandar (Alexander of Macedon). It is added (contrary to all historical evidence) that he died in these steppes on his return from India, and was buried in this city. On the accession of a new governor, this flag is borne through the town in solemn procession. The principal manufactures of the town are cloth of gold and silver, velvet, and other rich oriental stuffs. The people lead a pleasant, tranquil life : the women are pretty, well made, and fond of dress ; they were very much pleased with our cossacks, and having heard that they were of a religion different from their own, they uncovered their faces in talking to them. They expressed the strongest approbation of the excellent Russian law forbidding polygamy. The cossacks were not insensible to these attentions ; when they met a woman in the street they arranged their dress, curled their long mustachios round their fingers, and clanged their sabres against the ground with a martial air."

He was next conducted to Andudjân, a hundred and fifty versts farther towards the Chinese frontier. On the right of the road, in a narrow valley of the great chain of Kachkar-divan, which extends from China to Samarcand, they were shown two ancient structures, called, Takht-i-Souleiman—the throne of Solomon, much resorted to in the spring by pilgrims. Andudjân struck him by the same air of populousness, prosperity, and content, which we have so frequently, indeed so invariably, had occasion to remark with wonder, not unmingled with envy, as characteristic of the whole Khokandian territory. There are a variety of lesser, and very amusing particulars, in which these towns differ ; but in these most essential ones, they all, according to our author, agree. In the neighbourhood of this town the Prince of Khokand has a large preserve of game, which he visits every winter with a large retinue. But we have no complaint of game-laws, nor, as he takes care to keep a sufficient guard around it, is any thing said of the prevalence of poaching. Probably one lord of the manor is a less nuisance to a country than many. M. Nazarov next came to Namanghân, a very populous town, garrisoned, but not fortified ; remarkable for its cotton manufactories, and its abundant fruits. It carries on commerce with the ultra-montane Kirghises. From thence to Yana Kourgan, a hundred versts farther, the road lay through continued villages, meadows, and cultivated fields. This little town is governed by its inhabitants. Farther on they came to a wandering tribe, who manufacture carpets and woollen cloths, and from thence reached the city of Khokand for the second time, in the month of March, 1814. Here M. Nazarov was to await the Prince's answer to the Emperor's letter. He took advantage of this opportunity of seeing the city.

It is very large and populous ; there are not less than four hundred mosques ; the castle of the sovereign is its only fortification ; it contains numerous springs ; it is surrounded on all sides by villages and cultivated land, the soil is impregnated with salt. The streets are narrow and unpaved ; the houses are of earth ; three bazaars built of

stone, and situated in the centre of the town, are open for commerce three times a week. There are many antique remains ; near the castle are the Prince's vast stables, built of brick. The garrison is twenty thousand strong. The cotton cloths manufactured in the country, are exchanged in Boukhara, for iron and other commodities from Russia.

M. Nazarov was at length permitted to set out on his way home, but was not allowed guides. His first halt was at Urutupa, a town which had just been conquered by the Prince of Khokand. He says the heat in these regions, and towards Boukhara, becomes insupportable in the month of May. In March vegetation bursts forth, odoriferous flowers of every colour adorn and cover the earth, and in three months not a trace of verdure or vegetation remains—nothing is seen but sand. After journeying a day and a half farther, they reached Khodjand, a city as large and as populous as Khokand, and nearly resembling it in its manufactures and in the habits of the people. He crossed again the river Syrdaria, and the mountain of Kyndyr Tau. After a most terrific passage, he says :—

We were enchanted with the view that presented itself at the foot of this mountain. The country was covered with fruit-trees of various kinds ; brooks tumbled among the rocks, and winding through plains carpeted with beautiful flowers, met and formed the rivers Tchirtchik, and Tangar, the former of which flows to Tachkend, the latter to Kouram and Pichket, near which town we halted. The land is clayey, but very fertile ; the wheat had already attained half its height, though it was only the month of March.

Following a road which lay through beautiful and fertile villages, he arrived at Tachkend.

Tachkend is built in a valley, and consists of about twenty thousand houses. It is surrounded by a high brick wall of fifteen versts in extent, and has twelve gates. Within this wall are vineyards and gardens. The water of the Tchirtchik is brought by canals to numerous fountains dispersed throughout the city. Every house has a basin, or small canal, in its court, where the women fetch water and wash their linen. In these the inhabitants bathe, and amuse themselves to the sound of musical instruments. The mosques have no roofs ; there are a great number of old deserted temples, surmounted with antique cupolas. There is a garrison of ten thousand men.

At length, on the 1st of August, 1814, (says our author,) arrived the envoys from Khokand, bringing the answer for the Emperor, my sovereign. I immediately set out, with an escort of two hundred Khokandian soldiers, taking the same road by which I had come.

It appears as if the real object of the sovereigns of Khokand, in compelling M. Nazarov to take this route, was to make him acquainted with the extent of his possessions, since he traversed the whole length and breadth of territory, including the recent conquests.

At Mount Karastan, on the Kirghis frontier, their escort left them and returned to Khokand. They were thus exposed to several attacks from those wandering hordes, but repulsed them all. Among the Kirghises of the Baitemeck tribe, they were detained two days by the first fall of snow ; this was in the beginning of October. Hastening their march at this signal of approaching winter, the whole party arrived at the fortress of Petropavlosk, on the 15th of October, 1814, in health and safety.

I owe it (concludes our author) to the cossacks who composed my escort, (naming them,) to bear testimony to the patience with which they endured fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and every privation. Common danger forms so strong a bond between men, that I cannot look upon these cossacks but as brothers.

The extremely interesting narrative of which we have here given a cursory view, forms about half the Journal before us. The remainder consists of geographical and historical notices concerning the countries M. Nazarov traversed, translated from the great geographical work of the Chinese Empire, called *Thai thsing y thoung tchi*, (for which Mr. Klaproth says he is indebted to Mr. Watson, a learned Englishman now residing at Naples,) and of Remarks on the Nations, inhabiting the Chinese frontier, the Tartars, Sciouts, and Mongols. Collected from 1772 to 1781, by Jegor Pesterev.

Our article is already too long to allow us to enter upon the consideration of these curious and important documents, to which, however, we shall hope to revert. They furnish ample matter for a distinct notice; and if our readers have a hundredth part of our affection for the names of Samarcand, Boukhara, and other of the scenes of the captivating Arabian Stories, they will thank us for transporting them back to the East once a month. To those who scorn such associations, the actual condition of those regions, so long peopled but so little known, the state of society and manners to be found in them, must be full of interest. We cannot conclude without heartily wishing success to Mr. Klaproth, and assuring him that we shall expect his next number with great pleasure. The book is dedicated to Sir J. Malcolm.

POETICAL DISTRESS.

A POET once within his attic hid,
 The Muse's seat—to him, at least, no other;
 But while he occupied the one he did,
 The Nine had cunning been to find another;
 Unless they squatted on the naked ground,
 And form'd a sort of social circle round.

But still there was a table and a bed;
 The latter served as "bed and board" together;
 And for the former, little can be said
 In its behalf,—'twas even doubtful, whether
 'Twould bear a poet in its present state,
 Altho' a most decidedly "light weight."

Indeed, to try it were an insane action—
 'Twas hardly safe to trust one's elbows on it;
 Yet thus Rush sat in beautiful abstraction,
 Poring and boring o'er a snoring sonnet.
 A rush-light in a bottle stuff'd with paper,
 Perform'd the office of his "midnight taper."

A tea-pot, which might once have had a spout,
 Stood freezing on the hob; for, know, the fire
 Within his head had let the other out;
 Or perhaps—but no! what heeds it to enquire?
 On table was his cup, antique as Chaucer,
 Which long had mourn'd for its departed saucer.

No carpet warm'd his floor; but there were reasons
 Besides those *ex necessitate* built;
 For Rush had really one, but, with the seasons,
 It was a carpet, or it was a quilt;
 Just as the Fahrenheit one's eye might harp at,
 A quilt at fifty—fifty-one—a carpet.

No ornaments his white-wash'd walls adorn,
 Save a small picture of "Expiring Merit,"
 Which seem'd to typify his own forlorn
 Unpitied portion; and his jaded spirit
 Would sidelong glance upon the MS. heap
 Of genius in oblivion—hope said—sleep!

Without his coat; and, at the very most,
 Three quarters only of a small sized shirt;
 Small-cloaths which long had "given up the ghost,"
 But kept in skeleton by patch and dirt;
 Stockings, by which his toes disdain'd control,
 And shoes, like he himself, with worn out *soul*.

But thus Rush sat; and as it was his fate
 But seldom to be blessed with letter-backs,
 Paper was scarce—cash scarcer—so a slate
 Caught the first dictates—as his mind he racks,
 From its distorted visions;—this displays
 The "art of making poetry"—now a days.

His labours went on flowingly—the Nine
 Smil'd on his prowess; or, perhaps, only eight;
 For, most unluckily, the closing line
 Wrought to distraction's very verge, his pate;
 But one short simile he strove to meet,
 And would have giv'n his head for two small feet.

"Thus deep-eyed thought upon his dark brow sat,
 Like the sad presage of"—what could he say?
 He ran the alphabet—At, Bat, Cat, Dat,
 And strain'd a simile in every way;
 Twisting his thought in anguish for improvements,
 Gave to his frame a hundred diff'rent movements.

He rubb'd, and wrote again; and rubb'd and wrote;
 And bit his nails; and pull'd his uncomb'd hair;
 Stared full ten minutes on his prostrate coat;
 Then cast his *pencil* down in wild despair;
 And might have done, God knows what foolish thing,
 But just that moment hearing the bell ring.—

He traced the footsteps one by one up stairs;
 And when they pass'd the second landing place,
 And still he heard them mount, his look declares
 It was almost an isolated case;
 And yet, in fact, he scarcely seem'd to know it,
 So much the man was merged into the poet.

A knock!—no answer, yet distinctly heard;
 But still the jingle of the wanted rhyme
 Absorb'd his mind;—a second, and—a third.
 “Come in, come in!” he cries in hurried time,
 As tho' he merely wish'd to rid the noise,
 That all his airy wandering destroys.

To all the outward world was Rush so callous,
 He gaz'd upon the being, who forthwith enter'd;
 And tho' he seem'd a herald from the gallows,
 It made no odds to him; he even ventur'd
 To take his slate and “catch at an idea,”
 Far, very far indeed, from who was near?

“Is your name Rush, Sir?”—After a long pause,
 Again—“your pardon, Sir, is your name Rush?”
 No answer still—“I wish you'd say, because
 “I've other bus'ness, Sir, and wants to brush.”
 All silent!—“Then I must acquaint you that
 “I've got for you a sort of—latitat!”

“A what?”—in sudden extacy—“a what?”
 “A latitat, Sir!” “Pray my friend be seated;
 “That's just the thing I wanted.”—Gripe could not
 Unriddle it at all.—Rush then repeated—
 “*Thus deep-eyed thought upon his dark brow sat,
 Like the sad presage of—a latitat!*”

His joy and gratitude in accents break,
 That far outrun his means contracted bound;
 “So much obliged”—“his thanks”—“what would he take?”
 Cried Gripe, significantly eyeing round,
 “Why, as for that, Sir, in my present view,
 “I'd rather not take any thing—but you!”

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF AN

ITALIAN GENTLEMAN ;

CONTAINING HIS TRAVELS IN ITALY, GREECE, FRANCE, &c.

No. IV.

FINDING that we had money, the provost-martial soon laid aside his ferocious looks, and assuming a familiar tone, said: "You may be assured of it, comrade, I shall send off a young man directly, who will be back in three hours. Meantime, if you want any thing, tell me." We instantly gave him money to procure us a breakfast, wherewith to dispel the thoughts inspired by our condition. We asked him what people said of us. "Eat your breakfast heartily," replied he, "and never mind what people say." I then said to the provost-martial, laughing, "Do you think we don't know what they say? I am sure every body talks of us as if in two or three days we were to be shot; and do you think, for that reason, we will not eat our breakfast? You are mistaken." The sergeant, admiring our courage, went to do our errand. In a short time the door opened, and he returned laden with wine, brandy, ham, and bread, and told us he had sent a man with orders to the officer on guard to deliver our knapsacks. We invited the provost to join us, but he refused, saying, that our offence was so great, that he was even forbidden to speak with us until we had been examined, and that he had taken upon himself, without permission, to procure us refreshment, which he hoped we would not mention to any one living. I perceived that the provost said this that he might make a greater profit by his services. We began to eat very eagerly, but after a few mouthfuls we lost all appetite. My companion was more cast down than any of us; he could not rally his spirits and get above his adverse fortune; his thoughts continually reverted to Brest, and he said to me: "These are the consequences of your delicacy." I encouraged him, by representing that the Governor was a just man, and would not, I believed, see us fall innocent victims to the vengeance of General Bonté.

At eleven in the forenoon, the provost-martial brought us our knapsacks, and we very cheerfully changed our clothes; after which we told him we were ready to go and be examined. He came at the hour appointed, and led us forth; there was a guard of twelve soldiers, with a corporal and a sergeant; we were placed in the midst, and marched to the house of General Roland. I, being a corporal, was first put on my examination. After the usual questions concerning my name, my country, &c., I was asked why I had chosen to desert, and whither I wished to go? I answered, that being weary of this way of life, and thinking it unjust that foreigners should be detained, I had determined to desert, for the purpose of going to the Continent and repairing to Paris, where I intended to enter into the service of the Emperor Napoleon, whom I had already served for the space of eight years. They enquired why we had directed our course towards the English cruisers, and not towards

the Continent. I replied, that we were unused to the sea, and had trusted to fortune. After many other questions, which it seems needless to repeat, they made me sign my examination; I then came away, and my companion was called in. I could not imagine why they detained him so long. I had been dismissed in fifteen minutes, and an hour had already elapsed since they began with him; I was fearful that a panic had seized him, and that without being conscious of it, he had revealed all our projects. At length I saw him come out, and one of the Parisians took his turn to be examined. I asked him why he had been kept such a time; and he said, they had questioned him respecting his residence in England, and whether he had been in the English service. He told me, that in his answers he had adhered strictly to the truth, showing by his papers that he had remained but a short time in London. I was very glad to find that he had conducted himself so well. The Parisian shortly afterwards came out, and was succeeded by his brother, who was not long detained.

All four of us having now been examined, we were taken before the General, who, as I have said, was advanced in years. He was of low stature, and rather fat; he had no great capacity; nor can I conjecture for what reason, or through what merits, he had been raised to the rank of General; but I think, that during the Revolution of 1792, he attained that distinction without having deserved it. This we had already gathered from report; and we now inferred as much from the discourse he held with us, which had neither beginning nor end: all that we clearly understood was, that in three days it would be all over with us, as a commission would be appointed for our trial; that it grieved him to announce our destiny, which, however, was inevitable. I then said to him: "General, if the Commission be impartial, and be disposed to do us justice, we shall not suffer death." "And do you think," replied he, "that your death would be at all agreeable to me?—No, I only wish to give an example to the troops on the island, that they may henceforward faithfully serve the Emperor Napoleon." Seeing that all observations we could make to him were only so much waste of breath, we held our peace. The General continued to talk for half an hour on the same topic, and at length told us to choose a defender in whom we could confide, and endure our lot with patience, being conscious that we deserved it.

We went out, and were taken back to prison. We asked for pens, ink, and paper, and a light to write by; which were punctually provided for us by the provost-martial, in consideration of a sum of money. I instantly wrote a letter to our commandant, desiring him to procure a defender worthy of our confidence, and send him to us that we might give him his instructions; in conclusion, I begged to recommend our case to his protection, feeling assured that he would interest himself on behalf of four innocent victims. Towards evening came a lieutenant of the 67th regiment, to say that he was ready to undertake our defence. We found, in the course of conversation, that he was a man of talent; and when we had talked for some time, he said: "Well, my friends, in regard to the affair, though I am convinced of your innocence, yet in the eyes of our superiors, and of justice, you appear guilty: I shall, however, use

my utmost efforts; the commandant has already told me the whole, but it will be better for my complete information that you should relate it to me in detail." I accordingly recounted to him all the particulars, my companion being unable to say a word. Having possessed himself of the whole case, he said to us: "My friends, be of good cheer; in case you are condemned, we will employ all available means with the Governor to procure you an appeal, therefore, do not despair." I said to him: "I am fully resigned to the worst; a bottle of brandy to each man, with which we are already furnished, will relieve us from all fear." Our defender went his way, and we were left to our reflections.

Although I affected high spirits, I was unable to digest the food I took. Four days passed away without any thing being communicated to us. At length we were informed, that on the following day at eleven, the Commission would assemble; we asked, why four days had been suffered to elapse, and were told, that they had been occupied in preparing the process. Before we went to our trial, we breakfasted with some little appetite; I exhorted my companions to be firm and bold, since if we were condemned we should have nothing to fear, as the Governor would never sign the sentence of death. Though I exerted myself to inspire the rest with courage, yet I inwardly trembled. We were taken before the Commission, through an assemblage, I might almost say, of all the inhabitants of Belleisle, some attracted by curiosity, others by compassion, for I heard those behind me exclaiming: "What a pity these four youths should die without having committed any crime!"

The Commission was composed of a colonel, a chef-de-bataillon, a captain, a lieutenant, and a sub-lieutenant. The *captain advocate* had a physiognomy which I did not at all like. The President put the usual interrogatories concerning name, country, &c. to all of us; then the sentry who had been on guard was called to give evidence. He was asked by the President why he had not been at the place appointed for him, exercising his proper duty of watching the coast. He excused himself by saying that he had walked only ten paces from his post, being prohibited from going to a greater distance, and that the station required two persons on duty, one for the fort and another for the coast, which was rather remote. The President gave the soldier a look expressing satisfaction with his answer, and discharged him. He then called upon our defender to enter upon his function; and I cannot but admit that he exerted all his efforts to demonstrate in what way we had been compelled to act as we had done; he spoke with such energy and fire, that at the close of his address, the auditory uttered expressions of applause, and clapped their hands. The President enquired of us if we had any thing to adduce in our own defence. I rose from my seat, and said: "I think that if each of us were to begin and defend himself, it would be impossible to adduce more or less than what has been said by our defender. I have only to observe, that, although in the eye of the law, and of this Commission, we may seem guilty, yet, on tracing the guilt to its right source, it would be found to change its character in the eyes of the whole world." Then the captain-advocate made his harangue, demanding that the Commission should award the penalty of death. The President enquired

if any of us had any thing more to add ; we all said, " No." We were then taken into an adjoining room, and the Commission, ordering all strangers to withdraw, began to deliberate on our sentence. Our defender joined us, and exhorted us not to be alarmed ; if we found ourselves condemned to death we had our right of appeal ; and he well knew that the Governor was in our favour. In the course of a short time we were recalled, and the President read us a paper, importing that the Commission had found us guilty, and condemned us to suffer death. My companion and the two Parisians changed colour. I was almost certain that the Governor would lend us his assistance. The whole auditory pitied us, and vented imprecations on the Commission. I again rose, and said : " Mr. President, we demand that the appeal be allowed us." The President replied : " That depends on the Governor to grant it or not, as he shall think fit." We were once more led back to our prison.

My companion could not speak a word, and could scarcely walk. We had hardly been returned half an hour when we were visited by the chaplain of the garrison. We shuddered at seeing him. I said to him : " Sir, what are your commands ? Here is no one disposed for confession ; we do not like so ill an omen." The chaplain replied : " My friends, I am come for your good ; I understand that you, Sir, are an Italian ; I have been a long time in Italy, where I received many attentions ; therefore, I can do no less than requite them by endeavouring to be of service to you. Though I have no longer the influence that I possessed in the time of Louis XVIII., yet the Governor has testified some friendship for me ; hence I hope that on speaking to him in your favour, he will not refuse to accept your appeal. I therefore thought proper to come hither first, to reassure you and tranquillize your minds." Perceiving the chaplain to be endowed with good feelings, I thanked him for his attention to me and my companions, assuring him of our eternal gratitude. When he was gone, I said to my fellow-prisoners : " I never thought that a priest could be capable of a good action ; yet among a great number there may possibly be some fruit, in spite of an unpropitious season." Next day the chaplain returned, in company with our defender, and joyfully assured us that the Governor had granted the appeal ; " And I think," he added, " that he himself will be disposed to commute your sentence to imprisonment. When I went to the Governor," he continued, " I found the commandant interceding for you, and I did not fail to do my duty. The Governor said to us : ' Do you think I would have had them all four put to death ? Had there been only the two Parisians they should certainly have suffered ; for they are guilty, because they enlisted. But as for the Italian and his companion, who, I am well assured, never had any intention of enlisting, I should never have allowed them to be executed ; but as they are all four together, and as (between ourselves) the two Parisians enlisted under the assurance of going to America, while, on the contrary, they now remain soldiers in France, without a hope of effecting their voyage, I cannot think them wholly in the wrong. Go directly, and assure them concerning their fate ; and tell them they have to do with a just man.' In coming to your prison," added the chaplain, " I met with your defender, who had been sent by the commandant, and we

determined to be the joint harbingers of this consoling news." I cannot describe the thanks which we all four poured forth upon our preservers. We desired the chaplain to return to the Governor, and express to him our most fervent attachment, which we should ever cherish towards him.

Shortly after they were gone, came the provost-martial, who knew nothing of the grace that had been extended towards us. With a look of solemn grief, he said: "If the Governor should not allow your appeal, and you should have to undergo your sentence, I beg you will not forget to leave me something, as I have a wife and six children." We all began to laugh among ourselves on hearing him talk in this strain in the belief that we might make him our executor. I said that ere we died we should remember him and his family in our will; meantime we desired him to procure us some wine, brandy, and victuals, that we might perform that important act with becoming spirit. The provost instantly brought us refreshments, together with writing materials, thinking that we really meant to settle all our worldly affairs. When he saw us all laugh and begin to eat heartily, he was quite astonished, and could not at all guess the reason of our mirth; but as we continued to eat, and manifested no intention to write down our testamentary dispositions, he left us.

Four days afterwards our defender came again, for the purpose of telling us that the General had called together another Commission; had annulled the sentence of death; and had doomed us to a month's imprisonment in a worse dungeon than that which we then occupied. He exhorted us to endure this confinement patiently, in the assurance that if the Governor might have acted as he chose he would have set us at liberty; but then what would have been said by the garrison? "I can assure you," he added, "that it gave his Excellency much pain to sign this second sentence." In the evening came the provost-martial with a look of cheerful alacrity and said: "You must think no more of dying, but you are to move to other quarters." We were certain that he was sorry for the favour extended to us, having hoped to become master of all we possessed. We were taken into a deeper dungeon, which received only a faint gleam of light through a mere loophole. There were some tressels absolutely bathed with damp, and with water that flowed under them. By means of money we procured a large quantity of straw, and accommodated ourselves as well as we could, quite certain, however, that in a few days we should fall sick from the excessive humidity. Though we took copious draughts of brandy, and ate very heartily, we felt the damp penetrate to our very bones, and in eight days my companion was attacked with fever, and his limbs began to swell. The doctor being called in, immediately decided on sending him to the hospital. He was very sorry to leave us, but we assured him that in a few days we should have to join him. In fact, not a week had elapsed ere one after the other had fallen sick, and we were all carried to the hospital. My companion, already convalescent, rejoiced in our illness, because it had delivered us from that detestable dungeon. The two Parisians recovered first, and were sent to the battalion. We found ourselves so much better off in the hospital than at the fort, that we persuaded our medical friend to protract the term of our present abode as much

as possible. We lived in the midst of plenty and of cleanliness, while, by means of a little money, which we disbursed, all the little comforts that we could wish for were supplied.

One morning the doctor came, and told us that Napoleon had abdicated, and that Louis XVIII. had returned to the throne. The first time that Napoleon lost his kingdom I was grievously disappointed; the second time, (such, I must confess, was my weakness and inconstancy,) I was supremely satisfied, for I regained my liberty. In three days, affairs having been re-established on the former system, we waited upon the Governor to thank him, in the first instance, and then to request that he would give orders for our release. The old man welcomed us like a father, and told us we were both on equal terms: "You," said he to me, "as an Italian, are now free; and in regard to your friend, I shall have to write to Paris, and I have no doubt of receiving a favourable answer." We entreated the General to let my companion remain at the hospital, as he was not yet completely recovered. I returned to my former lodgings, threw off my military dress, and put on my own clothes. The Governor gave me my discharge, and a passport, available whenever I chose to go. I went to thank the commandant, who no sooner saw me, than he fell on my neck, uttering a multitude of congratulations on seeing me again. As our conversation gradually digressed to indifferent topics, he informed me that a Portuguese vessel had been taken. Her commander, not well acquainted with the navigation of these seas, had taken a pilot on board from an islet near Belleisle. This pilot approached the island; the forts, seeing a strange ship near at hand, and apprehending some treachery, fired upon her—the vessel hoisted the Portuguese flag. A lieutenant, who was in one of the forts nearest to her, ordered her to strike; she refused, and carrying all sail, stood out for the open sea; another shot was fired from the fort, which carried away one of her masts; and being then compelled to lay to, she struck her flag, and the captain came ashore in his launch. He was taken before the Governor, who, after inspecting his papers, claimed him as a prisoner, because Napoleon being again in France, and Spain, Portugal, and England being hostile to his government, all ships belonging to those nations must be detained. The vessel was therefore brought into port, and information immediately sent to Paris.

The Governor told me that there were two Florentine ladies on board the ship, who excited his curiosity and interest by their elegant and accomplished manners, and by the air of deep dejection which distinguished one of them. He promised to introduce me to them, and remarked, that they would probably be more communicative to a countryman than to himself. In this he was not mistaken. Their story is so romantic, that I think my readers will not be displeased with a brief recital of it.

They were the orphan daughters of a wealthy merchant of Florence, and as they lived splendidly, and entertained a great deal of company, the young Count Palmella, who was then on his travels in Italy, was introduced at their house, and conceived a strong attachment to the elder of the two sisters, who was no less attracted by his noble and engaging qualities. She at first hesitated to accept his offers of marriage, from the fear that his family would object to his

connecting himself with a woman of inferior rank. He, however, wrote to his mother (his only surviving parent) such a letter as quieted her scruples; and in the expectation of a favourable reply, she resigned herself to the arms of her lover, whom she now regarded as her husband. Month after month, however, elapsed without bringing any answer, during which time the Count's passion continued unabated, and he employed every argument and every assurance to soothe her anxiety. At length she gave birth to a son. A few days after this event, the Count came to see her, evidently in a state of deep dejection. Two days having elapsed without her seeing him again, she began to imagine herself betrayed and abandoned, and the torture of her mind threw her into a violent fever. Her own physician happened to be absent, and she was attended by Dr. Fontana, physician to the Portuguese ambassador. Having learned from her the cause of her agitation, he told her that the ambassador had long been aware of the Count's connexion, and had been urged by his mother to send him away from Florence, but that from tenderness towards the young man, he had hitherto forborn; that he had, however, at length resolved to use compulsory measures; that he had invited the Count to supper, and immediately on his entering the room, had caused him to be arrested by two police-officers he had in waiting, telling him that a post-chaise was at the door, and that he must instantly set out for Paris, whither his own secretary should escort him. The Count replied, in the strongest expressions of grief and indignation, that he had incurred the most sacred obligations towards the young lady, whom he had induced by his promises to sacrifice her reputation, and towards his infant son; that he was master of his own actions, and would be controlled by no one. The ambassador was however inexorable, and would not even accede to his earnest petition that he might return to take leave of, and console his wife. The sympathizing physician added, that he was deeply affected by the young Count's tears and agitation, and assured his unhappy patient that she might rest confident of her husband's attachment and constancy. She determined to follow him as soon as she was sufficiently recovered; and having entrusted her child to her aunt, and the management of her property to her uncle, she set out for Paris, accompanied by her sister. As soon as she arrived, she sent to the hotel of the Portuguese ambassador, where she learned that the Count was hurried off to Bourdeaux immediately on his arrival at Paris. She instantly followed him; and, on reaching Bourdeaux, heard that he had sailed for Lisbon. Fatigue and disappointment brought on a relapse, and her life was despaired of. In a month she recovered, and proceeded to Lisbon. On reaching that city, she and her sister took up their residence at the house of the captain of the vessel in which they had sailed, who had gained their entire confidence. He behaved with great kindness and sympathy, and offered to procure immediate intelligence of the Count from his house steward, with whom he happened to be well acquainted. From this old and attached servant the ladies learned, that as soon as he reached Lisbon, his ambitious mother and uncles, after reproaching him with the meanness of his sentiments in connecting himself with a woman of inferior rank, told him that he was instantly to proceed to Brazil, where

the hand of a lady of suitable birth and fortune, and a good appointment about the court, awaited him. It was in vain that he protested against such tyranny, and swore that he would never marry any woman but her to whom he was solemnly and indissolubly bound. He was carried on board by force. The steward added, that she might rely on the strength and fervour of the Count's affection. Having heard that the Count's mother intended to remit her a sum of money, she determined to obtain an interview with her, and to convince her that she was not in a situation to be influenced by pecuniary considerations. Through the means of the steward she was introduced to the Countess, who, she said, had the air of a queen, and received her with great dignity, though at the same time with great kindness. She told her that it was in vain for her to cherish any hope of an union with the Count her son ; but that she was greatly prepossessed in her favour, and intended to remit to a banker at Florence a sum of money for the child, whom she should likewise remember at her death. She denied being the cause of the violent measures which had been pursued, and ascribed them to the Count's uncle. At the young lady's departure, the Countess, repeating her regrets at her misfortunes, embraced her, and presented her with a casket, which she made her promise not to open till she should be half-way on her voyage home. She now determined to return to Florence as quickly as possible, and having written to the Count an exact narrative of all that had befallen her since they were torn asunder, she took her passage on board a ship bound to Genoa. The next day the house steward brought her bills of exchange for ten thousand crowns, and took his leave of her with many assurances of his master's love and fidelity. In three days she and her sister sailed, and had a very prosperous voyage up to the time when they were taken. She had opened the casket, and found in it a set of brilliants of great value, and a note, containing expressions of affection and interest. I felt the deepest sympathy in the sorrows of this unfortunate young lady, and continued to visit her constantly until her departure.

The captain of the vessel had memorialized not only the governor of the island, but the ministry at Paris ; representing, that as Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne, and peace re-established with all nations, he was entitled to his liberty. An order for his release soon arrived from Paris, with permission for him to go where he chose. On the receipt of this news, he instantly waited upon the ladies to inform them of his intention to sail next day, and to desire that they would hold themselves in readiness to embark. The ladies made their preparations, and embarked in the evening. I accompanied them on board ; and with reciprocal expressions of gratitude for the social hours we had passed together, and wishes of future happiness, we took leave of each other. I promised to visit them if ever I went to Florence.

Returning home, I resolved to call on the Governor next day, and request him to give his permission for our departure. Accordingly, having obtained an interview, I represented to him, that though the ancient order of things was not yet entirely re-established, he might take upon himself to give us the requisite permission, there being no reason why the existing government should detain a soldier against his will, in a time of general peace. The Governor, looking at me

attentively, said: "I will do as you desire, and I hope I shall not be blamed for it, as I compassionate your past sufferings; therefore, bid your companion prepare for his departure, and tell him I shall give instant orders for his release, and the restitution of his papers." Having heartily thanked the Governor, I hastened to the hospital to impart the gratifying intelligence to my friend, who, after expressing his acknowledgments to the superintendent, and to all who had shown him kindness, accompanied me home, took off his regimentals, and put on his own dress, after which we went to take leave of all who had befriended us in our misfortunes, assuring them of our eternal remembrance. We then went to thank the Governor for the kindness with which he had listened to our complaints, which we assured him we should never forget. He ordered our papers to be restored to us, and we took our leave with a thousand expressions of respect. Impatient to repair to the Continent, we determined to set out next day by the mail for Quiberon.

On our arrival there we found a number of peasants armed with muskets and cartridge-boxes, who looked like assassins; and the moment we set foot on shore, though it was broad daylight, they called out, *Qui-vive? Qui-vive?* We answered: "Louis XVIII." We were placed amidst some fifty of these armed men, who, without informing us wherefore, ordered us to go along with them. We left our baggage on board the mail-boat and accompanied them. We were taken to a house not far distant from the harbour, and a person who appeared to be the leader of the troop, presented us to an old man clad like a citizen, and wearing a white band on his right arm, whom our conductors represented to be the commandant of the place. The old man, with a fierce look, asked us who we were, and whither we were going? We replied that we had been soldiers, and were repairing to Paris, on our way home. The commandant, in the same tone of voice, said: "I am well aware that you are Napoleonists, but now all your hopes are at an end. However, give me your papers that I may examine them, and let me exhort you to abandon that cause." "Mr. Commandant," I replied: "I know not how you can infer that we are Napoleonists." However, we requested him to inspect our papers, as we wished to proceed that evening to Vannes. The old man, looking sternly at us, inspected our discharge and passport, and dismissed us, saying he hoped we should have good fortune. We could not comprehend the meaning of these words, but turned away without offering any salutation, and went on board. Luckily for us there happened to be a return-conveyance to Vannes, which we hired, and having stowed our baggage into it, we instantly set out, without staying to breakfast. As we journeyed along I asked our conductor what was the purpose of all those armed rustics. He told us that when Napoleon landed in France from Elba, England had armed and equipped all the peasants of La Vendée, and had sent among them many French emigrants for the purpose of directing this revolution; and they also told us that the commandants of the villages and districts in this part of France, were all emigrants, and sworn foes of Napoleon. At all the villages through which we had to pass, we were stopped by guards who conducted us to their respective commandants, teasing us with impertinent interrogatories, and inspecting our passports while

they eyed us with significant looks of importance, for which there was not the slightest occasion. In my former remarks on this district I have observed that the filthiness of the peasants of both sexes is inconceivable; yet I must add, that in every village at which we arrived, my companion and I were quite astonished how the people could possibly live in such a condition. On our way through the country to Belleisle, we had seen but few inhabitants in them; but now there were hundreds of persons seated on the ground, and employed in picking from each other's bodies the insects engendered by their habitual filth.

Toward evening we arrived at Vannes and went to lodge at the inn where we had before been so well treated. The pretty landlady received us with her wonted grace, and expressed great pleasure on seeing us again. Shortly after our arrival we were summoned to supper, and as other strangers were present, the conversation turned on the arming of La Vendée, and on the probable motives of Louis XVIII. in keeping such a number of people still under arms without any assignable cause. One of the party present said to me: "Do not think, Sir, that the government wished to keep on foot this armed rabble; scarcely was our King restored to the throne, when, aware of the injury inflicted on the country by thousands of armed men, he instantly sent a message expressing his heartfelt gratitude for their good disposition towards him, and exhorting them to return home to the bosom of their families, as the time of peace, so long and anxiously desired, was at length arrived. Now, Sir, you must be aware that all political parties are actuated merely by private interest; and accordingly these armed peasants gave no heed to the exhortation of the King, but have continued to do as they liked, exhausting the country by levying contributions and plundering travellers. Thus, without listening to reason, they choose to go on filling their pockets at other people's expence, and a long time will be required to clear the country of a horde of ruffians who have acquired a relish for thieving. I am astonished that you have both reached this place without being plundered by them, and I advise you to be very cautious in travelling farther." As we were thus conversing, our hostess came to us, accompanied by a voiturier about to return to Rennes, and said, that if we chose we might avail ourselves of this opportunity to continue our journey. I asked the voiturier if there was any danger to be apprehended on the road, as we had learned that it was infested with robbers; the man, intent on his own interest, encouraged us to set out with him, assuring us that we had nothing to fear. The pleasure of quitting so disagreeable a country determined us to depart next morning by daybreak, and we agreed for our conveyance with the voiturier, who promised to call for us. The guests at supper again told us that we were very wrong in exposing ourselves to peril, and that we ought to wait for the diligence; but as we understood that in this case we should have to remain four days longer, we rejected the advice that was meant for our good.

At sunrise we were summoned by the voiturier, and having got all in readiness, we departed in great glee, reckless of any thing that might happen. When we had proceeded a few miles, we were met by about fifty of the armed peasantry, who exclaimed, "halt! halt!" My friend looked at me and said: "What those gentlemen told us last

night has come to pass." The brigands ordered us to alight, and not to utter a word, adding, that we were suspected people, as we had not the white cockade, and therefore they must take us to head-quarters, and bring us before the General, who would determine what was to be done with us. Having taken our luggage from the vehicle, they carried it away on their shoulders, and told the voiturier he might be going, but must take care to say nothing in the country of what had happened, as he valued his life. The man readily obeyed this order, while we were marched almost three miles from the high road, through fields overgrown with thorns, and along paths but little frequented. On our way the people loaded us with abuse in their native dialect, as we could perceive by their looks, though we did not understand what they said. To express their exultation in having taken us, which they regarded as an act of prowess, they repeatedly discharged their muskets in the air. One of them, who seemed to be their chief, put several questions to us, which we did not think it worth while to answer, but reserved what we had to say for the commandant. We at length came to a thicket of shrubs and stunted trees, in the midst of which were some low thatched huts, and a multitude of armed men, who rose from their seats as we came up, and danced for joy on seeing that their companions were bringing captives and plunder. Among them were a number of women, some occupied in boiling victuals, while others were busied in the operation formerly mentioned of converting dung into fuel. After a short pause we were led into one of the huts, where we found the commandant seated on the ground surrounded by a number of these brigands, who were all smoking their pipes, and occasionally drinking cider out of large mugs. The commandant was a man of middle stature, and by no means of a very forbidding aspect; he was dressed in a blue jacket and pantaloons, and wore the white scarf on his right arm, and a large sabre attached to his belt. The captain of the band who had taken us, having made his report to him, he turned towards us and said: "Are you not aware who is now in authority? There are laws established by our King, which ordain that all persons travelling in France must wear the cockade as a token that they are royalists. My men having found you without a cockade, have arrested you in virtue of this decree, and brought you before us. Were I to judge you according to its strict tenor, you would both be lost men; but I hope to plead your cause and obtain your pardon, as I see by your passports that you are foreigners, and probably unacquainted with our laws." We thanked the commandant for his good disposition towards us, though we knew the men to be assassins, pretending to be stationed in these places by the Government, to maintain good order. We were led out of the hut, the commandant telling us that we must await our sentence without. As we stood in the open air, near the door, we heard continual sounds of laughter, whence my friend and I deemed it probable, that after having been plundered of all we had, we should have even to thank them for their kindness towards us. My companion, judging from their savage looks, was afraid that plunder alone would not satiate them, and observed, that misfortune now seemed to attend us in all our proceedings. "My dear friend," replied I, "in adversity we must be firm and wrestle against our fate, in the hope of better times." "If heaven," replied

he, "will be so gracious as to set me free once more, I will return to my home, in the hope that I shall never more be seized with a passion for travelling." I remarked to him, that in prosperity all men adapt themselves to circumstances, but in our case we must reflect that human life is subject to vicissitude. Amidst these philosophic reasonings we were summoned before the commandant, who informed us that all his colleagues wished to punish us severely, but that he, on the contrary, was disposed to be merciful; we must give up our luggage, and be stripped of all our apparel, except our trowsers and shirts. Indignant at being reduced to such a state of wretchedness, I said to him: "So, your King has issued a decree for poor travellers to be plundered, and perhaps assassinated, for the maintenance of good order; since, who knows whether, on some occasions, you do not deprive your victims even of life? Such then are the means by which Louis XVIII. defends his throne, if I rightly comprehend what you tell me." My fellow-traveller fearing that this discourse might exasperate the commandant, said to him: "You must excuse my companion, if, mortified at finding himself far from his home, and destitute of the means of subsistence, he should give vent to some expressions against you." The commandant, regarding him with a severe look, said: "Were it not for you, the haughty spirit of your companion should be quenched with four bullets in his body, for never did I see a man possessed of so little gratitude after his life had been spared." Perceiving that if I continued to speak my existence would soon be terminated, my companion exhorted me to be silent, and agitated as I was with alarm, I resigned myself to my fate. A number of the brigands having approached for the purpose of stripping us, I said to the commandant: "If you have a spark of humanity, order your men to leave us alone; and we will take off our clothes." The commandant then called off his men, who seemed to me worse than executioners about to perform their duty, and we gave up such of our clothes as had been demanded. My companion exclaimed: "Do you think, Mr. Commandant, that we can march barefooted as far as Paris? Have you not even the compassion to leave us some raiment to cover us?" The commandant angrily said to me: "You deserve nothing, for you have called us, who are regular troops under the command of his Majesty, assassins; but as a mark of my condescension, I will allow you shoes and clothing." He then ordered his attendant to furnish us with those articles, and the man brought two pair of wooden shoes, called *sabots*, two old dirty stinking cloaks, and two large slouched hats. On seeing that we were to be thus wretchedly attired, I looked indignantly at the commandant, and said: "Really, I never expected treatment like this from the supporters of the house of Bourbon!" My companion entreated, that since we had been deprived of every thing, he would at least give us our papers, that we might, by their means, procure decent apparel. After conferring with his comrades, the commandant said: "To prove to you how considerate we are, I restore them to you, and I trust you will always remember my condescension. Seeing that they were all making sport of us, and that the commandant, with all these airs of compassion, was laughing us to scorn, I nearly lost all patience, and was beginning to reproach him again, but I curbed my indignation from regard to my companion, who, in an under tone, implored me to

bear all quietly. The brigands having opened our trunks and portmanteaus, gave us our papers. The commandant seeing that the portfolios which contained them were very handsome, said to us: "In your present garb you cannot want those portfolios; I will keep them for your sakes." I told him that we had many memoranda and accounts written within them. He gave us all the papers, together with such leaves as had writing on them, but kept the portfolios. I then asked him if he thought we had any thing else worth taking; he said, "No; but I advise you to put some white mark in your hats to serve as a white cockade, lest you meet with other armed bands, who may treat you in the same manner." "I think," said I, "they can only take our lives, for you and your comrades have eased us of every thing else." He now told us we were at liberty, and we put on the cloaks, the wooden shoes, and the slouched hats, in which we stuck a bit of white paper, to serve as a cockade. The commandant laughed at seeing us clad in this manner, and as we departed from the cabin, all the people followed his example, the women affecting to be struck with admiration.

We patiently took the road by which we had come, amidst the imprecations and derision of the rabble. We paced along in mournful silence, but on looking at my companion, I could not help laughing to see him so accoutred, and he was equally diverted. "Do not think, my dear friend," said I, "that I rated the commandant so roundly because he had robbed me, and I was unable to arm myself with philosophy against adverse fortune; it was only because he wanted to make us believe that what he did was for the maintenance of good order. Had he told us that he was an assassin I should have said nothing, being aware that such a vocation required him to deprive people of their property; but hypocrisy combined with villainy, disgusts me extremely." My companion began to complain that his wooden shoes hurt him very much, being fit only for peasants, whose feet have become callous; in which remark I sympathized, for I was scarcely able to walk. At length we reached the high road, without a farthing in our pockets, and attired in such a manner that the passengers eyed us with astonishment. We came to an inn, but had not the heart to enter it, being destitute of the means of paying for refreshment. On proceeding further, we perceived, in a valley on our right, a very beautiful country-house. I proposed to my companion, that as the brigands had restored to us our papers, and among them a bill of exchange for the sum of one thousand francs, which I had taken the precaution to lodge in the bank of Monsieur Perrier, before I left Paris, as a provision against any misfortunes that might happen, we should go to this house, obtain an interview with its owner, acquaint him with our misfortunes, deposit the bill in his hands, and request him to advance something for our relief, as we had tasted no food since the preceding night. Though my companion felt great repugnance at going, as it were, to ask alms, yet he consented to accompany me. The house was half a mile from the high road, and we approached it very slowly, as our feet began to be sore with wearing the *sabots*. Having rung the bell, there came out a man very well dressed, whom we might have expected to give us a little soup and a morsel of bread, but he shut the door in our faces. Then, looking at each other, we concluded

that he had taken us for wandering beggars; and, to tell the truth, our condition was more critical than that of a mendicant who is accustomed to a life of vagrancy; for we, who had been only four hours in such a state, found it insupportable. After we had waited patiently a full hour, the door opened, and a man in a cook's dress brought us some soup and bread, saying to us: "Eat, and begone quickly from hence." "My good man," said I, "is the master of this house at home?" "Certainly," he replied, "and he is just now at dinner." "Would it be possible to speak a word with your master?" He looked at us, and began to laugh: "pretty people you are to speak with my master," said he. "Yet," replied I, "you may possibly be mistaken in judging of us by our condition, for we were robbed but two hours ago." The man then changed his tone, and said: "Wait, and I will go and call the Count's chamberlain." In ten minutes the same person came who had opened the door, and enquired what we wanted. I said we wished to speak with his master, as we had been robbed. The chamberlain, with a look of compassion, bade us come into the hall and sit down, and he would tell his master of our misfortune, as soon as dinner was over. Meanwhile he told us we might go and take some refreshment in the kitchen, giving orders at the same time, that we should have meat and drink. I was not slow in concluding that the master of the house must be a kind-hearted man, and accustomed to do good, since those of his household were so well disposed. I have always found, that if the master be a tyrant, the servants partake of his temper, and if he be charitable, they will be charitable likewise; as the proverb says, "He who lives with the lame, will learn to limp." On entering the kitchen, we were invited to sit down, and the cook, after giving us a hearty welcome, placed before us a roast fowl, a plate of ragoût, some excellent soup, and two bottles of wine, telling us that his master was a brave gentleman, whose sole pleasure was in doing good. The cook, who proved to be a great talker, sat down to take a glass of wine with us, and asked us to tell him what had happened to us, forgetting that dinner was not yet over. The servants came in to ask him for the second course, and the moment he had sent it to table, he returned to us, bringing some pastry, and a dish of caviare. He bade us eat, drink, and be merry, taking care to fill our glasses; but we drank sparingly, as we expected to speak with his master.

When the Count had finished dinner, the chamberlain related to him our misfortune, and he immediately desired to see us. The chamberlain came for us, and conducted us to the dining-room. We were ashamed to enter it in such wretched attire. The Count, who sat at the head of the table, was a handsome man, about fifty years of age, his wife appeared rather younger; there were also at table four boys, whom I judged to be their sons, two young ladies, and a gentleman. We bowed respectfully to the Count, who asked us what we were, and how we came to wear that dress. I then related to him all our adventures, from our residence at Brest to that very moment; I also presented to him our papers, which he read one by one. It gave me great pleasure to find that he understood Italian, and after he had finished the perusal, I said to him: "We have a bill of exchange, Sir, on the bank of Monsieur Perrier, at Paris, and we entreat that you would do us the favour to receive it, and advance us a sum of money to enable

us to reach that capital in a little better plight, being certain that, on writing home from thence, we shall be supplied with remittances. The Count, and all the persons at table, looked at us with amazement, and when we had finished our recital, he said to us: "My friends, you cannot conceive how much I feel for your misfortunes, yet at the same time I am happy in the opportunity which they have afforded me of being useful to my fellow-creatures. I am ashamed of residing in a country infested with such numbers of disorderly people, who, under the pretence of doing good, commit all sorts of crimes. But what is to be done? All my estates lie in this neighbourhood, and it is necessary that I should frequently be here to superintend them. You will now go to my wardrobe, and dress yourselves as you please, for I think you will find a variety of clothes which will fit you extremely well. We shall then expect you to coffee, as I understand you have already dined." He called his chamberlain, and desired him to look out such suits of apparel as might be most to our taste, and observed, that had we been in or near some town, we might have sent for a tailor, but in a remote part of the country we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. We were at a loss for terms to express our gratitude to the Count, and were quite charmed with the hospitable reception he had given us. The chamberlain conducted us to his wardrobe, and opening some large presses, told us to select what pleased us, and at the same time supplied us with changes of linen. We threw off our cloaks, and washed ourselves, but were a long time in getting rid of their musty odour.

Fortunately we found apparel which exactly fitted us, and having finished our toilette, we presented ourselves to the Count and his family, who were waiting coffee for us in the drawing-room. We went to kiss the hand of the Countess, who said to me: "They tell us that the habit does not make the monk, but were I not certain that both of you have changed your dress in my house, I should say that you were not the same persons, for your very physiognomy is altered."—"Madam," replied I, "in cases like these, the physiognomy does change; we were suddenly reduced to utter destitution, and as suddenly blest with an asylum where compassion was shown to our misfortunes, and where, having forgotten our past sufferings, we resume our wonted cheerfulness." After taking coffee, my companion sat down to play chess with the Count, while I joined the ladies at *écarté*. I had sat down without money, and the Countess quickly perceiving that I was at a loss for counters, rose from table, went into another apartment, and returned with a purse, which she gave me, and which, as I afterwards found, contained sixty francs. When we had ceased to play, the Count said to us: "You will make this house your home for four or five days, ere you set out for Paris, as I wish you to wait for the diligence by which you will travel to Laval, where you will find a friend of mine, who thinks as I do, and will certainly treat you better than I can." "Sir," said I, "you will have the goodness to dispense with all compliment from me, as I really cannot find words adequate to express our gratitude." The Countess replied, "we detest compliments, so let us be merry. I am sorry that we cannot go to the chace to-morrow on account of those marauders."

I then enquired of the Count whether the government did not intend to remedy this evil. "What can be done?" said he. "Orders for that purpose have been sent down, but these brigands give no heed to them; they even laugh at them, and are going on every day worse and worse. One morning, about three weeks ago, as soon as I had risen, I saw, planted before my house, two four-pounders, and a band of about four hundred brigands. Finding myself thus besieged, I asked them what they wanted. They answered that they were waiting for their commandant, having only had orders to blockade the house, and let no one out. Two hours afterwards arrived the commandant, on horseback, accompanied by three of his comrades, also mounted. A messenger was instantly sent to inform me that if I did not, in the course of six hours, supply a thousand rations of bread, eight oxen, forage for a thousand horses, and ten thousand francs in money, the house should be levelled to the ground, and all within it buried under the ruins. Seeing that I must either comply with their demands or perish, I ordered my house-steward to give them all they asked; and I found it expedient also to invite the commandant and his principal officers to dine with me. You may imagine what sort of pleasure I could have in such company; they seemed the worst of villains. Highwaymen and assassins at least expose their lives, and are always prosecuted by the government, but these infamous brigands are quite at their ease, and levy contributions on all houses which they think capable of supplying their wants. When the party had received all that they had demanded, they raised the blockade of my house, and went away. The commandant said—"You will excuse me, Count, for having come with an armed force, for I cannot otherwise ensure obedience."—"I should not think those quite wrong," said I, "who refused to obey you; what right have you to levy contributions? Who has given you orders for that purpose? Why do you not all return to your homes? Why do you take away the property of others, and enrich yourselves at the expence of simpletons like me, who give you all you ask?" "And do you think," replied the commandant, "that, after toiling to replace Louis XVIII. on the throne, we shall return to our homes, contented with mere thanks? If you do, you are mistaken. When we have made our fortunes we will be quiet, but not till then." The commandant then departed with his people, taking away all that he had levied upon us. Thus you see that in these days we cannot venture a league from home. The brigands went the other day to my brother, who lives nine miles from hence, and demanded twelve thousand francs, and three thousand rations, while some of them, not content with this plunder, entered my brother's house, went into the room occupied by the servant-maids, and behaved very rudely to them. It was with great trouble that these half-intoxicated ruffians could be got out of the house, nor would they go without two casks of cider."

The Countess, interrupting our conversation, told us that supper was on table. "Let us think no more of our present unhappy situation," said she, "but hope that it will soon change." At table the Countess afterwards said to me: "This evening I cannot expect it, but to-morrow I shall request that you will give me a minute recital of your travels, as part of your story escaped me when you were presented

to us. I promised her that I should make it a point of duty to comply with her request. After a very agreeable evening, we all retired.

The chamberlain conducted us to a handsome suite of apartments, consisting of two sleeping-rooms and an elegant anti-chamber. When he was gone, my companion said: "Who could have expected to have been so well received without being known!" "My friend," I replied, "in travelling we encounter vicissitudes of good and evil; were we always to meet with bad people, what would become of us? Even the few we do meet with, it is difficult to detect, so as to be on our guard against them." Wearied with the troubles and fatigues of the day, we were soon asleep.

Next morning the chamberlain awoke us and said that our coffee was ready; we rose and took it in the anti-chamber, after which, as soon as we were dressed, we were summoned to breakfast with the Count and Countess, whom we found seated at table.

On the morning of the fourth day of our delightful visit, the Count rose from his seat and bade me follow him, together with my companion, who was discoursing with the three ladies. Having conducted us to his cabinet, he said: "My friends, at five this afternoon the diligence, on its way to Laval, will pass along the high road near our house; and you will avail yourselves of that conveyance to resume your journey. I have ordered a portmanteau to be prepared for you, containing linen, apparel, and all else that you may want. Here are three hundred francs, and a letter for a friend of mine at Laval, who will welcome you most kindly. I cannot do more: and I hope you will receive this for my sake, on condition that you do not name me to any one as the person who rendered you service; this I ask as a favour."

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

[It will be seen that this Journal forms a continuation of the "Letters from the Continent," No. I. which appeared in our ninth Number, N.S. and which circumstances prevented the author from carrying on in that form.—Ed.]

Tuesday, August 9th.—After I had eaten a dinner that would have satisfied Ajax himself, my companion politely accompanied me to the coach. At two o'clock in the afternoon I mounted the *coupée* or cabriolet, (it contained six; the inside of the carriage six more,) and quitted Ghent. Go to a gallery of the pictures of P. P. Rubens and choose three of his horses of the brightest colours—a warm chesnut; a cream-coloured, with a black line down his back, as distinct as in a squirrel; and a kind of mottled horse, which I cannot describe: let them have the same flowing manes; the same, not absolutely long tails, but long switch tails, the same fall in the back, the same free, independent air, and the same gait and action, yoke them loosely, three abreast, without bracing reins, and you will have our gallant team. Go next to the title-page of an old book of reports, and take the frontispiece—the portrait of Sir Edward Coke, of Sir Creswell Loving, or of Master Edmund Plowden—take him with his black skull-cap or coif, with his flowing locks issuing therefrom,

with his bands and cassock, and with his hard liney face, and you will have the man on whose right hand I sat. Was it not an awful thing to sit side-by-side with Sir Creswell Loving, some time one of the Justices of the Common Bank, but now newly risen from the grave and the dead, under a strange canopy, a sort of moving hermit's cave, and to be drawn, rumbling along the paved road, by three horses that descended from a picture like certain persons in the Castle of Otranto? After my awe had somewhat abated, I naturally wished to address Sir Creswell; I therefore said something very common-place, and very remote from what I desired to come to at last. After a long silence, he answered, *O-u-i!* so loud, with so strange an accent, and so drawled forth, that had the horses been English, and not of the country of Rubens, they would certainly have stopped. After some time I again addressed the coifed being, calmly and meekly; again the like pause, and the like *Oui!* Being discouraged by some more fruitless attempts, I produced a Latin thesis, with which I had been presented at Ghent, and began to read it to myself; when I had almost finished it, and after a silence of two hours, these words, uttered in a loud voice, in the broadest manner, and with the strongest guttural, struck my astonished ear: "*An fuit hic liber impressus Hhandæ?*" (*Gandæ.*) While I was turning to the title-page to answer this question, it was followed by "*Apud quem?*" in precisely the same tone. Afterwards, the awful pleasing being pointed out some convents that had been destroyed, and said it was a great pity. His ideas were nearly the same as would have been those of the before-mentioned learned persons, had they been extracted alive from their tombs; the world had lived in vain for him. Perhaps the very Chancellor of Richard Cœur de Lion, who had played at marbles before the time of legal memory, was not less improved, or a less improveable creature. We reached Brussels at half-past seven. I was handed out of the carriage by an officer of police, and I repaid his politeness by showing him my passport.

Wednesday, Aug. 10th.—The market before the *Hôtel de Ville*, was quite Amazonian—a hundred women to one man. The Museum or Picture Gallery, has nothing but saints and saintesses: these shown in Flemish pictures, and cruelly uninteresting they are. Humour is a much finer thing than wit, and of two stories, both respecting the same person, who is not less famous for his dirt and voracity, than for his theological attainments, the former displays wit, the latter, which is the best, humour. The first is a saying of his son, a petulant controversialist, but concerning whom let no ill be said, because he is dead, and because we owe a story to him. He was asked how his father came to have such dirty hands? "Because," he replied, "he is always rubbing them on his face." The second, or humorous story, is this:—The father usually illustrates a small distance, as, for instance, three-fourths of an inch, by saying: "It is as broad as the black of my nail." The Flemish carry their humour farther; for in the picture of the gods seated on Olympus, which may be seen in the public gallery, Venus is painted with nails that might serve to illustrate, in the same manner, the same space as those of the Doctor. I entered several large and handsome churches; (the cathedral is shut nearly as closely as if it were in the keeping of one of our Deans;) they

had pictures, statues, and altars in plenty. In France, women only are to be found in the churches; here, although there is a great majority of the fair sex, yet there are some men, and even a few well-dressed men, or at least men who may be so considered here. It is remarkable, that whilst even the indifferent Protestant, in walking about their churches to look at the paintings, treads as lightly as he can; the men and women, who are employed in bringing and taking away the chairs, make as much noise as they can; they being, nevertheless, good Catholics. In one church, in a side chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, a priest was saying mass. That I might see the thing perfectly, and thus be able to judge for myself, I stood as near to him as I could; the good man seemed to be annoyed at this; but as I had as much right, under the present state of things, to stand as he had to kneel, I did not care that for one kind look he gave his holy tackle, he gave me five cross looks, but I kept my place. A fine little girl, seven or eight years of age, who was kneeling at the rails, kept looking at me with great curiosity; her eyes seemed to say—"How his bones will crack in the fire for this." As far as one can judge from looks, which are very deceitful, they at least seemed to say also—"It is a pity, I wish some one would teach him to kneel, and to do as we do." There is a considerable hill in the city of Brussels, which is a pleasing change after the flat country in which Bruges and Ghent are situated. It is a difficult place for a stranger to find his way in; the traveller perceives a great difference in this respect in different cities. The poor Flemings are very unlucky; they try to resemble the French, who laugh at them, and with reason. They are joined to the Dutch; they pay a part of their debt, and they are subjected to the inconvenience of the Dutch currency and government, and the Dutch hate them for their pains. I conversed at dinner with a Dutchman, who was sunk deep in the sulks; he said that Amsterdam is a much finer city than this; that the houses there are built, not of gloomy stone, but of nice cheerful brick, the streets paved with smooth clinkers, and so on. I could not agree with him; but he seemed so much annoyed at my dissent, that I was obliged to back out, and to say that I only differed from him for the sake of conversation. To please him, I assented also to his notion, that we make no good cheese in England; but import Dutch cheese, because our Cheshire and Stilton are uneatable. He complained over and over again of the streets and of the floors, and said that the sand on the floor made him feel quite sick, and took away his appetite. This at first seems unaccountable; but great is the force of habit, and by analogy it may be understood. The English make a great point of personal cleanliness. To us, Venus herself would not be Venus, if she had dirty hands; the Dutchman would not care if the goddess of Beauty should illustrate short distances by the black of her nails; but if there was a single speck of dirt on the step before the door, or a little sand on the floor of the room in which she sat, his love would be turned into disgust. They show many reliques in the churches here, but none that are of great curiosity or interest. At Cologne I was told that they have the first animal that drew blood, and thus broke the general peace, viz. the flea that bit Eve the night after her fall, and to her great dismay; for it is said to be nearly as large as a well-grown prawn. I cannot say that I believe this entirely;

yet, as I have seen so many wonderful things, I cannot say that I disbelieve it. The unusual size of the creature is in favour of the truth of the story, and of the antediluvian origin of the insect, for there were giants in those days, and men reached a prodigious age; but since the Deluge, both ourselves and our fleas are a stunted, short-lived, aquish race. The upper part of this city is as clean as the lower part is dirty. England is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where a man will splash you if he can; in all other places he will not splash you if he can avoid it. In other regions he will slacken his pace, stop, or cross the street, that he may not incommode you; especially to spare a lady, there is nothing he will not do; but an Englishman will risk his neck, and will go a mile out of his way to bespatter a lady from head to foot. I have heard that in some parts of Germany, gratuitous brutality may be found as well as in England; at present I am unable to judge; wherever I shall be, I will not fail to remark it. In Flanders, persons engaged in aurigation are particularly attentive so to use their vehicles, as not to injure foot passengers. The walls of this city have been pulled down, and many houses built, as well as *Boulevards* planted all round, at least in the plan; they are indeed finished in some parts, and are a considerable improvement. Although the walls are pulled down, an immense ditch has been dug, and in the middle of the ditch is a high wall, like Carnot's detached escarpment; that the paternal monarch may keep his free subjects within the city, and when they go out, may ask for their passports. All the vermin dependant on the government, pretend that they hardly know the coin when they see a franc; the bankers, who are independent people, try to tempt your purse to join the Dutch interest, by displaying the new bright coinage. The same coins will not suit a dear and a cheap country—Holland and Flanders.

Thursday, Aug. 11th.—I found the cathedral open, and the interior handsome, with good painted glass, pictures, and statues, and a grotesque and gorgeous magnificence. A representation of the Virgin in wax-work, coloured to the life, attired in brocade and lace, and in a regular court-dress, is surely in a bad taste. Not only the Virgin, but other more awful persons are represented in wax-work. I remember, that some years ago, in 1816, on a Sunday, when the cathedral was very full, I was surprised and pleased to see, as I then supposed, a great special-pleader of those days. I certainly did not expect to find him in Brussels; but at that time the scripture—"I became a stranger amongst my mother's children," was fulfilled in the English nation. The English crowded abroad in such swarms, that although I was in a strange country, armed with a passport, and consequently a stranger, yet I ought not to have been astonished, if I had seen, on turning the corner of a street, my sister, or my brother, or all my mother's children. I accordingly believed my eyes, and ran up to shake hands with him; but, to my utter amazement, I found that it was not a man, nor even the image of a man. Protestants must naturally be shocked to see the Supreme Being represented in the most perfect human shape. The special-pleader, whom all loved and respected, had no form or comeliness to borrow. His appearance, therefore, for such a purpose, was less pardonable.

I was never so much struck by the absurdity of the duty of a

sentinel, as during my stay in Brussels; my hotel was opposite the Mint, where, morning, noon, and night, an unhappy creature was walking up and down. A very ample porter was, no doubt, within the gates, and was quite sufficient for all the purposes of the place; and this brave fellow might have been employed more creditably, and more agreeably, in driving a plough or thrashing in a barn.

We dined at two. A German cut his finger and bled like a pig. A beautiful Flemish lady was at table, tall, with a fine figure, and clear complexion, black eyes and hair; but she looked stiff and stupid. Women in these countries do not seem as if they could make love. I suppose they increase and multiply, and look sulky all the time. I walked round part of the Boulevards, which was handsome, and of the old walls, from which the view of Brussels is good. The place has been wonderfully altered and improved. I had observed in all the cities which I had visited, that the brewers dwell in good houses; brewing is a good trade at all times and in all places. And I remarked here that a great many masons live in handsome messuages; I presume in consequence of the prevailing rage for building. I saw stuck up on the door of a church, amongst other ecclesiastical puffs and advertisements, the notice of a Dogmatical and Moral Catechism, by an ex-Jesuit. It must be a valuable work, especially the moral part of it. The old women in the churches, who hold communion with the world of spirits in grunts and groans, looked at me with the calm anger of justice, whilst I walked quietly about to view the paintings; as at a crooked billet saved only for burning, or at a leg of mutton that, sooner or later, will be roasted. The streets of Brussels were full of *schismatics*—not of the kind which splits religion into sects; these split wood into faggots. From their mode of dealing with the subject matter, they seemed to promise to cleave the heads of passengers; but I cannot say that I ever saw these promises realized. I was joined by an agreeable friend, whom I had left at Ghent; we passed the evening not unpleasantly in discoursing of beer and Universities. That a Professor at Ghent should put his Doctor's gown over a short grey shooting-jacket, as he did, seemed odd, and as if a game-keeper were made a Doctor; but it is not so irrational on mature reflection; it is only to do in practice, what was done at Oxford in theory; and, figuratively, they made General Blucher an LL.D. and thus virtually put the Doctor's robes over his regimental small-clothes. They drink here prodigious quantities of beer. I tasted that of Louvaine, which is most esteemed; (they have thirty or forty sorts of beer;) it was very bitter, but not unpleasant to those who are used to it. This bitterness may give it a relish. It should seem that Universities are always the seats of celebrated beer. Louvaine, it is well known, is renowned as an University. Our Oxford and Cambridge are severally famed for their several ales, as well as Edinburgh. Let us hope that the London University will succeed, and greatly prosper, if it be only to improve the breed of malt liquor in the metropolis.

Friday, Aug. 12th.—An important date; a fine day for grouse-shooting. I rose at five, and left Brussels at six in the morning; we drove through the forest to Waterloo, where we took a hasty, rude, and cheap breakfast, at eight o'clock. As we drove past the field, no one mentioned or alluded to the battle. Possibly all thought it had

been bought somewhat dearly, and were unwilling to talk about a bad bargain. Waterloo is still a poor place; one may see, however, a little improvement in the houses, caused by the money which the hosts of visitors have left behind them; but the common people are barelegged and poor; and they have not improved their breed of pigs, which still look like greyhounds. I observed on the right, an immense mound, with a spiral ascent, like the tower of Babel; many workmen were employed upon it. On the top will be placed a colossal lion, in commemoration of the victory. The mound is formed like the rest of the country, of sand. Will it not settle, and gradually sink? and will not the rain wash it away? The *conducteur* or guard of the diligence had his wife with him; he amused himself and the rest of the party, by pretending to offer her for sale, at a chimerically extravagant price—4,000 francs, about 160*l*. For some time all were amused, the lady as well as the rest, and she disputed about it loudly and violently; at last she got into a real rage, and became silent and sulky, and remained quiet for two hours. At the end of which time she said to me, with tears in her eyes—(I had sat in attentive silence during all the dispute)—“The world is so malicious.” I answered: “Yes; but nobody believes what the world says.” She was not quite satisfied with this reply, but said: “There are many women so wicked, that all that people can say against them is not enough; but there are others who are correct and prudent.” She evidently did not wish that the supply of good women should equal the demand, lest 160*l*. a-piece should become a still more extravagant price than it then appeared. In time, however, she recovered her spirits, and entered into another loud and violent dispute, about the superiority of the Walloons (of whom she was one) over the Flemish women in cleanliness and chastity, and continually repeated the proverb: “It takes twelve Flemings and one pig to make thirteen swine.” She had the voice of a boatswain, and was a broad, brown, little barbarian, but not ill-looking.

I arrived at half-past one at Namur, at the *Hôtel d'Harscamp*, which is a good house. After dinner I walked about the city; a small place in a pretty valley, fortified, and full of soldiers and their women. As these good people have nothing to do, and have had nothing to do for these ten years—I speak of the soldiers only—they seem to think that they are obliged to make a prodigious noise, that they may at least have the appearance of being busy; they accordingly kept up an immense din, day and night, with drums and trumpets. The cathedral is a handsome Roman church, with a dome, and plenty of statues and pictures. They were singing and making the most frightful noise, I think, I ever heard in any church or chapel, which is saying a great deal. I observed a bull or two of the late, and one of the present Pope; they were handsomely framed and glazed, and duly accepted by the Bishop of Namur, whose portrait figures in the print-shops. They were written in a canting style; I forget what they were about. There was a box with an inscription, enjoining all persons who eat milk, butter, or cheese, *laitage*, during Lent, to put their contributions into it. I thought that the description of person applied very well to myself, but I did not contribute. In another church I saw a painted figure of St. Fiacre, the tutelary deity of hackney-coaches, or Jarvics; he was clad in the robes of a Bishop, and held a book in his

hand: I suppose the *editio princeps* of the Book of Fares, as published by the Commissioners of Hackney-coaches. I thought that there was a strong family likeness; I have seen many of the children who resembled the father. I was glad to have an opportunity to return thanks to this divine personage for all favours, and to pray for a continuance of them. The cathedral is seated on a rock, lofty, steep, and defended on one side by the Meuse, on the other by the Sambre, and behind by rocks. It seems as if it would be very difficult to get into such a place; but brave men can go any where, and can defend any place; and unless men be brave, all fortifications are useless. There must be a fine view from the top; it would have been a pleasant thing to have climbed up. I supposed that the governor of the place, either would or would not have given permission to see it; and I heard in the morning that he would, and that some travellers had seen it; but the being passed about with much absurd form, from one guard to another, and all the military boastings about the strength of the place, would have made the ascent a tiresome bore. The battlements, or parapet of the bridge, are upon a good plan, which I do not remember to have seen in any other place; they are, in fact, two steps; upon the lowest, you can sit conveniently, and lay your arm upon the highest, and look over it; and it is not so high as to obstruct the view of walkers. Many persons were sitting in this manner; a bridge is for various reasons a nice lounging place. I went to bed early, and rose at four.

Saturday Aug. 14th.—We took coffee, went on board the barge at six, and started about half-past. I found the barge tolerably convenient. The banks of the Meuse are beautiful; there are fine rocks on both sides; trees, villages, pleasant seats and chateaus. The river swarms with fish; their sudden and quiet dartings were visible through the clear water; some were of a good size. The stream was with us, but the river was very low; the bottom of the barge scraped in many places against the gravel. We were towed by one horse; when the wind sprung up we took him on board, and put up a small sail. About half way to Huy we saw and welcomed the first vineyards; they are on the left banks, and continue all the way to Liege. We reached Huy at eleven; its citadel stands on a lofty rock; the surrounding country is beautiful. We had a dinner of cold meat, fish, and excellent fruit. Namur and Liege are said to be fine fruit countries. There was a large lump of butter on the table, stamped with the cross and the letters IHS. This is carrying superstitious trifling to the utmost, and could only be surpassed by making butter-prints of the Pope's bulls. The town is small, ancient, and neat. The loss of any tooth, but especially of the sweet tooth, is a real loss. My companions still retained that valuable little bone: they were delighted to see a good pastry-cook's shop; they stood and admired it, and pointed out some cakes peculiar to this country, called *galette*; they were square and pierced with square holes: I was in great haste, and had none of the small money of the country, or I would have purchased one. It is a happiness to like any thing, even a cake; they are the happiest who have the most likes and the fewest dislikes. At noon we went on board another boat; it was much larger than the first, but less neat and less commodious. It was crammed with goods of all sorts, and, besides the passengers

from Namur, there were a great many countrywomen and children ; it seemed, in short, to be the great medium of carriage and communication: boats were continually coming alongside to take away, or to supply passengers and goods. There were four horses on board, but we did not use them; they were, I presume, to draw the barge back again against the stream: we had only a little sail, and as the wind died away, our course was slow and tedious. The banks are not so high, and the river is wider, but the whole distance is nearly as beautiful as that which we made before dinner. There are iron mines: they were washing the ore in many places on the left bank: there are also lime-kilns and coal-pits, but they do not make the country so detestable as in our coal countries: here they are not blessed with steam-engines; and an audacious contempt for public convenience is only to be found in England, where the government sets the example, and individuals follow it with great spirit. It began to rain, and we arrived at Liege in the wet. The children were busy with branches of trees, and were preparing for a religious procession that was to take place the next week. I had heard from many persons that the people of this city are uncivil and stupid: a fellow carried my bags through the rain in a most barbarous manner, and let them fall two or three times; he grumbled exceedingly at what was given him, and was extremely dissatisfied, although it was the usual and fit sum. Soon after I had reached the inn I was crossing the yard by the frequented path, when a mastiff, that was chained up in a corner where no one could see him, (and being a Walloon he did not give notice by barking,) flew upon me, and seized me by the right knee; with my left foot I gave him such a hearty, sincere, undisguised kick in the belly, that the dog had the sense to take it as it was meant. He tore my pantaloons a good deal, but only bruised my knee a little, without breaking the skin, so that I was none the worse, and I felt more pleasure at having got off so well, than displeasure at the cynic, who possibly thought that pain, at least in another, is no evil. Our supper was in the rough; the wine execrable. My bed-room stunk, and the windows could not be opened. They neglected to call me in the morning, although particularly desired, a gross breach of social faith; and no attendance could be procured, either by bell or voice. They had besides two great criteria of the savage which I had observed in Ireland, and have heard may be found in the highlands of Scotland—first, the better sort of people take infinite pains to persuade you that it is not a barbarous place, but very civilized; second, you can get nothing done for you, except through the mediation and intercession of a person of the country, and then, with a great show of alacrity, it is exceedingly ill done. On the other hand, people who have lived at Liege, say that the inhabitants are kind, friendly, and neighbourly: the defects which I observed might be peculiar to the inn where I lodged, although I had been told, perhaps by an interested party, that it was the best in the town. There is a certain frankness in the people which pleases; the master and mistress dined at table with the guests in a familiar manner; and the landlord shook hands heartily at parting, and wished me a safe and pleasant journey. There were twin sisters, daughters of the house, as the phrase is, fourteen years of age, remarkably alike: a pleasant sight to persons who are fond of children—that

is, I presume, to all persons; yet neither gods nor mortal men can like a dirty bed-room; and in bed I thought of the proverb so often quoted by the wife of the *conducteur*; and that she had quoted it wrong; I could not help thinking that I had heard it thus:—It takes twelve Flemings and a pig to make one Walloon.

The Liege newspaper is called *Mathieu Laensbergh*. I was told that Matthew was formerly a celebrated maker of almanacks. I suppose that his name is used as Dr. Franklin makes use of the name "Poor Richard." I heard frequently in the evening a deep-toned bell; it was, I think, the finest and deepest tone I had ever heard. I could not learn any thing about it of the people then present. I was much amused with a person I met with in the barge; he was, or had been, an iron-merchant, and had travelled a great deal, probably in the way of his trade: he was a singular man, and seemed to be a worthy person. He was on the point of being married, and the childish joy, and the childish communicativeness he displayed, were the most amusing parts of his character. Every thing that an Englishman would have concealed most studiously, he as studiously strove to make manifest. I never saw a person so truly happy, and so entirely engrossed by any object. We do all in our power to subdue this kind of feeling; but, if love makes a person so happy, it would be much wiser to cultivate habits of love. It may be urged, the mischief is that the illusion is so very liable to be suddenly dispersed; but is it not because habits contrary to this passion are formed? Would it not be otherwise if youth were carefully trained in a different manner. Be this as it may, he was the happiest of men. The lady was of a certain age, the widow of a French officer; her father was a German, her mother an Italian, she was therefore born to be musical, and had cultivated music: according to her lover's account she was a great proficient. She had been ten years a widow, and had a child, a boy, twelve years of age. It was four years since her intended had first seen her, and he assured me that he was captivated by the sensible and judicious manner in which she educated her son. If he was a competent judge, this was no small merit, for herein ladies in her situation most commonly fail. The only son of a widow seldom turns out well, or even the sons of a widow, as women have rarely firmness enough to manage the turbulent spirit of a boy. The betrothed man was forty or forty-five years old, and in delicate health, and a poor-looking fellow. Being joked with a little about a certain probable event, he bore quizzing well, but he frequently recurred to that subject of his own accord: he hoped it would not be so—his wife was a woman of too much sense—her mind was not unoccupied. To be sure, she was fond of dress; but it became her; and she went to mass every morning. At all events, women have so much art, that, if it must happen, it will be kept snug; he would never know it. "And if I do, I hope I shall bear it like a philosopher. I have always lived like a philosopher; I have endeavoured to live according to the law of nature; I hate all other laws; and this would be according to the law of nature. But it is impossible. I wish you knew my wife; I am sure you would think so. I call her my wife because she will be in a fortnight." In this course ran the stream of his thoughts; and he often expressed them thus, with a certain anxiety, but without alarm. Throughout Flanders the

people seemed to take a most lively interest in the cause of the Greeks, and spoke warmly on the subject, and with much more zeal, I am sorry to say, than my countrymen; even persons in a rank of life where such enthusiasm would not be looked for.

I read in Matthew Laensbergh, that five curés at Ghent, in their different parish churches, preached violently on the same Sunday against the editor of a Ghent newspaper by name, and that the next morning his printers came to him and said that they would no longer work for such an impious wretch. How would the editors of our London newspapers, morning and evening, like this kind of persecution? They would think, most justly, that for such a wicked conspiracy to injure an individual, the reverend offenders ought respectively to have a year's imprisonment, preceded and followed by one hour of the pillory. These consecrated persons wisely enjoin a repose from secular labours on the Sabbath, but are unable to rest even one day in seven from the eternal obligations of malice and hatred, which they have imposed upon themselves.

Sunday, Aug. 14th.—It had rained all the evening, and I had not seen any thing of the town; my kind friend, the lover, walked with me through two of the principal churches. They were, as usual, handsome, with pictures, statues, and altars: in both the vaulted roofs were painted with arabesques, which had a pleasing effect. In one church a man was preaching in bad French, which is the language of the country. There were many people present, I had therefore an opportunity of observing the Walloons; they are not sallow and swarthy like the Flemings, but fair and light-haired like the English. From the coarse quality of the wine of the first vineyards which we met with, I was led to suppose, that if the schemes for making wine from grapes grown in England should succeed, the wine would be of little value. But perhaps there may be something in the manner of preparing it, for the wine in the North of France is by no means unpleasant. I left the city of hardware, the Sheffield of the Netherlands, amongst good wishes of a pleasant journey from the Walloons, which somewhat softened my heart towards them. The country as far as *Aix la Chapelle* is beautiful, divided by hedges, with hedge-rows, with woods, field-paths, stiles, and villages, like the best and inland parts of England. The people were dressed in their best; I saw a great number turn out of a church: the men wore blue frocks, reaching down to the knee, like the Flemings and our butchers; and caps instead of hats, which distinguished them from our country-folks; but the women were exactly like our villagers, somewhat plain in their dress, but still their appearance was the same. I remarked that, like our women, most of them carried a prayer-book, bound, as with us, in red or black, the edges of the leaves smeared with brimstone, a rude and cheap mode of gilding; and that the book was folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief, which is never used, but merely produced to show that the fair owner has such an article of superfluous luxury, and it is carefully laid by to be produced again in the like manner on the next Sunday. We had four horses, harnessed in pairs in the English fashion, but without bearing reins. On this road, as on all the others, there were plenty of beggars; the people gave to them liberally. It is

a great bore to be tormented by them, and it is a great bore to pay the poor-rates. It may be a question, whether the exercise of actual almsgiving be not salutary to the giver. If I were obliged to live amongst bigots, (which would be a great evil,) I had rather live amongst bigots who held good works in repute, than amongst bigots who despise them, and stand entirely upon faith.

(The remainder, embracing a route through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will appear in subsequent Numbers.)

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

THE Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delille characterised as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, the true sage, who preferred the society of the Muses, and the happy independence without which it is difficult to obtain their favours, to the splendour of wealth or the glory of an illustrious name, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly-gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the Court, attracted all the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a regard for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honour; he was her companion in her walks, in the chace, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the poor peasants, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was in her youth extremely intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern; she was particularly fond of the study of Reaumur, who, though he does not, like Buffon, describe the beauties of nature in a style of rich and varied eloquence, displays more patient and accurate observation.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country. A limpid brook flowed through the floor of turf, and the senses were feasted by the brilliant hues of the flowers, the refreshing coolness and the balmy perfume of the air.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting her with some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved and respected patroness, and

they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings, so that the banks of the Cher and the Loire, and the extensive meadows which skirt them, were full of young girls, with gauze nets in their hands, breathless with the chace of their frail and beautiful prey.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with an agreeable smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies, they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, their love affairs, and all their little secrets; so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls; his scrutiny turned rather upon their charming features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected; he was not very rigorous in his examination, and he trusted that the same indulgence would be extended to him. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour; but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer Boufflers the fruits of their day's chace, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, rosy and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, penetrating voice, realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Alina. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined what an interest he took in this innocent and ingenuous girl, with what pleasure he rewarded her in the Duchess's name, and how eagerly he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift, accompanying it with some protecting caress, sometimes even with a kiss, which Alina thought too great an honour to be resented. Boufflers soon drew from her the secrets of her guileless heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortune. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the sweet Alina. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protégé, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-

five louis d'ors to the girl who had brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Alina's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day, when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the numerous train of nobles and ladies who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Alina, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her: "Look, Monsieur de Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Alina's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Alina had won the promised prize; she soon after received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Alina promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the sweet girl whose name, countenance, and disposition had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Alina had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital. He was welcomed back to the society he adorned by his wit, tempered as it was by grace and courtesy, and by the exhaustless fertility of his fancy.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the enormous debts contracted by her husband, who had outdone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the excellent Duke de Peuthièvre, and went to live at Paris, in the midst of her old friends. Alina, thus deprived of her illustrious patroness, lost all hope of being united to Charles Verner, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Maréchal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his beloved Alina provided

elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?” “She is my daughter,” cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. “My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Alina, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine.” “How, madam! are you that simple village girl?—Yes, yes, there are those large deep-blue penetrating eyes—there is that expressive mouth—there is that enchanting smile; I could almost believe I can still see the traces of the kiss so innocently received. Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that, for once, Fortune was not blind?—have the kindness to satisfy my curiosity; be consistent with the affection my dear Alina always had for me.” “Listen then,” replied the Countess, with confiding delight.

“Charles, in whom you took such a generous interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division, on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General’s care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died of the numerous wounds he had received, leaving me a large fortune and a revered and cherished memory. At that time,” added the Countess, “I knew that you had been compelled to quit France and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter’s age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Alina who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, “never shall I forget this ingenious delicacy; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest.”

T.

moment's reflexion, the Countess accepted his offer; and as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, an elegant calèche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed a spacious outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and the most exquisite taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Bouffler's works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him, and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to his reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation à la Française. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, all furnished with wonderful magnificence and variety. He entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some very large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with the most beautiful butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and even the hand-writing was so exactly his own, that he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered, with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself who stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear. "Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a graceful curtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net; "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge." "What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?" "What! do you not remember Alina, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes; and, taking the sweet girl's hand, he pressed it to his heart, and then to his lips: "Alina, lovely Alina!—it cannot be you?" "How! it cannot be I?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the Duchess, a prize of twenty-five louis, and from your's this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Divine creature, oh! take pity on the confusion into which you have thrown me. Your

elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?” “She is my daughter,” cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. “My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Alina, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine.” “How, madam! are you that simple village girl?—Yes, yes, there are those large deep-blue penetrating eyes—there is that expressive mouth—there is that enchanting smile; I could almost believe I can still see the traces of the kiss so innocently received. Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that, for once, Fortune was not blind?—have the kindness to satisfy my curiosity; be consistent with the affection my dear Alina always had for me.” “Listen then,” replied the Countess, with confiding delight.

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T.

EXTRACTS OF A CORRESPONDENCE
FROM THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

No. III.

From Poland they came on through Prussia proper,
And Königsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Beside some veins of iron, lead, and copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.

IN describing any country beyond the British (and not excluding the Irish) channel, an English writer seldom fails to dwell upon certain prescribed subjects of censure. He exclaims against the native want of cleanliness, to imply his own nicety in such matters; he charms his wealthy brother Bulls by sneering at the foreigners' poverty; and if (unlike the greater part of travellers) he has associated with them at all, he rails at their intolerable pride, whenever he has excited indignant feelings by his arrogance or ill-bred national reflections. He condemns customs if (as Jonathan Wild's chaplain says) "they in any way differ from his own laws and received opinions," either because he has not enough of sagacity to penetrate their meaning, or the candour to refer them to religion, government, climate, and other local causes that have created, or may justify them. It is particularly his business to be shocked at the licence of foreign manners, to shudder at the mention of a *liaison*, to drop his pen after naming a *cortejo*, and he starts from the too-appalling description of cicisbeism to paint the horrors of an assassination committed only a few years before in the Papal States upon the person of a highly respected and virtuous Jew pedlar. Our authors of Travels generally overlook the probability that the same day that their works are published, the newspapers will contain some cases of Crim. Con. in the middle classes of society, very amply detailed; hints of the existence of two or three unfortunate, but very interesting, attachments between married people of high station, and the opposites of their legitimate spouses; robberies, seductions, and frauds out of number; and a family or two burnt in their dwellings by the good-humoured natives of the county Kildare.

The truth is, that despite our well-paid clergy and unpaid magistracy, we are very little better, or, considering our condensed population, very little worse, than our Continental neighbours.

Before I proceed farther in describing this country, I must repeat that I am not a bigot to the customs of my own. A very good Englishman may prefer the sun of Florence to the fog of London, and see beauties in Chamouni that he did not find in Llangollen. I own that I prefer dining upon a fricandeau and St. Emilion at Dessein's, to swallowing a tepid beef-steak, with its dark adjunct, Port wine, at Wright's, at Dover. Neither is this preference grounded upon the reflection that I must pay sixteen shilings for the latter repast, and five francs for the former. I do not love my country, or the accomplished portion of my countrywomen, less, because I would rather meet a *svelte petite bourgeoise bien chaussée et mise à quatre épingles*, without a crease in her stocking, (nor anywhere else where a crease ought not to be,) or a stain upon her slender foot, than I would encounter a Margate belle in her costly and tumbled finery—a shawl worth a hundred guineas, and well-worn gloves—paddling with her

arms—occasionally darting a parasol at right angles, or levelling it steadily at a shop window—taking the full regulation step of thirty inches, and carefully turning up the toe of her capacious shoe to the admiration of Mr. Edwards and his friends. Is it not more agreeable to address yourself for information to the lively and garrulous Frenchman, than to wring sullen and reluctant answers from an Englishman? The courtesy of the former furnishes all you require for the occasional purpose, and it is only upon long acquaintance, and in events of rare occurrence, that the surly good qualities of the latter can be available to you.

Certes you will admit all that I have postulated. My object in doing so, is to show that it is not national prejudice which leads me to conclude that Prussia has nothing good in it, save the iron and the infantry, dragoons and deals, linseed and lancers, cuirassiers and caviar, artillery and amber, miners and metaphysicians. There are, it is true, some institutions that belong to countries in a highly cultivated state, but the general habits are still barbarous. Prussia has not gone through the intermediate stages of civilization, and her affected maturity looks like the condition of those females who have arrived at the state of widowhood without passing through matrimony. A Russian noble has been compared to a naked savage, with his hair well dressed and powdered. The Prussian has the same figurative aspect, except that his hair does not hold in curl. He is, however, a less immoral savage than his northern brother, of whom Dr. Lyall has told “nothing but the truth,” though he has not told (because he did not arrive at) “the whole truth.”

You wish to be informed of the present literary state of Germany. In point of production, it is absolutely null; nothing but translations are read, and I hope the taste will be improved by it. Walter Scott, Irving, Cooper, and Captain Rock, have successively occupied the public attention. At present, this grave family are mainly engaged in the study of Harriet Wilson's Memoirs. The stage has conformed to this change. For weeks together you will not see the announcement of a single play originally German. Shakspeare, Calderon, and even Goldoni, have taken place of Schiller and Goethe. This is commendable, and the translations are for the most part tolerable; but what I complain of is, that they disfigure French afterpieces to suit them to the national taste. They seize a work of poor Scribe or Dumersan, and having knocked out the brains of the little plot, rubbed off the point of the dialogue, and adapted a new version of the songs to vulgar German melodies, (Volkslieder,) they call the stupid mystification a Vaudeville. A piece of this kind, in which an old bourgeois is brought upon the stage to have his legs scalded or his wig set on fire, is sure of success. It is, however, but just to mention that, in Berlin at least, the two afterpieces that have produced the greatest sensation, were purely German, and without any incidents of the kind. The first of these has for title and plot—The Seven Girls in Uniform, (die sieben Mädchen in Uniform.) On the night of its first representation, the thick-legged Mädchens showed so perfect a knowledge of the manual exercise, that the King sent each of them a shawl on the following morning, in token of his admiration; and not as others might have done, to imply that such a covering became a maiden better than

a jacket. Upon this, all the world declared that the entertainment was wonder schön! “ausserordenlich hubsch!” The next favourite was the Vieñer in Berlin, a vehicle for the Austrian dialect, which is rather pleasantly given. The following song * in it is presented as one of the treasures of Austrian anthology:—

Kommt a Vogerl g'flogen,
Setzt sie nieder auf mein Fuss,
Hat a Zerterl im Goschl
Und von Diarndl an'n Gruss.

Und a Büchserl zum Schiessen
Und a Straussring zum Schlag'n,
Und a Diarndl zum Lieben,
Muss au frischer Bub' trag'n.

Hast mi allweil vertröstet
Auf die Summer-Zeit,
Und der Summer is kumma
Und mein Schatzerl is weit.

Daheim is mein Schatzerl,
In der Fremd' bin ich hier,
Und es fragt halt kei Katzerl,
Kei Hunderl nacher mir.

In der Frem'd sein d' Wiens
Und die Wiens sein harb,
Machen damische Mienen
Weil's Mütterli starb.

Liebes Vagerl flieg weiter,
Nimm Gruss mit u. Kuss,
Und i kann di nit b'gleit'n,
Weil i hier bleib'n muss.

A bird came flying towards me, and
perched upon my foot; it had a letter in
its beak, and a greeting from Diana.

And a LITTLE RIFLE TO SHOOT, and a
bludgeon (or small switch) to beat with;
for he who would have Diana's love must
be a brisk fellow.

Hast thou then delayed until Summer?
The Summer is come, but my love is far
away!

My love is at home, and I am abroad,
and not a cat or dog asks after me.

A Viennese is abroad, and the people at
Vienna are in grief for the death of their
mother. [Alluding to the demise of the
late Empress.]

Dear bird fly on! take my greeting
with a kiss; I cannot accompany you,
because I must stay here.

Until now, I had believed that nothing could be more *fade*, pointless, and vulgar, than English comic songs; yet, the very worst of them—those most replete with “blithesome lasses,” “gallant tars,” “Yorkshire lads stealing horses,” “honest traders,” or strapping young Irishmen, who marry old women for their money—address themselves (not very rationally, perhaps, but they do address themselves) to the feelings of *some* class of our people; the boxes and pit endure it, because they think the galleries entitled to some gratification; but a whole German audience can enjoy the bestial nonsense I have quoted. At the conclusion of that song, you will see the elliptical mouths of the Deutchers, displaying their ebon furniture, if any is left. “Such volumes of stinking breath!”

Perhaps, after all, it is not very extraordinary that a people who cry at what we call the Stranger, (*Menschenhass und Reue*), should laugh at Miss Diana's bird, with the rifle and cudgel. It is almost as easy to sympathise with a lady who has quitted the husband she loves, for a man she does not care an end of riband for, as to enter into the humorous conceit of a man being unable to go to one place, because he is obliged to stay in another. This will be denied, perhaps, because it is very decorous to weep at any thing, while nothing but acknowledged wit can justify a smile. For this reason, the Stranger had his reign in England, and even in France. The people of both countries were told that they *ought* to be deeply affected; and therefore every body who went to the play, took two pocket-handkerchiefs; the box-

* Keep this out of W——'s sight, lest he make English verse out of it.

keepers made four guineas a-night by glasses of water; rooms over the way, prepared for the reception of fainting ladies, were still more profitable, and the fruit women carried nothing but salts and stay-laces. Many sensitive beings were observed to shed tears on receiving their checks at the door; and on one occasion, sobs were heard until the third act of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which had been "unavoidably substituted" for the family sorrows of Mr. and Mrs. Eulalie Haller, (properly Müller.) Its run in Paris was stopped by a *Vaudeville*,* though the perfect acting of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, has since occasionally drawn crowds to the Theatre Français.

An invitation to dine with General von Trommelstock, reminds me that I am at Königsberg, and not in Paris.

Apropos then of Königsberg. Its circumference is nearly that of Dublin, and its population, exclusive of the garrison, is about sixty thousand; some streets of great length, very Dutch-looking houses in the old town, and execrable pavement throughout. Walking is a violent exercise here, for in wet weather you have to jump from one large stone to another, to avoid the intervening puddles, and during the frost and snow, it requires some address to avoid the flitting and noiseless sledges. As soon as the Prugel and Frische Haff are well frozen, and the roads covered with snow, the peasantry from the surrounding country bring their farming produce and timber to Königsberg in sledges. It is certainly the quickest and most agreeable mode of progression; one that the noble and the peasant of these climates equally delight in, and which is alike attainable to both. The gentleman's sledge is a sort of car, capable of holding two persons, drawn by two horses, and balanced (sometimes driven) by a servant, who sits behind, astride something like a narrow saddle. Bells are hung from the horses' necks, to warn foot-passengers of their approach; but when there are any great number of vehicles, the tinkling from all sides, rather adds to the confusion than otherwise. You may make a traineau of any description of carriage, by taking off the wheels and setting the remainder upon parallel shafts with a tyre. If you thus put your carriage upon skaits for the purpose of travelling, the wheels are usually strapped upon the roof. A party of the noblesse went on the Prugel to the inn of Holstein (a distance of seven of our miles) in about fifty traineaux yesterday. Each cavalier with a lady, and attended by one or more outriders, habited as Tartars, Cossagues, Yagers, and English jockies. The traineaux passing rapidly in single file had a very pretty effect, and they achieved the distance in little more than thirty minutes.

Hitherto none of the public buildings have interested me much. I observed the theatre on one side of the Parade Square. It is a huge pile, in such detestable taste that, but for its solidity, it would be difficult to believe that another than our Nash had planned it. At right

* *Comment Faire?* was the title of this little piece, which portrayed very pleasantly the manner in which various persons were effected by Kotzebue's Play. An old bourgeois gives himself up to despair on seeing his wife cry over it: he says it must have awakened a guilty souvenir. A sentimentalist breaks off his engagement with a young lady, who treats Eulalie's sorrows with too much levity. But the most amusing part of it is the apprehension of a young rake as to the probable effects of *Misanthropie et Repentir* upon Paris society. I quote a song of his for the sake of contrast with the German one:—

moment's reflexion, the Countess accepted his offer; and as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, an elegant calèche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed a spacious outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and the most exquisite taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Bouffler's works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him, and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to his reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation à la Française. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, all furnished with wonderful magnificence and variety. He entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some very large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with the most beautiful butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and even the hand-writing was so exactly his own, that he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself who stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear. "Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a graceful curtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net; "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge." "What are you—angel—sylvan—enchantress?" "What! do you not remember Alina, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes; and, taking the sweet girl's hand, he pressed it to his heart, and then to his lips: "Alina, lovely Alina!—it cannot be you?" "How! it cannot be I?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the Duchess, a prize of twenty-five louis, and from your's this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Divine creature, oh! take pity on the confusion into which you have thrown me. Your

elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?” “She is my daughter,” cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. “My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Alina, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine.” “How, madam! are you that simple village girl?—Yes, yes, there are those large deep-blue penetrating eyes—there is that expressive mouth—there is that enchanting smile; I could almost believe I can still see the traces of the kiss so innocently received. Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that, for once, Fortune was not blind?—have the kindness to satisfy my curiosity; be consistent with the affection my dear Alina always had for me.” “Listen then,” replied the Countess, with confiding delight.

“Charles, in whom you took such a generous interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division, on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General’s care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died of the numerous wounds he had received, leaving me a large fortune and a revered and cherished memory. At that time,” added the Countess, “I knew that you had been compelled to quit France and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter’s age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Alina who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, “never shall I forget this ingenious delicacy; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest.”

T.

EXTRACTS OF A CORRESPONDENCE
FROM THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

No. III.

From Poland they came on through Prussia proper,
And Königsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Beside some veins of iron, lead, and copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.

IN describing any country beyond the British (and not excluding the Irish) channel, an English writer seldom fails to dwell upon certain prescribed subjects of censure. He exclaims against the native want of cleanliness, to imply his own nicety in such matters; he charms his wealthy brother Bulls by sneering at the foreigners' poverty; and if (unlike the greater part of travellers) he has associated with them at all, he rails at their intolerable pride, whenever he has excited indignant feelings by his arrogance or ill-bred national reflections. He condemns customs if (as Jonathan Wild's chaplain says) "they in any way differ from his own laws and received opinions," either because he has not enough of sagacity to penetrate their meaning, or the candour to refer them to religion, government, climate, and other local causes that have created, or may justify them. It is particularly his business to be shocked at the licence of foreign manners, to shudder at the mention of a *liaison*, to drop his pen after naming a *cortejo*, and he starts from the too-appalling description of cicisbeism to paint the horrors of an assassination committed only a few years before in the Papal States upon the person of a highly respected and virtuous Jew pedlar. Our authors of Travels generally overlook the probability that the same day that their works are published, the newspapers will contain some cases of Crim. Con. in the middle classes of society, very amply detailed; hints of the existence of two or three unfortunate, but very interesting, attachments between married people of high station, and the opposites of their legitimate spouses; robberies, seductions, and frauds out of number; and a family or two burnt in their dwellings by the good-humoured natives of the county Kildare.

The truth is, that despite our well-paid clergy and unpaid magistracy, we are very little better, or, considering our condensed population, very little worse, than our Continental neighbours.

Before I proceed farther in describing this country, I must repeat that I am not a bigot to the customs of my own. A very good Englishman may prefer the sun of Florence to the fog of London, and see beauties in Chamouni that he did not find in Llangollen. I own that I prefer dining upon a fricandeau and St. Emilion at Dessein's, to swallowing a tepid beef-steak, with its dark adjunct, Port wine, at Wright's, at Dover. Neither is this preference grounded upon the reflection that I must pay sixteen shilings for the latter repast, and five francs for the former. I do not love my country, or the accomplished portion of my countrywomen, less, because I would rather meet a *svelte petite bourgeoise bien chaussée et mise à quatre épingles*, without a crease in her stocking, (nor anywhere else where a crease ought not to be,) or a stain upon her slender foot, than I would encounter a Margate belle in her costly and tumbled finery—a shawl worth a hundred guineas, and well-worn gloves—paddling with her

arms—occasionally darting a parasol at right angles, or levelling it steadily at a shop window—taking the full regulation step of thirty inches, and carefully turning up the toe of her capacious shoe to the admiration of Mr. Edwards and his friends. Is it not more agreeable to address yourself for information to the lively and garrulous Frenchman, than to wring sullen and reluctant answers from an Englishman? The courtesy of the former furnishes all you require for the occasional purpose, and it is only upon long acquaintance, and in events of rare occurrence, that the surly good qualities of the latter can be available to you.

Certes you will admit all that I have postulated. My object in doing so, is to show that it is not national prejudice which leads me to conclude that Prussia has nothing good in it, save the iron and the infantry, dragoons and deals, linseed and lancers, cuirassiers and caviar, artillery and amber, miners and metaphysicians. There are, it is true, some institutions that belong to countries in a highly cultivated state, but the general habits are still barbarous. Prussia has not gone through the intermediate stages of civilization, and her affected maturity looks like the condition of those females who have arrived at the state of widowhood without passing through matrimony. A Russian noble has been compared to a naked savage, with his hair well dressed and powdered. The Prussian has the same figurative aspect, except that his hair does not hold in curl. He is, however, a less immoral savage than his northern brother, of whom Dr. Lyall has told “nothing but the truth,” though he has not told (because he did not arrive at) “the whole truth.”

You wish to be informed of the present literary state of Germany. In point of production, it is absolutely null; nothing but translations are read, and I hope the taste will be improved by it. Walter Scott, Irving, Cooper, and Captain Rock, have successively occupied the public attention. At present, this grave family are mainly engaged in the study of Harriet Wilson's Memoirs. The stage has conformed to this change. For weeks together you will not see the announcement of a single play originally German. Shakspeare, Calderon, and even Goldoni, have taken place of Schiller and Goethe. This is commendable, and the translations are for the most part tolerable; but what I complain of is, that they disfigure French afterpieces to suit them to the national taste. They seize a work of poor Scribe or Dumersan, and having knocked out the brains of the little plot, rubbed off the point of the dialogue, and adapted a new version of the songs to vulgar German melodies, (Volkslieder,) they call the stupid mystification a Vaudeville. A piece of this kind, in which an old bourgeois is brought upon the stage to have his legs scalded or his wig set on fire, is sure of success. It is, however, but just to mention that, in Berlin at least, the two afterpieces that have produced the greatest sensation, were purely German, and without any incidents of the kind. The first of these has for title and plot—The Seven Girls in Uniform, (die sieben Mädchen in Uniform.) On the night of its first representation, the thick-legged Mädchens showed so perfect a knowledge of the manual exercise, that the King sent each of them a shawl on the following morning, in token of his admiration; and not as others might have done, to imply that such a covering became a maiden better than

a jacket. Upon this, all the world declared that the entertainment was wonder schön! "ausserordenlich hubsch!" The next favourite was the Vieñer in Berlin, a vehicle for the Austrian dialect, which is rather pleasantly given. The following song * in it is presented as one of the treasures of Austrian anthology:—

Kommt a Vogerl g'flogen,
Setzt sie nieder auf mein Fuss,
Hat a Zerterl im Goschl
Und von Diarndl an'n Gruss.

Und a Büchserl zum Schiessen
Und a Straussring zum Schlag'n,
Und a Diarndl zum Lieben,
Muss au frischer Bub' trag'n.

Hast mi allweil vertröstet
Auf die Summer-Zeit,
Und der Summer is kumma
Und mein Schatzerl is weit.

Daheim is mein Schatzerl,
In der Fremd' bin ich hier,
Und es fragt halt kei Katzerl,
Kei Hunderl nacher mir.

In der Frem'd sein d' Wiена
Und die Wiена sein harb,
Machen damische Mienen
Weil's Mütterli starb.

Liebes Vagerl flieg weiter,
Nimm Gruss mit u. Kuss,
Und i kann di nit b'gleit'n,
Weil i hier bleib'n muss.

A bird came flying towards me, and
perched upon my foot; it had a letter in
its beak, and a greeting from Diana.

And a LITTLE RIFLE TO SHOOT, and a
bludgeon (or small switch) to beat with;
for he who would have Diana's love must
be a brisk fellow.

Hast thou then delayed until Summer?
The Summer is come, but my love is far
away!

My love is at home, and I am abroad,
and not a cat or dog asks after me.

A Viennese is abroad, and the people at
Vienna are in grief for the death of their
mother. [Alluding to the demise of the
late Empress.]

Dear bird fly on! take my greeting
with a kiss; I cannot accompany you,
because I must stay here.

Until now, I had believed that nothing could be more *fade*, pointless, and vulgar, than English comic songs; yet, the very worst of them—those most replete with "blithesome lasses," "gallant tars," "Yorkshire lads stealing horses," "honest traders," or strapping young Irishmen, who marry old women for their money—address themselves (not very rationally, perhaps, but they do address themselves) to the feelings of *some* class of our people; the boxes and pit endure it, because they think the galleries entitled to some gratification; but a whole German audience can enjoy the bestial nonsense I have quoted. At the conclusion of that song, you will see the elliptical mouths of the Deutchers, displaying their ebon furniture, if any is left. "Such volumes of stinking breath!"

Perhaps, after all, it is not very extraordinary that a people who cry at what we call the Stranger, (*Menschenhass und Reue*), should laugh at Miss Diana's bird, with the rifle and cudgel. It is almost as easy to sympathise with a lady who has quitted the husband she loves, for a man she does not care an end of riband for, as to enter into the humorous conceit of a man being unable to go to one place, because he is obliged to stay in another. This will be denied, perhaps, because it is very decorous to weep at any thing, while nothing but acknowledged wit can justify a smile. For this reason, the Stranger had his reign in England, and even in France. The people of both countries were told that they *ought* to be deeply affected; and therefore every body who went to the play, took two pocket-handkerchiefs; the box-

* Keep this out of W——'s sight, lest he make English verse out of it.

keepers made four guineas a-night by glasses of water ; rooms over the way, prepared for the reception of fainting ladies, were still more profitable, and the fruit women carried nothing but salts and stay-laces. Many sensitive beings were observed to shed tears on receiving their checks at the door ; and on one occasion, sobs were heard until the third act of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which had been “unavoidably substituted” for the family sorrows of Mr. and Mrs. Eulalie Haller, (properly Müller.) Its run in Paris was stopped by a *Vaudeville*,* though the perfect acting of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, has since occasionally drawn crowds to the Theatre Français.

An invitation to dine with General von Trommelstock, reminds me that I am at Königsberg, and not in Paris.

Apropos then of Königsberg. Its circumference is nearly that of Dublin, and its population, exclusive of the garrison, is about sixty thousand ; some streets of great length, very Dutch-looking houses in the old town, and execrable pavement throughout. Walking is a violent exercise here, for in wet weather you have to jump from one large stone to another, to avoid the intervening puddles, and during the frost and snow, it requires some address to avoid the flitting and noiseless sledges. As soon as the Prugel and Frische Haff are well frozen, and the roads covered with snow, the peasantry from the surrounding country bring their farming produce and timber to Königsberg in sledges. It is certainly the quickest and most agreeable mode of progression ; one that the noble and the peasant of these climates equally delight in, and which is alike attainable to both. The gentleman’s sledge is a sort of car, capable of holding two persons, drawn by two horses, and balanced (sometimes driven) by a servant, who sits behind, astride something like a narrow saddle. Bells are hung from the horses’ necks, to warn foot-passengers of their approach ; but when there are any great number of vehicles, the tinkling from all sides, rather adds to the confusion than otherwise. You may make a traineau of any description of carriage, by taking off the wheels and setting the remainder upon pallel shafts with a tyre. If you thus put your carriage upon skaits for the purpose of travelling, the wheels are usually strapped upon the roof. A party of the noblesse went on the Prugel to the inn of Holstein (a distance of seven of our miles) in about fifty traineaux yesterday. Each cavalier with a lady, and attended by one or more outriders, habited as Tartars, Cossagues, Yagers, and English jockies. The traineaux passing rapidly in single file had a very pretty effect, and they achieved the distance in little more than thirty minutes.

Hitherto none of the public buildings have interested me much. I observed the theatre on one side of the Parade Square. It is a huge pile, in such detestable taste that, but for its solidity, it would be difficult to believe that another than our Nash had planned it. At right

* *Comment Faire ?* was the title of this little piece, which portrayed very pleasantly the manner in which various persons were effected by Kotzebue’s Play. An old bourgeois gives himself up to despair on seeing his wife cry over it : he says it must have awakened a guilty souvenir. A sentimentalist breaks off his engagement with a young lady, who treats Eulalie’s sorrows with too much levity. But the most amusing part of it is the apprehension of a young rake as to the probable effects of *Misanthropie et Repentir* upon Paris society. I quote a song of his for the sake of contrast with the German one :—

angles with the theatre, is a roofed building in which the Parade is held when the thermometer marks more than 14° below zero.

AIR:—*Du pas redoublé de l'Infanterie.*

VIVACE.



Je crains l'ex-em-ple d'un époux, Qui par mi - san - tro-



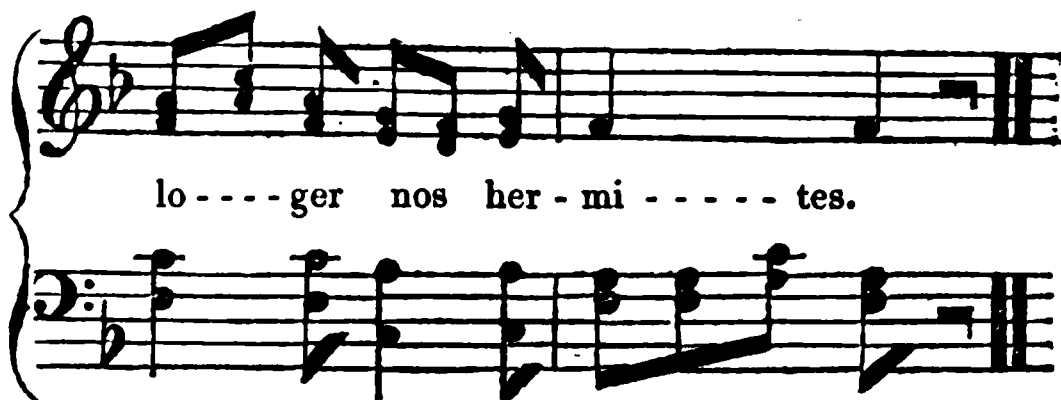
pi - - - e, Va dans les bois par - - mi les lous, Pleu-rer son Eu - - la -



li - - - e; Chez nous si tou-jours mê-me cas en--trai-noit mè-mes



sui - - - tes, Nos fo - - - rets ne suf - - fi - roi - ent pas pour



lo - - - - ger nos her - mi - - - - tes.

For a time, *Misanthropie et Repentir* was almost made the touchstone of female propriety. It is said that a young lady who had charmed her sentimental lover by weeping through four long acts, and gave fair hopes of fainting in the fifth, suddenly exclaimed, upon hearing *Eulalie's* supplication to her injured husband: "*Que cela est odieux! Comment une femme peut elle s'humilier à ce point là!*" It is needless to add, that the lover rushed out of the box, and has not since been heard of. There is nothing uncommon in this, for many well-exercised sentimentalists have arrived at the perfection of shedding tears on reading the advertisements.

they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings, so that the banks of the Cher and the Loire, and the extensive meadows which skirt them, were full of young girls, with gauze nets in their hands, breathless with the chace of their frail and beautiful prey.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with an agreeable smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies, they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, their love affairs, and all their little secrets; so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls; his scrutiny turned rather upon their charming features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected; he was not very rigorous in his examination, and he trusted that the same indulgence would be extended to him. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour; but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer Boufflers the fruits of their day's chace, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, rosy and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, penetrating voice, realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Alina. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined what an interest he took in this innocent and ingenuous girl, with what pleasure he rewarded her in the Duchess's name, and how eagerly he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift, accompanying it with some protecting caress, sometimes even with a kiss, which Alina thought too great an honour to be resented. Boufflers soon drew from her the secrets of her guileless heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortune. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the sweet Alina. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protégé, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-

five louis d'ors to the girl who had brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Alina's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day, when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the numerous train of nobles and ladies who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Alina, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her: "Look, Monsieur de Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Alina's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Alina had won the promised prize; she soon after received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Alina promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the sweet girl whose name, countenance, and disposition had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Alina had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital. He was welcomed back to the society he adorned by his wit, tempered as it was by grace and courtesy, and by the exhaustless fertility of his fancy.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the enormous debts contracted by her husband, who had outdone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the excellent Duke de Peuthièvre, and went to live at Paris, in the midst of her old friends. Alina, thus deprived of her illustrious patroness, lost all hope of being united to Charles Verner, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Maréchal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his beloved Alina provided

tranquillize the minds of the people, and to gain them over to his interest:—

INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,—

A horrible conspiracy was on foot, by which your commerce, your manufactures, your property, your repose, and your lives were threatened. The indefatigable zeal of your Governor, and his ardent desire for your happiness, combined with the most active vigilance, have enabled him to discover and defeat so criminal an undertaking, by arresting the leaders of a conspiracy; he is now drawing up their impeachment, in order that they may be tried and condemned with the utmost rigour of the law. The peaceful citizens may live secure that the rigorous watchfulness of a paternal Governor is solely employed against the disturbers of public tranquillity, order, and religion, while it protects the virtue, and secures the peace and happiness of all deserving persons. Continue then to manifest your reverence and attachment for the most holy of all religions. Obey the constituted authorities and their wise decrees, and doubt not that my affection for you will be eternal, and my desire for your happiness unbounded.

Manilla, January 3d, 1823.

JUAN ANTONIO MARTINEZ.

General Martinez having thus got rid of these merchants, whose hostility he most feared, began to pursue the most atrocious measures, arresting every body who could oppose the slightest resistance to his will. The principal object of his dread was Captain Andres Novales, a native of the islands, and a man of great courage, as will appear in the sequel, who, being a zealous liberal, and a man of talent, found means to discover all the Governor's intrigues. Martinez, not being able to find any pretext for open violence against Novales, determined at any rate to get rid of him, and for this purpose ordered him to the fort of Misamis, in the island of Mindunao. Here he would be engaged in hostilities with the Sultan who annually devastates the Philippine Islands, making two or three thousand prisoners, whom the Spanish Government is obliged to redeem by the payment of a heavy ransom. Novales having received this order, and knowing that the General aimed at his destruction on account of his great influence in his regiment, determined to proclaim the independence of the islands on the very night in which he was ordered to embark for Misamis. But the moment was not yet arrived; and by this precipitation he ruined a project which, if matured, would have conferred the most inestimable benefits on his country. I ought here to give some details of the character and previous life of a man who may be regarded as the sole author and leader of this revolution, or rather revolt. Don Andres Novales was a native of Manilla. His father was a captain in the Spanish army, and his mother descended from one of the most distinguished families in the islands. From his infancy he gave the strongest indications of courage and high spirit, and inclination for a military life. He studied the art of war with the utmost zeal and industry, and at the same time evinced all the qualities which could fit him to become a citizen, a patriot, and a defender of his country. At the age of fourteen he determined to signalize himself in the service. He had for some time held the rank of lieutenant, having entered the service as a cadet when only nine, and hearing that Spain had declared war against France, he applied to his Lieutenant-colonel for leave to serve in Europe. The Colonel reminded him of his extreme youth, and that he would lose the rank he held in the colonial service by volunteering into that of the mother country, to which Novales replied, that a soldier served his country not by his rank

but by his courage and patriotism; that he was determined to serve as a private soldier, and to acquire distinction by his exertions and by his blood. Having obtained his Colonel's permission, he went to Spain, where he served as a volunteer through the whole war, steadily refusing rank, and seeking every occasion of being foremost in action. The war in Spain being at an end, he returned to his native country, where he obtained the rank of Captain. He continued to serve with the same zeal and activity, and maintained the strictest discipline. His military knowledge was acquired not only from study, but from practice and accurate observation of all that passed in the Peninsula, and he had formed a system of tactics for himself. Novales was regarded with an eye of jealousy by all the other officers, who felt their own inferiority both as military men and citizens. General Martinez soon perceived this hostility, and resolved to turn it to his own advantage.

At ten o'clock of the night of the 2nd of June, 1823, Novales entered the barrack of the King's regiment, to which he belonged, accompanied by the sub-lieutenant, Ruiz, and calling about him all the inferior officers, he told them that the moment for proclaiming their independence, and for freeing their country from tyranny had arrived. He assured them that although General Martinez affected to hold constitutional opinions, he had, in fact, no other object than to render himself absolute master of the island. They unanimously resolved to join Novales, and declared that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. He therefore ordered the sergeants and sergeant-majors to repair immediately to their respective companies, and to acquaint the soldiers with their intentions. He exhorted them to have no fear of the result, and to put the regiment instantly under arms. As soon as he had ascertained that all was ready, he sent the sub-lieutenant, Ruiz, to arrest the Commandant of the Piazza, and sub-inspector of the army, Don Mariano Fernandez de Folgueras. The Commandant resisted, and after repeatedly refusing to surrender himself to Ruiz, prepared to make a desperate defence, protesting that he would not be taken while he held the sword which he had drawn to revenge himself on any who might attack him. Saying this, he laid his hand on his sword, but Ruiz being more active than he, rushed upon him and killed him with his dagger. On leaving the Commandant's house, he immediately hastened to the houses of all the other authorities, whom he arrested and secured without resistance. While Ruiz was thus occupied, Novales put all the European officers under arrest. Though he knew this precaution was rendered necessary by their hostility to his designs, he treated them all with the greatest courtesy, and as brothers in arms. Ruiz then went to arrest his Lieutenant-colonel, Don Jose Santa-Romana, but did not find him at home. He had set out to acquaint General Martinez, who was at the baths, three miles from the city, with what was passing. Novales having ascertained that all the authorities were under arrest, dispatched a serjeant with two hundred men to the artillery barracks, with orders to take possession of them, and of the arsenal. As soon as they reached the artillery barracks, the serjeant summoned the Commandant, and repeated to him the order he had received from Captain Novales, to take possession of the arsenal. The Commandant replied: "I will never desert my post, but as I know

tranquillize the minds of the people, and to gain them over to his interest:—

INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,—

A horrible conspiracy was on foot, by which your commerce, your manufactures, your property, your repose, and your lives were threatened. The indefatigable zeal of your Governor, and his ardent desire for your happiness, combined with the most active vigilance, have enabled him to discover and defeat so criminal an undertaking, by arresting the leaders of a conspiracy; he is now drawing up their impeachment, in order that they may be tried and condemned with the utmost rigour of the law. The peaceful citizens may live secure that the rigorous watchfulness of a paternal Governor is solely employed against the disturbers of public tranquillity, order, and religion, while it protects the virtue, and secures the peace and happiness of all deserving persons. Continue then to manifest your reverence and attachment for the most holy of all religions. Obey the constituted authorities and their wise decrees, and doubt not that my affection for you will be eternal, and my desire for your happiness unbounded.

Manilla, January 3d, 1823.

JUAN ANTONIO MARTINEZ.

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You will scarcely credit the answer of my valet-de-place, when I told him to bring me a hair-cutter; he assured me that the only artist of the kind Königsberg had possessed, died three years since, and was not replaced. Sixty-five thousand people in a city without a coiffeur!

His Excellency the General von Trommelstock occupies a handsome hôtel, fitted up with all imaginable incongruities. There is great want of comfort in the appearance of unpapered or unpannelled walls, beside that the distemper wash comes off upon whatever touches it, so that the slightest indiscretion is rewarded by a coat of many colours. The absence of fire-places is another cause of gloominess, though it is possible that open fires would not supply the diffused warmth that the stoves give. The heat of stoves is, however, far from agreeable; its drying effect is so strong, that a book left within its influence never shuts afterwards, and every kind of wooden furniture is quickly warped or cracked by it.

The Commander of the Forces is a stiff, Serjeant-Kite-looking man of fifty-three or four, and I perceived at the first glance, that he not only assumed to play the king, but that he made the carriage of the present monarch of Prussia his model for that character. After a few banal observations, very impressively delivered, he presented me to one of the chiefs of a department, who was commissioned to take care of me at dinner. I never saw such an animal before—the exact physiognomy of a wild boar, expressing sensuality, cunning, and cruelty, in every line. I have since heard that his propensities answer the promise of his face: that they had probably procured for him the honourable preference of the officials of the Holy Alliance, whose secret police-agent he was, and that people were glad to gratify his gluttony, in the hope of softening, as far as themselves were concerned, his inventive malice.

The first thing that strikes you on sitting at a German dinner-table, is the absence of the dinner itself, nothing but the desert and horn d'œuvres (some of which are of a very unctuous kind) appear on the board. Soup is handed round—then small glasses of Malaga and Madiera, and patties or caviare; not pressed caviare, such as you have it in England, but the moist roe of the belugena, which is the best thing in the way of eating I know. It is brought annually from Astrachan by Russian merchants. After the caviare, came a bouilli, with onion sauce; then greasy entlets, with carrots suspended in butter and flour; a ragout of fresh tongue, with a sour sauce and raisins! Sand, (a fish of the brackish Huff, not unlike haddock,) with chopped egg and *beurre noir*, fricassee of chicken, cauliflower, and small sausages, tasting of nothing but nutmeg. Then roebuck and other descriptions of game overroasted, (or baked,) and accompanied by ten or more sorts of admirable preserves, a large boar's head, and finally, pudding, jellies, and cakes, of great variety and merit.

Such was the dinner; and it must be admitted that there were redeeming passages in it; but I must not forget to mention, that it commenced at two and ended at six o'clock, nor some peculiarities in the arrangement of it. In the first place, the knife and fork are never changed: those who object to blending blancmango with the

garlic of a preceding dish, wipe the knife upon their bread, but it is impossible that much of savour can rest upon the knife, because they convey all the esculents upon it to their mouths; and the iron fork (for steel or silver ones have not reached them yet) serves chiefly to pick the teeth. I never saw a Prussian omit this ceremony; and being the only act of cleanliness in use amongst them, it is very proper that it should be publicly performed. Apropos of cleanliness, I heard that a great military lady here, lately saw, for the first time, a certain piece of dressing-room furniture at the French consul's house. On its use being explained, (not by the consul, I hope,) she seemed greatly pleased with the refinement, and had one made like it; but a cold and inflammation of the bowels having followed the very first brief essay, the dangerous innovation has been held in great horror ever since. To return to the table. Another ugly trick of the Prussians is that of making their bread into pellets, long worms, or tee-totums; but they do not generally venture to put the latter in movement during dinners of ceremony.

Yesterday I had a dinner invitation of another kind. The banker to whom I was recommended, asked me to meet some thirty fat and greasy citizens. I do confess I have no love for traders; their manners are always bad; their conversation is never interesting, and their morals are very generally questionable. Shylock appears to me a softened portrait of the Jewish trader, and the Christian merchants bear a strong family likeness to the celebrated Mr. John Inkle, late of London. It must, however, be acknowledged, that if they are not an *amiable* body, they are a very useful one, and great allowance should be made for the effect of employing the mind in nothing but considerations of gain. The Sire de Crequi, if he had been brought up in a counting-house, would never have entertained a chivalric thought.

The mercantile dinner was somewhat more abundant, and in worse taste than the military one I have just described; and the gravity of that banquet was more supportable than the coarse jocularly of this. I had hoped that it would end at the same hour, but there is no reason why German eating should *ever* end. It would be impossible for a dark-haired people (whose digestion is always weaker than it is with persons of the opposite complexion) to eat and drink as these do. The desert ended, tea, which most of the people softened with brandy instead of cream, succeeded to coffee; cakes of different kinds were presented at intervals of ten minutes; then smoked goose breasts, ham, sausages, punch, and sweet wine, were eagerly demolished. It was not until eleven o'clock that the interesting party separated to sup at their respective dwellings.

There are but two booksellers in Königsberg, which, for an university town, is almost as remarkable as their being no hair-dressers. I observed some cheap editions of the Greek and Latin classics, which appeared to be good, and a great number of sentimental almanacks. The new publications that I bought were not calculated to lessen my distaste for German composition. The iteration of adjectives to express known properties, assail you in all alike; they talk of "the salt sea," "sweet sugar," and "cold ice."

and throughout the islands. I can perfectly well dispense, sir, with your testimony in my favour, being known not only in Spain but in other countries; I therefore do not complain of your proclamation; nevertheless, if you think proper to retract it, you may, as it cannot fail to excite just resentment and hostility, and to expose you to the censure of the public, and of all the European officers. They did not stand in need of applauses for their conduct on the 3d of June to immortalize their names, since there was not a single officer, nor even the lowest corporal in the whole army, who had not covered himself with laurels in the famous war against France, in which they snatched victory a thousand times from the hands of the tyrant, and restored their country to freedom.

God preserve you many years.

Manilla, September 11th, 1823.

JUAN ANTONIO MARTINEZ.

After this proclamation nothing more was said on either side. I cannot, however, conclude this narrative without mentioning that the Spanish government, two months ago, recognized the innocence of the twenty-two merchants whom General Martinez threw into prison, and afterwards sent to Spain to be tried. They are set at liberty, and will probably pass through London on their way home. The Spanish government having come to a knowledge of the intrigues and disgraceful conduct of General Martinez, has, moreover, sentenced him to pay a fine of fifty thousand crowns, current money, and to repair to Spain to give an account of his actions.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

THE discovery of a new plant, under the name of the *Trichomanes Elegans*, was about twenty years ago announced to the botanical world by Mr. Fudge, and his description of it has been copied into all the botanical systems at home and abroad. About six months ago the Duke of Marlborough received a communication from a French naturalist, stating that he had spent the twenty best years of his life in an unwearied and vain search after the *Trichomanes Elegans*, and earnestly requesting the duke to institute some enquiry about it; his Grace on this attended the Linnæan Society, and expressed a wish that a committee might be appointed to examine into the nature of this said *Trichomanes*, in the search of which a good gentleman had wasted a life. At the investigation, in the very face of its parent and godfather, the several parts of which the specimen was composed were separated by the application of a little warm water, and the whole plant was found to be artificially made up, like some of our reputed mermaids, composed of odds and ends, incongruous joints, fleshy heads, and fishy tails. The astonishment of the disappointed botanists could only be equal to the surprise of the Noble Trustees, who found *petit-or* when they expected gold plate. Set a ———; but perhaps the adage might scarcely be deemed civil. What a case was that of the poor naturalist, who had, for twenty years, run over the world in quest of this non-existing *Trichomanes*!

February 25th.—If we are to believe the newspaper report, Mr. Peter Moore made a strangely ingenuous speech last night in the

blue eyes, with thin white brows, his well developed mouth, and the extraordinary squareness of his jaws, sufficiently indicated the gentleness, polish, susceptibility, and firmness of his nature.

Silence reigned within the vehicle, and not a sound was heard, save the creaking of one (or both) of the hind wheels. Wilhelm, who knew that at the pace he drove, little was to be apprehended from the process of friction, scarcely ever looked behind him. Not a word was uttered; but the kind Baroness had taken the precaution of filling the carriage pockets, and her own, with such confections and condiments as she thought best calculated to allay the anguish of the parting hour. Cakes, sweetened with the saccharine sap of the occidental cane, studded with the sun-dried grape of Iberia, and leavened with the yellow rudiments of the chicken; sugar that a refining process had rendered transparent, and wild boar's ham, the produce of the Baron's chase, had been gradually, but silently exhausted. Taking from the basket the only remaining offering, provided for the interesting and still expecting child, she laid it in his warm, moist hand, and kissed away some of the macerated raspberries, that clung round his lips. It was a crocus-coloured orange. His finger quickly effected a puncture through which to pump out its refreshing pulp. The father's eye was upon him; he observed that the orifice was not so large as to exclude a portion of the acid rind from contact with the rising juice. He saw that his child must taste of bitterness, while confident of gratification; and, by an admirable connexity of ideas, he applied the saddening image before him to the ordinary lot of created beings. Overpowered by this reflection, he sunk back, and wept without restraint.

As when in autumn a half-faded leaf in the solitary valley silently gravitates into the peaceful rivulet, that bears it gently on its bosom towards the vast ocean, where it finds a welcome tomb, so was the father borne, unresisting, to his destined place. "My child!" said he, "my son! remember that you——" A convulsive sob suppressed the remainder. "Papa," replied the boy emphatically, "*indeed* I will." At this instant, the checked horses stand at the door of a gymnasium, and Ludowig is embraced by the gladdened preceptor.

This ended, the Baron and Baroness retired to the nearest inn to dinner; after which, with feelings much relieved, they returned to the country in time to meet their assembled family at a cheerful and substantial supper.

How they came back to Krählwinkel to bring Ludowig home for the Christmas holidays, and what befel them then, will be detailed in a future paper of greater length, and of still more anxious interest than this brief narrative.

In this sketch of German style, I do not give the inversion of sentences, which may in some degree depend on idiom, though it adds very materially to the inflated effect.

The students here (as at other German Universities) do not live in colleges. They merely attend lectures at the different professor's houses, at stated hours, if they think fit to do so, for their presence is not enforced, nor their absence punished. The dress and appearance of these young men is little in accordance with pretensions to scholastic

austerity. Those who profess jacobinism, wear white riding coats, with black collars, and small red caps, after the fashion of Kotzebue's murderer, Sandt. The patriots affect the old Germanic costume, or the former academic dress of Heidelberg; and the moderns trick themselves out in fancy dresses—green coats, embroidered with silver, and yellow leather breeches, with jack-boots, are in high vogue. They all carry a little silver bust of Albertus (founder of the University) in their caps. It is the distinctive badge of a student. Swords are no longer permitted to be worn by them.

ACCOUNT OF THE REBELLION IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
IN THE YEAR 1823.

[We hope our readers will not turn up their noses at a Revolution on a small scale, about which they may very likely know no more than we did till our Correspondent furnished us with these details. We would not for the world withhold from any young gentleman who may be training for the office of Colonial-Governor, so bright a pattern of what a Colonial-Governor may become—how he may rid himself of troublesome people—how he may run away while others fight, and run back again when the fighting is over, and gather the laurels, as a careful farmer does the corn his labourers have cut, into his own barn. Above all, how he may write proclamations, setting forth how magnanimous he is, and how Divine Providence sent him to this colony, in its beneficent care for the inhabitants thereof. It is true the last sentence is not so pleasant. In spite of all his excellencies, poor General Martinez, it seems, happened to be fined, and recalled to give an account of himself. But let not our embryo Governor fear: this occurs only in Spain.—Ed.]

THE remoteness of the scene at which the following events took place, and the insignificance of the result, have thrown into obscurity and oblivion the efforts made by a few virtuous citizens of the Philippine Islands, to free them from the atrocious despotism under which they have so long groaned. Three centuries have elapsed since their discovery and conquest by the celebrated Magallanes, whose crimes and cruelties at length received their chastisement from the hand of one of his unfortunate victims. While hunting down some of the Indians, he fell mortally wounded by an arrow, shot by the King of Zebu.

At the time of the Spanish invasion, the natives made the most determined resistance, but in vain. They failed, not from any inferiority in courage, but from a want of discipline and of some directing head. The Chinese, who had been long settled in the country, were not indifferent spectators of the miseries and barbarities inflicted on the enslaved Indians; and after the latter had twenty-seven times taken up arms for the liberation of their country, the Chinese were moved by compassion to assist them. They fought bravely by their side, leaving

no less than twenty-seven thousand men on the field of battle, but with no better success.

The four histories of these islands, written by Spanish missionary friars, (a race of men to whom a large share of these and similar enormities may be traced,) present a horrible picture, although they have endeavoured, as might be expected, to throw a veil over the most atrocious acts of cruelty committed by their countrymen. They could not make even an approach to the truth, without divulging many of their own iniquities.

The present narrative relates entirely to recent events. I shall make no allusion to former histories, which no friend of freedom, and especially no Englishman, can read without indignation and horror.

In the year 1819 the Indians attempted to throw off the Spanish yoke. It then appeared from incontestible facts that the priests had made use of the vilest arts of superstition, and had debased the minds of the people by terror, in order to render them servile and submissive. At the instigation of the Archbishop, they caused the assassination of a considerable number of the European inhabitants, under pretext that they had poisoned the large river Pasig, which separates the city of Manilla from the surrounding country. The Indians were kept in such a state of ignorant credulity, that they blindly believed a thing obviously impossible. They however wished to take advantage of this pretext for freeing themselves from the tyranny of the government, by killing all the European Spaniards; but a great number of the latter having assembled, and finding that the government did not repress these massacres, armed themselves, defeated the Indians, and drove them into the mountains. The Archbishop not only strove by his assertions to make the people believe that the water of the river was poisoned, but issued a proclamation, in order to give more weight to the imposture. The government, seeing that hundreds of persons daily died of thirst, issued a decree, compelling all merchants and inhabitants of the islands who had any liquors in their possession, to distribute them gratuitously among the inhabitants. Such was the state of this colony in 1819.

We must now, however, pass on to the more immediate object of this paper. General Juan Antonio Martinez, who had for many years been Governor of the Philippine Islands, conceived the project of declaring himself absolute Monarch, and rendering them independent of the mother country; and as he perceived that in order to accomplish his object he must remove all the principal merchants, who enjoyed great consideration, and in case of a revolt would have all the people on their side, he denounced them to the Spanish government as guilty of high treason, and issued orders for the arrest of twenty-two of the most wealthy and respectable of their body. They were instantly hurried on board ship, to be conveyed to Spain for trial. He drew up an impeachment, in which he falsely accused them of endeavouring to stir up a Revolution for the purpose of rendering the islands independent of the mother country, and supported his assertions by a number of suborned oaths. This harsh and tyrannical proceeding was extremely distasteful to the people, who began to concert means of ridding themselves of so infamous a ruler. As soon as he learnt the general discontent, he issued the following proclamation, with a view to

tranquillize the minds of the people, and to gain them over to his interest:—

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A horrible conspiracy was on foot, by which your commerce, your manufactures, your property, your repose, and your lives were threatened. The indefatigable zeal of your Governor, and his ardent desire for your happiness, combined with the most active vigilance, have enabled him to discover and defeat so criminal an undertaking, by arresting the leaders of a conspiracy; he is now drawing up their impeachment, in order that they may be tried and condemned with the utmost rigour of the law. The peaceful citizens may live secure that the rigorous watchfulness of a paternal Governor is solely employed against the disturbers of public tranquillity, order, and religion, while it protects the virtue, and secures the peace and happiness of all deserving persons. Continue then to manifest your reverence and attachment for the most holy of all religions. Obey the constituted authorities and their wise decrees, and doubt not that my affection for you will be eternal, and my desire for your happiness unbounded.

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General Martinez having thus got rid of these merchants, whose hostility he most feared, began to pursue the most atrocious measures, arresting every body who could oppose the slightest resistance to his will. The principal object of his dread was Captain Andres Novales, a native of the islands, and a man of great courage, as will appear in the sequel, who, being a zealous liberal, and a man of talent, found means to discover all the Governor's intrigues. Martinez, not being able to find any pretext for open violence against Novales, determined at any rate to get rid of him, and for this purpose ordered him to the fort of Misamis, in the island of Mindunao. Here he would be engaged in hostilities with the Sultan who annually devastates the Philippine Islands, making two or three thousand prisoners, whom the Spanish Government is obliged to redeem by the payment of a heavy ransom. Novales having received this order, and knowing that the General aimed at his destruction on account of his great influence in his regiment, determined to proclaim the independence of the islands on the very night in which he was ordered to embark for Misamis. But the moment was not yet arrived; and by this precipitation he ruined a project which, if matured, would have conferred the most inestimable benefits on his country. I ought here to give some details of the character and previous life of a man who may be regarded as the sole author and leader of this revolution, or rather revolt. Don Andres Novales was a native of Manilla. His father was a captain in the Spanish army, and his mother descended from one of the most distinguished families in the islands. From his infancy he gave the strongest indications of courage and high spirit, and inclination for a military life. He studied the art of war with the utmost zeal and industry, and at the same time evinced all the qualities which could fit him to become a citizen, a patriot, and a defender of his country. At the age of fourteen he determined to signalize himself in the service. He had for some time held the rank of lieutenant, having entered the service as a cadet when only nine, and hearing that Spain had declared war against France, he applied to his Lieutenant-colonel for leave to serve in Europe. The Colonel reminded him of his extreme youth, and that he would lose the rank he held in the colonial service by volunteering into that of the mother country, to which Novales replied, that a soldier served his country not by his rank.

but by his courage and patriotism; that he was determined to serve as a private soldier, and to acquire distinction by his exertions and by his blood. Having obtained his Colonel's permission, he went to Spain, where he served as a volunteer through the whole war, steadily refusing rank, and seeking every occasion of being foremost in action. The war in Spain being at an end, he returned to his native country, where he obtained the rank of Captain. He continued to serve with the same zeal and activity, and maintained the strictest discipline. His military knowledge was acquired not only from study, but from practice and accurate observation of all that passed in the Peninsula, and he had formed a system of tactics for himself. Novales was regarded with an eye of jealousy by all the other officers, who felt their own inferiority both as military men and citizens. General Martinez soon perceived this hostility, and resolved to turn it to his own advantage.

At ten o'clock of the night of the 2nd of June, 1823, Novales entered the barrack of the King's regiment, to which he belonged, accompanied by the sub-lieutenant, Ruiz, and calling about him all the inferior officers, he told them that the moment for proclaiming their independence, and for freeing their country from tyranny had arrived. He assured them that although General Martinez affected to hold constitutional opinions, he had, in fact, no other object than to render himself absolute master of the island. They unanimously resolved to join Novales, and declared that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. He therefore ordered the sergeants and sergeant-majors to repair immediately to their respective companies, and to acquaint the soldiers with their intentions. He exhorted them to have no fear of the result, and to put the regiment instantly under arms. As soon as he had ascertained that all was ready, he sent the sub-lieutenant, Ruiz, to arrest the Commandant of the Piazza, and sub-inspector of the army, Don Mariano Fernandez de Folgueras. The Commandant resisted, and after repeatedly refusing to surrender himself to Ruiz, prepared to make a desperate defence, protesting that he would not be taken while he held the sword which he had drawn to revenge himself on any who might attack him. Saying this, he laid his hand on his sword, but Ruiz being more active than he, rushed upon him and killed him with his dagger. On leaving the Commandant's house, he immediately hastened to the houses of all the other authorities, whom he arrested and secured without resistance. While Ruiz was thus occupied, Novales put all the European officers under arrest. Though he knew this precaution was rendered necessary by their hostility to his designs, he treated them all with the greatest courtesy, and as brothers in arms. Ruiz then went to arrest his Lieutenant-colonel, Don Jose Santa-Romana, but did not find him at home. He had set out to acquaint General Martinez, who was at the baths, three miles from the city, with what was passing. Novales having ascertained that all the authorities were under arrest, dispatched a serjeant with two hundred men to the artillery barracks, with orders to take possession of them, and of the arsenal. As soon as they reached the artillery barracks, the serjeant summoned the Commandant, and repeated to him the order he had received from Captain Novales, to take possession of the arsenal. The Commandant replied: "I will never desert my post, but as I know

I cannot resist your force, I promise to supply you with whatever arms and ammunition you want, on condition that you do not attempt to enter here. If you do not agree to this, I am ready to defend it to the last extremity." The sergeant ordered his detachment to retire to a little distance, and received from the Commandant a quantity of ammunition.

At the same time, Novales, with another detachment, presented himself before the fort of Saint Jago, which commands the town of Manilla, and summoned the Commandant, who happened to be his own brother. "This is the moment," said he, "my dear brother, to liberate our country from the hands of oppressors. I am already master of the city and of the palace, and of all the constituted authorities. I therefore exhort you to join with me in proclaiming independence in the fort you command, and to prepare to defend the sacred cause like a true citizen." Mariano Novales, who was a royalist, and thought he should make his own fortune in this affair, and receive some great recompense for his adherence to the government, and who cared neither for his country nor his brother, replied: "I will never become a traitor to the government, nor will I have any thing to do with your conspiracy; and without an order from the Captain-general, I will not surrender the fort. And now you may do as you please; I wish you good luck." Saying these words, he retired. Novales then returned into the town, to concert other measures.

While these things were going on, two Indians escaped over the walls of the city, and went instantly to give information to General Martinez, who, as I have said, was at the baths with all his family. The moment he received this intelligence, he began to weep like an infant, not knowing what steps to take, and thinking of nothing but his own preservation and that of his family. He was in such a state of mind that he would have decided upon nothing, had not four superior officers who happened to be with him, named Olea, Trastorsa, Lequirá, and Santa-Romana got together some regiments which were stationed without the city, and formed them into a division. They then went to General Martinez and told him what they had done, urging him at the same time to put himself at the head of this division to encourage the soldiers. The General, whose fears exaggerated the danger, showed the greatest reluctance to expose himself, and evidently thought the Revolution better organized than it really was; but finding that he could not escape without proclaiming himself a coward, he consented to march at the head of the division. As soon as they presented themselves before the gates of Manilla, Novales prepared to defend the town; and at the first gun that was fired, the valorous governor fled, leaving his division without a Commandant. Lieutenant-colonel Santa-Romana, who was senior officer, seeing this specimen of his General's bravery, took the command, and commenced a vigorous attack. The brave Novales, after a hot fire of five hours, which he sustained with the most undaunted courage, was wounded. As the Sub-lieutenant, Ruiz, was also wounded, and they had lost fifty men out of their very inferior force, they were compelled to abandon their post, and to return into the Palacio de la Cindad. Santa-Romana then entered the city, and blockaded the Palacio, into which Novales had retreated. This brave man was now incapacitated by his wound from

conducting the defence, and the sergeants who had taken the command, surrendered to Lieutenant-colonel Santa-Romana, who instantly threw into prison Novales, Ruiz, and the twenty-three sergeants of the regiment.

As soon as General Martinez, who was at a short distance from Manilla, heard that Santa-Romana had subdued the rebels, he made a sort of triumphal entry into the town, as if he were a conqueror, and instantly ordered a military commission to try the rebels within two hours. The very same officers, and some European subalterns, who had been arrested by Novales, were taken out of prison to form the Council of War, contrary to all military laws. As soon as they were assembled, they dispensed with all forms, and condemned Novales, Ruiz, and twenty-one sergeants to be shot at five o'clock in the afternoon. Two were pardoned in consequence of their youth. Novales and Ruiz, though both were severely wounded, received their sentence with the utmost intrepidity, and without betraying the least fear or regret at the prospect of death. They reproached all the officers who composed the Commission with their abject spirit in wishing to live under a despotism, and declared that they were perfectly contented to die in so holy a cause. They were all twenty-three immediately led into a church, where a number of Capuchin friars immediately came about them, exhorting them to confess, attempting to allure or terrify them with the grossest and most degrading pictures of hell and heaven. Novales and Ruiz refused to hear their disgusting nonsense, declaring that they had nothing to reproach themselves with, and that they would do the same again for the deliverance of their country. All the sergeants imitated the example of these true heroes, persisting in the declaration of their opinions, and in refusing to listen to the lies and impositions of the infamous Capuchins, who, when the time of execution drew near, withdrew, (ashamed and enraged that they could not subjugate the firm minds of these men,) exclaiming that they were damned to all eternity, and that the devil would immediately have possession of their souls. At five o'clock they were led to the place of execution. Novales said, with a clear and firm voice:—"Comrades, we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, and though we have been unsuccessful, we may hope in a few minutes to join the company of Brutus, and of all who have died for liberty and for their country, and to breathe a purer air than here." Then, turning to the people, he said: "Let my death and that of my companions be an example to you; we die innocent, for having attempted to give you freedom—" He would have continued, but his voice was drowned by the drums which the Governor had ordered to beat for fear the people should be moved to a second revolt. Picquets being formed, they were all shot at the same time, and their bodies left till the following day on the same spot, as a warning to the people.

The following morning the Governor issued a proclamation, addressed to the people in the following terms:—

CITIZENS,—

The Supreme Being, God, the God of your fathers, who by means of the Spanish Government redeemed you from paganism and infidelity, and received you into the bosom of our Holy Mother, the Catholic and Roman Church, has, by his high and incomprehensible decrees, ordained, in his care for your welfare and preservation, and that of your children and families, that I should have been sent to these islands, with a chosen body of worthy and brave soldiers, to oppose the perfidious machina-

tions of those wicked and ambitious men who intended to declare themselves absolute masters of the country. Being always averse to shed human blood, I contented myself, in the first instance, with banishing from these delicious regions, the evil doers who wished to oppress you. In spite of this generous conduct on my part, their secret agents conceived various insane projects, which they sought to carry into effect by arms. On the 3rd of this month, the perverse Novales, ex-Captain of the King's regiment, together with the ex-Sub-Lieutenant Ruiz, of the same corps, and the greater part of the sergeants, seduced the incautious soldiers; and having basely assassinated the most worthy commandant of the Piazza, sub-inspector of the army, the most Excellent Don Mariano Fernandez de Folgueras, tried to get possession of the fort of Saint Jago and of the Piazza. They were defeated in their attempt upon the fort, by the care and foresight of Major Don Placido Duro, but made themselves masters of the Palace and the Piazza, arresting many officers and other persons. As soon as I was informed of this horrible attempt, I flew with the rapidity of lightning, at the head of a small column composed of the corps of artillery, the brave grenadiers of the Queen's battalion, a small part of the Prince's regiment, and the light horse of Luzon; and entered the Piazza, aided by the brave battalion of Pampangos, under the command of its illustrious officers, whose names will be known to the public, as well as those of the intrepid cavalry of Luzon. These gallant men succeeded in destroying the cowards who had shut themselves up in the Palace and in the Chapter House, whence they fired in a manner which showed their alarm, but were at length compelled to surrender to the brave soldiers who defended the just cause. They were soon made prisoners, and were consequently shot, according to the sentence passed by a military Commission. The infamous Novales, Ruiz, and twenty-one other traitors thus received the punishment due to their crimes; the corporals and privates were pardoned, as being only blind instruments of the iniquity of others. Novales intended to declare himself Emperor of the Philippine Islands, to sack the churches, the hospitals, and private houses, and to murder every individual, whether European or Indian, who opposed his wishes; to levy fresh taxes on the inhabitants, by which he meant to enrich himself, and, as soon as he had made his fortune, to abscond; but divine Providence, which watches over this chosen part of the Spanish nation, would not permit such atrocities. The terrible sword of justice placed in my hand, and guided by the God of armies, will fall upon the heads of evil doers, who disturb the public tranquillity and good order.

Philippines! the Spanish Government protects you, and its beneficent laws secure your liberty. You shall not be subjected to the command of tyrannical usurpers, who will plunge you into misery, and into the most ignominious slavery. You may live in the perfect assurance that the Captain-general, Governor of these Islands, will always be ready to shed his blood in your defence.

June 6th, 1823.

JUAN ANTONIO MARTINEZ.

You will remark here, that although it was Mariano Novales, the brother of the unfortunate Andres, who was Commandant of the fort, and in that capacity had the power of delivering it into his brother's hands, which he refused to do, General Martinez makes no mention of him in his proclamation, but gives all the credit of the resistance to Placido Duro. Not content with this injustice, he threw him into prison, where he remains to this day, without any prospect of liberation; such is the reward of his zeal and loyalty. Lieutenant-colonel Santa-Romana saw with indignation that General Martinez, in his proclamation, appropriated to himself the whole credit of subduing the rebellion, while it was notorious that he had fled at the sound of the first gun, and had shown the utmost indifference about everything but his own preservation: as he naturally wished the Spanish Government should know to whom it was indebted for the suppression of a revolution which would probably have become very serious, he determined to unmask General Martinez, and to prove that his valour had been displayed in flying to a country-house, three miles from the scene of danger. He therefore, at length, determined to issue the following proclamation:—

PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,—

I am far from wishing to boast of what I did on the 3d of June in subduing the rebellion, which, but for prompt measures, might have caused serious disorder in the country. It is, however, right that you should know, that General Martinez, the Governor of these Islands, being informed of what was passing in the town, instead of concerting any such measures, thought fit to devote his whole attention to his own safety and that of his family, and to issue no orders whatever for the conduct of the army on this critical occasion. Being, therefore, the oldest superior officer, and having the good of my country at heart, I determined immediately to collect all the forces I could. After I had accomplished this, it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail on his Excellency, the Captain-General, to take the command; and on our arrival at the gate of the town, he thought fit to desert his post, for personal reasons which I shall not here animadvert upon. This being the case, I immediately took the command of the small column I had assembled, and after five hours' fighting, succeeded in quelling the revolt. The moment General Martinez heard of this he hastened back to the town, resumed the command, and appropriated to himself the merit of what had been done by others. I thought it my duty to lay before you a statement of my own conduct on this occasion, not with a view to obtain any reward for it, but solely to give you a proof of my attachment to my country and to my fellow-citizens.

September 9th, 1823.

JOSE SANTA-ROMANA, Lieut-Col.

Santa-Romana caused a great many copies of this proclamation to be stuck about the town. The people, who knew the insatiable ambition of General Martinez, read it with great pleasure. Several of the Governor's parasites immediately brought him copies of it, and urged him to write an answer, in order to justify himself in the eyes of the people; with this advice he complied, and ordered the following reply to be instantly printed, and fixed up in all the usual places in the capital and throughout the islands.

Reply of the Captain-General of these Islands to the Manifesto of Lieutenant-Colonel Don José Santa-Romana concerning the Occurrences of the 2d and 3d of June, 1823.

SIR,—Chance has placed in my hands the Manifesto which you have addressed to the public, for the purpose of raising yourself in the estimation of your country, your fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers, on account of your military and political conduct, on the night of the 2d, and the morning of the 3d of June. It does not appear to me, sir, that it was necessary for you to publish these uncalled-for details of your conduct, since I had made quite sufficient mention of it in the general order of the day of the 8th of August; but since you have thought fit to give a more full report of the part you took on that occasion, I think you ought not to have arrogated to yourself the credit of all the measures that were taken for the chastisement of a small number of wretched men, headed by a mad captain, without means or influence, and a sub-lieutenant of a similar character, who were the sole leaders of a rebellion. You forget, sir, that you were not the only individual who entered the palace, or who drove them out of it, and that you were not the first who presented himself before the Piazza; that you entered at the same moment with the lieutenant of the Queen's battalion, Don Salvador Gonsalez, Captain Don Gabriel de la Ballina, of the King's Regiment, Don Francisco Lecarequi, Lieutenant of the Light Horse of Luzon, and D. Vincente Santa Clara, Lieutenant of the Prince's battalion. The former, at my desire, collected some troops and entered, the second voluntarily did the same, the third fought bravely and wounded the miserable Ruiz, and the fourth protected the entrance of Gonzalez into the palace, with a small detachment of his regiment and that of Pampangos. You have forgotten, sir, or you never knew, the precautions I took, and that D. Felix Ruiz, and D. José Carillas, and the intrepid Captain la Ballina attacked the rebels according to my orders. You have endeavoured to throw blame on all the chiefs and commanders of the army, although they all acted with the greatest zeal, and are deserving of the highest praise; yet, with a modesty equal to their courage, they contented themselves with executing my orders, without endeavouring to court the applause of the people for actions which they thought in the common course of their duty. My moderation, my dignity, and my magnanimous character, do not permit me to address any reproaches to you, sir, which could only wound my own self-esteem. The people, who are just judges, saw my actions, and the army knows the measures I pursued for the chastisement of the rebels and the preservation of public tranquillity, both within our walls

APRIL, 1826.

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and throughout the islands. I can perfectly well dispense, sir, with your testimony in my favour, being known not only in Spain but in other countries; I therefore do not complain of your proclamation; nevertheless, if you think proper to retract it, you may, as it cannot fail to excite just resentment and hostility, and to expose you to the censure of the public, and of all the European officers. They did not stand in need of applauses for their conduct on the 3d of June to immortalize their names, since there was not a single officer, nor even the lowest corporal in the whole army, who had not covered himself with laurels in the famous war against France, in which they snatched victory a thousand times from the hands of the tyrant, and restored their country to freedom.

God preserve you many years.

Manilla, September 11th, 1823.

JUAN ANTONIO MARTINEZ.

After this proclamation nothing more was said on either side. I cannot, however, conclude this narrative without mentioning that the Spanish government, two months ago, recognized the innocence of the twenty-two merchants whom General Martinez threw into prison, and afterwards sent to Spain to be tried. They are set at liberty, and will probably pass through London on their way home. The Spanish government having come to a knowledge of the intrigues and disgraceful conduct of General Martinez, has, moreover, sentenced him to pay a fine of fifty thousand crowns, current money, and to repair to Spain to give an account of his actions.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

THE discovery of a new plant, under the name of the *Trichomanes Elegans*, was about twenty years ago announced to the botanical world by Mr. Fudge, and his description of it has been copied into all the botanical systems at home and abroad. About six months ago the Duke of Marlborough received a communication from a French naturalist, stating that he had spent the twenty best years of his life in an unwearied and vain search after the *Trichomanes Elegans*, and earnestly requesting the duke to institute some enquiry about it; his Grace on this attended the Linnæan Society, and expressed a wish that a committee might be appointed to examine into the nature of this said *Trichomanes*, in the search of which a good gentleman had wasted a life. At the investigation, in the very face of its parent and godfather, the several parts of which the specimen was composed were separated by the application of a little warm water, and the whole plant was found to be artificially made up, like some of our reputed mermaids, composed of odds and ends, incongruous joints, fleshy heads, and fishy tails. The astonishment of the disappointed botanists could only be equal to the surprise of the Noble Trustees, who found *petit-or* when they expected gold plate. Set a ———; but perhaps the adage might scarcely be deemed civil. What a case was that of the poor naturalist, who had, for twenty years, run over the world in quest of this non-existing *Trichomanes*!

February 25th.—If we are to believe the newspaper report, Mr. Peter Moore made a strangely ingenuous speech last night in the

debate on the silk trade, in the House of Commons. I copy from a morning paper:—

“Mr. P. MOORE said, *he rose without any calculation.* He wished to advocate public right, public principle, and popular interest, *without any principle.* The Hon. Member went on to describe the state of distress existing at Coventry, and implored both the House and his Majesty’s Ministers to grant the committee. In a case so urgent he cared not for protecting duties or prohibitions—he would throw all overboard—[not thyself, my Peter!]*—*but he would save the people. [good man!] Let the smugglers go on and maraud as they might, and let them be hung as fast as they could be taken.” [kind gentleman!]

The assertion, in the first clause, that Mr. Peter Moore rose without any calculation, wants only a single qualification, as the speech was evidently calculated for Coventry; but the avowal in the second sentence, that he would advocate public right, &c. without any principle, is of a rare ingenuousness. Nothing could be more natural than Mr. P. Moore’s wish for the committee. On the same principle that the tanner recommended leather as the best of fortifications for a besieged city, Mr. P. Moore recommends a committee. He has found committees extremely good things, and naturally, though quackishly, recommends in every case, that from which he has derived such signal benefit. As for *throwing duties overboard*, that is the first thing which is done in parliamentary committees; I mean such committees as cause certain members of the most honourable of all houses to love the very name of committee as synonymous with the acquisition of all good things. The exhortation to hang all the smugglers is at present premature, as no law to that end is in effect; and whenever any addition is made to our criminal code, parliament, in its justice, will see the superior claims to hanging of some gentlemen who have carried on an illicit traffic in certain numbered rooms in a great house in Westminster. Till these offenders on a grand scale are handed over to Jack Ketch, we cannot hear of hanging for the smaller fry of rogues.

Canning commenced a just and spirited attack on the Eldon party last night, by speaking of a faction small in numbers, when the Opposition ridiculously enough taking this description to themselves, cried, “No, No.”

If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries that was levell'd at me.

27th.—Another meeting of the Arigna Mining Company. Mr. Brogden, as before, protested his innocence, and again avowed his resolution, by no means to part with the money. Surely that is a good old proverb which says that “Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better,” and Mr. Brogden is determined to be both these good dogs, he brags and holds fast too; he boasts his innocence, and pockets the price of it. He cannot think of refunding the 1047*l.*, it would look so like guilt. I wonder whether he has ever thought what pocketing it looks like. Yesterday he reprobated, in the strongest terms, the conduct of the directors in taking 15,000*l.* for the mines more than they had paid for them. “He considered it,” says the report, “as little

differing in its principle from a felony." But, nevertheless, Mr. Brogden is content to play the part of the receiver—a share of the stolen goods has passed into his possession, and he retains possession of it, because innocence never returns money. "He declared himself incapable of participating in such a transaction." Considered as a transaction, it was bad; but there seems to be no objection to participating in the 15,000*l.*, the profits of it; the quarrel is with the men, not with the innocent money. The 1047*l.* in Mr. Brogden's pocket is not to blame, and why should he fall out with his unoffending bread and butter?

— A STRONG FIGURE OF SPEECH.—"It (a bull of the Pope) is *too* long and *stupid* for insertion in our columns."—*The Representative.*

March 3rd.—Sir Anthony Carlisle astonished the *natives* at the College of Surgeons by taking an oyster as the subject of the last Hunterian Oration. He edified his hearers by giving the names of the oyster in all tongues, and then proceeded to dissect its liver. For a long time people were at a loss to understand what had made the Hunterian Oration so fishy, but at last Lord Colchester was discovered among the audience, and it was immediately manifest that the oyster had been served up in compliment to his lordship, whose title is so closely associated with the fame of this fish.

— Mignet's history of the French Revolution was commenced on a very modest plan. He undertook to write a short history of the Revolution for the use of schools, but finding the work growing under his hands beyond his plan, he carried the manuscript to the bookseller, and asked him whether something more than he had projected might not be made of it. The bookseller agreed that the work was a work for men, and consented to extend the plan of it, but still limited the author to a length which has rather cramped him in some places, more especially in the second volume. To supply these deficiencies M. Mignet is about to make some addition to the work. After all that has been written on the subject, the mass of English readers are very ignorant of the history of the French Revolution; they know little or nothing of it, beyond its horrors, which they consider, as the late Lord Londonderry would have said, in a lump, without reference to the time and space over which they were spread. John Bull sees only the blood of the Revolution; let him read Mignet, and see also its brains—the wisdom, the virtue, the energy of it in its earlier stages, together with the frenzy and violence of its crisis.

4th.—The elephant which has just been savagely murdered, was a very Brogden in money matters, and returned nothing that came to hand. A friend of mine once witnessed a pleasant example of his proficiency in these affairs. The keeper having stated that the beast was so sagacious that he could distinguish good money from bad, a French from an English half-crown, a Frenchman present observed that he should like to try him, and threw into the cage a half-crown, which the elephant raised from the ground with his trunk, and having lifted it to his eye and seen and approved it, deposited it very soberly in a box at the top of his den. The keeper upon this highly extolled the sensible proceeding of the beast; but the Frenchman demurred, observing, that he had not signified whether it was good or bad.—"Oh, no fear of that, Sir," said

the keeper, "your honour may be sure that its good by his taking of it. The hanimal's as sensible as a Christian, and he would not have taken the money if it had been bad." "In that case," rejoined the foreigner, "I am satisfied, and should like to have my half-crown back again." "Oh!" said the keeper, "if your honour fancies going into the cage to get the half-crown out your honour's very welcome, and I'll open the door for your honour with all my heart; but, for my part, I would not go in to take any of his money out—no, not for a thousand pounds—for the hanimal's for all the world like a Christian, and would tear any body limb from limb that did but look at his money, much more go to take any of it away from him."

10th.—We are the most modest people under the sun, and yet our modesty is a riddle. How is it that ladies, who would go into fits at the bare mention of *breeches*, or expire at the dinner-table, if you were to name the *thigh* of a chicken, will throng into an assize court to hear the trial of an action for seduction? See what happened at Worcester the other day:—

Worcester, March 7th.

SEDUCTION.—Knott v. Crisp.—This was an action against the defendant, for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter. As soon as the case was called on, Mr. Baron Garrow, looking towards the throng of ladies who attended the court, said: "I do not desire the ladies to wait in court to hear any thing that may shock their modesty, *unless they like it.*"

One or two ladies then retired, but the remainder were induced to keep their seats, by Mr. Campbell saying that he was not aware of any thing PARTICULARLY *indelicate* that would come out in the course of the case.—*Morning Chronicle, March 10th, 1826.*

— I have the gratification of being treated with the following interesting report in my newspaper of to-day. It is certainly pleasant to be regaled at one's breakfast-table with the account of public-house carousals, written in the appropriate pot-house manner. The paragraph I copy is redolent of the smoke of tobacco and the effluvia of gin. The company is worshipful.

SHAKSPERIAN MEETING.—The fourth meeting of this society was held on Monday, at the Garrick's Head Tavern, Bow-street, when another of these rich theatrical, musical treats was given to a large and highly respectable assemblage of gentlemen. The chairs were filled by Messrs. Isaacs and Blanchard. The cloth being removed, "Non Nobis" was finely sung by Messrs. Isaacs, Pearman, Bedford, Foster, and Gibbon. After which the chairman gave "the King, the patron of the drama." Mr. Isaacs was in fine voice, and sang the "Convent Monk" with great effect, previous to his leaving the chair to attend the theatre. Mr. Pearman was called to fill the vacancy; and, assisted by Messrs. Bedford and Blewitt, gave several Glees in the finest style; *the harmony produced on the fine tones of Mr. Bedford's voice* afforded great pleasure. But the principal feature of the evening, called forth on the memory of the Bard being drunk, was the production of Garrick's Monody, altered for the meeting with great judgment by Mr. Bennett, and composed by Mr. Hughes, in which the latter has evinced great taste; it was sung by Mr. Pearman, with that taste and feeling which is so peculiar to his style, and by which he made an impression that will long be remembered by the meeting. The company were delighted with *the sop of the facetious Blanchard's dripping pan*, and gave the meed of applause to Messrs. Hudson and Morgan, for the comic talents employed by them. *It is a little remarkable, the clock in the room stood at the hour of twelve, as if Time was anxious to linger with the pleasures of the society*; it was understood that Messrs. Blanchard, Pearman, and Bedford, will preside on the next occasion. A gratifying feeling appears to prevail at these meetings, both with the professors and the amateurs, the former, with the greatest urbanity (Messrs. Hudson, Morgan, Pearman, Bedford, Hughes, &c.) mingling all their talent and powers for the banquet; while the latter hail their presence with delight, as a tribute of good fellowship.

When and where do the scene-shifters and candle-snuffers hold their theatrical festival? I should like to hear whether the clock would stand at the hour of twelve with them, "as if Time was anxious to linger with the pleasures of the society," or as if the landlord said, *no tick*.

15th.—It is the fashion of our legislators to make a law for every particular evil or convenience that occurs. The Comet was run down by another steam-boat, and therefore the Lord Advocate moved the other day for leave to bring in a bill to prohibit and prevent steam-boats from running their heads against each other; the folly, like all other follies, more particularly in the House of Commons, was contagious, and accordingly, yesterday, Mr. Estcourt, the new representative of Oxford, presented a petition, praying that all persons travelling in carriages by night should be compelled to carry lamps, and all pedestrians lanterns. I hope that if this suggestion passes into law, (and who shall say what may not pass into law through the channel of the collective wisdom?) the regulation will be further improved by the adoption of the aristocratical distinctions in lanterns which are observed in Guernsey. Guernsey is the very model of an island: aristocratical as we are in England, they beat us hollow in this particular in Guernsey. There are three classes in Guernsey—the Sixtys, the Fortys, and the people of no account, or the noughts, if one must describe them at all. The Sixtys are the original settlers, the nobility as it were, the ancient families, and, like these great people in most places, they are for the most part the most narrow-minded and stupid, the worst educated, and the least prosperous persons in the island. The Fortys come next, they are *the people of yesterday*, the *terræ filii*, and among them may be found the most wealthy, the best informed, and the most enterprising persons in the island. But the Sixtys will not associate with them. Many of the Fortys, the children of rich men, receive the best educations (I do not say *good* educations, because there are none) in England, and are received in the best English society, but when they return to Guernsey they are refused admission into the assembly-rooms, and cut by the Liliputian aristocracy as an inferior cast. I now come to the distinctions. It is the proud distinction of the Sixtys to be entitled to carry two candles in the lanterns by which they see their way through their filthy streets and narrow lanes at night. The Fortys are permitted to carry but one candle in their lanterns, but as for the zeros, or nobodys, I do not know whether they are privileged to carry a light or not, they may be permitted farthing rushlights, but I can speak with no certainty on this head. Certainly on a night of a *drum* (a Guernsey party, of a very hum-drum character, so called) it is a great and a glorious thing to see the beacons of worshipful pedestrians blazing, the ensigns of ancient race shining about the streets and alleys, not flashing and flitting at the rapid and undignified rate of lamps borne by a rattling London carriage, but proceeding at the staid, decorous pace of a maid-of-all-work, in red cloak, marshalling her Sixty and master or mistress the way that he or she shall deign to go. These lanterns are the armorial bearings of Guernsey nobility. The dual light of their moulds are their proud blazonry. The contrast is very striking indeed between the high bearing of a lantern with two candles, and the humble go-by-the-ground carriage of one with a solitary mould, and if it were not for seeing the Sixtys in the day time

shorn of their tallowy beams, one would conceive a high respect for them from the exclusive plurality of their lights. But look at them in broad day, cut them off from their lanterns, and they are poor benighted creatures; they are as bright as glow-worms by night, but very maggots by day. It has been beautifully observed by a profound philosopher, that every thing has its advantage, that there is no evil without some good, and other fine things to the same tune, which I have hoarded in my mind in the course of my reading, but do not care to quote, lest I should appear pedantic; and certain it is that these notable truths are illustrated in Guernsey in a most remarkable manner, for it has resulted from the aristocratical distinction I have described, that Guernsey excels the whole world in the article of lanterns. The Sixty's are for the most part poor creatures, but their lanterns are of a goodly bigness, and the two candles therein are proportioned to their roomy receptacles. The Fortys, though restricted to one light, though groaning under the tyranny of Sixty ascendancy, and declared incapable of holding two candles in one lantern, are allowed to go to any reasonable size in their lanterns, and I do not observe that they differ in magnitude from those of the Sixtys. Indeed, it is a point of prudence with the Fortys not to attempt to aggrandize their lanterns, for such an ambition would but render the invidious unity of candle the more glaring. As matters are ordered, however, Guernsey is the island of lanterns; and Forty emancipation, which would take off the restriction on lights, and leave men free to burn as many candles as seemed good to them, would strike a death blow to the manufacture of the only article for which this proud little place is distinguished. I have submitted this account of the Guernsey lanterns solely for the benefit of Mr. Estcourt, as he may derive some useful hints from it in the framing of a Lantern Act.

16th.—According to the old saying, a man's character may be discerned from his company; his newspaper is now-a-days perhaps as good an indication. One may form a pretty shrewd guess of a man from his choice of a paper. The Times is read by sober men of business; the Chronicle by philosophers and reformers; the New Times by parsons; the Representative by nobody; the Post by gentlemen's butlers and ladies' maids; the Globe by men of taste; the Morning Herald by blockheads. This last paper very aptly represents the ignorance and vulgarity of the country. It is written by ignorance and vulgarity for ignorance and vulgarity, and its nonsense suits the nonsense of a very large class so exactly, that it is a popular journal, and enjoys an extensive circulation. This being the case, it is very naturally enlisted in the great cause of ignorance by which it flourishes, and opposed to the diffusion of education and the intellectual improvement of the many. To-day I observe an article in the Herald which I copy as a sort of curiosity, appearing as it does in the nineteenth century, and in a newspaper circulating in the most enlightened city of this superlatively enlightened country.

We cannot see why there should be such a fashion for thrusting education down the throats of the poor people. Education is an admirable thing, no doubt, and ought to be more highly appreciated than to give it to all those who are doomed to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Few men arise in the course of a century who are born with the capability of using education beyond a certain sphere of mediocrity. How few such men are there in the world who, like *Shakspeare*, Lord Bacon, Pope, and others,

are able to use education to any particular beneficial effect! Besides, is it not *getting the great mass of the people out of their sphere*, to educate them in reading, writing, and casting accounts? Of what use, we ask, is it to give a knowledge of arithmetic to a man who has a wife and a family of half-a-dozen children, and who is doomed by Providence to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, and after all cannot earn more than eighteen-pence a day? Of what use, we repeat, is arithmetic to him?—*he has no accounts to keep: his accounts are kept for him at the chandler's shop*: as soon as he gets his money on a Saturday night, he takes it to the chandler's shop or to the public-house, and parts with it almost as soon as he receives it. Besides this, what time can such a man give to reading and writing? for so wearied is he with the labours of the day, that his only happiness must be the getting to bed as soon as possible, and falling fast asleep. Of what use is it to any one of the weaving class, for instance, to be able to read, write, and cast accounts, since he is obliged to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, in a damp cellar, without, perhaps, a bit of fire in bad times, for a sum not exceeding one shilling, or at most not exceeding eighteen-pence a day. There is an immense number of people in this condition in the United Kingdom. In Ireland there is a very large number whose earnings do not exceed three-pence or four-pence a day. We cannot conceive of what use it can be for Mr. Brougham or Sir John Newport to be attempting to give education to people placed in such circumstances? It appears always to have been part of the system of Providence that a great mass of the human species should be possessed of little or nothing, that they should be doomed to lead their lives in a slavish manner, in order to the production of agricultural, manufacturing, and other commodities. We cannot conceive why attempts should be made to alter the apparent organization of things. Where there is one man like Mr. Brougham, who has risen by means of great natural powers and self-education probably to his present high situation, there are millions who can never expect to do any such thing, however enlarged may be their education; or if they could, there would not be situations for them to fill. But let us suppose that all his domestic servants were as well educated as Mr. Brougham himself, what would be the consequence? *He would probably be obliged to perform the domestic offices himself, unless he were able to procure other servants.* But if the whole world be educated on the same principle, *people would probably be obliged to do every thing themselves, even to cleaning their own boots, knives, and forks, and making their own beds.*

It is very plain that the sapient Editor of the Morning Herald is not one of the few men “like Shakspeare, Lord Bacon, Pope, *and others*,” who are able to use education to any particularly beneficial effect.” But though *they use* no education in the Morning Herald, I cannot but think that the great mass of the people would find their advantage in knowing how to read, write, and cast accounts. The Editor of the Herald, however, is of a different opinion, and asks, “Of what use is arithmetic to a labourer? He has no accounts to keep,” quoth the scribe, “his accounts are kept for him at the chandler's shop.” It is very natural that the Editor of the Herald, who has been in trade, should approve of this method of keeping accounts, which, being all on one side, leaves the poor purchaser at the mercy of the petty shopkeeper; but most people will be inclined to think that the labourer would not be the loser if he had sufficient skill in arithmetic to keep his own accounts, as a check on the chandler's-shop score, which is, I should apprehend, not always kept for him with the most accurate arithmetic, or the most scrupulous honesty.

But, according to this intelligent scribe, education is not only useless to working people, whose accounts *are kept for them*, but it actually delivers them, in some way or other, which is unhappily not explained, from the necessity of working. “If Mr. Brougham's servants were as well educated as himself,” twaddles the Herald, “Mr. Brougham would probably be obliged to perform the domestic offices himself.” This is a logical inference, perfectly worthy of the journal in which it appears, and I have no doubt that the pathetic idea of Mr. Brougham cleaning

his own shoes, and brushing his own coat, making his own bed, and emptying his own slops, all by reason of the superior education of his servants, has filled the intelligent readers of the Herald with the most dire alarms, and affected them with a perfect phobia of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, unfortunately, the process by which the educated servants are to be raised above the vulgar consideration of wages, and bed, and board, is not communicated. Of course the writer in the Herald cannot be supposed to know any thing about the nature of education, and it may therefore be charitable to apprise him that servants could not live on it—that an education is, in fact, not an independence of beef and mutton, or greens and bacon, and that therefore, if all the world, including even the Editor of the Herald, were educated, the void of the stomach and consequent necessity of labour would still exist, and compel the industry of the many as strongly as it does at this moment. The only difference would be, that the fruits of toil would be enjoyed with more wisdom.

18th.—Last night, Mr. Canning stood forward in the House in the capacity of defender of a very gross job. He displayed an assurance perfectly worthy of the occasion. In the year 1824, 5000*l.* were voted for the repairs of the Ambassador's house in Paris. This vote Mr. Canning says, called his attention to the subject, and on the first change of the Ambassador, he desired the Treasury to send an *English* architect to Paris to survey the house, and see whether it did require repairs; for the vote had not satisfied Mr. Canning of this fact, he well knowing that a vote of the House of Commons of a sum of money for a particular purpose, is no evidence that the sum of money so voted is required for that purpose. As the French architects, of course, understand their own houses best, and are most competent to estimate the cost of repairs of them; and as the French do every thing on a cheaper scale than the English, and as the French architects are on the spot in Paris and cost nothing for travelling expenses, it appeared proper to Mr. Canning to send over the English architect, Mr. Smirke, to survey the state of the French house, and see at what expense it might be made *comfortable*. Making a French house comfortable according to English ideas, is, as every creature knows, building it over again, and fitting it for the meridian of London instead of that of Paris. Well, over Mr. Smirke went at John Bull's charge, merely to look at the Ambassador's house, and he reported that there was not such another house to be got in Paris, and that nearly 6000*l.* would be the charge of putting it in order. Mr. Wyatt is next sent over to *superintend* the work; for had Mr. Smirke been appointed to this duty, he would have been bound by his own estimate, but Mr. Wyatt is therefore sent, and justifies the judgment that has chosen him, by running up the expenses to 17,000*l.* instead of confining himself to the 6000*l.* estimated by Mr. Smirke. This was a sad expense to be sure, says Mr. Canning, but then the work was done in an *English, workman-like manner*, instead of being done at a sixth of the price in a French, workman-like manner; and then the house was so fine a house, and tended so much to the honour and glory of our dear native country, that Mr. Canning could not prevail upon himself to sell it and purchase another, rather than spend a handsome fortune on its repairs. When, indeed, Ministers thought of selling it, numerous applications, says

Mr. Canning, had come to him from various persons connected with the government of France, representing that, if the English Ambassador were to give up his hotel, it would argue that the connexion between the two governments had become less strict, and that the English Ministry were contemplating a dissolution of connexion," What a nice thing is diplomacy! He also observed, that "it was as well to state that the only Ambassadors who kept up such establishments at Paris were the English Ambassadors, and the Russian Ambassadors, *and it was thought proper that the English Ambassador should hold his head as high as the Russian Ambassador!*"—And this paltry, this pitiful sentiment, was confessed without shame and without reproach in the House of Commons. Two rival waiting-women reconciling their consciences to the extravagant finery of their bonnets, would undoubtedly be governed by this identical sentiment, but, for very shame, the Abigails would refuse to confess it. One can hardly imagine a Mrs. Honour proclaiming that the "the only lady's gentleman who sported such and such a bonnet, was Mrs. Slipslop, the hussey! and it was but proper that Mrs. Honour should hold her head as high as Mrs. Slipslop, the creature!"

However, John Bull, honest dolt! was sentenced to hold his head, or rather house, at Paris, *as high* as the Russian, and he must comfort himself under the dispensation of his pounds, shillings, and pence, by the reflection which Dean Swift impresses on cheated masters in his advice to servants, that "*it is all for his honour.*"

19th.—A GOOD REASON.—The John Bull of to-day says, "that the Duke of Buccleugh should have an affection for Walter Scott is indeed most natural, *for Walter Scott is his Grace's name!*"

The logic of the above is almost equalled by the arithmetical riddle in the following paragraph, in the same Paper:—

"*Five* ladies were in the roof over the House of Commons on Monday night, to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer bring forward the Budget; namely, Lady Hardwicke [one] and some young ladies, [more than one; we will suppose two young ladies, which, with Lady Hardwicke, make *three*,] Mrs. Frankland Lewis, [four,] &c." Now, how many ladies does that &c. represent? We have already four accounted for, and there were only five altogether; yet the fifth comes upon the reader in the shape of an &c.

20th.—The Morning Herald of to-day, attempts a defence of its Police Reports. The charge against it is, that, by caricaturing all parties without distinction, who appear in a Police Office, it deters respectable persons from appearing in those places, either in the character of prosecutor or witness. The Herald makes a miserable attempt to defend itself from this charge, by alleging that it applies its coarse ridicule to coxcombs, drunkards, and swindlers, to the wrong-doers in short; whereas the charge against it is, that it caricatures the complainants. Who has not seen a complainant unmercifully ridiculed in the Herald, for being tall or short, for having a squint or a stutter? Or if these broad points for its delicate raillery are wanting, the party's cause of complaint is made matter of mirth, and his black eye or bloody nose is placed in so droll a light as to make a man ashamed of the misfortune of having been knocked down and thrashed by a crew of Tom and Jerry cockney ruffians.

23rd.—Every observing reader of newspapers must, once a day at least, have had occasion to admire the method in which accidents are narrated in them. The art of this order of composition seems to consist in keeping the main point of interest in the most profound doubt and obscurity, and playing round the immaterial circumstances. If a man is knocked down by the pole of a carriage, the scribe does not go on to say that he was killed, or that his leg was broken, or that he was picked up by the by-standers unhurt, but he tells us, that a young lady, Miss Amelia Wilhelmina Scroggins, seventh daughter of Mr. Horatio Scroggins, of No. 7, Mount Pleasant, near Paradise Row, Newington Butts, was extremely affected on witnessing the accident, and observed to a gentleman, who was driving a dust-cart by at the moment, that positively she thought she should faint. To-day I perceive a perfect specimen of this kind of writing in the *Representative*, a paper which we all know abounds in excellence of every description. Accustomed as I am to the manner of accidents in the newspapers, I thought, on reading the beginning of this paragraph, that Lord Kenyon's family would be broken to bits before I got to the end of it. The concoctor makes the horses run away with the carriage in a most horrific style, but the rogue takes care not to tell us that there was no creature in the coach, till he had got all the fright out of us. For my part, I had pictured two Miss Kenyons, at least, at each window, thrusting their heads out and screaming vehemently, as ladies will scream whenever occasion offers. But don't be afraid, reader, don't be afraid, it is only a pole broken after all, and not the footman's pole, as you would think, but the pole of the carriage.

LORD KENYON.—*We regret the cause of introducing this Nobleman's name to the public.* His Lordship's family were taking an airing in the Regent's Park, on Tuesday morning, between twelve and one o'clock: as the coachman was getting off his box, the horses took fright at a man who had been at work, and proceeded along the footway at full speed, till they came to the small bridge opposite to the new Mary-le-bone Church, when the carriage came in contact with the pillar of the bridge, and broke it down; had the carriage struck the railings (which are of wood) only a few yards before it came to the pillar, it must have been, together with the horses, precipitated down a hill into the water. *It happened most providentially that his Lordship's family were, at the time of the accident, walking.* We regret to say that the coachman has been injured, but we hope not seriously. The footman, who was in attendance on the ladies, with a vast deal of spirit, sprang forward and endeavoured to stop the horses; but he was instantly thrown down, without being able to accomplish his purpose; his right leg was much injured, and bled profusely. *One of his Lordship's daughters, with that condescension and humanity which so eminently distinguish her rank, proceeded to a couch-stand, and despatched a hackney coach for the servants.* His Lordship's coachman would not leave his charge, but the footman was obliged to return, in consequence of the hurt he received.—*The carriage is much injured, and the pole broken.*

24th.—The gentle Colburn advertises thus fancifully in the *Chronicle* of to-day:—"According to the prophecy in Mrs. Shelly's new Romance, or, rather, Prophetic Tale, [Colburn loves to be particular,] 'The Last Man,' the world is to be destroyed by a universal plague, in the year 2100; so that posterity will not have quite three hundred years to figure in. This information will be especially useful to architects, who may thus be enabled, without unnecessary waste of material, to build on leases expiring at doomsday. Joking apart, [O ye gods, was that a joke!] there are many grand things [on the word of a publisher] in 'The Last Man.' The account of the desolating plague is terrific; and 'this strange eventful history' concludes with

a picture of the solitary relic of human nature *weltering* amidst the ocean in his tiny bark, and awaiting his fate in the wilderness of waters!!"—Gemini!!!

— The readers of the London Magazine know, that the name of Sir James Mackintosh met with an accident in the February Number; well, I cannot express how much this unhappy circumstance vexed me—I lost my appetite, pined, and wasted away, as the quack advertisements have it, in a pitiable sort, so that all about me despaired of my life; and at last I fell so downright sick of grief, that I was not able to keep my Diary regularly, which must explain any deficiencies this month. Certainly I should have died—indeed, I would not have consented to live, had I not, by great good luck, taken up the last number of the Retrospective Review, and read the article on Busbequius's Travels, in which I found that which reconciled me to life and restored me to the world. I find that Busbequius speaks of a man of great knowledge, and particularly skilled in medicine, of the name of *Quackquebenus*. So that it is clear that there is no reason why I should die broken-hearted because Sir James was printed Quackintosh, there having been a man of the name of Quackquebenus, who was no quack. Surely Sir James cannot in reason quarrel with a slip of the types, which only gave him the first syllable of the illustrious name of the renowned physician Quackquebenus, the first of the ancient family of the Quacks.

— There is an account in the Paper to-day of a splendid cow-house which has been built at the Modern Athens. The building is described at some length, and an idea may be formed of its extent, when it is stated, that from a gallery the spectator sees “two hundred *splendidly accommodated cows*.” The cows' eating-room is one hundred and twenty feet in length and sixty in breadth. The chief novelty of the design is the cleanliness which is to be observed in the establishment, and which will render it the most desirable residence in Edinburgh for a visitor, whose nose is not born to the manner of that nice city. We Southerners, when we make a trip to the Modern Athens, will all go and live with the cows. Some time ago, a cow establishment (that must be the word) was formed on a similar design at Cambridge. It was observed that cow-houses were by no means kept so tidily as drawing-rooms, and that cows did a variety of things in a very unpolished, not to say gross, way; so much so, as extremely to shock dairy-maids of genteel education. I have been told on good authority indeed, that some dairy-maids from London, who had never had to do with these beasts before, were so shocked at their goings on when they became acquainted with them for the first time, on going to live in the country, that they positively refused to stay in their places. The Cambridge people endeavoured to refine the manners of the cows, and to make them fit to give milk to delicate females. Knowing that all refinements are knit together, they began with their food, and instead of giving them hay in the vulgar form, they made it into tea, (if I may be permitted the bull,) and I am assured that they had effected so great an improvement in the manners of the brutes, that they had prevailed upon them to sit upon their hinder, and never-to-be-named ends, like Christians, and to sip the beverage out of spoons!

25th.—Cobbett said at the Norwich dinner—"As I passed by your Cathedral this morning, I saw the words 'No Popery' written in very legible characters upon the elegant door-way of that ancient edifice. The words 'no Popery' upon a building which, were it not for our Roman Catholic ancestors, would never have had existence!!"—Those who wish to know how long it will be before a Protestant Dean and Chapter will build a cathedral, may consult Mr. Goulburn's speech in answer to Sir John Newport's motion that the expence of building churches* in Ireland should be charged on the first fruits and tenths, and not on the people; or else they may look at the debates on the conduct of the reverend showmen of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.—The Catholic clergy erected churches and cathedrals, endowed schools and colleges; the monuments of the reformed Priesthood are to be found only in the splendid fortunes of the parsons and their progeny.

26th.—The two Papers systematically opposed to all schemes to improve the minds, or conduce to the happiness of the lower classes, are the Herald and the John Bull. The Herald writes stark nonsense about the matter; the John Bull employs ridicule on this very simple plan. It chooses to assume on the part of the people and their instructors the most incredible absurdity, and then makes merry with it. The John Bull argues, for example, that the education of the lower classes would be the most useless and laughable thing conceivable, BECAUSE, it assumes, that dyers would surely learn mechanics, carpenters chemistry, sailors agriculture, and ploughmen astronomy. Let it be supposed that all these sciences are taught, and taught to the right, instead of to the wrong persons, and where is the absurdity? The dyer learns chemistry, the carpenter mechanics, the sailor astronomy, and the ploughman agriculture. Is there any thing very ridiculous in this distribution, which merely supposes that very moderate portion of wisdom which may safely be ascribed even to the multitude? The John Bull and the Herald do not confine their hostility to the education of the people; whatever tends to their improvement, either of mind or body, is malevolently opposed by these journals. It has been proposed to establish a Gymnasium for the lower classes, as a means of affording them healthy exercise, and diverting them from the dissipation of the pot-house. It is not easy to imagine what objection could be offered to a design so apparently unexceptionable. The John Bull however attempts to torture it into something at once ridiculous and alarming: it is alarming, because throwing javelins is to form part of the exercise. We all know, that in the time of the Romans javelins were very formidable weapons, the loyal journalist therefore calculates on producing a panic throughout the country, by publishing, in its largest print, that the mechanics of London are about to be trained in the use of this redoubted missile. All the alarmists of the land will parody the well-known lines, and revolution will be anticipated:—

— Swift as a javelin to its mark,
Hurl'd by the vigour of a tailor's arm.

* And when the churches are built, I suppose we must pay for the hire of the congregations: these things are not to be had for nothing in Ireland.

The project is ridiculous, because, according to the method of perversion which I have already described, it is assumed that the design is to practice each labourer in the exercise which may ignorantly be supposed to be wholly useless to him—"to teach the tailor to throw the javelin, to bid the cobbler ride the wooden horse, to train the bricklayer to run, or the costermonger to climb," is presented as an unprecedented absurdity. Let us however suppose the cramped legs of the tailor are to be stretched by the wooden horse, that the bricklayer climbs, and the costermonger runs—where then is the joke?

But it is not thus that we are to consider the subject; the principle of gymnastics is to strengthen, by exercise, those muscles which in ordinary situations are inert; it is therefore by no means so absurd to assign to each workman the amusement most opposite to his ordinary occupation; though we can easily imagine that persons "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," will find something immoderately ludicrous in this opposition of exercise and employment.

27th.—The Morning Chronicle is unrivalled in its small-print paragraphs, the aptness of its allusions and quotations is truly admirable. If any thing can be objected, it is excess of learning:—"Latin it speaks as natural as pigs do squeak," and with about as much grace and discretion. See what it says to-day, reader, first calling for your Ainsworth's Dictionary, for you are about to converse with a very very learned Theban.—"The death of the Bishop of Durham has occasioned terrible perturbation amongst the lawn sleeves. '*Noli me tangere*,' is ardently expected by the jocund Bishop Legge."*—I make no sort of doubt, that this learned gentleman would give to an irascible Scotsman the motto, "*Nolo episcopari*." He should learn in future, that "*Nolo episcopari*" is the set form of accepting a bishoprick—"Noli me tangere" is the protest to all interference with the ecclesiastical revenue derived from it.

MR. M'CULLOCH'S DOCTRINE ON ABSENTEEISM.

A Study,

WITH AN EXTENSION TO THE SUBJECTS OF FREE TRADE AND NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

THE following attempt at the evolution of the principle briefly laid down in the celebrated evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, was written before the publication of the article on the same subject in the Edinburgh Review. It appears to comprehend some points which the article alluded to has omitted; and from this circumstance, and the subsequent extension of the principle to other questions, it may possibly yet possess some interest.

An additional reason for extending the examination of the principle to the utmost, is to be found in the pointed manner in which it has been spoken of by some of its Parliamentary opponents as absurd. After such a declaration, the public necessarily feels an interest in knowing

* By the by, this Bishop's calves have been running through all the newspapers in the country.

what it is that has been so characterised, and in being able to compare the different degrees of acuteness displayed by the promulgator and by the opponent.

The questions put to Mr. M'Culloch, and his evidence in reply, were as follows:—

Supposing the absentee landlords of Ireland were to return and reside upon their estates, is it your opinion that that would be productive of any decided advantage to the lower orders of the people?—No, I am not aware that it would be productive of any advantage to them in the way of increasing the general and average rate of wages all over the country.

Would not the expenditure of their incomes among them be productive of a great good?—The income of a landlord, when he is an absentee, is really as much expended in Ireland as if he were living in it.

Will you have the goodness to explain that a little farther?—When a landlord becomes an absentee, his rent must be remitted to him one way or another; it must be remitted to him either in money or in commodities. I suppose it will be conceded that it cannot continue to be remitted to him from Ireland in money, there being no money to make the remittance; for if the rents of two or three estates were remitted in money, it would make a scarcity of money and raise its value, so that its remittance would inevitably cease; it is clear then that the rents of absentees can only be remitted in commodities. And this, I think, would be the nature of the operation:—when a landlord has an estate in Ireland, and goes to live in London or Paris, his agent gets his rent, and goes and buys a bill of exchange with it; now this bill of exchange is a draft drawn against equivalent commodities that are to be exported from Ireland; it is nothing more than an order to receive an equivalent in commodities which must be sent from Ireland. The merchants who get 10,000*l.* or any other sum from the agent of an absentee landlord, go into the Irish market and buy exactly the same amount of commodities as the landlord would have bought had he been at home; the only difference being that the landlord would eat and wear them in London or Paris, and not in Dublin, or in his house in Ireland.

Therefore, in proportion to the amount of rent remitted will be the correspondent export of Irish commodities? Precisely: if the remittances to absentee landlords amount to three millions a year, were the absentee landlords to return home to Ireland the foreign trade of Ireland would be diminished to that amount.—*Report from the Select Committee on the State of Ireland: 1825. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June 1825—p. 813. Evidence of J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. 30th June 1825.*

In so confined a space it is not surprising if there should be deficiencies, and even inaccuracies, which may be usefully corrected in a more extended investigation.

If it should happen at any particular period, that a number of residents in Ireland who have been previously in the habit of expending their revenues on Irish produce, are seized with a desire of expending them on commodities the produce of France, then a new quantity of commodities of some kind or other, which either are of Irish origin or must in some stage or other have been procured by giving commodities of Irish origin, will be sent over to France by the merchants of Ireland; and after they have been sold for French currency in the French markets, the French currency so received will be applied to the purchase of the French commodities desired, which French commodities on being received by the merchants in Ireland, will be sold for Irish currency to the individuals with whom the desire for French commodities has been supposed to originate. And the quantity of Irish commodities sent over to France will be so adjusted by the merchants, that on the sale of the French commodities finally received in return, the proceeds shall replace the Irish currency expended, and also return the necessary expenses and profits of the merchants. Hence the quantity of Irish currency which the merchants will expend on Irish commodities to be sent to

France, will be equal to the quantity which the individuals first described are desirous of applying to the purchase of French commodities, *minus* the necessary expenses and profits of the merchants. But as that portion which composes the expenses and profits of the merchants will assuredly be expended on something or other as well as the rent, the whole quantity of Irish commodities finally demanded and purchased, will be equal in amount to what would have been purchased if the individuals who desire French commodities had continued to desire Irish as before.

But if there is not at the same time any corresponding increase of inclination in any persons in France to consume Irish produce, there can be only one way of persuading the French to consume more Irish commodities than before; which is, by offering them those commodities for a smaller quantity of French currency. For example: if the French are to be persuaded to consume a greater quantity of Irish salt butter, instead of French fresh butter which they were consuming before, they can only be induced to do this by a diminution in the price. The money prices therefore of Irish commodities in France must fall. And the quantity of French commodities which will be bought with the French currency obtained by the sale of the increased quantity of Irish commodities, though in absolute magnitude it will be greater than before, will be relatively smaller, or smaller in comparison with the Irish commodities received. But when the French commodities thus purchased arrive in Ireland, they must from time to time be sold for as much Irish currency as will pay for all the commodities transmitted to France to procure them, together with the expenses of freight and the profits of the merchants, who are the importers. And since the quantity of the French commodities is smaller in comparison with the quantity of Irish commodities to be paid for than it used to be, the quantity of Irish currency demanded for any given portion of the French commodities in Ireland must be raised in a corresponding proportion; for otherwise it is plain that the trade cannot continue to go on. In all which it is clear that the demand for the production of Irish commodities upon the whole continues the same as ever, but that a degree of pecuniary loss is imposed upon the consumers of French commodities by the raising of the money prices of those commodities in Ireland; which loss of theirs in fact goes to prevent the producers and manufacturers of the Irish commodities sent to France, from being affected by the reduced money prices fetched by Irish commodities in that country. The expense of forcing the French to consume more Irish commodities by reducing the price, must be paid for by somebody; and it is paid for by those who desire to consume the French commodities, which is as it ought to be.

This rise in the money prices of French commodities in Ireland, will cause men in Ireland in a certain degree to diminish their consumption of French commodities and return to the consumption of Irish; which, as far as it goes, will diminish the quantity of Irish commodities sent subsequently to France in pursuit of French produce, and increase by the same amount the quantity consumed at home. But the reaction thus effected will only be partial, and will finally leave both the consumption of French commodities and their money prices higher than they were originally. For if it did not, the tendency for both to

increase would exist in its original magnitude. Hence, if there is to be a state of rest, it must be at some point short of reduction to the original state of things.

As by these changes the quantity of Irish commodities demanded on the whole is not finally altered, so neither is the quantity of French. For the individuals in France who are from time to time induced to expend their money upon the new quantity of Irish commodities poured into that country, evidently cannot expend the same money upon French commodities also. They must therefore expend so much less; which balances the greater quantity of French produce demanded for the purpose of being sent to Ireland.

In determining the kind of commodities which shall be exported from Ireland for the purpose of procuring the French produce required, the exporters will fix upon those kinds which will best keep up their prices in France when carried there in augmented quantities. And this they will do equally, whether these commodities are strictly of Irish origin, or have been brought into Ireland from other countries and paid for in commodities of Irish origin. If they are of the latter description, then since the demand for these commodities in Ireland must be increased by the removal of the quantities exported, a stream of these commodities will flow into Ireland on one side, while it flows out of it on the other; the markets which supply Ireland in the rear being supposed open. But since the stream which flows in, must be paid for by commodities of Irish origin, the quantity of Irish production will be finally the same as if the commodities sent to France in pursuit of French produce had been strictly of Irish origin. And this set or current of commodities through Ireland into France will continue, till it is put a stop to by a diminution of prices in France, or an increase of prices in the markets which supply Ireland in the rear. Gold and silver are of all commodities the most likely to be among the commodities chosen for the purpose above described. For since they are of all commodities the most easy of transport in proportion to their value, the fall in the prices of gold and silver caused in France by an influx of those metals from Ireland, must be much smaller than the fall in the price of, for instance, Irish butter, which would have been the consequence of the increase of exportation from Ireland, had it been made in that commodity. The butter could only be consumed at the ports of landing, or within a small circle in their neighbourhood; for the expense of carrying it would alone be sufficient to prevent it from penetrating further. But the gold and silver, by reason of the comparative nullity of their carriage, may be said to have open to them not only the market of France, but the market of the whole continent which is at her back. Hence if the markets of, for instance, South America were open to Ireland in the rear, a stream of gold and silver would begin to set through Ireland into France in consequence of the augmented appetite for claret in Ireland; and an impetus would be given to the carrying of Irish linens or other commodities to South America to pay for it, which is exactly the same thing in the end as if the claret had been bought with Irish produce directly. This current of gold and silver would continue till it was put an end to by some alteration in the prices of gold and silver in France or in South America. And its effect would manifestly be to

keep down the prices of French commodities to the consumers ;—in which it is curious to observe, how the existence of such commodities as gold and silver smooths the way for the easy interchange and enjoyment of the products of different parts of the globe, and how little we are beholden to that portion of the ignorance of our ancestors which would teach us to restrict their circulation. But if it should happen that at the time when this increased appetite for claret takes place in Ireland, there should be no markets open to Ireland for procuring gold and silver from the rear, then gold and silver would leave Ireland till their prices were raised in Ireland sufficiently to make it cease to be profitable, and no longer ; in the same manner as would happen to any other commodities. In other words, the Irish would send their gold and silver abroad just as long as they found it to be for their advantage to do so, and no longer ; which is enough for any reasonable person to be content with.

If instead of the case being as has been stated, an increase of desire had taken place in France for Irish commodities, without being accompanied by any corresponding increase of inclination to consume French commodities in Ireland, all that has been described as taking place in Ireland would take place in France, and *vice versa*. There would be no effect upon the final quantity of production in either country ; but the lovers of Irish commodities in France would have the money prices raised upon them, while in Ireland the money prices of French commodities would fall.

The rise of money prices, then, in one country, is a payment which men voluntarily submit to, in consequence of their desire to consume commodities the produce of another country, at a time when there is no corresponding inclination in that other country to consume their produce in return ; and it goes, as before observed, to pay the expense of tempting the inhabitants of the other country to consume. But the existence of this rise of money prices at all, is dependent on the fact of there being no such corresponding increase of inclination in the other country ; for without this, there is no necessity for any fall of money prices in one country, or any rise in the other. Hence if an increase of inclination for consuming the other's commodities should take place in both countries alike, the effects described as arising to the consumers of foreign commodities would be mutually counteracted and removed.

If a number of residents in Ireland should at any time leave off the consumption of French commodities, and betake themselves to the consumption of Irish, a smaller quantity of Irish commodities will thenceforward go over to France in pursuit of French commodities for consumption in Ireland. And the consequence will be, a certain degree of rise in the money prices of Irish commodities in France, and a fall in the money prices of French commodities in Ireland ; unless this should be prevented by the occurrence of a corresponding diminution of inclination to consume Irish commodities in France. But, as before, no effect will be produced on the quantity of production demanded on the whole in either of the two nations.

If a number of residents in Ireland should resolve to *go over to France*, and expend their revenues in that country, their agents in Ireland will, from time to time, deliver the amount of their revenues

in Irish currency to merchants in Ireland, receiving from these merchants bills of exchange, whereby their correspondents in France are requested to advance to the absentees the quantity of French currency, which the merchants apprehend will be realized in France by the sale of the commodities purchaseable in Ireland with such a portion of Irish currency as remains after deducting the necessary quantity for the expenses and profits of the merchants. And then these merchants will go into the Irish market, and lay out the last-mentioned sum in commodities of some kind or other, which either are of Irish origin, or must, in some stage, have been procured by giving commodities of Irish origin; and these they will send over to France to be sold in the markets for French currency, which French currency is made over to the acceptors of the bills when the bills become due, and replaces the French currency which those acceptors have advanced to the absentees. And as that portion of the Irish currency, which is retained to answer the expenses and necessary profits of the merchants, will assuredly be expended on something or other as well as the rest, it will be the same thing in the end and in the aggregate, as if the commodities purchaseable in Ireland with the money of the absentees, were transmitted to them in baskets at Paris, and sold by them for French currency in the French markets; the only difference being that, in the actual case, they receive the French currency by anticipation from the acceptors of the bills, and when the commodities arrive in France, they are sold in the markets for the benefit of the acceptors. The commodities thus purchased in Ireland will never be eaten or worn by the absentee, either in Paris or any where else; but they will be sold on his account. And they will neither be the same, nor of the same kind, that the absentee would have purchased had he remained at home; but they will be of equal amount, which is the same thing to Ireland in the aggregate. The absentee in Paris whose country-seat is in Connaught, will not cause a coat to be bought from the village tailor, nor a coach from the village carpenter, as might by possibility be the case if he was confined to his residence at home; but he will cause a quantity of Irish butter to be sent from Cork to France, or of Irish linen to South America to buy gold to be sent instead, by which the producers of butter or of linen, in some part or other of Ireland, will be benefited to the same amount. If the tailor and the carpenter have ground to complain that they are injured by his absence, the producers of butter or of linen would have exactly the same ground for complaining that they were injured by his return. So that, unless it is to be undertaken to regulate by law, how much of a man's income he shall be at liberty to expend upon butter and linen, and how much with tailors and carpenters, there is no way but to leave this to be settled by his own interests and inclinations, as heretofore. Mr. M'Culloch never asserted that the village tailor and carpenter would be benefited; but he asserted that the village butter or linen manufacturers would, in some place or other, be benefited, and that this was the same thing to Ireland.—It is scarcely necessary to remark, that for the commodities thus remitted on account of the absentees, there is no return of French commodities for consumption in Ireland. For the return is to the absentees in France; who, on what-

ever they may expend the French currency which they receive, do certainly not expend it on commodities for consumption in Ireland.

If the absentees expend the French currency which they receive upon *French* produce, the consequences of all kinds must be the same as if they had staid at home and consumed French commodities in Ireland—with only this difference, that the amount of what would, in the latter case, have been made to pay the expenses and profits of the importers, and would by them have been necessarily expended on some commodities or other, will, in the other case, be added to what will be expended on commodities to be sent to France on account of the absentees. For in both cases, with no other difference than that which has been stated, a quantity of Irish commodities equal to what can be purchased in Ireland with the revenue of the Irishman is sent to be consumed by the natives of France; and a quantity of French commodities, equal to what can be purchased in France with the French currency for which these Irish commodities are sold, is delivered to and consumed by the Irishman. Hence there will be no alteration in the quantity of produce of either France or Ireland on the whole, through the consumption of French commodities by the absentees. But if the absentees who now consume French produce in France, had been previously consumers of Irish produce in Ireland, the change will cause a certain degree of fall in the money prices of Irish commodities in France, and of rise in the money prices of French commodities in Ireland, in the same manner as if a like change of consumption from Irish commodities to French had taken place among residents in Ireland.

If the absentees, after their arrival in France, should expend the French currency which they receive upon *Irish* produce, the consequences of all kinds must be the same as if they had staid at home and consumed Irish commodities in Ireland, with only this difference, that the amount of what will be made to pay the expenses and profits of the merchants concerned, and will be expended by them, would, in the other case, have been added to what was expended by the Irish residents for their own use. For, in both cases, there is no addition to the Irish commodities which are to be consumed by the natives of France; and, with no other difference than has been stated, a quantity of Irish commodities, equal to what can be purchased in Ireland with his own revenue, is consumed by the Irishman. Hence there will be no alteration in the quantity of produce of either France or Ireland on the whole, through the consumption of Irish commodities by the absentees. But if any of the absentees who now consume Irish produce in France, had been previously consumers of French produce in Ireland, the change will cause a certain degree of rise in the money prices of Irish commodities in France, and of fall in the money prices of French commodities in Ireland, in the same manner as if a like change of consumption from French commodities to Irish had taken place among residents in Ireland.

The absentees will ultimately consume French commodities in France no cheaper than they would have consumed them in Ireland; except by the amount of the expenses and necessary profits attendant on their carriage to Ireland, and any taxes which may be escaped.

For the quantity of French currency expressed in the bills transmitted to them in return for any given amount of Irish currency delivered on their account to the merchants in Ireland, is at all times determined by the quantity which can be procured in France by the sale of the commodities purchaseable in Ireland with the amount of Irish currency delivered. The quantity will therefore be diminished whenever the prices of Irish commodities fall in France, and the contrary; and the absentees will in reality feel the effects of the increase of demand for French produce, their own demand included, in the same manner as if they had demanded the French produce for consumption at their houses in Ireland.

This variation in the quantity of French currency made over in return for a given quantity of Irish, is in reality what is known by the name of the variation of the rate of exchange; and it is manifest that it can never proceed to a greater extent, than the variation in the money prices of those kinds of commodities which can be exported in increased quantities with the least diminution of price, or in other words, than the variation in the money prices of gold and silver. It has been usual however, to refer the variation of the rate of exchange to another cause, namely, the comparative abundance or scarcity of bills drawn in one country upon the other. But since every bill on a foreign country must be paid—if it is paid at all—by the transmission of commodities of some kind, under which head gold and silver are included,—it follows that the amount of the foreign currency which will be expressed in the bill in return for a given amount of home currency, will depend entirely on the amount of foreign currency which will be procured in the foreign country by the sale of the commodities purchaseable here with the home currency received, and not on the number of bills which may be in existence either here or any where else. If indeed a great number of persons are wanting bills to be drawn on the foreign country at the same time, it is a proof that great quantities of commodities are going to be sent to that foreign country to answer them, and consequently the prices of these commodities must fall abroad, and the quantity of foreign currency which will be expressed in the bills given in return for any given amount of home currency must fall also. But it falls because a great many commodities are to be sent, and their prices thereby lowered; and not because there are a great many bills, which is only the concomitant of the other. Hence, when in any country the rate of exchange with other countries falls, it may be caused by any of three things. It may be because the inclination of the inhabitants of that country for the produce of foreigners is increasing faster than the inclination of foreigners for theirs; or it may be because the inclination of foreigners for the commodities of that country is decreasing; or, thirdly, it may be because the value of the currency has from some cause or other been diminished, in consequence of which, the gold coins, if things were in a state of equilibrium before, must now be sent abroad as the means of obtaining more for them than can be got at home, even though the consequence is a partial diminution of what they will fetch abroad in consequence of their increased quantity. If sixpence can be got by sending a coin abroad, it will be sent, even though the quantity of coins sent should be such as finally to reduce the price abroad by a penny, or reduce the gain to fivepence;

and this fall of a penny is what is called the lowering of the exchange. This therefore is the connexion existing between a fall in the foreign exchanges and an over-issue of the currency. The fall in the exchanges *may* be caused by over-issues; but it may also be caused by two or three things besides. An over-issue has a *certain* tendency to cause a fall in the foreign exchanges; but there are two or three things which may overrule it, and produce a contrary appearance. Hence, a fall in the foreign exchanges is a *probable* symptom of an over-issue, but not a *certain* one; the only certain one, or, to speak more correctly, the most certain one, being a fall in the currency price of gold in the gold market.

No part of any of the preceding results is dependent on the employment of bills of exchange. If such things had never been invented, the only consequence would have been, that the agent of the absentee in Ireland must have shipped the commodities purchased with his rents to some port in France, where the absentee must have applied to receive them. It is easy to see the various conveniences arising to different persons from the actual practice; and in these conveniences, and in nothing else, consists the operation of the bills of exchange.

Neither is any part of the results dependent on the impossibility of making remittances in money. Gold coins will not leave Ireland or any other country, at all events in any large quantities at a time, as long as the state of the currency is such that a coin will purchase at home the same quantity of metal as is contained in itself *and something more*; or, in other words, as long as the currency, gold and paper together, is not in a state of undue depreciation from excess. For as long as there is not this depreciation, the gold coins will be employed in purchasing a quantity of gold greater than that contained in themselves; which will be sent abroad in preference to the coins. In spite of this, however, some coins will from time to time be carried to foreign countries, through inadvertence, extravagance, or ignorance. And the amount of such coins may, on the whole, be by no means inconsiderable; and a greater or less portion may, by possibility, find their way to the absentees. But even if this should happen, it does not in the slightest degree affect the accuracy of any of the preceding results. For the coins are only in the same circumstances as any other commodities that have been brought into Ireland from foreign countries; and consequently their exportation will cause a new stream of Irish commodities towards the places from which the materials of new coins can be procured, in the same manner as was specified in the case of gold and silver in their rude state.

If, instead of an Irish absentee who lives in Paris, the case is taken of an absentee from Northumberland who lives in London, it may still be proved that his absence does no pecuniary harm in the aggregate, even to Northumberland. For, let his rents, for example, be remitted to him quarterly by the post, in the shape of bank notes for a thousand pounds—which seems as clear of all transfer of commodities as it is possible to imagine. But it is plain that if these remittances go on uncounteracted, they must cause a diminution to an unlimited extent in the quantity of the circulating medium in Northumberland, and consequently a corresponding rise in its value there. But if this does not happen to an unlimited extent—and it is quite plain that it does not

happen—it can only be because the circulating medium pours into Northumberland from other quarters. Or, in other words, because the abstraction of the rents causes a certain increase in the value of currency in Northumberland, which produces its own check, by causing currency to pour in from other quarters *in the shape of purchases made in Northumberland*; and so leaves every thing as it was at first, with the exception of the trifling rise in the value of currency necessary to make it pour in from without. It is true, that instead of the amount of the rents being expended from time to time among the tailors and carpenters of one village in Northumberland, the increase of custom will be extended over the whole county, and perhaps two or three neighbouring counties besides. But, unless it can be proved that the tailors and carpenters of this village have a claim to carry on a forced trade in preference to the others, there can be no foundation for complaint.

The taxes which an absentee will escape by living abroad, are, all such taxes upon consumption as fall upon the articles which he would have consumed if he had staid at home. But though he thus escapes a portion of taxation, he continues to pay all such taxes as are laid upon the sources of his revenue. And, before it can be proved that there would be any justice in laying a distinct tax upon absentees, it is necessary to determine accurately what an absentee in justice ought to pay, and to compare it with what he does pay. For example, if an absentee has the sources of his property in Ireland and lives in France, there is a claim on him for contribution towards the maintenance of the public security by which his property is preserved in Ireland, and another for contribution towards the public security by which his person is preserved in France. But to say that in either of these quarters there is a claim to the full amount of what might be made on him if he had both his property and his person in one country, would be like affirming that a man who sups at one inn and takes his bed at another, ought to pay for both bed and supper at both. It would be in vain to urge, that where he took his bed he might have taken his supper also if he had chosen. It is precisely because he did not choose to take it there, that he is quit of the demand. Men were not born for the purpose of paying taxes, but for the purpose of living as happily as they can; and to claim the same amount of taxation from an absentee as from a resident, would be clearly contrary to the rules which direct men's ideas of justice in other cases. What the precise portion is, which an absentee ought to pay, it may not be very easy to determine. One thing, however, is clear, namely, that he may possibly pay the right quantity now, but could not if, by means of a tax on absentees, he were made to pay the same as a resident. And if to make him pay the whole would be unjust, so to make him pay an increase upon his present quantity, without being able to prove that his present rate of payment was insufficient, would be too odious in the performance, and too frivolous in the result, to be undertaken by any government which valued the good opinion of mankind.

It has been said in parliament, that if the theory of Mr. M'Culloch were true, it would follow, that it would be no loss to Ireland if it paid a tribute to a foreign power. This is the fallacy of supposing

a *new* tribute, and confounding it with the transfer of an old one. If a new tribute was to be imposed on Ireland, as, for instance, by the Pope, then, since this must be taken from somebody in Ireland in addition to all they, in any shape, paid before, it would be so much clear loss; but if an Irishman was to be chosen for Pope himself, and continue to receive his rents as formerly, the fact of his sitting in St. Peter's chair would cause no loss either to Ireland or to himself, any more than if he had been sitting in his chair in Connaught. Or if an Irishman should sell his rents to the Pope or the King of France, the fact of these rents being afterwards remitted in butter to these potentates would cause no loss to Ireland, any more than if they had sent to request to purchase a cargo of butter in any other manner.

It may perhaps be asked, how this theory would hold good if *all* Ireland were to become absentees. This is the sophism of putting an impossible case. The absentees are a race who toil not, neither do they spin. If they were of any other description of persons, they could not be absentees. It is therefore impossible that their absence should ever prevent their sources of revenue from continuing to be wrought at home. Hence if every man in Ireland who can be an absentee should become one, there would be no check to the production of their revenue, and no loss from its being remitted to them abroad.

Having disposed of the pecuniary part of the question, there remains the moral one. And this reduces itself to determining, for example, whether the quantity of bastardy produced by the presence of the squire, the young squire, the gamekeeper, the huntsman, and the whipper-in, is greater than is occasioned by the want of moral lessons in their absence; and the same in other cases. If the question was of the production of habits of submission and passive obedience, much might be said for the effects of the residence of the higher classes; but morality is a plant which can grow without landlords, and is quite as often trampled on as cherished through their presence.

By clearing the ground on the subject of absenteeism, much light has been thrown on the subject of commerce in general. Mr. Cobbett has brought forward the old objection, that all that one man gains by trade, another loses. The fallacy of this lies in the double use of the word *all*. If two men are to divide a heritage between them, no man can say that the entire half of each claimant is taken from the other; for each gets the whole of what was bestowed on him by the testator. But it is perfectly true, that if one can overreach the other in settling the terms of the division, all that he gains the other will lose. It is true, therefore, of a certain debateable part, but it is not true of the whole or of the mass. So again, if a man in Yorkshire and another in Middlesex agree to exchange estates, the whole exchange cannot possibly be a gain made by one from the other, though the debateable part which is concerned when they higgled about the terms, will be so. In the same manner in commerce, what one gets by higgling upon the terms is lost by the other; but the whole, the mass of the things exchanged, is not gained by one at the expense of the other. The higgling of the parties merely serves to bring their bargain to a conclusion; as in a court of law, the allowing each party to make the most he can of his own case, is the way that brings out justice in the end. And as in the case adduced of an exchange of estates, so commerce in the main is the

exchange of goods for some mutual advantage ; and not an exchange of wrongs. The supposition in fact defeats itself ; for if it were true, then both sides would cheat both, and each of the parties to an exchange come back empty-handed.

It also becomes easy to see how commerce enriches nations. Take, for example, the case of Venice, which was situated on a territory that produced nothing, and yet maintained fleets and armies, and was the bulwark of Europe against the Turks. Where did this wealth or power come from ? Manifestly it arose, because at every exchange of the pepper of the East against some part or other of the commodities of Europe which must necessarily have gone into the East to pay for them, some portion not of the pepper but of the pepper's price, was made to stick in Venice as the profits of the merchants, and *vice versâ*. The riches of Venice, therefore, were levied either on the consumers of Indian goods in Europe, or of European goods in India, or on both. Whether they were levied on both or paid exclusively by one, would depend on whether the desire for the interchange of goods in India and in Europe was mutual, or whether one party had to pay a high price for what it received, in consequence of the necessity of forcing its own commodities by low prices. But all this is clearly by consent ; and for men to have accused Venice of injuring them by letting them have pepper, would be as absurd as to shut up the butchers and brewers' shops, that men might not be induced to spend their money upon meat and drink. Hence in any country, the consumption of foreign commodities instead of domestic ones, causes a portion of wealth to stick by consent with the merchants, instead of being consumed as it would otherwise have been ; and this accumulation forms a real source of national wealth. That it must all have come from the country, or from some country, is true ; as it is true of all accumulation whatever. But it is *there*, and it would not have been there if it had not been for the appetite for foreign commodities. If the merchants in the two interchanging countries are equally divided, then the advantages are shared between both. But if all the merchants, for example, in Portugal are British, then the advantages of the commerce on both sides are monopolized by Britain.

The same kind of light is thrown on the subject of free trade. Since every thing, for example, from France, must be paid for in the end by English commodities of some kind, French gloves, to take them as an instance, must be paid for in cutlery, or some other English commodity. Or it may happen that they are paid for in gold, and that the cutlery or some other commodity is sent to South America to buy more gold in its place, which makes no difference. Hence to determine that gloves shall be made in England for four shillings a pair, when the cutler, by the intervention of his wares, can procure them from France for two, is taking two shillings out of the mouth of the cutler, that the public may be obliged to put four into that of the glove-maker for the same thing. In fact it is preventing the public from buying gloves at a shop which sells them for two shillings, in order that they may be obliged to go to a shop on the other side of the way, and buy them for four. In which process, it is clear that there is a throwing away, in a national sense, of all the capital and labour expended upon making the same article at an unnecessary

price. The gloves are the same at four shillings, that they might have been at two; hence all the capital and labour thus clumsily employed in creating the difference, might have been available to something else. It is true that glove-makers are supported; but then these individuals might equally have been supported by doing something that was useful, instead of something that is of no use. The question reduces itself, to whether glove-makers exist that glove-makers may be supported by the public, or that the public may have gloves. But if a glove-maker is to be supported by the public when the trader at the next door will furnish gloves at half-price, all other kinds of traders must have the same right, and there is an end of all connexion between utility and trade. If such a principle was carried to its full extent, society would be one great poor-house, where each individual claimed to be supported, not according to the merits of his labour, but according to some eleemosynary and arbitrary scale.

The conclusions from the whole appear to be, first—That it is perfectly indifferent to the domestic production of any country, what kind of commodities its citizens consume, and where; the simple solution being, that if they consume foreign goods at home, domestic produce, or something for which domestic produce has been given, must be sent abroad to procure them; and if they go abroad to consume, then the amount of their expenditure must in the same shape be sent after them. From which it follows, that all ideas of any effect on wages, wealth, or power, to arise from abstaining from the consumption of foreign commodities either abroad or at home, are without foundation in truth. Secondly, That though it may be inseparable from a state of war, that the belligerents should endeavour to capture or destroy the property of each other when they meet it on the seas, it is irrational and foreign to the object of the contest to make any opposition to the interchange of the unwarlike produce of the belligerents, which may take place by means of neutrals; and that consequently the neutrals, who have a direct and lawful interest in the preservation of their traffic, have a right to resist all endeavours to prevent such interchange, by all the means by which they might resent any other invasion of their lawful traffic. And lastly, That by the discovery and declaration of the truth upon this question, a great step has been made towards the destruction of national prejudices, and the diminution of national miseries. The interest of mankind is to encourage every thing that leads to a community of feeling among mankind; and nothing has been more strongly worked upon for the production of contrary results, than the belief that the interchange of residence and of productions was injurious to nations. It would hardly be extravagant to foretell, that as one consequence of the discovery of Mr. M'Culloch, there will never be another commercial war. Men have found out, that nature has not filled the earth with her bounties, with a design that they should be prohibited from enjoying them. They begin to discover that the commercial, like the physical world, is fearfully and wonderfully made; and that in this as in other instances, the ills which men suffer from nature are small in comparison of those which they inflict upon themselves.

JAMAICA.*

SLAVERY—Abolition—Emancipation—Wilberforce—Buxton, and Macauley—such are the words and things that rush into a man's mind when he takes up a book about the West Indies; after which, it is needless to say that he very speedily throws it down. We know no question which a long-winded and intemperate contest has made so absolutely nauseous to the public, as that relative to the West Indies and its social state. Ignorance, fanaticism, and meddling vanity on the one side, and violence and selfishness on the other, have completely succeeded in enveloping one of the most interesting topics in the world in darkness and disgust. Who could hope to see his way through the cloud of books, pamphlets, and articles in reviews, that have for years past been accumulating on the subject of slavery? Who could hope to sift the truth from such a mass of falsehood, misrepresentation, and nonsense? They that could make the loudest noise, and create the greatest bustle, have hitherto carried the day. Well-disposed people, seeing that they could never expect to judge for themselves, have yielded to the guidance of those they thought least likely to be wrong. Fine words, sounding commonplaces, and clap-trap sentiments, which possess more influence over mankind than all the logic and rationality in the world, have all been on the side of the emancipationists. The abstract justice of their case has served them much less than the prejudices, religious and sentimental, of which they have availed themselves. An appeal to ignorant prejudice, and a uniform misrepresentation and exaggeration of fact, have been the powerful means which they have taken to support a virtuous and enlightened cause. The unfairness of the attack was too sure to excite as unfair a defence. The combatants have trampled upon the object of contention, and have bruised and defiled it. Slave-dealing was an abominable source of misery, crime, and suffering of every description, and was abolished, as far as we had the power to do so, most justly and honourably. The system of slave-labour is also productive of evil, and it is desirable that the social state in the West Indies should assume other shape. The way in which this question has been handled generally, in England, is a disgrace to the party who have assumed the front rank in the discussion. The measures that have been taken have been nearly as injudicious and mischievous as possible. In these rash and foolish measures they have been pretty universally supported and stimulated by the people of England: for this plain reason, that the people of England have a strong feeling to that which they consider the humane side of a question. But as to where the humanity lies here, or as to any of the real merits of the question, they are as thoroughly ignorant and misled, as they are on almost every other political point of importance agitated among them—such as the Catholic Question, the Corn Laws, the Currency, or Usury Laws. A truly important book, which was at the same time readable, containing a detailed view of society, both free and enslaved, would set the question at rest; though, we fear, too late

* A Tour in the Island of Jamaica, from the Western to the Eastern end, in the year 1823. By C. R. Williams. London. 1826. 8vo.

to take it out of the very bad hands it has long been in. The materials for such a work are ample, and the motives for undertaking it numerous and strong. Like almost every thing else in the West Indies, the climate has been abominably calumniated. This is a misrepresentation, which has kept all inquirers or independent visitors away from them, and given the enemy a clear field for his operations. Were it as much the fashion to spend the winter in Nevis or Trinidad, as it is to spend them in places ten thousand times less agreeable, such as Nice or Naples, no more argument need be held about the matter—the real truth would be known, and much mischievous talk silenced for ever.

In the absence of more impartial and more elaborate works, much information is to be derived from this Tour in Jamaica, and that too in a very agreeable way. A more amusing and a more instructive book has not lately been written about these most remarkable and interesting countries. Though it bears evident marks of being written by a partizan of the planters, it is fair, moderate, and for the most part in the right. Its descriptions of scenery are striking and picturesque, and its anecdotes and sketches of the manners and habits of the negroes extremely valuable and entertaining.

The author landed at Falmouth, in the County of Cornwall, in Jamaica, on the 20th December, 1822, and soon after repaired to the estate of a Mr. Graham, an old planter, to whom he had been recommended. Of this gentleman a portrait is given.

A long blast from a conch-shell relieved the negroes from their toils. But let me describe the old gentleman, who gave me a vigorous shake by the hand and a cordial welcome to his house. Imagine an old gentleman, sixty-five years of age, upwards of six feet high, and weighing probably seventeen stone, with a set of regular and even handsome features, except one eye missing; an open, generous countenance, whose physiognomy indicated the habitude of no violent or fractious feeling. He wore a white hat whose brims were ten inches wide; had one side been cocked upward, and feathered, it would have done for a Velasquez, or Rubens's Chapeau de Paille; a blue jacket, too short for elegance, (being curtailed to escape the perspiration of his horse) which in consequence of his height and bulk gave his appearance an air of caricature, especially as its truncated skirts stuck out with the crowding of his pockets; a white waistcoat and trowsers completed his costume, and gave a tinge of deeper hue to his weather-beaten face. He had passed the last thirty years of his life in the island, although he had been educated in England.

Mr. Graham takes the tourist round his estate. The following extract will give a notion of the way in which a planter spends the morning.

A woman was then brought up for a misdemeanour; she had beaten a young girl in a fit of jealousy, and the quarrel was near involving three or four families in confusion and contention. She was ordered to hold up her coats, which she did, not higher than the middle of her legs, and the driver gave her four cuts that rattled on her clothes, and could not, I think; give her any bodily pain; when the driver ceased by his master's order, the black lady looked over her shoulder, and said, in a suppressed but emphatic tone, "Go to h—ll," and walked off. I think the old gentleman heard her as well as myself, but he took no notice, allowing, I suppose, for her irritated feelings, which was no doubt humane and prudent. In the course of the day, the lady herself took an opportunity of telling me that Massa was really a good man, and she knew she had done wrong and deserved to be punished.

I was amused at the sight of a score of children lying in trays beneath a sort of harbour made of boughs; they were all naked, and looked like so many tadpoles, alternately sleeping and hawling till the mothers went and suckled them. Some of the men had calabashes of sugar-juice to recruit their spirits. I was much diverted with the head driver, who walked about with the whip in one hand and a bamboo staff in

the other, in which he carried a *yard* of rum or grog, and as he quaffed from time to time, he elevated his bamboo towards the heaven as if he were a Sydrophele stargazing.

After we had returned to the overseer's house, an old woman marched up at the head of another detachment, a phalanx of children, all under seven years of age. They were also naked, each carrying its frock on its arm, and came to show that they were washed clean, and were free from all disease. They were full of fun and tricks, and their skin, black as ebony, shone like silk. The old gentleman asked them what they were to have for dinner; they replied, "cowskin;" and having put on their Osnaburgh frocks, they were helped in little calabashes, out of a boiler built up against the piazza. Their dinner was cow or ox hide (the hair of which is first singed off) boiled to a jelly, with yams, cocos, ochro, and other vegetables; a famous mess, of which the little negroes made a most hearty meal. I wished my poor neighbours in Hampshire might always be assured of such a meal once a day; however, I consoled myself with the reflection, that they are not slaves; I wish it would console them for their empty bellies.

It is a very mistaken idea to suppose that because a negro is a slave that he has no property. Mr. Williams saw them purchasing finery for their Christmas gambols with doubloons, (above 5*l.*) and their rights by courtesy are as well understood by them, and as stoutly maintained, as if they were Britons, whose houses are their castles, and who "never, never shall be slaves."

A gentleman at Mr. Graham's told me that one of his negroes came to claim compensation for cutting off a branch of a calabash tree in his (the gentleman's) garden. The negro maintained that his own grandfather had planted the tree, and had had a house and garden beside it, and he claimed the land as his inheritance, though he had his own negro grounds elsewhere as a matter of course. The gentleman was so amused by Quaco's pertinacity and argument, that he bought the land and tree, right and title, of him for a dollar. I am afraid there are many titles in England not better than Quaco's, though allowed the same authenticity.

We find a great number of anecdotes which tell against the converted negroes; many of them are laughable enough, but we cannot help thinking that they are collected by a willing hand.

An old patriarchal negro, with a white beard and head, came one day to complain of a newly christened neighbour refusing to pay an old debt of a doubloon, which the patriarch had lent him, on promise of repayment, to purchase a share of a cow. But on the present application, the nominal Christian had affected ignorance of the debt, and surprise at the demand. He said he had lent the doubloon to Quamina, but he was not Quamina now; he was a new man, born again, and called Timoty, and was not bound to pay the dead man, Quamina's debt. The cause being brought before the master, was heard, and summed up in the following words:—"Quamina, otherwise Timothy, this may be very fine logic, and you may think it religion too, but, for the sake of morality, Mr. Rascal, pay the money or make over the cow." Quamina finding there was no appeal, began to grumble and swear, and even to curse the preacher's religion, since it was "no worth." The old patriarch said, that, "formerly people minded the *puntees*, hung up in the trees and grounds as charms to keep off thieves, but since there was so much *preachy preachy*, the lazy fellows did nothing but tief."

The Christmas festivities are celebrated with the utmost freedom and jollity by the slaves. Mr. Williams has given an account of their boisterous merriment. In the midst of them an incident occurred which diverted him, and which is worth extracting.

An old grey-headed man, who had formerly been appointed a watchman to guard the negro-grounds, had occasionally abused his trust, and robbed the grounds he was bound to protect: considering his age and venerable appearance, Mr. Graham had always endeavoured to pacify those who had been robbed, by compelling the thief to make restitution from his own grounds, rather than flogging him; however, the old rogue, having been detected in the very act of some outrageous robbery, had thought it prudent to retire, and had absented himself from the estate for two years previous to

this festival, in the midst of which he made his unexpected appearance, and came up to his master laughing with perfect nonchalance. He shook hands with him as the others had done, and said, "he was sorry he had been a bad boy, but he never would do so any more." So he received a free pardon.

From the house of Mr. Graham, the author sets forth on his travels, accompanied by two black valets, with whom the attention of his host had provided him. The contrasted characters of these negroes, their manners, conversation, and adventures, throw much light on the condition of their fellows, and as the author has managed to play them off with much dramatic humour, this forms a very agreeable part of the work. Their characters are thus drawn:

As my inclination as well as my business would lead me to visit the capital, my host very kindly procured me two excellent horses, and provided me with two negroes to attend me, who were to be mounted on mules; one to lead the second horse, and the other to take charge of a sumpter mule loaded with my baggage. Poor Quashie begged again to be my conductor; but as I learned that he had been convicted of the same offence once before, his request was inadmissible, and a stout little fellow, whom his master called Magnus, was appointed to attend me as my head valet.

I think there was a little roguery on the part of the old gentleman, in giving me this genius as my Cicerone; for though he did not want *sabby*, as they call it, he was a regular psalm-singer, a downright saint or methodist, who was always talking of grace, faith, new birth, and hell fire. His real name was Pompey, to which his master had added the nick-name of Magnus, on account of his diminutive stature, I suppose; but he (Pompey) told me with great gravity, that he had been christened Abbesneezer, for so he pronounced Ebenezer, and begged that I would call him by this his Christian appellation.

My other attendant was an African, a Papau, a true believer in the faith of Mahomet, as far as he understood it, which might be to some extent, as he could read and write what might be Arabic for ought I knew. He was a slim, genteel-looking man, with a jet black complexion, and teeth as white as ivory. He rode his mule with a superior grace, though they are all good cavaliers, and conducted himself on all occasions with a very dignified air and manner. His name was Abdallah, but according to the phraseology of the negroes, pronounced Dollar; and he had as thorough a contempt for the Christian miracles and mysteries he had heard preached, and for the foolish "fashions," as he called them, of his friend Sheeza, as any of the muftis of Constantinople could have felt or expressed.

Pompey was a Creole, and well acquainted with the country, the roads, and the estates, which we were to pass; a sort of topographical dictionary, from which I could derive all necessary information. Abdallah had been recommended for his invincible integrity, as a servant on whom I might depend in every emergency on the road, and one who would see the horses fed and rubbed and locked up securely at night,—an indispensable precaution, as I afterwards found.

Hospitality reigns all over Jamaica; every man's house is your home. The traveller, with his blacks, rides up to a house on an eminence, and according to custom is led by his host to the sideboard; his thirst after riding is allayed by a welcome draught of sangaree. Still, according to custom, he then goes to bed in the middle of the day, and gets up to dinner. The host entertains his guest with the following characteristic anecdote:

A negro-man, named Schweppes or Swipes, to whom his comrades have added the appellation of Saint, took it into his head to poison a preacher at Montego Bay. He but half killed the poor creature, who discovered the nature of the poison in time to prevent its fatal effects, though it is more than probable he will never recover his former health. The maniac did not attempt to conceal the crime, or to escape, but argued that the spirit moved him to kill Massa Parson. He affirmed that the preacher always said, "he longed to lay down his burden; to quit this mortal life; to go to Abraham's bosom, to the bosom of his Saviour, to glory," and so forth,—and he, Swipes, (whose brain was turned topsy-turvy,) out of good-will and love, wished to help him to heaven and glory, for which he was so anxious. There was so much method in his madness, that it was resolved he should be put on his trial; and several

persons intimating to him that he would probably be hanged, he had wit enough to make his escape from jail, and run off into the woods, where he concealed himself for some time from the observation of the whites, although many of the blacks were well acquainted with the place of his retreat. At last, two gentlemen, in the pursuit of wild hogs, penetrated unconsciously, and by mere accident, to a little open spot in the midst of the woods, where, beside a small hut, with a fire still smoking in it, they found a cross or a crucifix, (as it bore something intended for an effigy on it,) and caught there a runaway negro. They thought and hoped it was Mr. Swipes; but here they were deceived; the prisoner proved to be only a disciple of the saint, and being brought down to the bay or town, related many particulars of his patron's present mode of life. It seems he has often an attendance of negroes to hear him preach, to whom he has the assurance to communicate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; but as he can get no wine, he distributes rum and sometimes porter, and roasted plantains and cocos for bread. The figure on the crucifix is meant for the worshipful Mr. W——, and is made out of an old black coat, with a calabash tied to the cross for his head, on which a nose and eyes are scratched with charcoal. He would fain call himself Saint John, and eats soldiers* and crawfish, which he calls lobsters, meaning, I suppose, locusts; and stolen molasses serve him for wild honey; though he might find an abundance of that in the woods, if he thought fit to search. He and his companions sit round the effigy of Saint Wilforce, as they call it, and smoke their jonkas, or pipes about two inches long, until the evening closes in, when they are greeted with the company of their wives or sweethearts, and a ceremony similar to the American love-feasts is performed in the dark, or by the *blinker* light of the dying embers.

This fanatical rascal has really great power over the minds of the negroes, which is, however, moderated by the efforts of an Obeah man, his declared rival, or he would urge them into the most abominable excesses. He converts their credulity to his own profit, persuades the women out of their ear-rings and necklaces, and the men out of their fowls and pigs. He has even set them to rob one another, assuring them that whatever they bring to him is a sacrifice to God. His rapacity almost equals that of the priesthood of old, but his Obeah rival still retains an influence over even his followers,—an influence under which they were born,—and, by his spells, his charms, and his fetishes, guards the property of his less enterprising and more peaceful neighbours.

As the practice of Obeah is illegal, and the persuasion of Saint Swipes in fashion, the latter affects to defy the wizard, and threatens to give him up to the law, forgetting that he lies at the mercy of his adversary, and may in turn be called to account for poisoning the methodist.

Every tongue resounds with abuse of the *saints*, and the disorder and confusion with which they have disturbed the peaceful state of slavery. Mr. Williams here exaggerates, though we can fully understand the bitter feelings which arise in the heart of a planter, when he perceives the bonds of duty and affection, which (whatever may be said to the contrary, are natural enough among a well-treated slave population) severed and destroyed by the inflammatory addresses of methodist preachers, whose ignorant rant, disgusting enough when addressed to the lower orders of our fellow-countrymen; must be doubly disgusting when addressed to a crowd of uninformed negroes who do not comprehend one half, and totally misconceive the other half of what he says. The effect of *preachy preachy* upon a well-disposed, peaceable kind of fellow, is well shown in the person of Sneezer, whose conversation consists of the most silly and the most profane fragments of the discourse of the missionaries who may have happened to have put him in the way of salvation. The Creole dialect, which strikes the Englishman as irresistibly ridiculous, saves us from stronger feelings on the perusal of the bits and crumbs of sanctity scattered up and down this volume, and generally put into the mouth of Abbey Sneezer. The Abbey omits no opportunity of gathering together his

* Cancer Diogenes, Hermit Crab.

brethren for the purpose of improving the occasions that occur in the course of his travels. Two of his sermons are reported by Mr. Williams, and they are well worth extracting. The first is made at the funeral of a negro on an estate where the travellers happened to be visiting.

I did not attend the funeral of the negro above mentioned, as I thought my presence might be unwelcome, but my two lacqueys were of the party; and Ebenezer, as I suspected, did not lose so excellent an opportunity of endeavouring to edify his brethren, and displaying his progress in religious knowledge. He objected to the heathen ceremony of throwing a fowl into the grave, and said that the yams which they would have buried with the corpse, had no more business there than a hog in the Gubna's* garden. The son-in-law of the deceased described the scene to me, or rather the speech made by Ebenezer, on the occasion, which I shall endeavour to relate in his own words. The corpse was buried by moonlight, with the help of torches, and after the negro fashion; but Ebenezer, seeing that the business was to end there, had called out to know, if they would not 'read ober him, and if they were not going to *sabe* his soul?' The negroes, very accommodating, told him he might read if he would; on which he took a book from his pocket, and held it the wrong way upward (which did much signify, as he does not know his letters) and began as follows:

"Dea belubb'd, we gather together dis face congregation, because it is horrible among all men not to take delight in hand for wantonness, lust, and appetite, like brute mule, dat hab no understanding. When de man cut down like guinea grass, he worship no more any body, but gib all him world's good to the debbil; and Garamighty tell him soul must come up into heab'n where notting but glorio. What de use of fighting wid beast at Feesus? Rise up all and eat and drink, because we die yesterday, no so to-morrow. Who shew you mystery? Who nebba sleep, but twinkle him yeye till de trumpet peak? Who baptise you, and gib you victory ober de debbil's flesh? Old Adam, belubb'd!—he bury when a child, and the new man rise up when he old. Breren, you see dat dam rascal Dollar;—he no [Christian, he no Jew, no missionary, no Turk, for true. You see him laugh [Abdallah denied it]—when he go to hell he die, and nebba gnash him teeth, and worms can't nyam him. Breren, all Christians, white and black man, all one colour—Sambo and mulatto—no man bigger dan another, no massa, and no fum fum—plenty o' grog.—So breren! Garamighty take de dead man, and good night!"

Ebenezer perceiving that his *preachy* was tolerated by the owner of the estate, quickly seized another opportunity of displaying his gifts.

As if sensible of this indifference on the part of our host, St. Pompey, as Mr. Klopstock called him, had given out that he would preach to the slaves at the negro houses yesterday morning, and I went in consequence, incognito, and took my post in the house of the servant who had repeated to me the funeral oration, where I copied down as he delivered it the sermon as follows.

Most of the negroes (between two and three hundred) assembled to hear him, and arranged themselves on the ground beneath some coco-nut trees, in a ring, leaving a space for him to move about, and for a stool, on which he first mounted, then sat down a little, then mounted again, and began to pray a heap of unintelligible matter; in the midst of which he rushed into his sermon without text, and exclaimed—

"Brar!—You tink say when you die, you dead for true!—No such ting—nebba see de day—dat time no mo you begin for lib—You tink say—Deady come, trouble come no mo?—Ha! man, tan lilly bit, you no bin dead six minutes before debbil catch you, put you na bilbo, set twenty thousand driba pon you.—Dem no hab cattle whip, but dem poke you wid fire stick, tay you teet grind to de root. Deady no come no mo.—You hungry tay you gut twist to pieces,—dem no gib you plantain—no so lead, no mo hot like hell, burn hole in you belly.—You tongue roast wid feebe,—dem no gib you water—no one drop day—no so boiling brimstone, nuttin else for drink, tay de flame come trough you nose. You tink for run away!—nebba see de day—you foot roast in red hot bilbo for twenty tousand year. De tear in you yeye boil like a pot, yet deady no come—sleep no come, nebba for cool you yeye.—Brar, me sorry for you.—De sinful soul go ebery one straight to hell—you all sinful, you born so—you born in sin—You tink dat no you fault? Cha! no you fader do it? Pickninny must pay him fader debt.—You must hab wif no mo—No so, dem roast you pickninny—Brar,

* Governor's.

me sorry for you.—You tink wha for Garamighty gib you black girl? No more for rat trap for catch you sinful soul. De bible say dem painted puckerie—dem cheat you yeyes—dem all rotten.”

Here a voice cried out, ‘Sneezer, you lie—you good for nutten, wibble wabble loblolly, —.’

The fair sex were offended at his defamation, and a score of sturdy damsels, springing from the ranks, began to execute vengeance upon him for his *imperance*. They banded him about round the ring like a hunted slipper, while he as vainly attempted to defend himself with his hands as with his tongue; the louder he bawled, the louder the girls laughed; some shouted in his face, others in his ears; one pinched him, a second pulled the tails into which his woolly hair is plaited; a third smacked him behind; a fourth twisted him round by the shoulders, while he was still handed round the ring like a planet revolving on its own axis, as it performs its revolution round the sun; or, to use a more homely simile, like a waltzer executing a solo round a ball-room. Their mirth or their wrath increased with his distress, and they did not cease tormenting him until the breath seemed almost out of his body, and they had nearly made him as much a martyr as a saint.”

This sanctity on the part of the negroes produces a dreadful reaction upon the planters, who are driven to infidelity by the missionaries, and to republicanism by the measures of Government. The character of a Mr. Mathews is drawn at some length, in whom both these processes seem to have been effected. Mr. Williams visits the estate of Mr. Mathews, who joins him in the performance of part of his tour—so that we have an opportunity of seeing a good deal of this dangerous character, who is held up as a representative of a numerous class of planters.

Mr. Mathews would be called a radical in England. I, who am no politician, was almost staggered by his vehemence against the “aristocracy, who allowed themselves to be led blindfold into every act of folly and injustice, that a set of sneaking, fanatical ignoramus choose to recommend to them; not that they are insensible to ambition or power—power, too, over the *consciences* of their fellow-creatures.” According to him, Jamaica is to be wholly free, to be emancipated from the tyranny of England and the humbug of the *Saints*. He acts up to this doctrine, by having nothing in his house which is the produce of England, except where he cannot possibly avoid it. His soap, candles, oil, and all his provisions, are transatlantic. He has neither tea, porter, cider, wines, fish-sauces, nor hams from England. His plate is manufactured from dollars, by one of his book-keepers, who has been educated by a goldsmith. His clothes are made in the island, though of British cloth. His furniture has been made by his own carpenters; his beds stuffed with his own silk cotton. His pen produces a superabundance of maize and guinea corn, (the latter yielding the finest flour in the world,) rice, if required, and every species of the bread kind in profusion. He has a handsome carriage made on his own premises, and, with the exception of a few tools, he is as independent of all the wants which England supplies to others, as if England had ceased to exist. Even the tools might be made of the iron of the country, of which he has had a small field-piece cast. Of gunpowder he wants little, but he says that the caves inhabited by bats will yield abundance of saltpetre. He showed me a machet, or cutlass, made by one of his own blacksmiths, of a very excellent temper, and bows and arrows of the most diabolical invention that can be conceived. No ship of war, no fleet could escape destruction, if once within their range. The arrows are made of hollow reeds, filled with some combustibles mixed with nitre and resinous gums, and take fire on striking the object at which they are directed by the percussion of their points. They can be discharged from cross-bows, or even guns. The points resemble the detonating tubes invented by Joseph Manton for his fowling-pieces, with a spike at the end, and a button to prevent them penetrating too far. The button also causes the percussion to take place, which ignites a grain or two of fulminating powder, and the arrow is instantly in a blaze. Let a fleet once come within the reach of a thousand such arrows, and we should soon have a second battle of Lepanto; at least I judge so from the experiments I saw tried with a couple of them.

This is all very foolish, doubtless, but such folly may prove the root of much mischief, and rulers ought not to reckon upon all their subjects being wise.

APRIL, 1826.

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We again meet with Mr. Mathews and his political tirades against missionaries and members of Parliament, of which there is more than enough. It is more agreeable to find him playing the part of the blind guide, in an excursion through the Devil's Race, in company with his friend, who has well described the adventure. For this reason, and because the description conveys a good idea of a part of the country, we will quote a fragment of the expedition.

The increased swell of the sea awaked me next morning at sunrise, and made me feel so squeamish, that I begged to go ashore on a projecting headland, which formed a lee, that we might breakfast more at our ease. The sea-side grape trees afforded us a shelter from the sun's rays: they were loaded with fruit, white and red, and of a very pleasant flavour. The wind continued to increase, and blew with so much violence, as to prevent the possibility of making way to windward, that is, toward Milk River; and Mr. Mathews proposed that we should walk as far as Long Bay, over a rocky part of the coast called the Devil's Race, while the negroes should take advantage of any lull in the wind, and at any rate could bring the canoe round by sunset.

We set out with one attendant, all of us armed with machets or cutlasses, which we soon found of essential service to cut our passage through the withes that hasten to occupy neglected paths, and had here bound together the bushes in every direction. The regular footpath was soon lost, and we found ourselves, after much hacking and hewing, entangled amongst *liens*, and encompassed with Turk's-heads, a formidable species of *cactus*, through which it would have been impossible to have proceeded a single foot without the use of our weapons. Mr. Mathews and myself were in some measure protected by our shoes, but Blacky's bare feet would have been martyred by the innumerable thorns with which these plants are defended. To escape the fatigue of chopping away through this phalanx, as eternal as the sacred band of the Thebans, we endeavoured to regain the sea-side, where, indeed, we were relieved from these impediments, though only to encounter others of as serious a nature, for our course now lay over honeycomb rocks, where our progress was as much retarded as among the Turk's-heads, from the sharp points which hurt our feet, and by the fear of breaking our legs, to say nothing of falling down the precipices and breaking our necks; meanwhile, we could discern the canoe far before us, making tolerable way against wind and current, and had the comfortable assurance of being utterly unable to rejoin it, except at the appointed rendezvous.

Thus scrambling and floundering about, the whole day was consumed in this Devil's Race, as it is called, and the sun had set before we arrived at the beach of Long Bay, where the canoe already rode at anchor, outside of the breakers. As she could not pass through these without great danger of being overset, and as we thought there would be less sea, and consequently less danger on the windward side of the bay, we made signs to the negroes to row across it to the eastward, and attend us under the lee of the land. We continued our walk, but the bay proved of greater extent than we had reckoned it, and the night closed in upon us when we had yet nine or ten miles to travel along a ridge of sand, with the sea on our right, and a morass on the left. This sandy ridge is intersected by five rivers, three of which we crossed without much difficulty, not being obliged to wade deeper than two or three feet; but the remaining two being too deep to be forded, we were under the necessity of swimming. The first of these was crossed with some difficulty, as we were obliged to carry over our clothes, tied into bundles, on our heads, and our machets in our mouths, wrapped in a handful of grass: but a new and unexpected difficulty awaited us at the last, which is called Alligator River, from the monsters that inhabit it. As we sauntered along its banks, feeling for a place to launch ourselves (for it was too dark to see very distinctly, the sky being overcast), we heard the alligators, alarmed at our approach, plunging from the bank into the river; one, two, three, flounced into the waves before we adverted to the cause of this plunging. What was then to be done? Whither could we retreat, with four rivers in our rear, and the Devil's Race beyond them and all darkness? The Devil's Race is horrible by day, what must it not be in a dark night? The canoe had long left us, and was probably at Milk River; to return or to remain must, therefore, be useless. While we debated the matter with no very agreeable forebodings, a swarm of ten million musquitos began an attack on us, with such inveterate fury, that we were almost obliged to rush into the water to escape them. Standing naked on the river's brink, with our bundles tied under our chins, these creatures had us completely at their mercy, and, as often happens on human occasions under similar circumstances, entertained no idea of shewing us any. Slapping here, there, before, behind, the

agony became intolerable ; I flounced into the water, as the alligators had done, making all the noise and splashing I could, to alarm and deter them, and soon reached the opposite shore in safety, followed by my companion and Cudjoe, where we hastily put on our clothes, and marched on to a mountain we had yet to cross.

Cudjoe declared he knew the path over the mountain, which was yet at some distance ; though being opposed against the sky as a dark mass, it appeared scarce a bow-shot from us ; but we found we had a great extent of sand to traverse before we gained its base, and when we reached it, the path could not be found amid the luxuriant vegetation which had overgrown and effaced it. On the left of the hill was a morass, which Cudjoe recommended us to try, as it would enable us to make a circuit to the point we desired to reach ; but here again we met with impassable obstacles, and were totally frustrated in our attempt. The morass was full of mangrove trees, whose young branches take root whenever they touch the ground, and form a wilderness of traps, which may be avoided by day-light, but in the dark it is impossible to see or escape. The numberless little arches thus formed flung us down at every other step, sometimes knee-deep in mud, sometimes deeper ; and after we had almost exhausted our little remaining strength, we became convinced we had entirely lost our way, and knew not even how to regain the beach. The only favour with which Fortune indulged us was, that after struggling two hours in this villainous swamp, we suddenly emerged on the sea-shore when we least expected it, begrimed with mud and reeking with perspiration.

Another chance yet remained to us, which was, that having regained the sea, we should now keep it, and wade round the hill, whose perpendicular sides prevented us from climbing it : a little washing would cool and clean us, and though it was still cloudy, yet the moon afforded light enough to direct our way. Indeed, it soon enabled us to see the danger that awaited us here ; for we had not proceeded a hundred yards before we found the surf raging with such violence against the base of the mountain, that further progress was impossible ; we should have had our brains dashed out against the rocks, or have been swept away by the waves, that still retained the swell they had acquired from the north-wind, and mounted as they broke some feet above the fragments, that might have been practicable in a calm. We returned drenched, and somewhat bruised, and almost in despair.

I sat down below the face of the precipice to repose, and finding that I reclined on some detached pieces which had fallen from above, I thought they might have left in their descent an opening or a fissure, up which it might be possible to climb ; there were, in fact, several such fissures or furrows, caused apparently by the rains, which occasionally trickled over the surface of the rock, though it was now dry, and after half an hour's respite, Cudjoe led the way by jamming his knees and elbows in a clef to join the pathway, which, as he said, ought to be about twenty feet above us. He succeeded, and I followed him ; but Mr. Mathews, thinking he could attain the same point more easily, had climbed a fallen tree which leaned against the precipice, that he might thence work his way to the summit we had gained. In doing this, he got to a spot whence he could neither proceed nor retreat, and remained clinging to the side of the mountain like a bat extended against a wall. His situation was very awkward and perilous. I feared lest he should lose his grasp and fall backwards down the precipice ; but Cudjoe slid down the fissure by which we had ascended, and contrived to jam a broken oar he had picked up on the beach into a hole underneath his master, on which he mounted, and enabled him to descend by resting his feet on the negro's head, who thus lowered himself gradually to his old station, and placed his master at least in safety and himself also. The precipice was still to be climbed by my friend, and a very arduous task it proved to be to him and poor Cudjoe ; though, when once remounted, he soon found the important path, along which we travelled with recruited spirits and renovated hope. The maze was yet very difficult to thread, and we only made sure of our route by the sensibility of Cudjoe's naked feet, an advantage we lost by wearing shoes. He was never long at a stand still, and conducted us at last to an open space where there were three negro houses, at one of which we bought a yam, and borrowed a pot to boil it for our dinner and supper, having eaten nothing since seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Mathews fell asleep while the food was preparing, in spite of a few thousand musquitos, to whose hungry attacks he was quite indifferent, as they could now only make war on his bronzed face. They settled by dozens on his lips, (as the bees are said to have done on Plato's,) not to collect honey I should fear. Cudjoe snored by his master's side, (sleep, like death, makes all persons equal, and levels all distinctions,) while I sat by the fire, dried my ragged clothes, and brushed the musquitos, sometimes from my own face, sometimes from my friend's. The night

was far spent, and daylight found us as I have described, except that I was detected in the act of sketching my companion and his valet in this paradise of caricature. Mr. Mathews jumped up and hastened to the sea-side, where we descried the canoe at anchor about sixty yards beyond the breakers, which prevented her nearer approach, and put us to the necessity of tying the bundles once more under our chins, as a preparative to our morning bath. We reached the canoe, wrapped ourselves up in blankets, and fell into a sweet, refreshing sleep for a couple of hours, when we dressed and breakfasted, and then steered for the mouth of Milk River, and the caravansera on its banks.

As might be expected, fatigue and exposure of this nature superinduce the fever of the climate. Mr. Williams falls ill, and is nursed by a pretty brown girl, who rejoices in the name of Diana. About the said Diana much unintelligible romance is to be found throughout the volume, and which, with much more not so good but equally true, we shall entirely neglect. After recovering from his fever, the author again sets out on his travels with his sable attendants. In the course of the journey we are once more entertained with the piety of Abby-sneezer, and the apathy of Dollar.

The mules, as I observed, were cantancrous. Abdallah had fallen into conversation with Abby Sneezer, about the sable nymph who had enchanted him into the wooden Bastile at Percival estate: more than once his interrogatories had been answered with ‘Cha! you know nutting,’—but as the dialogue was diverting, and as I am rather more conversant with the Creole dialect, though yet but a tyro, I will endeavour to relate it in the form of a dramatic scene. Dollar begins.

Dol. Sneezer, what dat sunting you hab day, tick out your breeches behind?

Eben. Hi! da for me bible book.

Dol. Wha for you carry him da?

Eben. Massa Missionary say him good for kill obea.

Dol. Him gib you?

Eben. No—yes—him gib him for tree dollar and a pig—no mo.

Dol. Tree dollar! dam him conscience—Massa no tell you him gib to him for nutting—but, Sneezer, you can’t read.

Eben. No—but me get some somebody dat can read, to preach me de red part.

Dol. Red part? wha you mean by red part?

Eben. Massa Misssionary mark de best place for read wid red sunting, and tell me when can ’member dem part good, he will mark mo.

Dol. What dem part say?

This was drawing the plug of Sneezer’s religious lore—a torrent of mutilated quotations from the Old Testament came bundled out in confusion, like rocks hurried along by an avalanche, that mingles and mars and overwhelms all into chaos. At last he stopped with the word Faith—“Fait—you know what fait?”

Dol. Please tell me, Abbysneezer.

Eben. Fait move mountains.

Dol. Hi! move dat hill den—for my mule and de sumpter-mule wont go up him.

Eben. Cho! you no hab fait, nor grace, nor light; you no ’lected, nor baptised—you know nutting ’bout lamb—you b’a’pheme—you wicked somebody.

Dol. How me wicked?—me no tief—me no lie—me no kill somebody.

Eben. You no wicked! you no hab two wife—you never pray for Ponchy Piler—where for you bible?—wha you day give to de black parson,—de black coat parson, to save for you soul from damnation? (de debbil in the mule!) Dollar, you wicked for true; but (patience guide me, wha for de mule kick?) but you no bad man—turn to grace, [the mule kicked again at every pause] and—lib—de bible—(cos de mule!) bin promise you dat Garamighty (d—m de mule!) take care of de good (debbil!—me bet you fippance me make you go) de good man, dat no bird shall fall to de—water!

Here the mule kicks Sneezer over his head into a river, and lies down to roll.

Sneezer, being very expert, kept clear of the rocks in his header, and rose out of the river like another Proteus, a little changed in appearance, but the same individual, inviting Abdallah, who was half choked with laughing, to come into the water and be baptised. The brute mule, as he called him, rolled over my great coat and a spare umbrella, which Sneezer carried for me, and he was obliged to ride for an hour afterwards, with both spread open, the coat mounted on the umbrella to dry.

We need not accompany the Tourist farther on his travels; enough has been given to show his quality, and the hourglass by which we measure the due length of an article has been for some time run out. The book is an agreeable book, and our article is likewise, we doubt not, an agreeable article; it should be, for it contains the chefs-d'œuvre of Creole eloquence, besides other good things. The two sermons which we quote, it would give us no small pleasure to hear duly delivered by Mathews. On the whole, however, Mr. Williams has rather shown that he is able to make a good book than completely succeeded. It was a sad mistake to mix up fiction with fact, when treating of a country about which so much falsehood had already been published. This same admixture of the story-book with his own experience, likewise exceedingly diminishes the force of much that would otherwise carry conviction along with it. Were it necessary to produce an example, we may observe that we should have thrown "Cato and Plato" into the fire; and a greater piece of fudge than the Irishman's history was never furbished up in Grub Street. These faults are slight on the whole, and yet we cannot help dwelling upon them, for they cause us to leave the work with an unsatisfactory feeling; they give to it an air of doubt and mystery, and smack of jobbing and book-making.

The Tour in Jamaica is published by our publishers, and we have with small exception praised it unreservedly; but let no unfair comparisons thence be drawn. We have boasted of our independence, and all who look into this Tour will see that the same sense of justice which guides our decision in other cases, reigns in this. The task of dispensing just criticism is an unthankful office; we are sure to offend some one; they whose good we seek are slow enough in the expression of their gratitude—nevertheless, we shall persevere, and set the example of one periodical at least which is above the control of any sinister interest whatever, which will not stoop either to avert the anger of the sensitive and disappointed, or to win the favour of the powerful and unjust.

CALAMITIES OF IRISH LAW STUDENTS.

THE author of the very able Sketches of the Irish Bar, which have from time to time appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, has feelingly deplored, and with a too faithful pencil portrayed, the "thousand ills" by which an "utter barrister" is assailed from the day of his call in this "nether sphere," to the day of his peremptory summons to another and, let us hope, a "better world;" but in none of the many papers that he has given to the public, has he in any degree dwelt on the manifold difficulties that intervene between an entry on the Temple books, and that day of call which in many instances is never, alas! to come. Be it my task then (*"quoque ipse miserrima vidi et quorum pas magna fui,"*) to unfold to the reader the difficulties, the dangers, the distresses, pecuniary as well as mental, which the Irish student frequently undergoes, but more frequently sinks under, in journeying to a profession, in which, if he be suc-

cessful, the splendours of wealth, the fascinations of society, the pomp and possession of power are within his grasp—but in which, if he be doomed to fail, nought remains to him, to use the words of Lord Mansfield, but “the echo of folly and shadow of renown.” But before I enter on a task, which I undertake with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, it will be perhaps necessary for the information of those unconnected with the profession, that I should proceed into a little detail.

The average number of students on the books of the King’s Inns, Dublin, (an institution similar to the inns of court here,) may be estimated at about fifty. The ages of these gentlemen vary from seventeen to twenty-five; but it should be observed, that the great majority are under the age of twenty-one; as it is the almost invariable usage to attend the two last years of the college course, and to serve nine terms at the King’s Inns at one and the same time. But while the average rate of entry may be computed at fifty, the annual calls to the bar in Ireland amount only to about twenty.

The causes of this disproportion result from calamities which it is the purpose of this article to explain.

The profession of the bar in Ireland has always been popular: and now that the church is impenetrable to aught except family descent, or great parliamentary influence, the possession of a wig and gown is as much coveted by senior and under-graduates as though it added to personal beauty, or were deemed a certain provocative to popular eloquence. A barrister in Ireland is “hedged in” by adventitious rank. He is, if he be at all eminent, the centre of a circle, around which a tribe of admirers revolve. In him, and in him alone, the coterie of his particular street or square “live, move, and have their being.” On the circuit, the M. P.s of the county, the “*estray* of a lord,” as well as the resident gentry, combine to lay an embargo on the counsellor’s conversation, and transfer him from day to day to each other’s table, to the infinite mortification of client, and solicitor, and the junior counsel in the cause in which he may happen to be engaged.

Is it then strange, that one so coveted and clung to—the pearl of sense in all family quarrels—the breath of eloquence in court—the hilarious two-bottle man at the dinner table:—is it strange, I say, that his career should be looked on as meteor-like by the school-boy who has given promise of obtaining first place at a college entrance; or by the more advanced, though just as silly junior sophister, whose discourse is redolent of premises and conclusions, and who bursts to be sensible and syllogistic, like the counsellor who is

———In logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.

or is it matter of marvel that the young mind should aspire to track a path strewn with “all manner of gold and precious stones?”

I remember that when I was a school-boy myself, the *mania* for the bar was communicated to me by a grave sizar of forty, who, although stored with a prodigious quantity of Latin and Greek, had no one requisite for the profession; and in my subsequent course through the University, eating my terms in Dublin, and afterwards in London, have I met with dull, plodding, self-satisfied men, generally past thirty, and

often forty, fired with a zeal for the administration of justice, and proving their fitness for the woolsack, by disgorging a prodigious quantity of Greek, and swallowing a still more indigestible posset of veal and ham pye, stewed mackarel, and toasted cheese—and marry! what was the inducement? Why to become the Plunket or O'Connel of some future day.

But to return. Of the fifty students on the books of the inns of court in Ireland, the one-half may have property quite exclusive of their profession; perhaps the estate of seven or eight of the richest may be estimated at from 1000*l.* to 3000*l.* per annum, while the income of the remaining seventeen may be variously stated at from 100*l.* to 800*l.* per year. The former class of persons are called to the bar in Ireland as a matter of course, and without any view to practice. Some acquaintance with the profession being deemed requisite in order to discharge the duties of the magistracy and justices of the peace. The second class have generally other objects in view. If they be of the true “ascendancy” *caste*, they look according to the various degrees of interest they can bring into requisition, to be appointed in due time assistant-barrister, commissioners of bankrupts, of enquiry, or if they have a share of talent, to King's counsel, serjeantries, and justices—but if they be of no particular party, or independent men who think for themselves, or Roman Catholics, they generally either pursue the profession sedulously for some years, and then fall into business, or feeling that “sickness of the heart which ariseth from hope deferred,” retire in disgust. It is, however, to be observed, that among this second class I could enumerate several who have attained the first rank in their profession.

The third class is that of which I meant more immediately to speak, but of which, in the true Hibernian style, I have been hitherto silent.

There remain twenty-five undisposed of, and of these, with the exception of four or five who are supported by their parents while in London, and after their call to the bar—the majority are thrown on the world to shift for themselves, to sink or swim as fate or fortune may determine.

Being one of this class myself, although born of respectable and rather wealthy parents, I have had opportunities of personally experiencing what I would fain describe, and am therefore within the rule of the poet, which holds good in law as well as love—

Those best can paint them who has felt them most.

It is a trite remark, that one fact is worth a hundred arguments, and two or three well-authenticated cases of misery will go farther to enlist the pity of the reader, than the most artful and elaborated description. When Sterne wished to depict the horrors of slavery, he chose but a single victim, but the picture was true in all its parts, and the prominent features will be recognised so long as the human soul shall thirst after the blessing which was denied to the dungeon-victim.

To many persons now at the Irish Bar the following detail is well known, but to the majority of readers it will wear the appearance of novelty and the grace of fiction. For mine own part, however, I can attest its truth.

brethren for the purpose of improving the occasions that occur in the course of his travels. Two of his sermons are reported by Mr. Williams, and they are well worth extracting. The first is made at the funeral of a negro on an estate where the travellers happened to be visiting.

I did not attend the funeral of the negro above mentioned, as I thought my presence might be unwelcome, but my two lacqueys were of the party; and Ebenezer, as I suspected, did not lose so excellent an opportunity of endeavouring to edify his brethren, and displaying his progress in religious knowledge. He objected to the heathen ceremony of throwing a fowl into the grave, and said that the yams which they would have buried with the corpse, had no more business there than a hog in the Gubna's* garden. The son-in-law of the deceased described the scene to me, or rather the speech made by Ebenezer, on the occasion, which I shall endeavour to relate in his own words. The corpse was buried by moonlight, with the help of torches, and after the negro fashion; but Ebenezer, seeing that the business was to end there, had called out to know, if they would not 'read *ober* him, and if they were not going to *sabe* his soul?' The negroes, very accommodating, told him he might read if he would; on which he took a book from his pocket, and held it the wrong way upward (which did much signify, as he does not know his letters) and began as follows:

"Dea belubb'd, we gather together dis face congregation, because it is horrible among all men not to take delight in hand for wantonness, lust, and appetite, like brute mule, dat hab no understanding. When de man cut down like guinea grass, he worship no more any body, but gib all him world's good to the debbil; and Garamighty tell him soul must come up into heab'n where notting but glorio. What de use of fighting wid beast at Feesus? Rise up all and eat and drink, because we die yesterday, no so to-morrow. Who shew you mystery? Who nebba sleep, but twinkle him yeye till de trumpet peak? Who baptise you, and gib you victory ober de debbil's flesh? Old Adam, belubb'd!—he bury when a child, and the new man rise up when he old. Breren, you see dat dam rascal Dollar;—he no [Christian, he no Jew, no missionary, no Turk, for true. You see him laugh [Abdallah denied it]—when he go to hell he die, and nebba gnash him teeth, and worms can't nyam him. Breren, all Christians, white and black man, all one colour—Sambo and mulatto—no man bigger dan another, no massa, and no fum fum—plenty o' grog.—So breren! Garamighty take de dead man, and good night!"

Ebenezer perceiving that his *preachy* was tolerated by the owner of the estate, quickly seized another opportunity of displaying his gifts.

As if sensible of this indifference on the part of our host, St. Pompey, as Mr. Klopstock called him, had given out that he would preach to the slaves at the negro houses yesterday morning, and I went in consequence, incognito, and took my post in the house of the servant who had repeated to me the funeral oration, where I copied down as he delivered it the sermon as follows.

Most of the negroes (between two and three hundred) assembled to hear him, and arranged themselves on the ground beneath some coco-nut trees, in a ring, leaving a space for him to move about, and for a stool, on which he first mounted, then sat down a little, then mounted again, and began to pray a heap of unintelligible matter; in the midst of which he rushed into his sermon without text, and exclaimed—

"Brar!—You tink say when you die, you dead for true!—No such ting—nebba see de day—dat time no mo you begin for lib—You tink say—Deady come, trouble come no mo?—Ha! man, tan lilly bit, you no bin dead six minutes before debbil catch you, put you na bilbo, set twenty thousand driba pon you.—Dem no hab cattle whip, but dem poke you wid fire stick, tay you teet grind to de root. Deady no come no mo.—You hungry tay you gut twist to pieces,—dem no gib you plantain—no so lead, no mo hot like hell, burn hole in you belly.—You tongue roast wid feebe,—dem no gib you water—no one drop day—no so boiling brimstone, nuttin else for drink, tay de flame come trough you nose. You tink for run away!—nebba see de day—you foot roast in red hot bilbo for twenty tousand year. De tear in you yeye boil like a pot, yet deady no come—sleep no come, nebba for cool you yeye.—Brar, me sorry for you.—De sinful soul go ebery one straight to hell—you all sinful, you born so—you born in sin—You tink dat no you fault? Cha! no you fader do it? Pickninny must pay him fader debt.—You must hab wif no mo—No so, dem roast you pickninny—Brar,

* Governor's.

me sorry for you.—You tink wha for Garamighty gib you black girl? No more for rat trap for catch you sinful soul. De bible say dem painted puckerie—dem cheat you yeyes—dem all rotten.”

Here a voice cried out, ‘Sneezer, you lie—you good for nutten, wibble wabble loblolly, —.’

The fair sex were offended at his defamation, and a score of sturdy damsels, springing from the ranks, began to execute vengeance upon him for his *imperance*. They banded him about round the ring like a hunted slipper, while he as vainly attempted to defend himself with his hands as with his tongue; the louder he bawled, the louder the girls laughed; some shouted in his face, others in his ears; one pinched him, a second pulled the tails into which his woolly hair is plaited; a third smacked him behind; a fourth twisted him round by the shoulders, while he was still handed round the ring like a planet revolving on its own axis, as it performs its revolution round the sun; or, to use a more homely simile, like a waltzer executing a solo round a ball-room. Their mirth or their wrath increased with his distress, and they did not cease tormenting him until the breath seemed almost out of his body, and they had nearly made him as much a martyr as a saint.”

This sanctity on the part of the negroes produces a dreadful reaction upon the planters, who are driven to infidelity by the missionaries, and to republicanism by the measures of Government. The character of a Mr. Mathews is drawn at some length, in whom both these processes seem to have been effected. Mr. Williams visits the estate of Mr. Mathews, who joins him in the performance of part of his tour—so that we have an opportunity of seeing a good deal of this dangerous character, who is held up as a representative of a numerous class of planters.

Mr. Mathews would be called a radical in England. I, who am no politician, was almost staggered by his vehemence against the “aristocracy, who allowed themselves to be led blindfold into every act of folly and injustice, that a set of sneaking, fanatical ignoramuses choose to recommend to them; not that they are insensible to ambition or power—power, too, over the *consciences* of their fellow-creatures.” According to him, Jamaica is to be wholly free, to be emancipated from the tyranny of England and the humbug of the *Saints*. He acts up to this doctrine, by having nothing in his house which is the produce of England, except where he cannot possibly avoid it. His soap, candles, oil, and all his provisions, are transatlantic. He has neither tea, porter, cider, wines, fish-sauces, nor hams from England. His plate is manufactured from dollars, by one of his book-keepers, who has been educated by a goldsmith. His clothes are made in the island, though of British cloth. His furniture has been made by his own carpenters; his beds stuffed with his own silk cotton. His pen produces a superabundance of maize and guinea corn, (the latter yielding the finest flour in the world,) rice, if required, and every species of the bread kind in profusion. He has a handsome carriage made on his own premises, and, with the exception of a few tools, he is as independent of all the wants which England supplies to others, as if England had ceased to exist. Even the tools might be made of the iron of the country, of which he has had a small field-piece cast. Of gunpowder he wants little, but he says that the caves inhabited by bats will yield abundance of saltpetre. He showed me a machet, or cutlass, made by one of his own blacksmiths, of a very excellent temper, and bows and arrows of the most diabolical invention that can be conceived. No ship of war, no fleet could escape destruction, if once within their range. The arrows are made of hollow reeds, filled with some combustibles mixed with nitre and resinous gums, and take fire on striking the object at which they are directed by the percussion of their points. They can be discharged from cross-bows, or even guns. The points resemble the detonating tubes invented by Joseph Manton for his fowling-pieces, with a spike at the end, and a button to prevent them penetrating too far. The button also causes the percussion to take place, which ignites a grain or two of fulminating powder, and the arrow is instantly in a blaze. Let a fleet once come within the reach of a thousand such arrows, and we should soon have a second battle of Lepanto; at least I judge so from the experiments I saw tried with a couple of them.

This is all very foolish, doubtless, but such folly may prove the root of much mischief, and rulers ought not to reckon upon all their subjects being wise.

We again meet with Mr. Mathews and his political tirades against missionaries and members of Parliament, of which there is more than enough. It is more agreeable to find him playing the part of the blind guide, in an excursion through the Devil's Race, in company with his friend, who has well described the adventure. For this reason, and because the description conveys a good idea of a part of the country, we will quote a fragment of the expedition.

The increased swell of the sea awaked me next morning at sunrise, and made me feel so squeamish, that I begged to go ashore on a projecting headland, which formed a lee, that we might breakfast more at our ease. The sea-side grape trees afforded us a shelter from the sun's rays: they were loaded with fruit, white and red, and of a very pleasant flavour. The wind continued to increase, and blew with so much violence, as to prevent the possibility of making way to windward, that is, toward Milk River; and Mr. Mathews proposed that we should walk as far as Long Bay, over a rocky part of the coast called the Devil's Race, while the negroes should take advantage of any lull in the wind, and at any rate could bring the canoe round by sunset.

We set out with one attendant, all of us armed with machets or cutlasses, which we soon found of essential service to cut our passage through the withes that hasten to occupy neglected paths, and had here bound together the bushes in every direction. The regular footpath was soon lost, and we found ourselves, after much hacking and hewing, entangled amongst *liens*, and encompassed with Turk's-heads, a formidable species of *cactus*, through which it would have been impossible to have proceeded a single foot without the use of our weapons. Mr. Mathews and myself were in some measure protected by our shoes, but Blacky's bare feet would have been martyred by the innumerable thorns with which these plants are defended. To escape the fatigue of chopping away through this phalanx, as eternal as the sacred band of the Thebans, we endeavoured to regain the sea-side, where, indeed, we were relieved from these impediments, though only to encounter others of as serious a nature, for our course now lay over honeycomb rocks, where our progress was as much retarded as among the Turk's-heads, from the sharp points which hurt our feet, and by the fear of breaking our legs, to say nothing of falling down the precipices and breaking our necks; meanwhile, we could discern the canoe far before us, making tolerable way against wind and current, and had the comfortable assurance of being utterly unable to rejoin it, except at the appointed rendezvous.

Thus scrambling and floundering about, the whole day was consumed in this Devil's Race, as it is called, and the sun had set before we arrived at the beach of Long Bay, where the canoe already rode at anchor, outside of the breakers. As she could not pass through these without great danger of being upset, and as we thought there would be less sea, and consequently less danger on the windward side of the bay, we made signs to the negroes to row across it to the eastward, and attend us under the lee of the land. We continued our walk, but the bay proved of greater extent than we had reckoned it, and the night closed in upon us when we had yet nine or ten miles to travel along a ridge of sand, with the sea on our right, and a morass on the left. This sandy ridge is intersected by five rivers, three of which we crossed without much difficulty, not being obliged to wade deeper than two or three feet; but the remaining two being too deep to be forded, we were under the necessity of swimming. The first of these was crossed with some difficulty, as we were obliged to carry over our clothes, tied into bundles, on our heads, and our machets in our mouths, wrapped in a handful of grass: but a new and unexpected difficulty awaited us at the last, which is called Alligator River, from the monsters that inhabit it. As we sauntered along its banks, feeling for a place to launch ourselves (for it was too dark to see very distinctly, the sky being overcast), we heard the alligators, alarmed at our approach, plunging from the bank into the river; one, two, three, flounced into the waves before we adverted to the cause of this plunging. What was then to be done? Whither could we retreat, with four rivers in our rear, and the Devil's Race beyond them and all darkness? The Devil's Race is horrible by day, what must it not be in a dark night? The canoe had long left us, and was probably at Milk River; to return or to remain must, therefore, be useless. While we debated the matter with no very agreeable forebodings, a swarm of ten million musquitos began an attack on us, with such inveterate fury, that we were almost obliged to rush into the water to escape them. Standing naked on the river's brink, with our bundles tied under our chins, these creatures had us completely at their mercy, and, as often happens on human occasions under similar circumstances, entertained no idea of shewing us any. Slapping here, there, before, behind, the

agony became intolerable ; I flounced into the water, as the alligators had done, making all the noise and splashing I could, to alarm and deter them, and soon reached the opposite shore in safety, followed by my companion and Cudjoe, where we hastily put on our clothes, and marched on to a mountain we had yet to cross.

Cudjoe declared he knew the path over the mountain, which was yet at some distance ; though being opposed against the sky as a dark mass, it appeared scarce a bow-shot from us ; but we found we had a great extent of sand to traverse before we gained its base, and when we reached it, the path could not be found amid the luxuriant vegetation which had overgrown and effaced it. On the left of the hill was a morass, which Cudjoe recommended us to try, as it would enable us to make a circuit to the point we desired to reach ; but here again we met with impassable obstacles, and were totally frustrated in our attempt. The morass was full of mangrove trees, whose young branches take root whenever they touch the ground, and form a wilderness of traps, which may be avoided by day-light, but in the dark it is impossible to see, or escape. The numberless little arches thus formed flung us down at every other step, sometimes knee-deep in mud, sometimes deeper ; and after we had almost exhausted our little remaining strength, we became convinced we had entirely lost our way, and knew not even how to regain the beach. The only favour with which Fortune indulged us was, that after struggling two hours in this villainous swamp, we suddenly emerged on the sea-shore when we least expected it, begrimed with mud and reeking with perspiration.

Another chance yet remained to us, which was, that having regained the sea, we should now keep it, and wade round the hill, whose perpendicular sides prevented us from climbing it : a little washing would cool and clean us, and though it was still cloudy, yet the moon afforded light enough to direct our way. Indeed, it soon enabled us to see the danger that awaited us here ; for we had not proceeded a hundred yards before we found the surf raging with such violence against the base of the mountain, that further progress was impossible ; we should have had our brains dashed out against the rocks, or have been swept away by the waves, that still retained the swell they had acquired from the north-wind, and mounted as they broke some feet above the fragments, that might have been practicable in a calm. We returned drenched, and somewhat bruised, and almost in despair.

I sat down below the face of the precipice to repose, and finding that I reclined on some detached pieces which had fallen from above, I thought they might have left in their descent an opening or a fissure, up which it might be possible to climb ; there were, in fact, several such fissures or furrows, caused apparently by the rains, which occasionally trickled over the surface of the rock, though it was now dry, and after half an hour's respite, Cudjoe led the way by jamming his knees and elbows in a cleft to join the pathway, which, as he said, ought to be about twenty feet above us. He succeeded, and I followed him ; but Mr. Mathews, thinking he could attain the same point more easily, had climbed a fallen tree which leaned against the precipice, that he might thence work his way to the summit we had gained. In doing this, he got to a spot whence he could neither proceed nor retreat, and remained clinging to the side of the mountain like a bat extended against a wall. His situation was very awkward and perilous. I feared lest he should lose his grasp and fall backwards down the precipice ; but Cudjoe slid down the fissure by which we had ascended, and contrived to jam a broken oar he had picked up on the beach into a hole underneath his master, on which he mounted, and enabled him to descend by resting his feet on the negro's head, who thus lowered himself gradually to his old station, and placed his master at least in safety and himself also. The precipice was still to be climbed by my friend, and a very arduous task it proved to be to him and poor Cudjoe ; though, when once remounted, he soon found the important path, along which we travelled with recruited spirits and renovated hope. The maze was yet very difficult to thread, and we only made sure of our route by the sensibility of Cudjoe's naked feet, an advantage we lost by wearing shoes. He was never long at a stand still, and conducted us at last to an open space where there were three negro houses, at one of which we bought a yam, and borrowed a pot to boil it for our dinner and supper, having eaten nothing since seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Mathews fell asleep while the food was preparing, in spite of a few thousand musquitos, to whose hungry attacks he was quite indifferent, as they could now only make war on his bronzed face. They settled by dozens on his lips, (as the bees are said to have done on Plato's,) not to collect honey I should fear. Cudjoe snored by his master's side, (sleep, like death, makes all persons equal, and levels all distinctions,) while I sat by the fire, dried my ragged clothes, and brushed the musquitos, sometimes from my own face, sometimes from my friend's. The night

Six Months in the West-Indies, and Williams's Tour in Jamaica; if it does not occur to him that there is in these beautiful islands a rich fund of character and observation, he has not the eye for national peculiarity we gave him credit for. And, moreover, as he is fond of teaching and of instructing ministers of state at dinner, (see his letter in the *European Magazine*,) the condition of the West-Indies is a subject as well worth a considerable alloy of twaddle, as the international feelings of Great Britain and the United States:

MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS.

[The only work we can notice is *Cradock's Memoirs* *. The publishing world is at a stand.]

MR. CRADOCK having published an historical Tragedy on the subject of the Czar, in his eighty-third year, which met with a most flattering reception, has been induced to publish these Memoirs—an odd reason for a man's writing his life. Be the motive what it may, the reader has little concern in aught but the composition. Mr. Cradock starts with a memorandum of the date of his birth, his mother's maiden name, his father's second wife, her two brothers, &c.; and when it is added, that this is a compliment he pays to almost every person he mentions, adding generally a notice of each relative to the remotest degree of consanguinity, the reader will understand of what materials this volume is in a good measure concocted, and the sort of connexion existing between its several parts. Farmer, the black-letter man, was his school-fellow, and had already begun to evince his passion for collecting old books. The author's own passion was for the stage; and at a very early period he expressed to his father his disapprobation of a certain proposed line of journey, because "he heard of no theatres being open any where." We read of nothing very remarkable in the history of his nonage, (except his hiding himself in the garret, at Leicester, on an alarm that the unhappy Lord Ferrers was coming in one of his mad or drunken fits to his father's house,) till we get him to Cambridge, where the tutor takes him to task for having encroached upon the province of the University, by studying a part of Algebra and Euclid before he had put on the gown. He tells us also that at this moment he is engaged in a Chancery suit, which has lasted the greater part of his life, though that has lasted eighty-three years; and that notwithstanding an eminent king's counsel and three solicitors have been employed, there is yet "no determination;" however, the Chancellor has been "pleased to express his fullest approbation of my conduct." Then follows a history of the Cust family—Lady Cust, the Misses Cust, Dr. Cust, Sir John Cust, &c. and a complaint that Studley Park has stolen away all admiration from the humble beauties of Hackfall,

* Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, by J. Cradock, Esq. M.A., F.S.A. London, printed for the Author, by J. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament-street, 1826.

which latter place he therefore instantly indemnifies with a copy of verses of interminable length, in the usual style of that age:—

To Hackfall's calm retreats, where Nature reigns
In rural pride, transported Fancy flies ;
Oh ! bear me, Goddess, to those sylvan plains,
 &c. &c.

The author next throws himself into a fever by travelling post at Midsummer to Derby races, and yet, to use his own elegant phrase, "he was no racer." Of course we are favoured with a full and particular account of his physician, Mr., afterwards Dr. Bates, who had "rather a singular history." He leaves Cambridge without taking a degree, because, being a classical scholar, he would not "submit to an examination chiefly mathematical." He is consoled by being unexpectedly presented, by the Duke of Newcastle, (it ought to have been stated that Mr. Cradock was a man of some property and consequence in his native county,) with an honorary degree; and Emmanuel College, instead of resenting this piece of interference with its duties, "was pleased to give a handsome entertainment on the occasion," he being the first student of that house who had been thus exempted from the necessity of undergoing the ordinary examination. On the illumination for Wilkes's birth-night, his house in town suffered dreadfully. The street was then paving, and on his arrival the apparition of sundry large stones on the dining-room carpet greeted his eyes.

The author's classical attainments are vouched by sundry scraps of Latin, not very new, like *totus in illis, hand passibus æquis*, &c. &c.; but his mother tongue he does not write like one who had read under Hurd, and conversed with Johnson. The whole is loosely written, and would be much improved by the extermination of some hundreds of expletive adverbs and unmeaning terms of qualification. He talks, among other things, of having *exemplified* the elaborate work of somebody or other, when he means only that he adduced it as an example. To use a scrap of his own—*ex uno disce omnes*. The author is profound in genealogy, and knows not only his own pedigree, but that of every body else. Whenever any body appears to have been at a loss for their ancestors, or some one of the number, application was made to Mr. Cradock. His own descent he brings from Caractacus, in Welsh Caradoc, Cradoc, Cradock.

He served as high-sheriff; and "in consequence of his MA. degree, became subject to various applications for his vote at every contest for the University of Cambridge." The importance he attaches to these common-place incidents, and the length at which he dwells upon them, show under what a poverty of matter and adventure he labours. "My chief business was, (and here I can speak rather boastfully,) through some friends at Emmanuel College, to hire a large piece of ground, and to engage a number of persons to take charge of the freeholders' horses, that they might not be turned loose, as had formerly been complained of, (on the day of election,) and it was acknowledged that," &c. This important duty he discharged at the county election, in which, somewhat to his surprise, he found himself on the side opposite to the one he had taken in the University election. As a man of letters, manners, and family, he rose just high

enough to come in sight of the office of sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, which he did not get. He visited Lord Sandwich, and throws a little new light upon the story of Miss Ray ; but in general his intercourse with those to whom he has access, is productive of nothing, or, more properly, in his hands is made to produce nothing beyond the ordinary gossip of the tea-table and drawing-room. Illustrious names frequently occur, and great men meet and converse in his pages, but it all ends in a few words of course, which men say to one another, and forget the moment they have uttered them. His reputation for literature, small as it was, and his family connexions, introduced him into the society of Johnson and others ; but he seems rather to have gazed than conversed, and has not the art of reporting the good things he must have heard. In our Table-talk will be found nearly all that is worth extracting ;—the rest, comprising more than three-fourths of the volume, consists of such miscellaneous nothings as those we have slightly touched upon. There is a little amber among the straws and rubbish of the volume ; but the author thinks it necessary to apologise for having preserved such trifles as the anecdotes of Foote, &c. ; and intermitted for a moment the weightier duty of giving an account of somebody, whom nobody knows.

The author appears to have recommended himself to the world as a goodnatured, polite, modest, discreet, and perfectly harmless sort of person. Every body with him is either “justly respected,” or “highly estimated,” or something else as much to their credit. He is very loyal, dedicates his book to the King, and talks of the felicity that will be his, if it shall contribute to afford his Majesty “some relaxation amidst the weightier affairs of state.” His raptures about royal condescension and gracious notions, savour of an age more loyal than the evil present. Alas ! that men should no longer be made oblivious to care, the spleen, the gout, and the rest, by a condescending message, or a gracious intimation. He seems to have been also timid and cautious ; a trait in his character that has bred a circumlocutory and qualifying mode of expression, not at all favourable to the style of his work ;—several well-known anecdotes, especially, are diluted, under his hands, to mere vapidty. Among these might be instanced Thurlow’s strong and coarse reply to a body of Dissenters, who waited upon him to solicit his interest for the repeal of the Test Laws. To say anything strong, indeed, seems foreign to his nature : he seldom praises without a withdrawal of part in the next sentence, and never censures without a clause to qualify his severity :—

Mr. Wyche was always considered as a man of excellent temper, and naturally well disposed ; but we are all, more or less, the creatures of time and circumstances ; in one situation he might have been prudent, discreet, and have lived long to have enjoyed a very ample fortune ; but in another, in consequence of a high fever, he was prematurely taken off, although every possible assistance had been given him by Dr. Addington and Dr. Heberden. He died unmarried, and was buried in the family-vault at Godeby, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire.

For every single stroke of character, or touch of interest, the reader has to expect a score pages of twaddle and senility.

TABLE TALK.

AFRAID OF BEING AFRAID.—There are a set of high-spirited men who are very much afraid of being afraid, who cannot brook the idea of doing any thing from fear, and whose conversation is full of fire and sword, when any apprehension of resistance is alluded to. I have a perfect confidence in the high and unyielding spirit, and in the military courage of the English; and I have no doubt but that many of the country gentlemen who now call out “No Popery,” would fearlessly put themselves at the head of their embattled yeomanry to control the Irish catholics. My objection to such courage is, that it would certainly be exercised unjustly, and probably exercised in vain. I should deprecate any rising of the catholics as the most grievous misfortune which could happen to the empire and to themselves; they had far better endure all they do endure, and a great deal worse, than try the experiment. But if they do try it, you may depend upon it they will do it at their own time, and not at yours; they will not select a fortnight in the summer, during a profound peace, when corn and money abound, and when the catholics of Europe are unconcerned spectators. If you make a resolution to be unjust, you must make another resolution to be always strong, always vigilant, and always rich; you must commit no blunders, exhibit no deficiencies, and meet with no misfortunes; you must present a square phalanx of impenetrable strength, for keen-eyed revenge is riding round your ranks, and if one heart falter, or one hand tremble, you are lost.—*Rev. Sydney Smith's Letter to Electors.*

JOHNSON'S OPINION OF STERNE'S SERMONS.—Mr. Sterne, it may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson, and a lady once ventured to ask the grave doctor how he liked Yorick's sermons. “I know nothing about them, Madam,” was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them; and the lady very aptly retorted, “I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them.” “No, Madam—I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should not have even deigned to look at them had I been at large.”—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

PICTURE OF A NEGRO COTTAGE IN JAMAICA.—The house is about forty feet long and almost eighteen wide, built of boards, and covered with fan-palms, divided into five apartments, of which the principal is eighteen feet square. This is the hall; the other apartments lead from it; three serving for sleeping-rooms, and the fourth for a sort of pantry. There is a door at each end of this hall, through which the smoke escapes when it is necessary to boil the pot; at no other time is there occasion for fire. When I entered, I saw a negro woman squatting on the floor, attending the cookery of her husband's dinner, which was simmering in an iron pot, and consisted of ochra and cocos, picked crabs, and salt fish, with a bit of salt pork. The lady was peeling a few plantains to roast, and the lord of the mansion was inhaling the fumes of tobacco from a short junks pipe, as he lolled at his ease in his hammock, suspended from one of the rafters to within two feet of the floor. There was a substantial deal table in the hall, with four rush-bottomed chairs and a wooden bench, over which hung a bunch of corn and a machet or cutlass; above these was a shelf, with a range of white plates and a few glasses, and above these hung several pieces of salt fish, and a good bunch of plantains. There was a basket of yams near the table, as if just brought in, and on it a coco-nut shell with a handle, to ladle water or soup. Several tin pans hung from one of the beams, and among them a large net full of cocos. There was an oil jar in one corner to hold water, and a hoe and bill-hook in another, beside a large gourd with a hole in it, which serves as a musical instrument, and is called a drum. There was likewise a gombay, and a bonja, which is much like a guitar, and several calabashes were ranged along the beams, containing sugar or coffee. I must not forget to mention three young children, fat and sleek as moles, that were playing about the house and garden, which contain plantain suckers, an alligator pear tree, mangos, two or three coco-nut trees, orange trees, a few coffee bushes, and many other fruits and vegetables, and a pine-apple fence separated it from the adjoining garden. There was a pigstye in one corner, occupied by a sow and her family. This is a portrait of one of the inferior cottages, some of the best having jealousies and piazzas, with terrass floors. Every garden has a pigstye, and the poultry roost at a little distance from the house.—*Williams's Jamaica.*

GRAPTON AND GRAZIER—A TALE OF HORNS.—Whatever were the Duke's pursuits, he was for the time *totus in illis*; he had always been a strenuous fox-hunter, and he had himself decided, that no man better understood cattle of all kinds than he did. In passing through Northampton, I once observed him, in the depth of winter, in the middle of the dirtiest fair; and he was then prime minister. I afterwards overtook him on his return to Wakefield Lodge, surrounded with graziers, and their discourse was about bullocks. About the time that a *certain divorce* took place, the Duke, at one of his public dinners, remarked, that frequent disputes took place about long horns and short horns, and that many asserted that no horns should be introduced amongst deer; but that he had long been accustomed to them, and had not experienced the least inconvenience. The company smiled, but perceived, from the severity of the Duke's countenance, that no joke was intended. It was still more extraordinary (continues Mr. Cradock) that the King's speech, in the session of parliament following, was made to commence with congratulations, "that the murrain amongst the horned cattle had entirely ceased." The by-standers observed, among one another—"Still harping on horns, you find!"—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

A NOTICE FROM ROYALTY—GREAT HAPPINESS TO THE SUBJECT.—Lord Denbigh was most highly delighted with the gracious declaration of the Queen, on his presenting his bride at Court. "Denbigh," said her Majesty, "you have always told me that you *was* blind; but I am sure you have proved to the contrary, when you made this choice." The highest personages are not always aware how much a word or look, at a proper season, may sometimes contribute to abate or promote individual happiness. When the Prince of Wirtemberg was in conversation with his Majesty, he remarked, that he was surprised to see his family arms on one of the carriages at the levee, and, on enquiry, heard it was Lord Denbigh's; he was not aware, he said, that his lordship was descended from their house. "Nor am I," replied his Majesty, "but I know that your house is descended from that of Hapsburg. His Lordship is of that house, and is a count of the holy Roman empire." "This kind condescension of my royal master in telling me this," said Lord Denbigh, exultingly, "was absolutely a refreshing cordial to me in my old age."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

FOOTE'S LAMENESS, AND SEVERITY IN REPARTEE.—A gentleman with whom he was intimate, happening, in the course of conversation, to say something in jest about a game-leg, Foote replied, "Pray, Sir, make no allusion to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?"—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

FOOTE'S PROPENSITY TO JESTING, AND DEFENCE OF IT.—Foote, at times, spared neither friend nor foe; he suffered no opportunity of saying a witty thing to escape him. If he ever entertained a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland the actor. The latter was the son of a baker, and died young. Foote attended as one of the mourners; and the friend, from whom I had this account, declared that his eyes were swollen with tears; yet, when this gentleman said to him afterwards, "So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend," he replied, "Yes, we have just shoved the little baker into his oven."

Foote was in the habit of introducing real characters upon the stage. Among others, Mr. Cradock, who, at this time, had a tragedy running its brief career at Covent-garden, came in for the honour of a notice. Meeting Foote the next morning, in the Haymarket, he seemed a good deal disconcerted, and said, "You are not affronted, are you, that I hinted at you last night, in the comedy?" Not in such good company, Mr. Foote; but I hear you rather burnt your fingers." "Singed them a little, perhaps," answered Foote; "but if we do not take liberties with our friends, with whom can we take liberties?"—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

WOULD AND COULD.—In talking of the spirit of the papal empire, it is often argued that the *will* remains the same; that the pontiff *would*, if he *could*, exercise the same influence in Europe; that the catholic church *would*, if it *could*, tyrannize over the rights and opinions of mankind: but if the *power* is taken away, what signifies the *will*? if the pope thunders in vain against the kingdoms of the earth, of what consequence is his disposition to thunder? if mankind are too enlightened and too numerous to submit to the cruelties and hatred of a catholic priesthood, if the protestants of the empire are sufficiently strong to resist it, why are we to alarm ourselves with the barren volition, unseconded by the requisite power? I hardly know in what order or description of men I should choose to confide, if they *could* do as they *would*; the best security is, that the rest of the world will not let them do as they wish to do, and having satisfied myself of this, I am not very careful about the rest.—*Rev. Sydney Smith's Letter to Electors*.

STEAM—A MIRACLE.—Sir Ralph Woodford told us that when this steamer was first started, (in Trinidad,) he and a large party, as a mode of patronising the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her, through some of the Bocas of the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the troubles in Columbia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable; but what was their surprise, when they observed, that on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally, that she ran herself directly on shore, the crew at the same time leaping out over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off, as if they were mad, some up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir Ralph Woodford ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted: Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a little side cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limb. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication: he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end. "Misericordia! misericordia! Ave Maria!" faltered forth the Colombian. Sir Ralph asked the man what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew; "Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"Sabeis quien soy?" *

"El—El—O Señor! misericordia! Ave Maria!" answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter: that they saw a vessel apparently following them, with only two persons on board, and steering without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current, and tide:

Against the breeze, against the tide,
She steadied with upright keel.

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation of water, which their fears magnified; finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance, accordingly drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could; that he himself was not able to move, and that when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily and indeed believed that he was fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.—*Coleridge's West Indies.*

CREOLE SATIRE ON THE MISSIONARIES.

Hi! de Buckra, hi!
You sabby wha for he da cross de sea,
Wid him long white face and him twinkling yeye;
He lub, make lub, as he preach to we,
He fall on his knees, but he pray for me,
Hi! de Buckra, hi!
Hi! de Buckra, hi!
Massa W—f—e da come ober de sea,
Wid him roguish heart and him tender look;
And while he palaver and preach him book,
At the negro girl he'll winkie him yeye.
Hi! de Buckra, hi!

Williams's Jamaica.

FRENCH WOMEN.—[We copy this from a much better book than it is supposed to be, appearing as it does under the guise of a circulating-library novel.]—There is a facility of amusement about the French quite unenjoyable by the English, and inconceivable to them. Our ideas of good fellowship and society are substantial; we like to be excited and entertained highly when we come together: but to be dressed, and to go out, and to chat, is enough for the Parisian dame! she looks neither for feasting, nor wit, nor yet for any intellectual intercourse; she will dress in all her jewels to appear at her friend's *soirée*, when she and all the company will feel themselves sufficiently amused by a child set to dance, or to prate with *naïveté*; this, with a sorbet or an ice, contents her; she is the most amusable being in life. Not so the Englishwoman; and one, I believe, cannot be found, disinterested and at the same time experienced on the point, that would not pronounce the choicest French society a bore.—*English in Italy.*

* Do you know who I am?

BLACK AND WHITE—CUT-CUT BEHIND.—I saw a lady to day, whose curiosity has lately betrayed her into an unlucky scrape. Imagining that her husband's negroes stole too much sugar from the boiling and curing-houses, she disguised herself as a black woman, by painting her face, and tying up her hair in a white handkerchief; thus drest like a slave, with a basket of fish on her head, she knocked at the house of the head driver on her estate in the dusk of the evening. As soon as she was admitted, she closed the door after her, and taking the fish from her head, she displayed them before the eyes of the driver, and proposed to exchange them with him for sugar. The driver would have been staggered at her proposal, but that he suspected she was joking, though he had no idea of her disguise, for the lady speaks Creole to perfection, and though naturally as white as a lily, her face was so well blacked that she might have defied a stricter scrutiny than his. Besides, her features happen to have a very African cast, at least in respect of her nose and mouth, and her blue eyes could not betray her in the twilight. The negro, finding her serious in her proposals, told her first to go about her business,—that he was no “tief to rob his massa,”—a reply that, instead of satisfying her, awakened her jealousy the more, for she seemed vexed to find her slave an honest man; and, to justify her former suspicions, tried to bribe him with money to become the thief she wished to prove him. He threatened her with the stocks, and turned her out of the house; but as she still continued her importunities, and as other slaves began to assemble about the door, he treated her at last as a thief, and vowed he would flog her if she did not depart. Thinking he would not proceed to such an extremity as this, or being carried away with rage to find herself thus foiled, she began to abuse him, threatening to have him flogged; on which he rather expeditiously pulled up her clothes to chastise her, in the presence of a score of her own subjects, who started at the sight of her white skin as if they had seen a devil. I can hardly imagine the feelings with which she walked back to the great house, though one might think she felt nothing, for she laughs at the story in all companies.—*Williams's Jamaica.*

THE REGIMENT OF CHAMPAGNE.—At a dress-ball at Versailles, a person had placed himself on a seat designed for somebody else. The officer of the body-guard made a motion to turn him out; he resisted; and the officer persisting, he grew impatient, and exclaimed, “You be d—d, sir, and if that does not suit you, I am ———, colonel of the regiment of Champagne.” The dispute made a noise, and was talked of throughout the saloon. Soon after, a lady, who was desired to change her place, and found herself incommoded in consequence, cried out, “You may do what you please, but I also am of the regiment of Champagne.” The phrase passed into a proverb.—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.*

WHY IS NOT A CATHOLIC TO BE BELIEVED ON HIS OATH?—What says the law of the land to this extravagant piece of injustice? It is no challenge against a jurymen to say he is a Catholic; he sits in judgment upon your life and your property. Did any man ever hear it said that such or such a person was put to death, or that he lost his property, because a Catholic was among the jurymen? Is this question ever put? Does it ever enter into the minds of the attorney or the counsellor to inquire of the faith of the jury? If a man sell a horse, or a house, or a field, does he ask if the purchaser is a Catholic? Appeal to your own experience, and try by that fairest of all tests, the justice of this enormous charge.—*Rev. Sidney Smith's Letter to Electors.*

JOHNSON'S EPITAPH ON GOLDSMITH.—[It appears from Mr. Cradock that Goldsmith had, in some measure, the pleasure of hearing his own epitaph; of which the reader will remember that the neatly turned compliment *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, forms a prominent part.] Though Johnson was sometimes very rough with Goldsmith, yet he always made him only his own property; for when a bookseller ventured to say something rather slightly of the Doctor, Johnson retorted: “Sir, Goldsmith never touches a subject but he adorns it.” Once when I found the Doctor very low at his chambers, I related the circumstance to him, and it instantly proved a cordial.—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

PARISIAN POLICE IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.—A wager was once laid with M. Herault, Lieutenant of Police, that an obnoxious paper, called the Ecclesiastical News, should be introduced into Paris at a particular barrier, on a certain day and hour, and yet that it should escape the vigilance of the police. At the time and place appointed, a man made his appearance, was stopped, and searched with the greatest strictness—in vain. No notice was taken of a shaggy dog he had along with him; but under the rough coat of the unconscious news-carrier, several of these papers were concealed. The magistrate laughed at the trick, and owned himself outwitted.—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.*

THE LION'S PROVIDER.—It was generally supposed that Thurlow in early life was idle, but I always found him close at study in a morning, when I have called at the Temple; and he frequently went no further in an evening than Nando's, and then only in his dishabille. When Chancellor, he made great use of the services of a Mr. Hargrave, and had occasion to give himself less trouble than any man that ever filled that high station. An old free-speaking companion of his, well known at Lincoln's Inn, would sometimes say to me, "I met the great law-lion this morning going to Westminster, and bowed to him, but he was so busily reading in the coach, what his provider had supplied him with, that he took no notice of me."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LION AND LAMB.—It is very difficult to make the mass of mankind believe that the state of things is ever to be otherwise than they have been accustomed to see it. I have very often heard old persons describe the impossibility of making any one believe that the American colonies could ever be separated from this country. It was always considered as an idle dream of discontented politicians, good enough to fill up the periods of a speech, but which no practical man, devoid of the spirit of party, considered to be within the limits of possibility. There was a period when the slightest concessions would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics; one set of gentlemen met at the Lamb and another at the Lion; blood and treasure, men breathing war, vengeance, and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward looking gentleman, in plain clothes, walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and Lamb, and was introduced as the *Ambassador* from the United States of America.—*Rev. Sidney Smith's Letter to Electors*.

ROYAL DELICACY.—The King, having one day at dinner inquired after a person who used to eat at his table, was told that he was dead. "Ah!" rejoined the King, "I had taken care to warn him of it." Then looking round the circle, and fixing his eyes on the Abbé Broglie, he said: "Your turn will come next." The Abbé, who was of a morose and choleric temper, replied: "Sire, when the storm came on yesterday, whilst we were hunting, your Majesty was as wet as the rest." He then went out in a rage. "This is just the temper of the Abbé de Broglie," cried the King; "he is always angry." Nothing more was said of the matter.—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.* ["Get you home," said Louis on another occasion, to one of his courtiers, whose nose fell a bleeding; "it is a sign of death."]

LORD CHANCELLOR YORKE—THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH.—Having alluded to the short life of the much-regretted Mr. Yorke, after he was Lord Chancellor, I think it incumbent on me to contradict the reported manner of his death, on the authority of one of his own family. He certainly was much agitated, after some hasty reproaches that he had received on his return from having accepted the seals, and he *hastily* took some *strong liquor*, which was *accidentally* placed near the sideboard, and, by its occasioning *great sickness*, he broke a blood-vessel.—*Cradock's Memoirs*. [The delicacy of expression discovered in this passage, may vie with Froissart's tenderness in describing the death of the Count of Foix's son, who had enraged his father by refusing to eat his dinner:—"And so in great dilemma he thrust his hand to his son's throat; and the point of the knife a little entered into his throat, into a certain vein; and the Earl said, 'Ah, traitor, why dost not thou eat thy meat?' and therewith the Earl departed, without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble from fasting; and the point of the knife a little entered into a vein of his throat; so he fell down suddenly, and died."]

BENTLEY'S ARROGANCE.—On retiring from the Combination-room, he would haughtily exclaim to the Vice-Master, "Walker, our hat!" [It is to be hoped that Mr. Cradock has good authority for his confident annunciation of the long-promised life of Bentley—"A judicious life and character of this great critic, will soon be *justly* given to the public, by the Rev. Dr. Monk, late Greek professor of that most venerated University."]

TEA-DRINKING.—The Duke of Grafton used to fill his tea-pot full of the finest tea, and then drop water into it from the urn, and drink the essence, professing that weak tea only was prejudicial, and that he took it thus strong for the benefit of his nerves. Dr. Johnson, whose nerves were at least as susceptible as his Grace's, declared himself to be a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning! The doctor's tea certainly *looked* as strong, but the quality perhaps might not be equally good.—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

A VISION OF THE RESURRECTION.—Methought I saw a very handsome youth towering in the air, and sounding of a trumpet; but the forcing of his breath did indeed take off much of his beauty. The very marbles, I perceived, and the dead obeyed his call; for in the same moment the earth began to open, and set the bones at liberty to seek their fellows. The first that appeared were swordmen, as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, common soldiers, who, supposing that it had sounded a charge, came out of their graves with the same briskness and resolution as if they had been going to an assault or a combat. The misers put their heads out, all pale and trembling, for fear of a plunder. The cavaliers and good fellows believed that they had been going to a horse-race or a hunting-match. And, in fine, though they heard the trumpet, there was not any creature knew the meaning of it. After this, there appeared a great many souls, whereof some came up to their bodies, though with much difficulty and horror; others stood wondering at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a spectacle. This wanted an arm, that an eye, t'other a head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of figures, yet it was not without just matter of admiration at the all-powerful Providence, to see order drawn out of confusion, and every part restored to the right owner. I dreamed myself then in a church-yard, and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of heads; and an attorney would have demurred upon pretence that he had got a soul that was none of his own, and that his body and soul were not fellows.—*Sir R. le Strange's Translation of Quevedo's Visions.*

SIMPLICITY OF A PORTER.—Mademoiselle de Charolois, sister to the Duke of Bourbon, was endowed with an exquisite sensibility, which turned entirely to love. She had many admirers, and brought forth children almost every year, with little more secrecy than an opera-girl. During the period of her confinement she was reported to be ill, and the Court, which understood the matter perfectly, used to send to inquire after her health. She had once a Swiss at her gate, who had not been regularly trained to his profession, and who answered these inquiries with an unceremonious message; that “the Princess is as well as can be expected, and the child too.”—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.*

WARBURTON'S ANNIVERSARY SERMON, WITH HURD'S REMARKS.—Before Dr. Hurd was quite recovered at Lincoln's Inn, I once called upon him; and he told me that Bishop Warburton was to preach that morning at St. Laurence's Church, near Guildhall, an anniversary sermon for the London Hospital. “Then, sir,” said I, “I shall certainly attend him.” “I wish you would,” replied he, “and bring me an account of all particulars. I believe I know the discourse; it is a favourite one; but I could rather have wished that his lordship would have substituted some other;” then hesitating added, “but it is, perhaps, of little consequence; for he does not always adhere to what is written before him; his rich imagination is even apt to overflow.” I was introduced into the vestry-room by a friend, where were the Lord Mayor, and several of the governors of the Hospital, waiting for the Duke of York, who was their president; and in the mean time, the Bishop did every thing to alleviate their impatience. He was beyond measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver, to the curate who was to read prayers. His lordship being in good spirits, rather once exceeded the bounds of decorum by quoting a comic passage from Shakspeare, in his lawn sleeves, with all its characteristic humour; but suddenly recollecting himself, he so aptly turned the inadvertence to his own advantage, as to raise the admiration of the company. Many parts of his sermon were sublime, and were given with due solemnity; but a few passages were, as in his celebrated Triennial charge, quite ludicrous; and when he proceeded so far as to describe some charitable monks who had robbed their own begging-boxes, he excited more than a smile from most of the audience. “Though certainly, sir,” said I, “there was much to admire, yet, upon the whole, to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent; for I well knew that you would not absolutely have approved.” “Approved, sir!” said he, “I should have agonized.”—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

THE REGENT DUKE OF ORLEANS.—At a supper at the Regent's, the company were indulging themselves in jests upon the new Prime Minister, Cardinal Dubois. One of the most bitter fell from the Count de Noce. “Your Royal Highness,” said he, “may make what you please of him, but you will never make him an honest man.” The Count was banished the next day; and remained in exile till after the death of the Cardinal; when the Regent wrote to him to return. His note was no less singular than the rest of the affair: “With the beast dies the venom. I expect you to-night to supper at the Palais Royal.”—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.*

THE PRELATE HURD.—When Bishop Hurd had been appointed preceptor to the Prince of Wales, he presented his coadjutor, Mr. Arnold, with high encomiums, to Lord Mansfield; but his lordship was displeased with the flattery that was so freely offered to, and accepted by, the Bishop, and, in his own sarcastic manner, said to a nobleman afterward, who had been a witness to it: “I am sorry that my friend Hurd’s nostrils should require such gross incense.” However, his lordship might have been informed, that absolute submission was always as strongly exacted by most of the Warburtonian school. [And Mr. Cradock well knows, that Hurd, when bishop, exacted no more from others, than he himself, when only rector of Thurstaston, had paid to Bishop Warburton.] When Mr. Hurd was deeply engaged, he would often give me the key of his closet in the parlour, which contained letters and criticisms from Warburton, and others of the most learned of his acquaintance, and required that I should make remarks, and sometimes take extracts from them. In weighing this correspondence, I could readily perceive, that though he was placed in “low Thurstaston’s sequestered bowers,” it was not intended to be his constant abode; and that, though the sage Hooker might only wish to eat his bread in peace and privacy, yet the more elegant Mr. Hurd considered himself as better adapted to pass his days in the most elevated walks of society.—When Dr. Hurd was presented at Court, his Majesty was pleased to remark, that he thought he was more naturally polite than any man he had ever met with.—*Cradock’s Memoirs.*

A MORNING CALL AT BOLT-COURT.—PERCY AND JOHNSON.—Dr. Percy took me with him to Johnson’s apartment in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, and we found him rolling upon the floor, surrounded with books, which had just been brought in to him; and he showed us a Runic Bible, which he considered as particularly curious. Dr. Percy, in the course of conversation, mentioned some friend of their’s, who had taken a short journey into the country on horseback, but by setting out too late had got wet through, and lost his labour. “Sir,” exclaimed Johnson, “mankind miscalculate in almost all concerns of life. This man set out too late, got wet through, and lost his labour; but then, I suppose, he hired the horse the cheaper.” Dr. Percy was once, unexpectedly, called upon to preach a charity sermon, and not having time to prepare, engrafted nearly the whole of one of Johnson’s Idlers, that happened to be to the purpose, into his discourse. The discourse was much admired, and the governors of the charity insisted upon the publication of it. In this dilemma, he earnestly entreated Mr. Cradock to call on Johnson, and state this particulars. I consented, and endeavoured to introduce the subject with all due solemnity; but Johnson was highly diverted with the recital, and laughing, said, “Pray, Sir, give my respects to Dr. Percy, and tell him I desire he will do whatever he pleases in regard to my Idler; it is entirely at his service.” But these days of friendly communication (continues Mr. Cradock) were speedily to pass away, and worse than indifference to succeed; for one morning Dr. Percy said to me, “I have not seen Johnson for a long time. I believe I must call upon him, and greatly wish that you would accompany me. I intend,” says he, “to teaze him a little about Gibbon’s pamphlet.” “I hope not, Dr. Percy,” was my reply. “Indeed I shall, for I have a pleasure in combating his narrow prejudices.” We went together; and Dr. Percy opened with some anecdotes from Northumberland-house; mentioned some rare books that were in the library; and then threw out, that the town rang with applause of Gibbon’s Reply to Davis; that the latter had written before he had read; and that the two “Confederate Doctors” as Mr. Gibbon termed them, “had fallen into some strong errors.”

Johnson said: “He knew nothing of Davis’s pamphlet, nor would he give him any answer as to Gibbon; but if the ‘confederate Doctors,’ as they were termed, had really made such mistakes as he alluded to, they were blockheads!”

Dr. Percy talked on in the most careless style possible, but in a very lofty tone; and Johnson appeared to be excessively angry. *I only wished to get released*, for if Dr. Percy had proceeded to inform him that he had lately introduced Mr. Hume to dine at the King’s chaplain’s table, there must have been an explosion.*

—— What! durst they beard the Lion in his den?
The Douglas in his hall!”

Cradock’s Memoirs.

* There is one repartee of Johnson’s excellent and well-timed, enough to cover a multitude of brutal retorts like the above. “Pray, now,” said a pert coxcomb, who had absolutely baited Johnson during dinner-time, “what would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am?” “Why, Sir, I think,” replied Johnson, “I would almost be content to be as foolish.”

SILVER-TONGUED MURRAY.—Lord Mansfield's words might be said to "drop manna;" and if the bolder metaphor of Anacreon could any where be justified, it might be here, "that he spoke roses;" and though "he pleased the ear," *I do mean to insinuate* that his words and actions did not strictly correspond. There might be, perhaps, some little affectation at times on the bench, when he seemed quite inattentive to the evidence, and as soon as concluded, very coldly asked, "Whether he had done?" and then, in the clearest manner possible, recapitulate the whole, to the admiration of his audience. It was asserted by some of his intimates, that, though he was famous for bon-mots, yet he never got clearly through a plain facetious story of any length; for he was always so desirous of expressing himself elegantly, that the essence of a common joke was sure to evaporate.—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND DIVINES.—TWO SPECIMENS.—Bishop Warburton once honoured Mr. Hurd by staying with him a week at Thurcaston; and though they were ever the best friends, yet no two could be more dissimilar in disposition. Hurd was cold, cautious, and grave; the Bishop warm, witty, and convivial; and after he had been shut up for a day or two at Thurcaston, he began to enquire whether there were no neighbours? "None that might be perfectly agreeable to your lordship," was the reply. "What," said the Bishop, "are all the great houses I see around me here uninhabited? Let us take our horses, and beat up their quarters. No doubt but several will be well inclined to be friendly and sociable." "I certainly cannot refuse attending on your lordship anywhere." Accordingly they waited upon five gentlemen, who all kindly accepted an invitation to take a family dinner at Thurcaston. When I heard of this, at Leicester, I determined to call on Mr. Hurd.—"Why sir," said I, "there is nothing talked of but your gaiety; it has even reached your friend, Dr. Bicklaw at Loughborough." "I don't doubt it," replied he, &c. "And you have been so successful, sir," I ventured to add, "in this first effort, I have no doubt but the experiment will soon be repeated." Mr. Hurd was silent. At Thurcaston I think I had never met any one but Mr. Ball, the curate, who always seemed dissatisfied with his situation: he said, "I do not pretend to be very learned, but I have never been treated with such distance, or rather disdain."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

THE DISCRIMINATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S PALATE.—Dr. Percy very kindly introduced me to dine at the Literary Club, at the bottom of St. James's Street, where we met Dr. Goldsmith. The table that day was crowded, and I sat next Mr. Burke; but as Mr. Richard Burke talked much, and the great orator said very little, I was not aware at first who was my neighbour. One of the party near us remarked, that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said: "I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie, that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country." Just at that moment, Dr. Johnson sent up his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke, without thought, exclaimed: "I am glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak pie." Johnson, not at all pleased that what he eat should be noticed, immediately retorted: "There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of the table."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

THE WAY TO CUT A FIGURE IN PARLIAMENT.—No man, (says Lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son,) can make a figure in this country but by parliament. Your fate depends on your success as a speaker, and, take my word for it, that success turns much more upon *manner* than *matter*. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Murray, the Solicitor General, are beyond comparison the best speakers. Why? Only because they are the best orators. They alone can influence or quiet the house; they alone are attended to in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them is speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their argument stronger than other people's? Does the house *expect extraordinary information* from them? Not in the least; but the house *expects pleasure* from them, and *therefore attends*; finds it, and *therefore approves*!

WARBURTON'S LIGHT READING.—When afterwards we became more intimate, I ventured to mention to her, (Mrs. Warburton,) that Mr. Hurd always wondered where it was possible for the Bishop to meet with certain anecdotes, with which not only his conversation, but likewise his writings abounded. "I could have readily informed him," replied Mrs. Warburton; "for when we passed our winter in London, he would often after his long and severe studies, send out for a whole basket-full of books from the circulating libraries; and at times I have gone into his study, and found him laughing, though alone; and now and then he would double down some entertaining pages for my after-amusement."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

ROUSSEAU AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.—When Rousseau was in England, Mr. Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him ; they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone ; and as it was known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was of course crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick told me that she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life, for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat, that he might not fall over into the pit. After the performance, he paid a handsome compliment to Mr. Garrick, by saying, “ I have cried all through your tragedy, and have laughed through your comedy, without being at all able to understand the language.—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

HURD AND GRAY ; WITH A LITTLE OF CRADOCK.—Almost as soon as Dr. Hurd was fixed at Lincoln's Inn, he was seized with rather a dangerous illness, which confined him to his apartments for a length of time ; and as I then resided in Dean-street, Soho, I thought it my duty to devote as much time as possible to his service. I was then rather apprehensive of giving him offence, by bringing out a tragedy at Covent-garden, as taken in part from *Voltaire* ; but, on the contrary, he mentioned it himself to me, and congratulated me on my success ; but added, “ I think you have been rather remiss in not sending to me a copy of it.” It was about this period that Mr. Mason's *Life of Gray* was advertised ; and he desired me to read it as soon as it appeared, and give him the particulars of the contents. I then perceived there was an *interregnum* in the friendship between him and Mr. Mason ; for as soon as I looked over the book, I was fully convinced that he had never been consulted about the publication. The censure passed on the University of Cambridge would by no means have suited ; and I informed him that I was quite astonished with some of the affected vulgarisms in the letters of Mr. Gray. “ You were not aware, then,” said he, “ of Mr. Gray's peculiar humour ? ” “ I was aware, sir, that Mr. Gray was a keen satyrst, for I possess some of his epigrams, and some epitaphs that may as properly be termed epigrams ; but I could not have believed that Mr. Gray would have written such passages as ‘ On a bank squats me ? ’ and ‘ Pray take care of not catching an ague. ’ ” “ I have no reply to make to you on the subject,” said he : “ the letters were never selected by me.” But not long afterwards, he hastily accosted me, with, “ Have you read the heroic Postscript ? Who, I intreat you to tell me, is the author ? ” “ It has been imputed to several, sir ; amongst others, to your friend Mr. Walpole ; but Mr. Garrick thinks it was written in part, if not wholly, by Mr. Mason.” “ And you could not give me better authority ? ” replied he. “ Mr. Garrick is a very discreet man ; I had the pleasure of passing a most agreeable day in his company at Bishop Warburton's palace, at Gloucester.”—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

GRAY AND HIS ODE.—The pleasantest morning that I passed there, at Cambridge, (during the installation of the Duke of Grafton,) was in company with Mr. Gray and some critics, at the rehearsal of the music for his own Ode, previous to its grand performance in the Senate House ; and I thought that as he had so many directions to give, and such nice distinctions to make, it was well he had to deal with the pliant Dr. Randall, rather than with some of the composers that I could have named in the metropolis. Mr. Gray (against whom party raged with great violence at that time) was not much more comfortable at this time than the Chancellor himself ; for the press was teeming with abuse, and a very satirical parody was then preparing, which soon afterwards appeared.—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

HARRIS'S HERMES AND TRISTRAM SHANDY.—FLUCTUATION OF STERNE'S SPIRITS.—Sterne never possessed any equal spirits. He was always either in the cellar, or in the garret ; and once meeting him at Drury Lane Theatre, I said to him, “ As you are so intimate with Garrick, I wonder that you have never undertaken to write a comedy.” He seemed quite struck, and after a pause, with tears in his eyes, replied : “ I fear I do not possess the proper talent for it, and I am utterly unacquainted with the business of the stage.” I found that he was at that time under embarrassment, and that a successful comedy would have been particularly serviceable to him. But afterwards I had the pleasure of diverting him exceedingly with the following anecdote :

“ A gentleman applied to his friend to lend him some amusing book, and he recommended Harris's *Hermes*. The gentleman, from the title, conceived it to be a novel, but turning it over and over, could make nothing out of it, and at last returned it coldly with his thanks. His friend asked him how much he had been entertained ? “ Not much,” he replied ; “ he thought that all these imitations of *Tristram Shandy* fell far short of the original ! ”—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

GOLDSMITH IN HIS LATTER DAYS.—I had not seen or heard from Dr. Goldsmith for a very considerable time. I found him much altered, and at times very low ; and I devoted almost all my mornings to his service. He wished me to revise some of his works ; but, with a select friend or two, I was pressing that he should publish by subscription his two poems, the Traveller, and the Deserted Village, *with notes*. The intention was to give some great person an opportunity of delicately conveying pecuniary relief, of which the Doctor at that time was particularly in need. Goldsmith readily gave up to me his private copies, and said : “ Pray do what you please with them.”—[poor fellow !] But while he sat near me, he rather submitted to, than encouraged my proceeding.

I one morning, however, found him infinitely better than I expected, and in a kind of exulting tone he exclaimed : “ Here are some of the best of my prose writings ; I have been hard at work ever since midnight, and I desire you to examine them.” “ These,” said I, “ are excellent indeed.” “ They are,” replied he, “ intended as an introduction to a body of arts and sciences.” “ If so, Dr. Goldsmith, let me most seriously entreat, that as your name is to be prefixed, more care may be taken by those who are to compile the work, than has formerly been the case, when Knaresborough was printed for Naseby, and Yorkshire for Northamptonshire : and you know what was the consequence to Mr. Cadell.”

The day before I was to set out from town for Leicestershire, I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied, “ I will ; but on one condition—that you will not ask me to eat anything.” “ Nay,” said I, “ this answer, Goldsmith, is absolutely unkind ; for I had hoped, as we are entirely served from the Crown and Anchor, that you would have named something that you might have relished.” “ Well,” says he, “ if you will but explain it to Mrs. Cradock, I will certainly wait upon you.”

The Doctor found, as usual, at my apartments, newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a tart ; and the Doctor either sat down or walked about, just as he liked. After dinner he took some wine with biscuits ; but I was soon obliged to leave him for awhile, as I had matters to settle for our next day's journey. On my return, coffee was ready, and the Doctor appeared more cheerful, (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favourite with him,) and in the course of the evening he endeavoured to talk and remark, as usual, but all was force. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home ; and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate. [Mr. Cradock is a kind-hearted man, and regrets very much he did not remain longer in town to comfort poor Goldie, who died soon after this interview. “ Yet, alas ! what could I have done,” says he : “ stood by his bedside, till he, in a last agony, would have exclaimed—

————— Dear friends, adieu !
For see, the hounds are full in view.”

Mr. Cradock forgets that these lines are put, not into the mouth of poor puss herself, but into that of the kind friend who left her in the last agony.]—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

CRADOCK AND JOHNSON.—I first dined in company with Dr. Johnson at Mr. Davies's house, in Russel-street, Covent Garden ; and the Doctor was that day all forbearance and civility. After dinner he looked about to see who left his company for the theatre, and at six o'clock there remained with him Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, and Dr. Harwood, a dissenter, who wrote “ The Harmony of the Gospel.” In the course of the evening Johnson gave me some encouragement to talk, and the subject of the conversation was the tragedy of *Œdipus*, of which Mr. Davis knew I then meditated a revival. I ventured to assert that Sophocles made that tragedy for the stage at the public cost, and that it was the most celebrated piece of all antiquity. [Daring Mr. Cradock !] Dr. Johnson said *Œdipus* was a poor miserable man, subjected to the greatest distress, without being at all culpable. This I, in part, admitted ; but urged that Aristotle, as well as most of the Greek poets, were very partial to that character. Dr. Johnson getting rather loud, I drew in, and said, “ it would be presumptuous in me, perhaps, more strongly to oppose his opinion.” “ Nay, Sir,” replied Johnson, “ I would not have disputed with you at all, if I had not wished to hear your arguments.”

JOHNSON AND GARRICK.—A TOUCH OF REAL LIFE.—Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in full dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords ; and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing ; but he looked a volume.

DR. JOHNSON'S METHOD OF CASTIGATING IMMORALITY.—Foote ordered wooden figures to be made for a puppet-show, in which Johnson and Goldsmith were to be the principal characters. Goldsmith, though seriously alarmed, affected to laugh; but the Leviathan was so incensed, that he purchased an immense oak cudgel, which he carried with him to Tom Davies's shop, and being then asked for what purpose it was intended, he sternly replied, "For the castigation of vice upon the stage." On another occasion, in reply to somebody who had said, it was "impossible that this impudent fellow (meaning Foote) could know the truth of half he dared to utter," he observed, "Nay, Sir, if we venture to come into company with Foote, we have no right to look for truth."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

GOLDSMITH'S CONVERSATION.—Dr. Goldsmith and I never quarrelled; for he was convinced that I had a real regard for him: but a kind of civil sparring continually took place between us. "You are so attached," says he, "to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed but out of that formal school; now, I'll mend Gray's *Elegy* by leaving out an idle word in every line." "And for me, Doctor, completely spoil it,"

The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The lowing herd winds o'er the lea;
The ploughman homewards plods his way,
And—

"Enough, enough," cried I; "I have no ear for more." "Cradock, (said he, after a pause) I am determined to come down into the country and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house." "Indeed, my dear Doctor," I replied, "you will not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends, wherever you go: I hope if you favour me with a visit, that you will consider that your own company is the best recompence." "Well," says Goldsmith, "that is civilly enough expressed; but I should like to build you an ice-house; I have built two already; they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your county."

"I dined yesterday," says he, laying down his papers, "in company with three of your friends, and I talked at every thing." "And they would spare you in nothing." "I cared not for that, I persisted; but I declare solemnly to you, that though I angled the whole evening, I never once obtained a bite."

"You are all of you," continued he, "absolutely afraid of Johnson; now I attack him boldly, and without the least reserve." "You do, Doctor, and sometimes catch a Tartar." "If it were not for me, he would be insufferable; if you remember, the last time we supped together, he sat sulky and growling, but I resolved to fetch him out." "You did, and at last he told you that he would have no more of your fooleries."—*Cradock's Memoirs*.

ROYAL ROAD TO AUTHORSHIP.—Louis XV. was prevented, by the delicacy of his constitution, from applying to the studies which require any strict attention. There appeared, nevertheless, in 1719, a book entitled, *Course of the principal Rivers in Europe*, under his name; and of this, fifty copies were put in circulation, which the courtiers eagerly disputed for. It is said that M. de Lisle, his instructor in this branch of knowledge, had rendered him great assistance.—*Vie Privée to Louis XV.*

GOLDSMITH'S CANING EVANS THE BOOKSELLER.—One of the worst affrays that Dr. Goldsmith was ever engaged in was with Evans the bookseller, of Paternoster-row. Evans was the editor of the *Universal Magazine*, and had suffered a most offensive article to be inserted therein, which turned to ridicule not only the Doctor, but some ladies of high respectability. The Doctor unfortunately went to dine with the family, in Westminster, just after they had read this insulting article, and they were all highly indignant at it. The Doctor agonized all dinner-time; but as soon as possible afterwards, he stole away, set off in great haste for Paternoster-row, and caned Evans in his own shop. [Dr. Johnson's counsel, Mr. Cradock's negotiation, and the interference of several discreet friends, set this vexatious affair to rest. It reminds the author of the similar exploit of Johnson's, to the relation of which he adds a touch, which, to the best of our memory, is wanting in former accounts. Johnson, it is well known, knocked down Osborne, the bookseller, with one of his own folios:—"Lie still, sir," said Johnson, "that you may not give me a second trouble."]—*Cradock*.

MILITARY POLITENESS.—Notwithstanding the fury with which the battle of Fontenoy was contested, the action began with a great show of civility. Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Aute-roche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him: "Gentlemen of the French guards," said the English captain, "fire." "No, my Lord," replied the other, "we never fire first."—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.*

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Nearly ready, the works of Dr. J. Owen.

A Translation of the *Tré Giuli*, the most popular and entertaining of the Poems of G. B. Casti; with a Memoir of the Author, and some Account of his other Works.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie will shortly publish a Drama, in Three Acts, called the Martyr.

The Rev. A. S. Burgess is preparing a Volume, entitled, Worthies of Christ's Hospital; or Memoirs of Eminent Blues.

Ralph Lindsay, Esq. late Deputy Bailiff of Southwark, and Mrs. Allen, Author of the History of Lambeth, have announced the History, Antiquities, and Topography of the Town and Borough of Southwark for Publication, in about Twelve Parts.

Early in April, Continental Adventures; a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Jesuits in Miniature, by Count Lanjuinais. 24mo.

Summer's Evidence of Christianity is translating into French, with notes, corrections, and additions, by Viscount Lanjuinais.

The Baron de Massias has condensed his voluminous works into one vol. 8vo. entitled *Problèmes de l'Esprit Humain*.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Biography.

Part III. of the Life of Benjamin Franklin. 12mo. 1s.

The Lives of Celebrated Architects, Ancient and Modern. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. in boards.

Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth.

A Translation of the Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, 2 vols. 8vo. has appeared at Paris, and an edition in English, in 12mo. at about one-third of the price of the English edition.

A General Biographical Dictionary. 8vo. Part XI. 1s. vol. I. 12s. boards.

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Anne Boleyn: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman.

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Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, abridged. Part V. small 8vo. 1s.

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